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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

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WITH ST. PETER IN ROME.

(*Continued.*)

By Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S.J.

PART III.

ST. PETER'S TOMB AND RELICS.

I.

THE TOMB AT THE VATICAN.

ST. PETER'S tomb, where his body was first laid, and still rests, is on the slope of the Vatican hill, near the spot where he was crucified.

The ancient writer of the Liber Pontificalis, I. 118 (sixth century), says: "He was buried near the spot where he was crucified, close to Nero's palace on the Vatican."

Father H. Grisar, S.J. (I Papi, etc., Vol. I., p. 409), proves from the most ancient authorities, that he was martyred in the *Circus of Nero at the foot of the Obelisk.* This obelisk is the very one which now stands in front of the Vatican basilica, but which then stood in the centre of the spina or middle line of the circus. Its original position, from which it was transferred by Pope Sixtus V. in A.D. 1586, is marked by an inscription let into the pavement near the Sacristy of St. Peter's. Its association with St. Peter's martyrdom imparts to this monument an unrivalled and undying interest.

Lanciani, the eminent archæologist, writes in a recent work: "We know exactly where (St. Peter was martyred). A tradition current in Rome from time immemorial says, he was executed *inter duas metas* (between the two metæ or goals), that is, in the *spina*, or middle line of Nero's circus, at an equal distance from the two end goals; in other words, he was executed at the foot of the Obelisk, which now towers in front of his great Church. For many centuries after the peace of Constantine, the exact spot of St. Peter's execution was marked by a chapel called the chapel of the *Crucifixion.* This chapel disappeared seven or eight centuries ago.

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From the spot where the *Pons Aelius* and the great *Mausoleum* (Castel S. Angelo) were afterwards built by the Emperor Hadrian, a noble street called *Via Cornelia* led to the Vatican, passing to the right of Nero's circus, over the very site where now stands the Vatican basilica, its sides for a considerable distance being lined with tombs and sepulchral monuments. Here in a simple sepulchral chamber on the roadside, the remains of the first Vicar of Christ were laid to rest immediately after his martyrdom.

Allard (Hist. des Persecutions, I. p. 315) shows that there would be no difficulty in obtaining his remains, the Roman law providing for such a contingency, and they would be wrapped in linen and spices according to the Roman custom, and were then borne to their destined resting place close by, which may have belonged to some noble Christian family.

St. Anacletus, who had been ordained by St. Peter, and who succeeded him in the Papal See, "*construxit memoriam*," *i. e.*, built a memorial chamber or oratory over his tomb, which remained till Constantine replaced it by his splendid basilica.

Dr. Northcote says, "The idea conveyed by the words *construxit memoriam*, is that of a monument above ground, according to the usual Roman custom; and we have seen that such a monument, even though it covered the tomb of Christian Bishops, would not be likely to be disturbed at any time during the first or second century."

In the beginning of the third century, the Emperor Heliogabalus enlarged the circus of Nero, and for this purpose desecrated and destroyed many of the tombs along the Via Cornelia, but, by a special interposition of Divine Providence, as Tertullian remarks, the *memoria*, or tomb oratory of St. Peter was spared, though his remains were removed for a time to the Via Appia by Pope St. Calixtus. (See below, under section 3.)

That simple oratory was to the early Christians the most sacred spot in Rome, and in the world, outside of Palestine. Thither they came in the days of persecution to ask St. Peter's help and to prepare themselves for martyrdom, or to pray for those who were actually bleeding in the arena. It was known from the earliest times as the "*Confession of St. Peter*," and came to be regarded as the very heart of the Church. "Where Peter is, there is the Church, and where the Church is, there is no death, but life eternal."—St. Ambrose.

II.

TEMPORARY TOMB OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL ON THE APPIAN WAY. (AT ST. SEBASTIAN.)

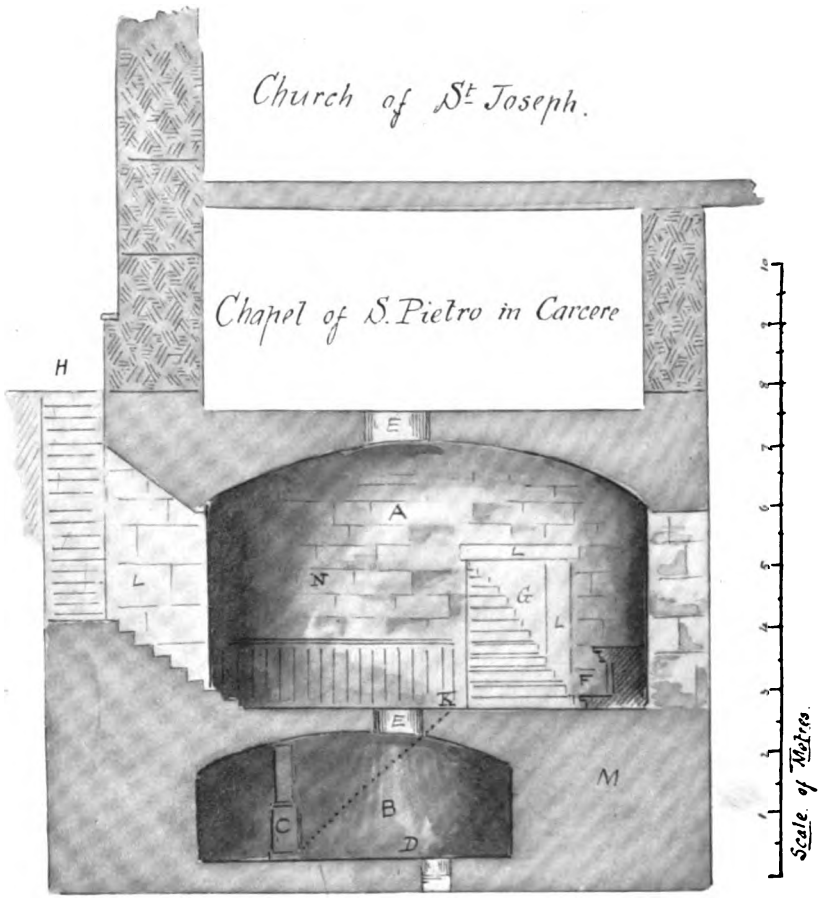
The following remarkable event is related by St. Damasus, St. Gregory the Great (l. 3, ef. 30), Anastasius Bibliothecarius and others, and may be told in the words of Dr. Northcote ("Roman Catacombs"):

"The two Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, were originally buried, the one at the Vatican, the other on the Ostian Way, at the spot where their respective basilicas now stand: but as soon as the Oriental Christians had heard of their death, they sent some of their brethren* to remove their bodies, and bring them back to the East, where they considered they had a right to claim them as their fellow-citizens and countrymen. These so far prospered in their mission, as to gain a momentary possession of the sacred relics, which they carried off along the Appian Way, as far as the spot where the church of St. Sebastian was afterward built. (About two miles from Rome.) Here they rested for a while to make all things ready for their journey, or, according to another account, were detained by a thunder storm of extraordinary violence, which delay, however occasioned, was sufficient to enable the Christians of Rome to overtake them and recover their lost treasure. These Ro-

* At the close of the first century or the beginning of the second.

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Mamertine Prison (Sectional Plan.)



Key to Plan.

A. Upper Prison. (Stairs are modern) also Modern railing to protect lower Stairs).
B. Lower Dungeon, very dark.
C. Pillar to which SS. Peter & Paul were chained.
D. Miraculous well attributed to St Peter's Prayers.
EE. Holes by which prisoners were let down. There was formerly no other entrance
F. Altar.
G. Modern Stair from St Peter's Chapel.
H. Modern Stair from Street, made because of vast mass of Pilgrims on the Festa.
K. Modern Stair to lower prison, entering it behind pillar C
LL. Modern doors.
M. Solid Rock.
N. The walls are of Tufa rock blocks of without cement.

man Christians then buried the bodies with the utmost secrecy, in a deep pit,† which they dug on the very spot where they were. Soon, indeed, they were restored to their original places of sepulture, as we know from contemporary authorities; and there seems reason to believe the old ecclesiastical tradition to be correct which states them to have re-

† *Fossa, i. e.*, an underground cemetery.

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mained in this temporary abode for a year and seven months." (See also Tillemont I., art. 36; Alban Butler, 29 June. P. Grisar, *I Papi*, v. I., p. 413.)

At the back of the high altar of St. Sebastian, is an interesting half-subterranean building, known as the *Basilica Platonia*, with an inscription by Pope St. Damasus (fourth century), recording the fact that the bodies of the two Apostles, rescued from the Eastern Christians, remained for a period in that spot.

III.

THE BODY OF ST. PETER A SECOND TIME AT THE TOMB ON THE APPIAN WAY.

Dr. Northcote continues: "The body of St. Peter was destined to revisit it (the grave on the Appian Way) a second time, and for a longer period; for when at the beginning of the third century Heliogabalus made (enlarged) the circus at the Vatican (see above, No. I.), Calixtus, who was then Pope, removed the relics of the Apostle to their former resting place, the cemetery on the Appian Way. But in A.D. 257, St. Stephen, Pope, having been discovered (hiding) in this very cemetery, and having suffered martyrdom there, the body of St. Peter was once more removed, and restored to its original tomb on the Vatican."

IV.

THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE AND ST. PETER'S TOMB.

The writer of the Liber Pontificalis, I., 176, n. 38, written in the sixth century, says that the Emperor Constantine after his conversion, caused the body of the great Apostle to be exhumed, and then reinterred in a shrine of silver, enclosed in a sarcophagus of gilt-bronze, over which he placed a cross of gold weighing one hundred and fifty pounds.

Above the tomb he erected a stately vaulted chamber, richly adorned with precious marbles and gleaming with gold. This chamber was (and still is), right under the high altar of St. Peter's basilica. In front of the tomb he placed four immense candelabra of brass, each weighing three hundred pounds, with silver lamps, where lights were kept continually burning, and in the centre over the tomb he hung a golden lamp weighing thirty-five pounds. (P. Grisar, "*I Papi*," etc. I., p. 402.)

The Emperor began the erection of his great Basilica about A.D. 324, laboring at the work with his own hands, and himself carrying away twelve basket-loads of earth in honor of the twelve Apostles.

The following particulars of this early basilica are given by Hare and Fergusson. It measured three hundred and ninety-five feet in length by two hundred and twelve in width. Its nave and aisles were divided by eighty-six marble pillars—and it had an atrium and a *paradisus*, or quadrangular portico along its front. Though only half the size of the present basilica, still it covered a greater space than any mediæval cathedral, except those of Milan and Seville.

Possibly it was at this time that the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul were taken by the Pope from their respective tombs and enclosed in silver shrines which are preserved at the Lateran Basilica.

Of the venerable basilica of Constantine only the crypt (with the tomb of St. Peter) remains; and it will ever be a subject of deepest regret that it was sacrificed to make way for the modern basilica. Its destruction was first planned by Nicholas V. in 1450 and carried out with wanton destruction of its treasures of art by Bramante under Julius II. (1506). It was a connecting link with the early Church, and the modern basilica, with all its magnificence, can never adequately supply the place the original sanctuary held in Catholic hearts and Catholic reverence. Michael Angelo's plan would have preserved the *atrium* of the old basilica, but the plan was altered by Paul V. (1605), who destroyed all that remained of the older edifice.

NOTE.—As some have questioned

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whether the body of St. Peter is still in the grave where it was placed in the time of Constantine, or disappeared in one of the barbaric invasions or one of the many vicissitudes the basilica has undergone, it is important to observe:—

1. That the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul have been exposed but once to imminent danger since the time of Constantine, viz.: when the Saracens held their respective churches and plundered them in 846.

2. That Pope Sergius II. and the Romans had some weeks' warning before the landing of the Saracens at Ostia, and, consequently, time to conceal or wall up the entrance to the crypts.

3. That the cross of pure gold weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, which Constantine placed over the gold lid of St. Peter's coffin, would certainly have been stolen had the Saracens discovered it; but, if it still remains on the tomb, it is a clear sign they never found the tomb nor disturbed its contents.

4. That this golden cross, inscribed with the names of Constantine and Helena, was seen lying on the Apostle's tomb in 1594 by Pope Clement VIII. and Cardinals Bellarmine, Sfrondato and Antoniano. Giacomo della Porta, the architect, happened to be levelling the floor above the Confession, when a portion of it gave way, and through the aperture the grave of St. Peter was seen, and on it the *golden cross of Constantine*. Clement VIII. was deeply impressed, and had the aperture at once strongly sealed up, rendering the tomb once more invisible and inaccessible. (See Lanciani, Pagan and Christian Rome, Chapter III.)

V.

REVERENCE OF THE POPES FOR ST. PETER'S TOMB AND RELICS.

The veneration the Popes have ever felt for the Apostle's tomb is shown by their desire to be buried near it; thus, to mention only the early Popes, St. Linus and St. Anacletus of the first century, St. Evaristus, St. Sixtus I., St. Telesphorus, St. Hyginus, St. Pius I., St. Eleutherius, and St. Victor of the second century had their graves close to St. Peter's. St. Leo the Great was also laid in St. Peter's A.D. 461.

Such, too, was their veneration for the relics of the first great Vicar of Jesus Christ, that they were afraid to touch, separate, or give any part of them away. This St. Gregory the Great often testifies in his letters. Pope Hormisdas (A.D. 514) refused even the smallest relic of St. Peter to the Emperor Justinian, who had begged for a particle for a basilica he was building at Constantinople. From both these Popes we learn that it was the custom for the Popes to place a linen cloth called *Brandeum* on St. Peter's tomb, which was blessed and then sent and treasured as a precious relic. The Emperor Justinian gladly accepted one of these cloths, and not unfrequently God worked miracles by them. (See Alban Butler, August 1.)

VI.

REVERENCE OF EMPERORS, KINGS AND BARBARIAN INVADERS FOR ST. PETER'S TOMB.

Many princes, kings and emperors came as devout pilgrims to this venerable sanctuary, and even ascended the marble steps that led to the portal of the Vatican on their knees, kissing each step, as did the Emperor Charlemagne.* Many came to Rome to receive coronation and inaugurate their reign near St. Peter's tomb, as Charlemagne in 800, Lothaire in 823, Louis, son of Lothaire in 844, Alfred of England in 854, Charles II. and Charles III. of France in 871, 873, Otho I. and Otho II. of Germany in 881, 962, St. Henry I. of Germany and his Queen St. Cunegunda in 1014, etc.

Some of these monarchs at their coronation begged to be enrolled as canons of St. Peter's. (Piazza, Scazioni, p. 309.)

Others, who could not come to Rome for their coronation, sent their crowns to

* This Emperor made four pilgrimages to St. Peter's tomb.

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be hung over the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles, as Clovis, King of the Franks, Theodoric, King of the Goths, and the Emperors Justin and Justinian.

Even barbarian princes and the wild invaders from the North were awed by the majesty of the great Apostle's tomb. Thus Genseric, King of the Vandals, whose heart was insensible to pity, while he plundered every house and temple in Rome with savage fury, spared the Vatican basilica and its treasures, and even allowed the plate from other churches to be deposited there for security.

Totila, King of the Huns, who had sworn to bury the glory of Rome in ashes, listened submissively to the words of St. Leo, and spared St. Peter's tomb and city. The French and Italian spoilers of the churches of Rome in the present century have shown themselves to be greater barbarians and marauders than the wild men of the North. (See below under No. XV.)

VII.

ANGLO SAXON KINGS AND SAINTS AT THE TOMB OF ST. PETER.

Ceadwalla, King of the West Saxons, was converted to the faith by St. Wilfrid in 688. It was his great desire to receive baptism at Rome from the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff; so he crossed the sea, travelled through France and Italy, and reached Rome towards the end of Lent. He was baptized at the Lateran on Holy Saturday, 689, by Pope Sergius, who gave him the name of Peter, and while still wearing the white robe of the newly baptized, he was seized with sudden illness, and departed this life on April 10. By command of the Pope, he was buried in St. Peter's crypt, with an epitaph over his grave, which may still be seen. (See Ven. Bede Hist. 6 v. c. 7.)

Ina succeeded Caedwalla on the throne of Wessex, and after a glorious reign of 37 years, he came on pilgrimage to Rome with his Queen Ethelburga. There they both retired from the world to live in evangelical poverty, supporting themselves by the labor of their hands. They were buried in the church of *Santo Spirito* in *Sassia* (Saxonia), close to the Vatican, where they had founded a hospice for Anglo Saxon pilgrims in 727. (Ven. Bede.)

In 709, Cenred (Coinred), King of the Mercians, after a noble reign, quitted his throne and going to Rome, cut off his long hair at St. Peter's throne, and became a monk, persevering to his death in prayer, fasting and alms deeds, close to the shrine of the Apostles. (Ven. Bede.)

Ven. Bede (Hist. V. c. 19) continues:

"With him went Offa, son of Segeric, King of the East Saxons, a youth of most lovely age and beauty, and most earnestly desired by all their nation to be their King. Led by the same thought and devotion to Blessed Peter, he left his wife, lands, kindred and country for the love of Christ and the Gospel. He also, when they reached the Holy Places in Rome, received the tonsure, and, adopting the monastic life, attained at last to his long desired vision of the Blessed Apostle in heaven."

In 737, Frithogitha, Queen of the West Saxons, became a pilgrim to Rome, moved by her devotion to St. Peter.

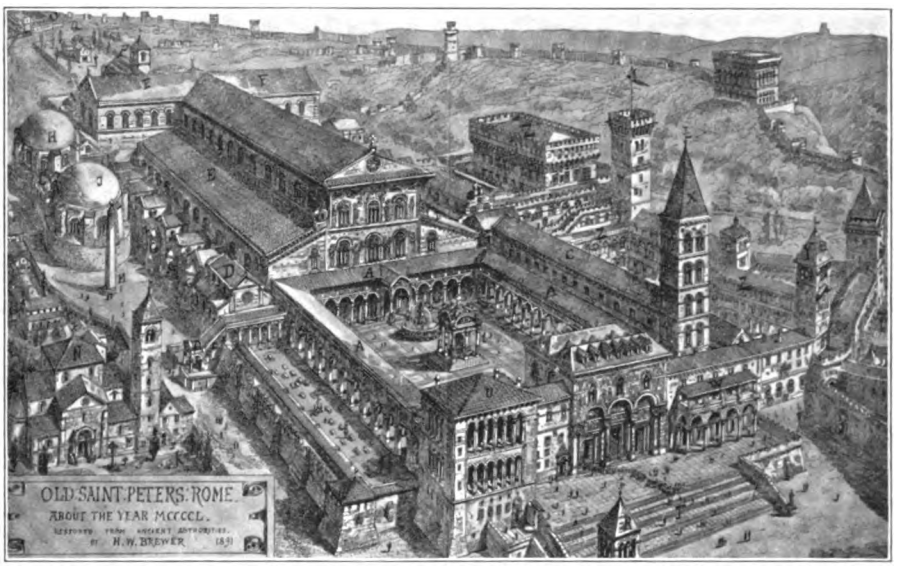
In 758, Ceolwulf, King of Northumbria, resigned his kingdom to Eadbert, and received St. Peter's tonsure.

In 853, King Ethelwulf sent his little son, Alfred, to Rome, when he was about five years old, and Pope Leo IV. confirmed him, anointed him with the royal unction, and took him for his episcopal son. The little boy became in time King Alfred the Great.

In 855, King Ethelwulf himself went to Rome with a numerous suite, to visit St. Peter's tomb, and remained there twelve months. He rebuilt the English school (*Schola Saxonum*) in Rome, which had been founded by Ina, but was destroyed by fire.

In 874, King Burhred went as a pilgrim to Rome, and there settled down. His body lies in St. Mary's Church, near the *Schola Saxonum*.

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OLD ST. PETER'S, ROME.

Key to Plan.

A. The large Quadrangle (Atrium) which Michel Angelo's plan would have preserved. Destroyed in 1605 by Pope Paul V.
B. Central Nave of Basilica.
C. Auditorium Rotae.
D. Vestry Chapel.
E Side Naves.
F. Transept.
G. Chapels of Canons.
H. Chapel of St. Petronilla.
J. Chapel of St. Maria de Febrabus.
K. Cemetery.
L. Altar of St John Chrysostom in gallery between the two chapels.
M. Original site of Obelisk, till moved by Sixtus V.
N. S. Salvator de ossibus, built by Charlemagne.
O. Papal entrance to Basilica.
P. Church of Our Blessed Lady built by Probus and Proba.
Q. Chapel and Cemetery. Fons Petri.
R. Church of S. Gregorio in Platea.
S. Monastery of St. Stephen
T. Marble steps.
U. Chapel of St. Apollinaris (or Hospice for pilgrims)
V. Main entrance.
W. Loggia from which the Pope gave his benediction.
X The famous Campanile. Turris Cymbalaria.
Y. Bell and clock tower.
Z. Part of the Vatican Palace.
I. Baldacchino with large marble pine cone under it. It was taken from the Mausoleum of Hadrian.

In 1030, King Canute, the famous warrior and conqueror, came with great splendor to Rome, and wrote from St. Peter's city a letter to Archbishop Alfrice, and to all the bishops and chiefs of his kingdom, full of tender devotion to St. Peter.

St. Edward the Confessor made a vow to visit the tombs of the glorious Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and "there thank God for all His mercies." Being prevented from fulfilling this vow, he built Westminster Abbey in honor of St. Peter.

In the fifth century, St. Patrick received his commission at Rome from Pope Celestine, to go and plant the faith in Ireland, whence the light of the gospel was to spread over Northumbria, Caledonia (Scotland), and a great part of central Europe.

In the fifth century, St. Ninian was a pilgrim to St. Peter's shrine, and brought the faith of Peter to the Southern Picts.

In the sixth century, St. Kentigern, whose diocese was conterminous with Strathclyde, made no less than seven pilgrimages to St. Peter's tomb.

St. Bennet Biscop made six pilgrimages to Rome, and was contemplating a seventh just before his death.

St. Wilfrid of York, in his eventful episcopate of forty-five years, came many times to Rome to seek the protection of St. Peter and his successor on the Papal throne.

These instances of devotion to St. Peter, to which many others might be added, will give some idea of what was the spirit of Catholic England.

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VIII.

ST. PETER'S TOMB AT THE PRESENT DAY.

The façade of St. Peter's, made by Paul V., is disappointing, but on entering the basilica, "the interior bursts upon the astonished gaze, resplendent in light, magnificence and beauty, beyond all that imagination can conceive" (Eaton).

Gray says: "I saw St. Peter's, and was struck dumb with astonishment."

Mabillon, in his *Iter Italicum*, writes: "We stopped at the vestibule of St. Peter's Church; nor dare we, with unhallowed pen, violate the majesty of so divine a structure: for there are some things, which are never more adequately praised than by amazement and silence."

Architecture, sculpture, painting, represented by some of the mightiest geniuses the world has ever seen, have done their utmost to make St. Peter's a building of unrivalled splendor. On advancing up the nave, one is impressed by the beauty of the variegated marble pavement underfoot, the splendor of the golden vault over head, the lofty Corinthian pilasters on either side, the rich entablature, the niches in the pilasters with colossal statues of Saints, founders of religious orders, the immense length of the basilica, the prodigious height of the dome, four hundred and five feet in the interior, the immense bronze Baldacchino of Bernini, soaring to a height of some ninety-four feet above the High Altar, etc.: everything is colossal, impressive, overpowering,—and all the marbles, mosaics, sculptures, seem as fresh and new as if the church had only been opened yesterday.

But the chief glory of St. Peter's is the tomb of the Apostle, also called the "Confession of St. Peter." It stands right under the High Altar, and the descent to it is in front (*i. e.* to the west) of the altar by a double flight of marble steps, leading to a small area or court, paved with precious stones. In the centre of this area is a beautiful kneeling figure of Pius VI., by Canova: in front are two brass folding doors, that open into a vault, whose grated floor is right over the tomb. The marble balustrade that surrounds this area is adorned with eighty-six candelabra of bronze gilt, with silver lamps, that burn perpetually in honor of the Saint. The staircase with its balustrade, the pavement of the little area, and the walls around, are all bright with alabaster, lapis lazuli, verde antico, and other kinds of beautiful marble.*

Kneeling on the polished floor in front of this venerable shrine, where so many Saints have knelt since the dawn of Christianity, the pilgrim is seized with a feeling of intense awe at the dread majesty of the place, and at the same time of tender devotion to the great Prince of the Apostles. "This is truly the House of God and the Gate of Heaven."

For permission to visit the Crypt of St. Peter's, and there see the tomb of the Saint, application must be made through some Bishop to the Head Sacristan.

IX.

ST. PETER'S CHAIR IN THE VATICAN BASILICA.

In the apse of the east end of the basilica is a bronze throne, some seventy feet above the pavement, supported by four colossal figures representing the four Doctors of the Church. Within the bronze seat is the ancient chair which Roman tradition asserts to have been actually used by St. Peter. At the eighteen hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of the Apostles, in 1867, Pope Pius IX. commanded this venerable relic to be exposed for the veneration of the faithful; and it was then that a photograph of it was taken by Alessandri, and a close and scientific examination made by archæologists.

The following description is taken from Dr. Northcote: "The chair has

* See Hare's Rome, Ch. XV, Eustace's Classical Tour, I., p. 247.

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INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

four solid legs composed of yellow oak, united by horizontal bars of the same material. In these legs are fixed the iron rings, which make the whole a *sella gestatoria*, such as that in which the Sovereign Pontiff is now carried on state occasions, and such as those which the Roman Senators began to use in the time of Claudius. The four oak legs are much eaten away by age, and have also had pieces cut from them as relics. These time-worn portions have been strengthened and rendered more ornamental by pieces of dark acacia wood, which form the whole interior part of the chair. The panels of the front and sides and the row of arches with the tympanum above them, which forms the back, are also composed of this wood. The ivory ornaments which cover the front and back are attached to the acacia portions alone, and never to the parts composed of oak. Thus the oak framework, with its rings, appears to be of quite a distinct antiquity from that of the acacia portions with their ivory decorations. These ivory ornaments are of two distinct kinds of workmanship. Those which cover the front panel of the chair are square plates of ivory, disposed in three rows, six in a row, and have the labors of Hercules engraved upon them, with their *lamina* of gold let into the lines of the engraving. Their present use is evidently not that for which they were originally intended. The other ivories, on the contrary, fit exactly the portions of acacia which they cover, with the architecture of which they correspond, and they appear to have been made on purpose. They consist of bands of ivory sculptured in relief, and represent combats of beasts, centaurs and men, and in the middle of the horizontal bar of the tympanum is the figure of a crowned emperor.

Cardinal Wiseman supposed this to be the ivory curule chair of the Consul Pudens; but others think the oak framework of the chair is really the most

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ancient portion, and that these ancient ivories were added later. When Paganism was dead in Europe, its treasures of art were often transferred to innocent and even sacred uses; thus we meet with copies of the Gospels, reliquaries, etc., of the early mediæval period, ornamented with ivories representing subjects of Pagan mythology."

X.

ST. PETER'S CHAINS.

It is said that Eudoxia, the elder, the wife of the Emperor Theodosius, brought from Jerusalem in 439, two chains with which St. Peter had been bound in that city, and having given one to a church in Constantinople, she sent the other to Rome to her daughter Eudoxia, who was married to Valentinian III., and who is said to have built the church on the Esquiline hill (S. Pietro in Vincoli), where the relic is preserved.

At Rome was preserved another chain with which St. Peter had been bound in the Mamertine prison, and these two chains being brought together by the Sovereign Pontiff in presence of a large assembly of bishops and clergy, suddenly united miraculously, forming one continuous chain, of the same apparent workmanship, from which time great veneration has been paid to this relic. (See Roman Breviary, Aug. 1.)

The chain is about two yards long, and formed of flat iron links, and has been preserved with greatest reverence in the Church of St. Peter's Chains (S. Pietro in Vincoli) since the fifth century.

St. John Chrysostom's beautiful words on St. Peter's and St. Paul's chains may be read in Alban Butler, June 30, and in Roman Breviary, July 4.

The ambassadors of the Emperor Justinian having come to Rome in the sixth century to obtain for their sovereign some relic of St. Peter, failing to secure any relic of his body, gladly received a small portion of the Apostle's chains. The Popes were accustomed to send filings of these chains as precious relics to devout princes, and miracles were not unfrequently obtained by them. The filings were usually enclosed in a golden cross or key, such as St. Gregory the Great sent to King Childebert, and these keys were often worn round the neck as a preservative against dangers.

XI.

ST. PETER'S ALTAR IN THE LATERAN.

(A portion of it is also preserved at the Church of St. Prassede.)

For an account of this great relic, see Roman Breviary, November 9. It is said to be the very altar on which St. Peter celebrated mass in the house of Pudens.

It is enclosed in the high altar of the basilica that stands under the Gothic canopy in front of the tribune. During the conflagration of the Lateran in 1308, this relic was rescued from the burning edifice at great risk of life.

The heads of St. Peter and St. Paul are preserved in silver shrines in the upper part of the Gothic canopy just mentioned.

XII.

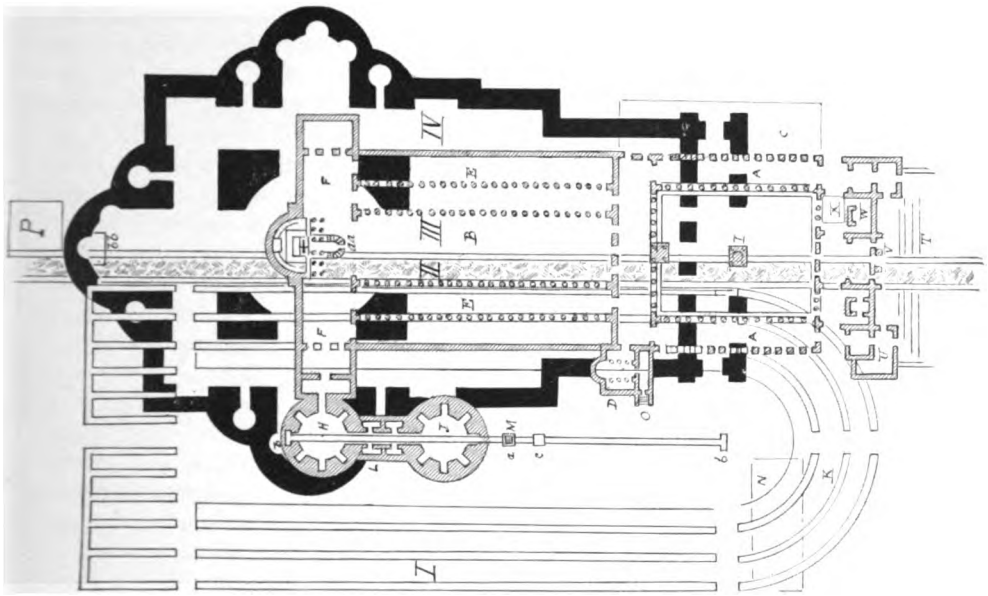
ST. PETER'S STATUE AT THE VATICAN.

Near to St. Peter's tomb in the Vatican is a bronze statue of the Saint, which Father Grisar, S.J. (Civiltà Catolica, 1898), proves to be a work of the sixth century, dating from the time of Pope Symmachus, and not, as some critics (foremost amongst them Prof. Wickhoff, of Vienna), maintain, the work of Arnolfo di Cambio, who lived in the thirteenth century. The late Commend. De Rossi, the greatest authority on Christian art, was entirely of Father Grisar's opinion.

Of this statue Lanciani, the eminent archæologist, writes: "The statue is not the Capitoline Jupiter transformed into an apostle*; nor was it cast from the bronze of that figure; it never held the thunderbolt in the place of the keys of

* As has often been asserted by Protestants.

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Modern Basilica
Constantine's Basilica
Nero's Circus
Via Cornelia.

Explanation

I Circus of Nero
destroyed by Constantine
a. The Obelisk
bb. The 2 Metae or goals.
c Chapel of the Crucifixion:
Site of St Pet. martyrdom

II Ancient Via Cornelia
St Peter's tomb as at the roadside

III Constantine's Basilica.
built 324, destroyed 1506.
→ The reference are the same as
in the Plan of Restoration
+ St Peter's Tomb under High Altar.
A Large Atrium or Quadrangular
Portico, destroyed in 1605.
B Nave of the Basilica
C. (Auditorium Rotae)
D Vestry Chapel
E. Side naves
F Transepts
H Chapel of St Petronilla.
(St Peter's spiritual daughter)
J Chapel of Sa Maria da Febbre
K Cemetery
L Tomb of St John Chrysostom
in connecting gallery connecting
the Chapels

M Original Site of the Obelisk,
till 1586
O. Papal entrance to Basilica
P Marble Steps
R St Sebastian de ossibus built
by Charlemagne.
U Chapel of S Apollinaris &c.
V Main entrance
W Loggia from which Pope
used to give his benediction
X Reversed campanile
Y. Bell Towers
Z. Papal Palace.
I. Belldacchino with famous
Pius cone under it

IV Modern Vatican Basilica
aa Confessio Beati Petri
bb. St Peter's chair

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heaven. The statue was cast as a portrait of St. Peter; the head belongs to the body; the keys and the uplifted fingers of the right hand are essential and genuine details of the original composition."

Every year on St. Peter's feast, June 29, this bronze statue is vested in a cope of gold brocade, with a jeweled tiara and the other Pontifical insignia, five silver lamps burning before it, and thousands of persons pass in slow procession from morning to night, kissing the bronze foot, which is considerably worn by the impress of the lips of millions of Catholics during so many centuries.

XIII.

ST. PETER'S FEAST DAY AT THE VATICAN IN THE FIFTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

Prudentius, the great Christian poet, who was born A.D. 348, six years before St. Augustine, speaks of the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul as celebrated in Rome, A.D. 400, and of the crowds flocking to the tombs of the Apostles. He asks, "Why all this excitement in Rome and the Roman people?" and the answer is that this is the feast of the triumph of the Apostles, the day ennobled by the glorious martyrdom of Peter and Paul. In his best style he paints the baptistery of St. Paul, constructed by Pope St. Damasus on the Vatican hill, how the water flows through rich marbles, and is received into a large basin, where the splendid ceiling is reflected in its waves.

In this nineteenth century the concourse to St. Peter's on each June 29, is as great as ever, a continuous stream of carriages and pedestrians filling the Piazza from morning till night. The feast, however, has been robbed of much of its glory since 1870, the Holy Father no longer celebrating Mass at St. Peter's altar, and no longer imparting his solemn benediction from the balcony over the loggia amid the clashing of bells and the thunder of cannon.

The interior of the Vatican basilica, however, is still beautifully adorned as of old, the pilasters and arches are hung with crimson damask, fringed with gold, the Confession or tomb of the Saint garnished with silver vases, silver-gilt candelabra, festoons and flowers, and the whole basilica transformed into a mass of lights, flowers and precious stuffs.

Every year on the eve of the Feast, the Holy Father is carried to the Vatican basilica in the *sella gestatoria* (portative chair), and after spending some time in prayer at the tomb of the Apostle, blesses the sacred *Pallia*, which are placed on the Altar of the Confession.

XIV.

CATHOLIC ENGLAND'S DEVOTION TO ST. PETER.

On this subject a most interesting paper was read by His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan at the conference of the Catholic Truth Society in 1893.

Of the pilgrimages of the Anglo-Saxon kings and saints mention was made above.

The devotion of the English people to St. Peter is illustrated by the following facts:

They delighted to call their most glorious cathedrals and churches after his name.

They made to him bequests of land and property.

They were continually on pilgrimages to Rome.

They opened a school close to the tomb of the Apostle (*Schola Saxonum*), the better to secure for England the purity of Peter's faith.

They taxed every inhabited house in the land to pay annual tribute to Blessed Peter.

They founded guilds in his name, with prayers and functions and feasts in his honor.

His name was constantly on their lips, the thought of his power and influence penetrated their literature, and was frequently recorded in their last will and testament.

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These and other points will be found beautifully developed in Cardinal Vaughan's paper, published by the Catholic Truth Society, London.

XV.

CONCLUSION.

St. Peter's city was in the hands of marauders during the French invasion and occupation of Rome at the beginning of the present century. A contemporary writer says: "When the plunder of all the public establishments (churches, colleges, etc.) were found unequal to the avarice of the generals and the increasing greed of the soldiers, the French committee turned its attention to St. Peter's, and employed a company of Jews to estimate and purchase the gold, silver and bronze that adorn the inside of the edifice as well as the copper that covers the vaults and dome on the outside. But Providence interposed, and the hand of the Omnipotent was extended to protect His temple. Before the work of sacrilege and barbarism could be commenced, the French army, alarmed by the approach of the allies, retired with precipitation from Rome." (Eustace's Tour, I., p. 244.)

Since 1870 the Eternal City has been in the hands of other marauders—a government represented by infidels, Jews, Freemasons, etc., who, after seizing St. Peter's patrimony, have plundered the property of every religious Order, of every basilica, church, convent, hospital and religious institution of any kind in the city and throughout Italy.

According to their own words, they are waiting for an opportunity to seize the Vatican, when St. Peter's will be plundered as the French intended plundering it, and the Pope's palace converted into a national museum, unless Divine Providence interferes.

The prayers of all good Catholics are offered up after every Mass that the enemies of the Church, visible and invisible, may be driven from the Eternal City, and the liberty of the Church with the rights of the Holy See restored.

We may aptly conclude with the words of St. John Chrysostom on the glory of Rome.

"The heaven, resplendent with the sun's rays, does not shine with greater brilliancy than the city of Rome, illumined by the splendor of the two Apostles. .

"I admire Rome, not for its wealth of gold, its columns, its splendid decorations, but because of those two pillars of the Church" whose tombs it contains.

Elsewhere he speaks of St. Peter as "the mouth of the Apostles, the leader and head of the Apostolic choir, the ruler of the whole world, the foundation of the Church, the burning lover of Christ."

St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, pray for the Holy Father and for the Church.



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"A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO THE GOOD GOD FROM LITTLE JOE."

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ALL IN THE HAPPY CHRISTMASTIDE.

By D. S. B.

(*Continued.*)

IT was a charming Christmas day, and after dinner Kate said: "Now, Edith, you must go home with me to-night; we will stay at Mrs. K.'s boarding-house. I can make you very comfortable, and after early Mass to-morrow we will take the 9:30 train for F———." We all went to St. Matthew's to Benediction, and Uncle Jim and his son, Jim, parted with us at Mrs. K.'s door. A servant received us, and ushered us into Kate's rooms with folding doors between, which being left open, made the two like one large room. I note all this carefully, because of a strange and mysterious occurrence on that Christmas night.

It was about ten when we retired; I had never been in the house before, had never seen any one in it, and knew nothing at all about it, though Kate had spent some time there. During the night I was aroused, I think awakened, by terrible shrieks and screams, as if calling on God for mercy. I saw, or seemed to see, a man lying half on a lounge, half on the floor, writhing as if in the agony of death. Beside him knelt a woman, not praying or helping him in any way, but screaming pitifully and calling the name of God. I immediately began the prayers for the dying, but as I had difficulty in recalling the words, I went into Kate's room, knelt beside her bed, and told her to help me with the prayers, which I thought she did; then we said the aspirations: "Mercy, my Jesus, mercy!" and "Heart of Jesus once in agony, have pity on the dying!" until I heard a voice say "It is all over," and I saw the man was dead. Then I said the De Profundis, and "Oh! compassionate, sweet Jesus, grant him eternal rest." I remember distinctly that I looked out of a back window at the head of Kate's bed, and on a side street I saw a house with a bright light, where persons were passing in and out of the door, and I thought they were attending to the dead man. In the morning, while we were dressing, I said to Kate: "I cannot get that poor man out of my mind; what did Mrs. K. say was the matter with him?" She looked so surprised, and said: "What man?" "The man we said the prayers for last night, and you know, after he died Mrs. K. said she thought he had been drinking, but I did not hear all she said." "Edith, are you asleep, what are you talking about, what man do you mean? You never saw Mrs. K. You remember when we came in last night we saw no one but the servant, who let us in, and as soon as we entered these rooms I locked the doors, they are still locked, and no one has been near us. You are dreaming." I told her every circumstance of what I had seen and heard during the night, and she laughed and said: "Oh! that's simply nonsense, a nightmare; put it out of your mind."

When we went to the large dining-room for breakfast, at a table within reach of ours, there sat four gentlemen talking quite loud. One said: "Now, Ralston, you dreamed that no man died—you heard no cries or shrieks, you had *too much Christmas*, and you just want to get up a sensational article for your paper." The gentleman replied: "Indeed, there's no joke about it, I call Mrs. K. to witness, for she and I went over to a brick house right over there on Fifteenth Street," pointing with his hand to the very place I had shown Kate from the upper window. "Now, isn't that true, Mrs. K.?" And across the room, I might say almost over our heads, Mr. Ralston and Mrs. K. told the story of the dying man almost

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precisely as I had related it to Kate, except that there was no mention of prayers of any kind. It made a deep impression upon Kate as well as upon me, and to this day it is a mystery to me. Was I awake or asleep? Did some good spirit move me to say those prayers for a soul in its last agony? were my prayers of any avail to the poor, dying man? or was it a dream? This I know positively, that I knelt beside Kate's bed, and had a little difficulty in finding my way back to my own, for there was no light in the room, and that sad scene is as plainly photographed on my mind as if it had occurred only last night, and Mrs. K. did say the man had been drinking. That was one strange Christmas night.

Just before Christmas of 1876, I went to Philadelphia again, and on Christmas Eve, called at Mrs. de Lisle's to leave some little presents for the children, and they told me that Mrs. Byrd was extremely ill, that her daughter, Mrs. Roman, and her husband were there, devoting themselves in every way to the poor invalid. My cousin then told me of Mrs. B.'s conversion, which I had heard before. She said that on Christmas Day (1875), when Mrs. B. dined with them, the children were so wild with happiness, that they wished to share it with everybody, and over and over again they told Mrs. B. the sweet story of our Lord's birth, that they themselves had seen Him that very morning in St. Peter's Church, and that He had little tears in His eyes because He was so cold, and that the cow and the mule were blowing their breath on Him to keep Him warm, and when Mrs. B. said she had not seen Him, they immediately offered to take her to see the crib and the dear little Jesus. "It was like a new world to Mrs. B., she made them tell it over and over again, and as I listened I thought of the words: 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.' Mrs. B. had a mother's heart, and I am sure it turned back to the happier days of her life, when nine children gathered around her; and she talked to the children and caressed them, and they showed her their new dresses, their wonderful bonnets and their furs, and finally they took Mrs. B. to Benediction and to see the little Jesus, and they asked her to tell them what she wanted for a Christmas gift, because the little Jesus would give them anything they asked for, and they thought she'd like a velvet bonnet and furs, just like theirs. Mrs. Byrd often went to Mass and Benediction, I thought just to gratify the children, but in February she said to me: 'Oh! I would love to be a Catholic; you have so many things in your religion to help you, and I must say the truth, I hardly ever think of God.' I advised her to go to the Gesu and ask Father C.'s advice, and the result was, that after he had instructed and prepared them, she and her two sons were baptized and made their First Communion at Easter. How plainly I see now that God sent her to this house. I dreaded her coming, and when I think how near I was to refusing you, when you asked me to take her in, I tremble. She has been a real comfort to me, she is refined and unobtrusive, and I see so much good in her which has developed under her excruciating trials. I firmly believe that as a Protestant she lived up to the light she had. Her father and mother had no religion. She was married before she was sixteen, and certainly she was more to be pitied than blamed. Oh! Edith, how often we misjudge and criticize, when if we could see the action of God in that very soul, we would bow down and adore His infinite goodness and mercy. 'Every heart knoweth its own bitterness,' and we often call a man cold, when he is only sad. While she was blamed and censured, she was passing through a crucifixion of body and soul, of mind and of heart, which was known only to God, and yet she did not know how to ask His aid. She says herself that Catholics will have much to answer for, that although she had Catholic friends in her palmy days, they never said anything of religion, and

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she sees now, that if they had only dropped a good seed in their ordinary conversations with her, she might have known the truth earlier, and I believe that. We might easily speak of some little pious exercises, or the goodness of God, incidentally relating some little instances of it, which would give light and hope to another soul. But you know what the usual conversations are—some new book, new fashions, or other things perhaps still more flippant and trifling. If Mrs. Byrd's life could be written, just as we knew her at home, and as we now know her, it would prove that truth is stranger than fiction, and teach us also the truth of these words :

" ' Judge not !
The working of his heart and brain
Thou canst not see !
What seems to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light, may only be a scar
Bright from some well-won field
Where *thou* wouldst only faint and yield.'

" May God give us the grace of perfect charity, not only in our works and deeds, but in our thoughts.

" And now only think how things have turned around. Mrs. Byrd is dying in the true Church, while so many who had greater advantages than she had, have abused God's grace, and act as if they had lost the faith. Mrs. B. is so edifying, so patient, she says she sees now that every cross she ever had was a most precious gift of God, and that every day she thanks Him for having taken five of her children before they were old enough to offend Him ; that she trusts His infinite mercy, and repeats often these words: ' The sins of my ignorance and my youth, Oh, Lord! Thou wilt not remember,' and that her only sorrow is that she knew Him too late to make use of all the opportunities He gave her to suffer, that she might be like unto Him. It is the greatest of all blessings to know how to accept everything from the hand of God, and if we have not always done so, dear Edith, this is a good day to make our resolutions, and we must be happy and grateful to know that a Saviour is born to us to redeem the past, to be with us in the present, and to give the graces we need for the future, if we ask them with an humble heart. Indeed, God cannot refuse us anything we ' ask in prayer with faith,' for He has promised it. Sometimes we think our prayers are not answered, but I do not believe that, they are *always* answered, not always in the way we ask, but in a much better way, that is known only to God, and which we will know when we see Him, ' not through a glass darkly, but face to face.' I do not see how people live without prayer, so many times our Lord has answered me almost on the spot.

" And now, Edith, I am going to tell you what I have never told anyone, but it seemed so strange that I feel I must tell you; for though ' it is good to hide the secrets of a king, it is honorable to reveal and confess the works of God.' Once I was in great trouble. Mr. de Lisle was away from home, and I had not one cent of money, and I needed it. I'll tell you the truth, Edith, the children were hungry, and so was I. It was ten o'clock at night, and I could not sleep, but I prayed; I asked our dear Lord, in honor of His poverty in Bethlehem and Nazareth, on Calvary, to send me something for the sake of those dear little children, who belonged more to Him than to me. Now, Edith, just as truly as I am telling it to you, there was a ring at the door. I was frightened, but I answered it, and an honest looking man said, ' Madam, is this 609? Excuse me for coming so late, but I was told to give you this letter,' that was all he said, and when I opened it, it contained two ten dollar notes, and to this day I have never found out whence they came, but I know certainly that God heard my prayer. Would you like to see Mrs. Byrd? if you would, I will send word to Mrs. Roman that you are here, but she is very weak." Fearing to fatigue her and

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bring on a hemorrhage, I left kind messages for Mrs. Byrd and Kitty, whom I would have been glad to see, said "Good-bye," and took the train for home.

As the carillons of the city pealed forth the glad tidings of great joy on Christmas morning, the Infant Jesus came to Mrs. Byrd, indeed, and she died breathing these words: "Thou hast truly brought —peace—to—men of good will—the sins of—my ignorance and my youth—Thou —wilt—not remember—Sweet Jesus receive—my—soul!"

Her thanksgiving was made in heaven.

On the Feast of the Holy Innocents, I assisted at the Requiem Mass and followed the humble cortége to the grave, which was in the cemetery almost directly under the windows of her old home in Virginia. And while the priest read the burial service large snow-flakes fell fast and covered the coffin, saying to us in mute accents: "Though my sins were as scarlet, they shall be made whiter than snow."

On Christmas Eve, 1877, I called at Mrs. de Lisle's and offered to ornament the Christmas tree, as I intended to spend the holidays at Uncle B.'s and I hoped I could do something to make her Christmas happy and bright. Each of the children had a dollar to spend in Christmas gifts; the little girls were devising many things, but the baby, little Joe, now three years old, said, "Mamma, I want to buy a Christmas gift for the good God; nobody thinks of Him." We asked repeatedly, if he did not want to buy something for Marie and Carrie, but he always answered: "No, I want something for the good God," and nothing could divert him from his purpose. I remarked that this was very strange, and my cousin told me that he often said the good God was talking to him, and that on that very morning he said to her: "Mamma, the good God was here, He held out his hands to me, and kept walking backwards all the time, but I could not touch Him." "The first time he ever said anything of the kind was about three months ago, when he came in and said: 'Mamma, there's a man up stairs.' I was so frightened, for I thought some one was in the house. I sent Aunt Lina up stairs one way and I went up the other, but I could not find any one. Joe kept saying: 'Mamma, there He is. Don't you see him? He is smiling; He is not angry, but I cannot touch Him,' and he held out his little hands as if trying to grasp something, but his fingers closed in upon the empty palms. I said, 'Darling, there is no one here.'

"'Yes, Mamma. Don't you see Him? He has been here all day. Sometimes He stays in that corner, and sometimes right close by me. He was going away and I said: "Oh! good God please wait till I tell my mamma." Now He is going away —now He has gone.' This happened several times, and when I went to confession I told it all to Father C. and he said it was not strange that a pure little baby should see God, and he had no doubt that Joe had seen Him. When I asked Joe how 'the good God' looked, he described Him, as He is represented in the pictures and statues of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, but he insists upon it that our Lord carries His dress over His arm, which I presume is the drapery he saw on the statue." While my cousin went out with the children to purchase their Christmas gifts, I dressed the tree, which was carefully locked up till the Christmas dawn. When they returned Cousin Nannie told me that Joe had persisted in getting his Christmas gift for the good God, and was positive from the first that it was a large white silk handkerchief he wanted, and finally found one that suited him. "Then he said 'Mamma, what letter spells the good God's name?' I told him G., and after procuring one with a large G. embroidered upon it, he was satisfied Then he selected these little picture books for his sisters. No sooner was he in the house, than he said to me: 'Mamma, how will we send it to the good God?' 'We will put it in an

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envelope, and put it on the mantel-piece, so when Santa Claus comes down the chimney, he can take it and give it to the good God,' and as I said this I sealed it in a large envelope. Joe said, 'Mamma, please write on it, a happy Christmas to the good God from little Joe,' and he went to bed in high glee, and said if Santa Claus didn't see the letter, he would take it and lay it in the little crib in the church." I asked my cousin if any one had ever suggested these things to him, or if he had ever been told that our Lord came to see good little children.

She said no—that although Aunt Lina never told them anything but pious stories, she, too, was surprised and almost awed into silence when Joe talked in this way, and she added: "And you know, Edith, how impressed you were when Marie asked you if you knew St. Francis de Sales, and she showed you the little oratory she had made, with his picture in the middle of it. Sister ——— sent her that little picture, and when it came I told her that her aunt was a Visitation Nun, and that she herself was dedicated to St. Francis de Sales, and that was why she was named Marie Françoise, and that she must pray to St. Francis every day and ask him to take care of her. I don't think she ever forgets the 'three Hail Marys' before his picture, and she always says: 'You know that I belong to St. Francis de Sales.' May that dear, gentle saint be a true father to her and choose her for one of his children."

After bidding them all good-bye, with every best wish for a happy Christmas, I returned to Uncle B.'s where I was visiting.

We had just returned from Mass on Christmas morning when a message came to me from Mr. de Lisle, saying: "Little Joe died last night." I could not believe it, but when I reached the house the fluttering white scarf on the bell told the story, that an angel had passed from earth to heaven to join in the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* which filled the air, and brought peace to men of good will. An attack of membranous croup had closed his life, or rather opened life to him, at midnight — as he murmured softly: "Mamma, He got it—and He says a happy Christmas to Little Joe."

My cousin shed not one tear, and I thought of the promise St. Rose of Lima had made to our Lord, in words something like these: "Oh! my beloved, I share with you alone my sorrow and my tears, no one else shall see them flow—sorrow shall be the tie which binds my heart to Thine!" and as that same saint tells us that "our consolations are always in proportion to our confidence in God," we may believe that even that Christmas Day was not without an interior peace for the sad mother. But the sacrifice was not yet completed. During the following year little Marie was walking on the street with her father, when a portion of scaffolding, dislodged by the wind, came crashing down, and little Marie was carried home covered with blood, apparently dead. The physician said there was still life, but no consciousness, the top of the broken skull must be removed. This was done, and in that pitiable condition the little darling lingered for five weeks. The case was such an extraordinary one that the most eminent physicians asked as a favor to be allowed to watch the result. And the poor mother, was ever grief like unto hers! But she was the patient, silent watcher, her eyes fixed on her child, but her heart was in heaven, asking strength and grace to finish her work. The physicians still insisted that the child, almost totally paralyzed, was unconscious, the mother insisted that she was not, and remembering the treasured picture of St. Francis de Sales, the tender mother held it up before her, the little left hand seized it eagerly and clasped it to her heart, where it remained through life and in death.

Think you the crucifixion of heart was over? Not yet. The summit of Calvary was not reached, nor the holocaust consumed, till Mr. de Lisle's life ended by

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an accident on a street car. Then her martyrdom was consummated, the mortal casket was consumed in the crucible of suffering, to set the immortal spirit free, and after fulfilling every duty of a Christian wife and mother, Nannie de Lisle, fortified by the sacraments of our blessed faith, went forth peacefully, nay joyously, to meet her God.

Carrie's vocation to the religious life was decided, and after having completed her novitiate with the Little Sisters of the Poor in Paris, she was sent back to Philadelphia, where, strange to say, she found among the poor entrusted to her charge, her dear old "Mammy Lina," whom she nursed with grateful tenderness, supported in her last agony, and closed her eyes in death, a death as holy as her life, which must have merited for her the reward promised to the "good and faithful servant."

In 1880 I met our old friend, Mrs. Alex. Roman, *née* Kitty Byrd. She and her husband were both pious Catholics. I had not heard from her after that until 1894, when Archbishop ——— of a Western diocese called to see us. In the course of conversation he said: "Oh! whom do you think I saw the other day? Kitty Byrd; and she is a Catholic! I was out of the city for several days, and on my return found on my desk three cards, all containing the same name, 'Mrs. Alex. Roman.' Who was she? On opening my mail I found a note something like this:

"'MOST REV. AND DEAR MONSEIGNEUR:

"'I stopped in ——— on my way home for the sole purpose of seeing you. I intended to stay only one day, but every time I have called at your residence I was told that Your Grace would be home on the following day, and I *positively* will not leave this city till I see you and get your blessing. I will not call again until I hear from you, so I beg of you to do me the favor to send a telephone message (as soon as you arrive) to Mrs. Alex. Roman, Planter's Hotel, who is no other than the once harum scarum, Kitty Byrd.'

"As soon as I read the note I called a cab and drove at once to the hotel, where I found Mrs. Roman, a dignified, matronly lady with two little boys. She was more than delighted to see me, and she spent an hour or more telling me of the conversion of her mother, her brothers, her husband and herself. She asked me at what hour I would say Mass. I told her, and when she found it was to be in my private chapel, she said: 'Oh! Archbishop, please let my little boys serve your Mass. They are not accustomed to serving such dignitaries, but they serve the priest's Mass every day, and if they do make some mistakes you will forgive them.' She told me her husband was very pious, and since then I had an opportunity of making some inquiries about them, and I was told that Mr. Roman was a remarkably good man, the right hand of his pastor, and that it was an exemplary Catholic family. A friend or relative died not long ago and left Mr. Roman a legacy of forty thousand dollars, and I am sure, from what I have heard, that it will be used well."

As was predicted, Kate Graham "met her fate" at F—— under the mistletoe. She now lives in the Indian Territory, the joyful mother of seven children, not counting the seventy times seven red-skins and half-breeds she has adopted as her "mission." I have no *official* statement of their number, I only judge by the frequent demands made upon me for pictures, scapulars, medals, and above all, beads for Lo! the poor Indian. Kate was always fervent and zealous, but let us hope that her own children are not in the negligé costume of poor Caddie Jellyby, whose charitable mother spent all her time in sending toothpicks and fine-tooth combs to the heathens of Boorio-booli-gah.

The Christmas of 1898 is near its dawn. At "Riverbound" no yule log blazes, neither crimson holly nor silvery mistle-

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toe proclaims a joyous feast, for Estelle's flaxen-haired boy gave up his life on the blood-stained field of Santiago, and her hopes are buried in the grave,

"Where the heart of her hero lies low."

He was her only son, and she a widow!

And what are we doing on this bright Christmas morn? The joyous bells once more peal forth the angelic song, which is echoed and re-echoed on every side, and faith whispers that

"The Child in Bethlehem's crib that lies
Is God descended from the skies."

Let us awake from our slumbers and our selfishness, for "Jesus will not dwell in a heart that has not the courage to travel to Bethlehem on a cold December night, and when there let us steal one of His little tears to purify and perfume our hearts."

On this day the Church tells us that "the heavens rain down honey over all the world." Oh! may our souls as little mystical bees remain near the holy crib to lay up stores of the honey of divine charity, and then we may indeed—

"Like happy children make this a glorious feast day,
And sing our carols with full heart and voice;
Jesus has said He loves His little children,
So on His birthday let us all rejoice!"

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SAINT ANTHONY OF PADUA.

By M. F. Nixon.

A LILY in thy spotless purity;
In grace and perfume like the budding rose
That, blushing, dew-kissed, in my garden glows;
A woman in thy tender sympathy;
In mighty, sheltering strength, a stalwart tree;
All sorrowful amidst poor human woes,
A gentle river whence sweet pity flows;
A little child in quaint simplicity.

Thou lov'dst all children for the sake of Him
Who, loving thee, came softly unto thee,
A solace in the vigils of the night.
Dear Saint! We cry to thee through shadows dim;
Come with thy Christ-Child fair to bring us light
And peace, sweet Paduan Saint Anthony!

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Our Lady's Lullaby.

(ALTO SOLO.)

Rev. F. J. McNIFF, S. J. Rev. J. B. MOSKOPP, S. J.



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A GLIMPSE OF MISSION LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

LETTER OF FATHER PHILIP RAMO TO FATHER PAUL PASTELLS, SUPERIOR OF THE MISSION.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER, P. C.:

On your departure from Butúan, all of us, Fathers and Brothers, returned to our respective stations to carry on the work assigned to us by Holy Obedience.

I returned to Talacogon with Father Ricart, who was appointed my assistant. We got together our little belongings, took provisions for a month and a half, and started on our missionary tour. We began our work in the village of San Luis, where we spent two days, preaching, hearing confessions, baptizing and marrying those who were waiting for our ministry. Unhappily there were some of these unfortunates who were still too much attached to their wild life in the woods, and who refused to hear us or to comply with their Easter duty.

Our next halt was at the settlement of Basa. The natives informed us that they could not gather the whole population, as the river was choked with trunks of trees brought down by a flood, and the crossing was too dangerous. Accordingly, we agreed to give them time to clear the stream, and promised to return later. Meanwhile we visited the station of St. Agnes, where we were received with great joy, all the chiefs and the people turning out to do honor to the missionaries. As we desired to begin our work on the afternoon of that day, these good people set out with such diligence and zeal to summon those who were at a distance, busy at the cultivation of their fields, that the various roads and paths leading to the village were soon crowded with natives coming to the church. In an incredibly short time the church was so thronged with men and women, who had hastened to be present at the recitation of the rosary and to hear the first sermon, that we felt justified in promising ourselves a large spiritual harvest in this part of the Lord's vineyards.

After a very busy and fatiguing day we retired to rest, and were soon sleeping soundly. But at three o'clock in the morning we were suddenly aroused by some messengers who had been sent in haste from Talacogon to bring back the Fathers to attend to Captain Mauricio, who had been dangerously wounded by some unconverted natives. We held a hurried consultation to determine the best course to be followed, as the call was urgent. Father Ricart proposed that he should remain to carry on the work so happily begun and that I should hasten to attend the wounded Captain. But as I feared the death of the Captain might be followed by serious difficulties, and as Father Ricart, with his many years of experience in these missions, would evidently be an invaluable adviser in the midst of probable trouble, we finally agreed to return together.

The river Maasan happened to be much swollen by a heavy freshet. It is always a dangerous river for navigation, even in broad daylight, but at this early hour, with the darkness, deepened by a heavily clouded sky, it was, of course, much more perilous, for we could not see far enough before or around us to enable us to move with safety. However, as we felt it to be our duty to go on, we sent a little boat before us, manned by experienced men who called out to us to warn us when any obstacles were met, and thus we managed to steer our own boat safely enough. To our great relief we happily passed from this dangerous stream into the majestic river Agusan. At daybreak we found ourselves opposite

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the well cultivated clearing of Captain Mauricio, where we had tarried the day before, and whence we had started on our way, after making some little presents to two grandchildren of the Captain who were ill, and where, four hours after our departure, occurred the nocturnal tragedy I am going to relate.

Captain Mauricio is well known to everybody here as one of the best captains we have in the district of Agusan. His fidelity to duty, as captain, is evidenced by the fact that he remained constantly at his post in the settlement, though his plantations suffered materially by his absence from them. Only in cases of absolute necessity he made short visits to his estates and returned immediately. One of these cases occurred on the eleventh of May. On that day he set out in a boat, at ten o'clock at night, accompanied by twenty-five picked men, able-bodied and trustworthy, all from Talacogon, except three, one a newly converted Christian from Basa, the other two being unconverted Manobos. The Christian native had come from Basa to Talacogon, and had been joined, on the way, by two Manobos who stated that they were going to Talacogon to find work, as they needed a little money to make some purchases from the Chinese traders. As Captain Mauricio needed some laborers, he took along the native Christians and the two unbelievers. These two left their spears and shields at Talacogan, in the house of the Inspector of Basa, where they had lodged; but they kept their knives. As there were no oars for them, the Captain placed them near him in the stern of the boat, and perceiving that they wore their knives at their girdles, he directed them to lay them aside, which they did.

When they reached the Captain's plantation, they steered for the little wharf, and at the moment when the Captain was making ready to step ashore, the two Manobos seized their long knives suddenly and buried them in the back of the unsuspecting Captain so deeply that the points of the weapons came out through his breast. Feeling himself wounded, the Captain cried out: "Serpents! Serpents!" and leaped into the water to make for the shore, but not before they had again plunged their knives into his liver. Then the wretches fell upon the Captain's escort, to fight their way through them and to make their escape. Whilst some of our men were beating off this unexpected assault, others threw themselves into the water to help the Captain ashore, for the water there was very deep. The noise of the scuffle and the cries of the men brought out the Captain's wife and daughter with their servants. All rushed down to the shore, just as the Captain was being brought to the land by his men. When they saw the gaping wounds in the Captain's body, all were for a moment paralyzed with grief and terror. But they were quickly aroused by the Captain's voice as he kept on repeating: "My God, my God, have mercy on me! O Holy Virgin, help me! Quick, send for the Fathers, send for the Fathers, for I am dying!" Meanwhile the blood was flowing in three great streams from the three ghastly wounds he had received, and they had no appliances for stanching the flow of blood. Suddenly his wife began to tear off portions of her clothing with which she wiped away the blood and made bandages for the wounds, but in vain; the blood still continued to flow and could not be stopped.

In their helplessness and dismay, they resolved to carry the Captain back, in all haste, to Talacogon, and despatched some of the hardiest of their number to fetch the Father. These were the brave fellows who summoned us and brought us back with them to the Captain; and it was a little after four o'clock in the morning when we reached the scene of the fatal tragedy. But to return to our journey.

At about half past four we perceived a boat-load of armed men coming towards us. When they saw us they all stood up

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and we learned from them that they had come to escort us. About half an hour later another armed band rowed by on the way to Basa to bring away the chief of that village, whom they supposed to be in danger from the heathen savages. From them we learned that the Captain had breathed his last in the boat, before reaching Talacogon. I directed these men to instruct the Captain of the Basa district to come to me at Talacogon immediately.

When we reached Talacogon, Brother Gavirondo informed us that the body of the Captain had reached them at about three o'clock that morning. The news of his death spread rapidly, and the whole settlement resounded with loud cries and lamentation and weeping. Another piece of news received from Brother Gavirondo was that one of the murderers of the Captain had already met with just retribution, and was lying dead on the bank of the river. We went down to the place, which was near our residence, and there we saw the body lying prone on the shore, so hacked and mangled that it looked as if every man who passed to or from the boats had given him a blow or a spear-thrust to satisfy the common rage of the whole people against him who had murdered their Captain. When we asked how they had contrived to secure the murderer so quickly, we heard the following story :

On the way back to Talacogon, the dying Captain sent back four of his men to the plantation to gather the tools and farming implements left behind, to shut and secure the doors, and to attend to whatever else had been left in disorder at the moment of their great calamity. These men, armed with spear and shield, set out in a small boat, and made the landing-place. As they were preparing to step ashore, a man rose suddenly from behind some bushes close at hand, and rushed forward with his long knife uplifted, and attacked the nearest of our men, who was what they here style the *guardian*, that is the man who rows at the bow. Happily this man had always been uncommonly agile and very dexterous in the use of their native weapons, and his conversion to Christianity had not lessened his skill. He deftly parried the blow of his assailant and by his skilful use of the shield soon closed with the wretch, disarmed him, and hurled his knife into the stream. The enraged savage rushed to the boat, for all this had been done in a moment, and endeavored to overturn it, hoping, no doubt, to throw the three men into the water, to seize a spear, and to murder them one by one. But before he had time to do any harm, the *guardian* pierced him through the heart with his spear, and thus put an end to his wicked career. When our men had time to look at the corpse, they immediately recognized him as one of the assassins of their Captain.

As our men were only four and suspected that there might be other savages secreted in or about the house, they thought it more prudent to return, for the time, to Talacogon and to take along the dead body of the assassin.

Several hours had passed since the death of our Captain, and some anxiety began to be felt because some of his party had not returned. Accordingly a party of armed men was sent out to seek them. The party, on reaching the Captain's plantation, made an examination of the premises. They found the dead body of Apolinario Libando, still grasping his weapon, with a deep wound in the region of the liver and in a position which showed that he had fought till he fell. They brought back his body to Talacogon and it was received, as the Captain's had been, with loud weeping and wailing. Another search was made for another absent member of the band, and on the following day his body was found floating on the Agusan river, near Guadalupe. A long knife had been thrust through his middle, from right to left, and through the large opening thus made his bowels had gushed out. This was Gregorio Libando, a brother of Apolin-

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ario. Both were married and left their wives and little children in mourning and destitution. A third member of the Captain's escort, Gregorio Guerrero, though seriously wounded, was brought alive to his own house, where I visited him. He seemed to me to have but a few days to live unless God should be pleased to work a miracle for his recovery, through the St. Ignatius water which I gave him to drink. After offering what consolation I could to the family of the wounded man, I left them a preparation for cleansing and dressing the wound, and sent them all we could find in the residence, that might be of service to them. As I was obliged to set out for the missions of the Jibon and Suribao, I administered the last Sacraments to Guerrero, and gave repeated directions to Brother Gavirondo to furnish the family with all they might need. I was at that time suffering from a fall I had at La Paz, and I was using an ointment given me by Brother Vilanova at Butúan ; but it seemed to me that Gregorio needed it much more than I did, and I left it with Brother Gavirondo for the patient.

I started from Talacogon with the conviction that if God did not work a miracle through the St. Ignatius water, Gregorio Guerrero would be a dead man in a few days. But, thank God, I soon received good tidings of him, and the improvement in his condition continued until on my return, I found him nearly as well as before he was wounded. When I visited him he was sitting up, playing with his little son whom he held in his arms. I believe that the St. Ignatius water wrought the cure.

The news of this bloody tragedy spread like wild fire through the communities of Christian natives. Their captains and lieutenants, with the leading men of the neighboring settlements, attended the funeral of the victims. So great was the impression made by the event upon the inhabitants of Talacogon, that they feared, for a time, to visit their plantations, for they imagined that they would be likely to find armed Manobos lying in wait to murder them.

When the commandant at Butúan was informed of this event, he sent an order to the First Lieutenant of Talacogon to seize and imprison the murderers. But the Lieutenant is an invalid and moreover rather pusillanimous, and the inhabitants of Talacogon are terrorized and miserably poor, and the armed force at this post is short of ammunition, for their old fashioned guns look as if they might have been taken from Noah's Ark; there is no initiative here, there are no men, no arms, no resources sufficient to subdue the Manobos, to seize the criminal who succeeded in escaping, and to call to account his chief, Maya, who is said to be the cause of so many crimes.

On the other hand, it is certain that the unconverted Manobos are not having everything their own way, for it is evident that they are well frightened themselves, for they seem to suspect that there will be a general rising against them, and they are keeping out of sight at a distance from us. We are assured that it would now take at least three days to reach Maya, who is said to be eager to meet the Father in order to assure him of his innocence. He has sent a fine candle to the Captain at San Luis, with a request that he would present it, in person, to the widow of Mauricio, as a token of his innocence. But the handsome lance left at the house of the Inspector of Basa, by the assassin, who was afterwards killed, is said, by those who are in a position to know, to be Maya's own ; and when we remember too, his many crimes, it is not easy to believe his profession of innocence.

Several captains of other communities who are hostile to Maya, because their people have suffered much at his hands, have promised, in case he makes any movement against Talacogon, to come to our assistance, for they all desire to put an end to the ascendancy of that wily savage. But there is no one to take the initiative and animate our poor Indians,

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who would think themselves invincible if they were supported by a few well armed soldiers. If your Reverence could manage to have some soldiers sent to take an active part against the Manobos, it would soon be all up with those savages who still remain hostile to our missions. Here all the judicial procedures have been taken and the documents have been sent to Surigao; but all the coming and going about the investigation takes up much precious time, and when the authorities there finally make up their minds to do something, it will perhaps be too late.

It seems to me that the great crime committed by the Manobos is too atrocious to be allowed to go unpunished. Considering that the Manobos have murdered the best captain we had in the Agusan missions, besides Gregorio Libando, an official, and his brother Apolinario, and that they almost fatally wounded Gregorio Guerrero, and moreover that it seems very likely that the fear of a strong force well armed would bring the Manobos who are now hiding among the hills of Basa, of San Luis, of Santa Inés and Concordia, to throw themselves upon the mercy and protection of the missionaries, there is great hope that they might thus be brought to form a community under our care, to be eventually converted and baptized and to renounce their wild and wandering life as savages.

I beg you, then, to see if you can obtain a detachment of troops, well equipped and well supplied with food, for our poor people have no means of furnishing any; and then those savages would no longer remain a terror and a menace to our peaceful Christian communities.

I recommend myself to your Holy sacrifices and prayers.

Your servant in Christ,

FELIPE RAMO, S.J.

OUR LADY OF TOURNAY.

By Rev. C. W. Barraud, S.J.

THE walls of fair Tournay
Are 'leaguered by the foe.
Another night, another day,
And we must yield the town, they say,
Whether we will or no.
Pray to our Lady, pray
For love of fair Tournay.

Loud ring the bells and long,
While to our Lady's feet
All, all the loving people throng,
With earnest prayer and pious song,
Her succor to entreat.
Pray to Our Lady, pray
For love of fair Tournay.

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The mayor hath knelt him down
Before Our Lady's shrine:
"O Virgin, by thy sweet renown,
If ever thou hast loved this town,
Pray to thy Son divine—
Pray, gentle maiden, pray
For love of thine own Tournay."

Thus with devotion meet
The ponderous keys he laid
Down at the Blessed Mother's feet.
Silent and dark was every street,
And still the people prayed:
"Pray, Holy Mary, pray
For thine own, thine own Tournay."

But when the morning brake
Our watchmen cried aloud,
And sleepers shudder as they wake
To ask what shouts the ramparts shake.
Hark! 'tis the grateful crowd:
"Glory to her this day
Who hath rescued fair Tournay."

No foes are now in sight,
Their host hath fled in fear,
Scattered and routed in one night,
Not by the force of human might,
But by a Virgin's prayer.
This is Our Lady's day,
Queen, queen of her own Tournay.



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PHILADELPHIA'S CATHOLIC PROTECTORY.

By M. M. Halvey.



ONLY nine months ago, the MESSENGER, in a concise and exhaustive article, drew attention to the story of Catholic Philadelphia, her spiritual growth and material prosperity, as evidenced by the number and magnificence of her religious institutions.

A wonderful story, truly, of what the writer termed "the expansion of ninety years" dating from the establishment of her Episcopal See in 1808.

The scope of the sketch, however, as explained at its outset, dealing only with those institutions brought topographically to the notice of travellers on the main lines of the great railroads centering in Philadelphia, forbade the mentioning of many others equally deserving of attention.

This apparent exclusion was, in reality, but a postponement, made necessary, as was the plan of classification adopted, by the superabundance of material at the command of the writer who chooses Catholic Philadelphia for a subject—an abundance only to be described by that well-worn phrase "the embarrassment of riches."

Therefore, are MESSENGER readers invited once more to consider Broad Street Station as the starting point of a similar tour of observation, taking this time the route known in railroad parlance as "the Schuylkill Division."

Less familiar to the traveller on business intent than the great trunk roads connecting the marts of trade and commerce must be, tourist and antiquary on the other hand, "who would push inquiry to the birth and springtime of our state," give this division honored place in their itinerary; it traverses the country of the "Lenape"—traditions of whose occupancy are shared, not superseded, by those glorious later ones of Revolutionary days, that cluster round the course of the historic Schuylkill.

If, however, the sight-seer were especially interested in Catholic reminiscence and achievement, this region, heretofore, would scarcely be suggested as a promising field of investigation, while for such, Philadelphia's own attractions are manifold.

Hers are "old St. Joseph's" quaint and well beloved, the nursery of that seedling of Faith, now grown to such wondrous umbrageousness and fruition, St. Mary's, whose grey walls witnessed the solemn Thanksgiving service for independence practically achieved, and whose annals are rife with reminders of the infant Republic, with St. Augustine's and Holy Trinity completing the quartette that in the eighteenth century constituted the possessions of the old Faith in the City of Brotherly Love and religious toleration.

Churches, there are too, with later memories of peril survived and opposition outlived, while in the heart of the storied section, the archives of the American Catholic Historical Society proffer treasures of relic and record, to help toward the better understanding of those departed conditions.

The same fascinating concurrence of religious and national interest marks occasionally the history of the state, of which Father Harding, officially mentioned as "Mr. Harding, a popish priest," reported by request of the Governor in

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HALLWAY IN POTT'S HOUSE.

1757, that his flock scattered throughout its entire extent, numbered, men, women and children, two thousand souls.

Remembering the vast area through which this congregation was distributed, we can readily understand how few and scattered its members must have been in that strip of Montgomery County, now traversed by the Schuylkill Division R. R. for the twenty odd miles of our tour. Of these miles, several are within city limits as at present defined, and there are, therefore, occasional views of one or other of the beautiful churches referred to in the former article, each worthy of special notice were such possible.

The boundary line is marked by a quarry, now disused, of the well known Montgomery County soapstone, specimens of which are still prized by collectors, because of the garnets with which the stone is frequently studded—a fact we find mentioned by the old chroniclers of local peculiarities.

Now, our railroad time table, usually consulted for information regarding hours of arrival and departure alone, becomes interesting; the names of the way stations, so closely set along the route, are to the initiated as veritable milestones—not alone of distance but of chronological progress. In their etymology and application the story of early settlement, struggle and development is tersely told, bestowed as they have been by Indian, Swede, Dutch and Welsh, who, in turn possessed the land, and thus sought to express in nomenclature some peculiarity of environment, or occasionally, the mere fact of family proprietorship.

Conshohocken—a name of distinctly Indian origin, and Norristown—perpetuating the memory of its Quaker purchaser—interest us as possessing Catholic churches erected at periods sufficiently early to justify their classification amongst the pioneer efforts of Catholicity in the state—St. Patrick's of Norristown dating from 1837, and St. Matthew's of Conshohocken from 1850.

Port Indian and Port Kennedy near by, speak respectively of the red man, once supreme in this, his "happy hunting ground" and the white settler, who here at least supplanted him only by right of fair and honorable purchase; hence the assertion of the local historian that record has not been found of a single case of bloodshed between the white man and his Indian predecessor throughout the whole extent of Montgomery County.

A few moments more are ours of rush and rumble singularly at variance with the quiet beauty of the country landscape, on one side permitting glimpses of the placid river stealing cityward, on the other, patches of shadowy woodland where the trail made by moccasined feet would seem more in keeping than this pathway forged by steel and steam.

A glance at the railway guide tells us "Protectory"—twenty-three miles from Broad Street—a glance out, and upward, before stepping on the rustic platform, assures us, without the assistance of the heavily-lettered placard on the slope adjacent, that we have reached our destination, the Mecca of Catholic Philadelphia to-day, the noble landmark of progress and paternity, destined to impress posterity with the wisdom and energy and resourcefulness of him who originated, labored, and achieved for the sake of the "little ones" committed to his charge as Father in Christ of a great Archdiocese.

In Archbishop Ryan's hold, the crozier has ever been reminiscent of that staff which stayed the Feet of the Good

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Shepherd through the weary search for the weaklings of His fold: it is indeed fitting that this Protectory, the project which he himself hopes will be the crown of his career, should perpetuate his memory thus, with fidelity and accuracy, as the comforter of the sorrowful, the rescuer of the imperilled, the lover of the little children, whose angels look upon the face of the Father in heaven.

Like a crown of gleaming topaz, surmounted by the golden cross enblematic of that highest sovereignty of the Crucified, the group of Protectory buildings rests on the brow of the gentle acclivity, and toward them winds a wide gravelled pathway, on and upward, from the station.



OLD DAM AT VALLEY FORGE.

Nothing more advantageous than this site could have been offered, even in this valley of the Schuylkill, of which it has been said, that few regions in any country can boast for the same distance of more varied scenic attractions.

Its selection was the result of diligent search on the part of one energetic member, and the careful consideration of all the committee appointed for this important task by His Grace, who, with his wonted ability to do all things well, made unerring choice throughout the arrangements of those best fitted for their allotted parts.

This first committee named, had for chairman, Very Rev. E. F. Prendergast, V.G., now the honored Auxiliary Bishop of the Diocese; Rev. J. F. Loughlin, D.D., its popular Chancellor, and Fathers Thos. J. Barry, and John W. Shanahan, all names associated with previous successes in various field of diocesan effort.

When the pressure of many important charges necessitated later Father Shanahan's withdrawal from active participation in committee duty, it was, as the Very Rev. Chairman has remarked, with



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, VALLEY FORGE.

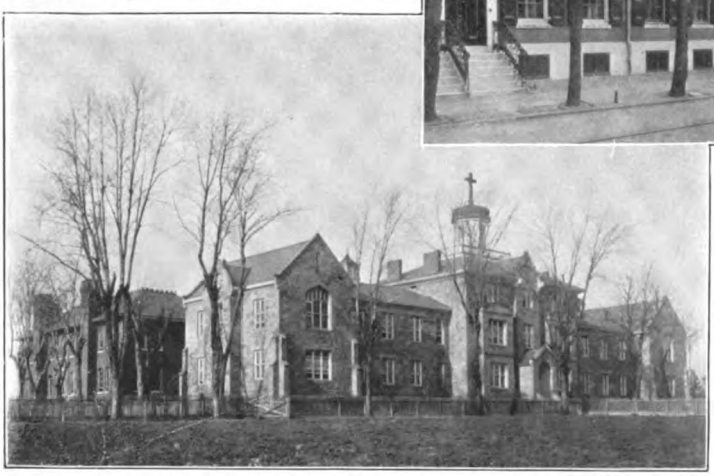
the record of heroic work performed in this important preliminary, and an acquired acquaintance with the traditions and topography of Montgomery County that an archivist might envy.

The Most Rev. Archbishop, who was of course member "ex-officio" of all committees, had doubtless, preconceived ideas of desirable location, as of all other details of the dearly cherished project. Those who recall his loyal admiration of true patriotism, and his consistent attitude in placing the duties of good citizenship only second to the obligations of Catholicity, will see in the fortunate availability of this historic tract for the purpose desired, another of the happy coincidences which mark every turn of his memorable career.

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The district long known as Fatlands, now Protectory, is an angle of Providence Township, fronting on one side the Schuylkill, the "hidden river" (Scheulen-Kil) of its Dutch discoverers, and on the other, the creek wearing still the name "*Perkiomen*" given by the aborigines, and meaning in their descriptive tongue "where the cranberries grow." Protectory farm comprises one hundred and seventy-two acres, and much of this, including and immediately surrounding the building site, is an elevated plateau, from which the spires of distant Philadelphia are visible.

At its base on the side opposite the main entrance, which overlooks our ascent from the station, flows the river, invisible from our viewpoint, but separating the Protectory from the striking background against which the warm hues of roof and ower and gleaming cross are so effective, a background of steep hills wooded to the summit, their ruggedness veiled and softened by the blue haze of distance.



ST. JOHN'S MALE ORPHAN ASYLUM,
WESTMINSTER AVENUE AND 49th STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

On the chart of history these hills stand boldly forth with no hindering mistiness of outline, but rather the distinctness of an unrivalled distinction, for they look down upon that Valley Forge, where in peril and hardship that tried men's souls was fashioned and tempered the trusty weapon of national independence.

Near by is Fatland Ford, crossed in turn by the British and the army of Washington, and all around the atmosphere of association, to which happy allusion has been frequently made by His Grace and other noted speakers at the various exercises held upon the grounds.

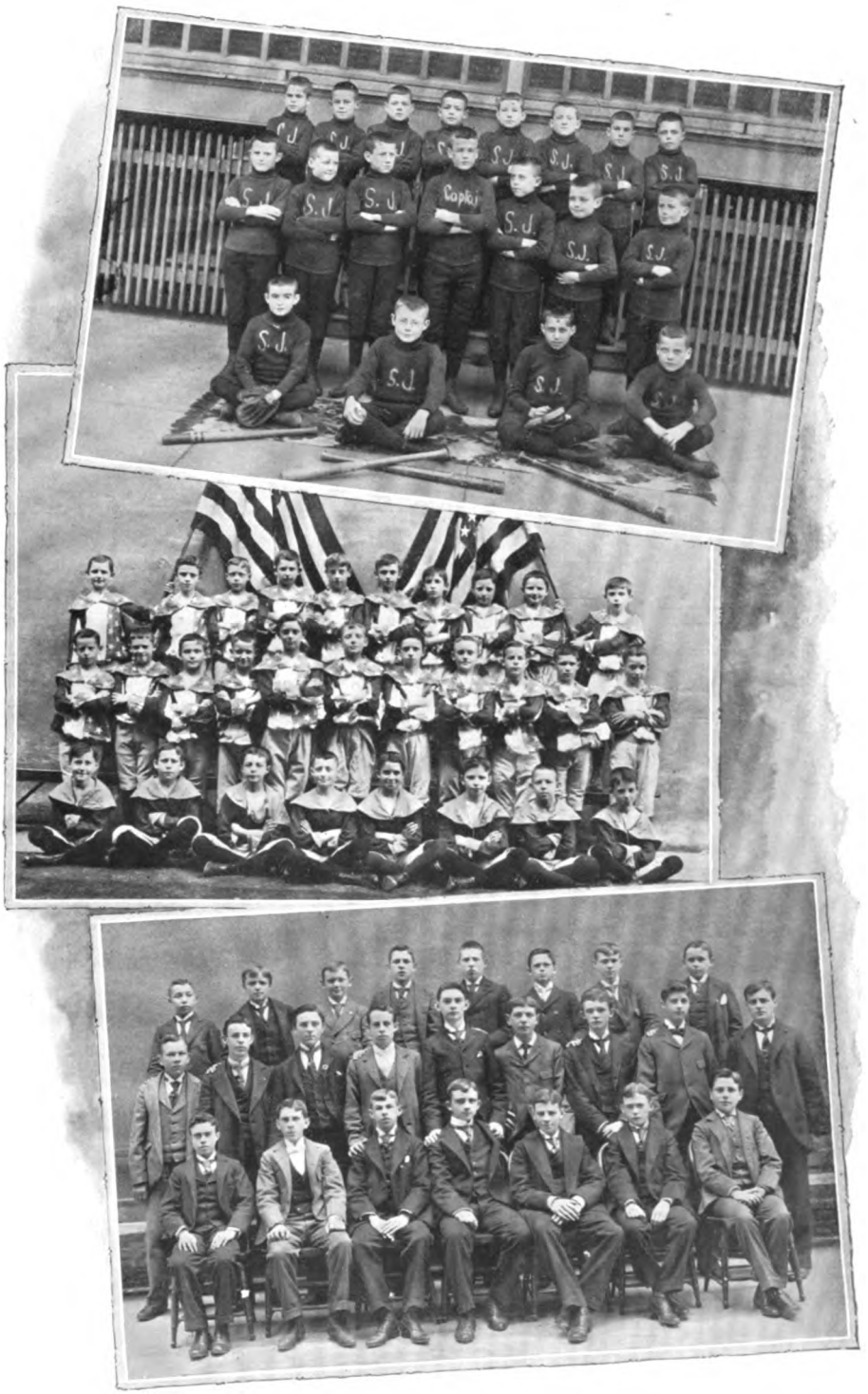


ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE,
727-733 PINE ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

Local traditions linger also, well calculated to encourage the cultivation of the homely virtues of industry and application within the sheltering walls of the Protectory, and others illustrating the advantages of that close communion with Nature, opportunity for which has been wisely assured its inmates.

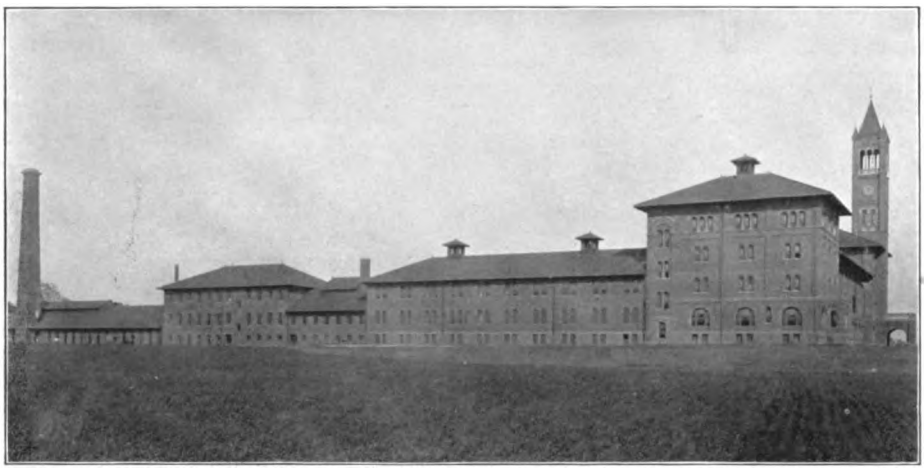
It was on a farm immediately adjoin-

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BASE BALL TEAM, ST. JOHN'S ORPHAN ASYLUM.
GYMNASTIC CLASS, '98, ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.
GRADUATES, '96, ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.

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VIEW OF PROTECTORY, FRONT AND WEST.

ing this that Audubon conceived the plan of his great work and laid its foundation; not far away are the fields where David Rittenhouse labored, pausing frequently to jot down mathematical calculations on farm fences, and even the handles of the plough he followed. Wilson, the naturalist, caught his earliest inspiration on those adjacent Schuylkill banks, where, too, says Watson, "the first spade was set to excavate the first public canal attempted in the United States."

Thus, for almost three hundred years, calumet and sword, ploughshare and pen have left their trace on these simple country annals, and now a closing century sees duly inaugurated the paramount sway of the Cross of Christ, here set for the salvation of many.

So it is that while our approaching footsteps, bringing before us the storied surroundings, seemed to wake for each its concomitant reminiscence, once beneath the shadow of the Gothic doorway, mere natural impressions fade, and one feels the spiritual significance of the undertaking here perfected, in the name, and by the help of Him, whose word must remain while all else shall pass away.

The solidity of the structure, so apparent on closer view, seems to us symbolic, while to the practical mind the recital of the various tests of strength and durability, made during the progress of its erection, is extremely interesting.

Philadelphia visitors perceive the similarity of the material employed to that used in the construction of the city's great Bourse Building, and whether sharing or not, the knowledge, now so general, of its proven superiority, all must admit that, in combination with the celadon-tiled roof, these walls of faced brick lend to the landscape here the note of warm coloring needed to enhance its picturesqueness.

There is always an admiring pause before the arched doorway—a tribute to its beauty of curve and detail, which is better conveyed by illustration than written description.

It was at first intended that this arch, with its graceful upspringing tower, should be the central point from which the buildings might extend wing-wise, but it has been since decided to defer the erection of one wing until the necessity for increased accommodation arises, while, with this contingency a possibility of the near future, all such fundamental arrangements as kitchen and refectory space—cooking and heating facilities—have been made on the generous basis of the original plan.

As the heavy oaken door uncloses we pass into the entrance hall, from its spaciousness and perfection of detail,

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VIEW OF BUILDINGS AND COURTYARD.

one of the chief architectural attractions of the building. On its right are the office and reception rooms, and directly before us as we enter, is the wide, central stairway of quartered oak in the natural finish, as all the interior fittings are.

In the hall of every home, the first pause past the opening door, there is always, for those trained in observation, a suggestion of what life means within those limits, a hint of the dominant influences of the household, and of this theory, the hall of the Catholic Protectory is rather an exemplar than an exception.

Sunlight meets the visitor like smiles of greeting, and flings across the tesselated floor, as though in welcome, a network of soft tints outvying the mere material products of Eastern looms. The path thus outlined leads to its own vantage point of entrance, whence has been borrowed all this glow and color—the tall window, technically described as a "triplet" because of its trio of panels—which is set at the first turn of the great stairway, elevated but a few steps above the hall. Exquisite it is in conception and execution, the joy of artist and connoisseur, but more than a mere thing of beauty to the many, who, artistic only in appreciation, see in its pictured story, the source of that inspiration which moved the heart of the founder to gather the waifs and strays of his fold, and throw around them here the strong shield of home influence and association.

For the story of the window is the story of Nazareth!

Its central figure is the Divine Boy, as He might have looked on the day, when, turning from Jerusalem and the doctors, He went down to the home and workshop with Mary and Joseph "and was subject to them." On the one side is the Mother, her pictured gaze an unspoken benediction, and on the other the foster father, privileged to protect and provide for the holy home—that unchangeable model of all homes which have been, or shall be, through the centuries dividing Nazareth from the Valley of Jehosophat.

The spirit of that wondrous domesticity already pervades the quiet interior, and it is easy to understand how strong shall be its blessed influence in the coming days, upon the impressionable heart of boyhood learning here the lesson of that busy workshop and simple home, of those days and nights of toil and prayer and preparation, the lesson of that unparalleled humility and love.

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Here shall rise, unprompted, the wordless prayer for Mary's help, for Joseph's guidance—here shall come to many the saving belief in her universal motherhood and His unceasing intercession, and here it would seem to-day can be most fitly told the history of the Protectory, its inception, development and progress.

With our realization of that perfect home revivified, we can appreciate more fully the strength and urgency of the necessity which appealed so powerfully to prelate, priests and people, already bearing what might be considered due share of burden and responsibility.

It was on Easter Sunday of '95, the twenty-third anniversary of that "hallowed morning in the faraway" which had witnessed his elevation to the hierarchy he was destined to adorn, that Archbishop Ryan made the first public announcement regarding the projected Protectory for so many years his heart's desire. Ever true to the beautiful characteristic shared by all who seek to follow in the Master's footsteps, the love and care of childhood, there came to him in that memoried hour, not the murmur of a people's praise and congratulation so nobly earned, but the echo of a childish cry from out the depths, the sound of childish footsteps faltering on the dreadful brink, where only the torch of Faith could save from destruction, and the extended hand of such charity as his help onward through narrow ways to Light and Love Eternal.

He has, himself, told the inner story of that day's appeal: "Because of the multitude of institutions already dependent upon the charity of the diocese, because of the yearly drain they entailed on my people, did I hesitate, but at Mass on Easter Sunday the thought came to my mind like a command, as when our Lord said to Peter, 'Let down your net.'"

Never, even on those famous occasions, which have taken their place in national history, with him as orator, for central figure, were the hearts of his listeners thrilled to quicker responsiveness, than when thus, without premeditation or prelude, the Shepherd pleaded for the least of his flock.

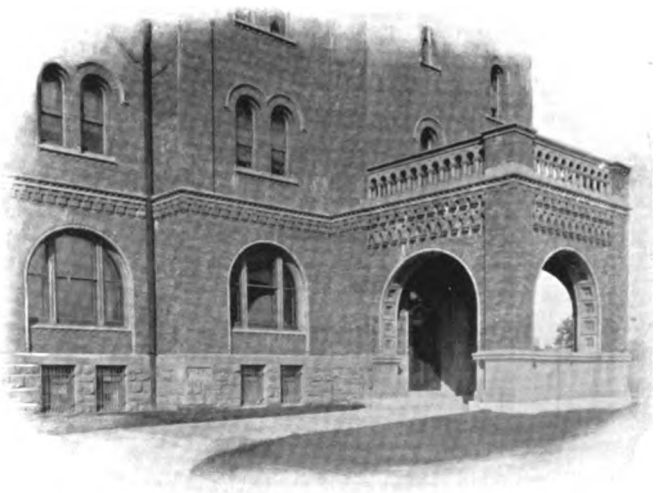
From the point of worldly calculation the call might well appear inopportune; the urgency of the need was not difficult to perceive, for priests, and laymen, too, could give countless examples in proof thereof, but the way to supply it seemed yet remote as it had ever been during the years preceding. There were still the old institutions to be maintained and extended; still the tendency of municipal growth made necessary the erection of churches and parish schools, drawing not alone upon the resources of those destined to share their advantages, but indirectly also upon the older congregations, of which the new were offshoots.

The Archdiocese had been no laggard in the Master's vineyard nor had His call to labor for His helpless ones been unheeded. It might be recalled with pride that the first Catholic Orphan Asylum of the country was Philadelphia's own, founded in 1798 under the patronage of St. Joseph. Without reference to institutions for girls which include even a successful Protectory under the care of the Good Shepherd Sisters, there stand to her credit, such well-known examples of charitable zeal as St. John's Male Orphan Asylum, and St. Joseph's House for Industrious Homeless Boys.

St. Francis' Industrial School of Eddington, brought by location within the scope of the recent MESSENGER article and therein fully described, while of incalculable value, does not come within the class of diocesan charities, being in its entirety, the gift and continued charge of one family.

All these facts the Archbishop passed in brief review; to the objection of inopportuneness his answer was that of St. Vincent de Paul under similar circumstances, "In the order of God's Providence, whatever is necessary will be found possible, for the resources of Providence are inexhaustible."

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PROTECTORY ENTRANCE.

Of the Asylums and Homes already in operation which he included under one head, "a provision for the innocent children of the flock," a few words may not come amiss, making the readers conversant with then existent conditions.

St. John's Male Orphan Asylum, first chartered under its present name in 1829, is the outgrowth of an older charity organized in 1797 for the safeguarding of destitute orphans whose parents were carried away by the yellow fever scourge of that year. It is now in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who succeeded the Sisters of Charity in 1847, when the latter decided to devote themselves exclusively to the care of orphan girls, having previously obtained for the boys a separate home and inaugurated there a method of training peculiarly suited to boyish needs.

For more than fifty years of effort and vicissitude St. Joseph's Sisters have stood at this post of duty, for which the wisdom and experience of Bishop Kenrick foresaw their fitness, and during which Church and State have been their debtors for many a faithful son whose youth they guided in the opening ways of piety and good citizenship. Now, as in those early days, their interests are looked after by a Board of Managers, clerics and laymen, presided over by the Archbishop, and with the prestige of a trust bequeathed from generation unto generation, St. John's Asylum appeals to every Philadelphian who reverences his city's best traditions. Almost four hundred and fifty boys, ranging in age from five to twelve years, "a happy, manly, docile, little army," as they were recently described in a charming article inspired by a visit amongst them, are at present under the charge of the Sisters, so truly the Marthas of Christ's household in the multiplicity of their cares. Burden and care sit lightly upon them, however, borne as they are "in His name" and the one anxiety apparent, is for the future welfare of their boys, who go from them at a comparatively early age, the more fortunate to Eddington and its advanced course of mental and manual training, others to homes secured for them through charitable effort.

"St. Joseph's House for Industrious, Homeless Boys," explains in its title the actual purpose of its mission, but scarcely its unique scope and perfect administration.

To provide religious and secular training for the destitute boy, too young for self-support, to encourage industry by procuring employment for the industrious, to extend the *ægis* of home influence and friendly interest between the working boy and his daily temptations, such is the threefold purpose of the institution.

It was founded with Archbishop Ryan's warmest sanction, by the Rev. E. V. McElhone, who, as chaplain of

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the City Almshouse, had sad experience of the special needs of the destitute ; it was formally opened on Palm Sunday, 1890, and is now, owing to Father McElhone's withdrawal, on account of failing health, under the permanent management of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, with Rev. David J. Fitzgibbon, C.S. Sp., as manager.

The latter word will strike the incidental visitor as being a misnomer, indeed, when applied to the head of such a happy, contented household—as little applicable here, as it would have seemed to the busy "Mother" and "Sisters" of St. John's, as seen in class room and recreation ground, each surrounded by her little clientele, claiming individual notice and attention.

Here, at St. Joseph's, likewise, the basis of the entire system is the inculcation of family spirit ; the boys are trained mentally, morally, and physically, with no more of freedom, nor less of worldly friction than comes to children of competency in the well-regulated home.

The conditions of admittance are, that the applicant be entirely destitute and homeless; none younger than eleven years are received, except temporarily in extremely urgent cases, and none of depraved habits can be considered, because St. Joseph's wards must be shielded from all risk of evil communication within their home.

St. John's and St. Joseph's, with St. Vincent's homes for baby boys of various nationalities, constituted the provisions made by the faithful of the Archdiocese for helpless youth, but admirable and efficacious as they are, in none was the answer found to the Archbishop's pathetic query—"What is to become of the great number who have fallen away in various degrees from the paths of rectitude?"

Following up the Easter inspiration, we find the question again propounded in a Pastoral entitled "An Appeal to the Catholics of Philadelphia in behalf of the new Catholic Protectory for Boys," and here His Grace embodies in beautiful metaphor his aspirations for the forsaken ones he champions. "These boys," he says, "have much that is good left in them. 'There is an angel imprisoned in that rough block of marble,' said Michael Angelo, 'and I shall liberate the angel,' and with his artistic chisel he brought out the imprisoned angel, until it seemed as if prepared to join its celestial companions.

"It is yours, dear brethren of the clergy and the laity, to liberate the imprisoned angels of purity and honesty and piety, by removing the cold and hard environments that press down and conceal them."

Even before the issuance of this call, encouraging responses had come to the pulpit appeal, one from a Protestant auditor, and one from another non-Catholic who, reading the discourse in a morning paper, forwarded at once his check for one hundred dollars.

Representative Catholic gentlemen were now asked to attend a preliminary meeting at the Cathedral chapel, on the evening of Monday, April 29, and so in the short space of one week the project cherished through patient years, had taken definite form and become the subject of general discussion.

Prominent men of many creeds, and noticeably those whose avocation brought them in contact with the class under discussion, jurists, lawyers, reformers and philanthropists, warmly endorsed the movement, seeking occasion to express their convictions regarding the necessity and utility of a Catholic Protectory.

As assured from the outset, this first meeting was as enthusiastic as representative, impressing the community at large, as it did the very reverend speaker of the opening address (now Bishop Prendergast), with the certainty that "the results of its deliberations should be memorable for all time, and of profound interest to the history of the Catholic Church in America."

The writer, believing with Emerson

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that he who quotes a phrase or sentiment of peculiar worth, is only second in merit to the originator, would find in the reports of the occasion abundant material for happy quotation were space available.

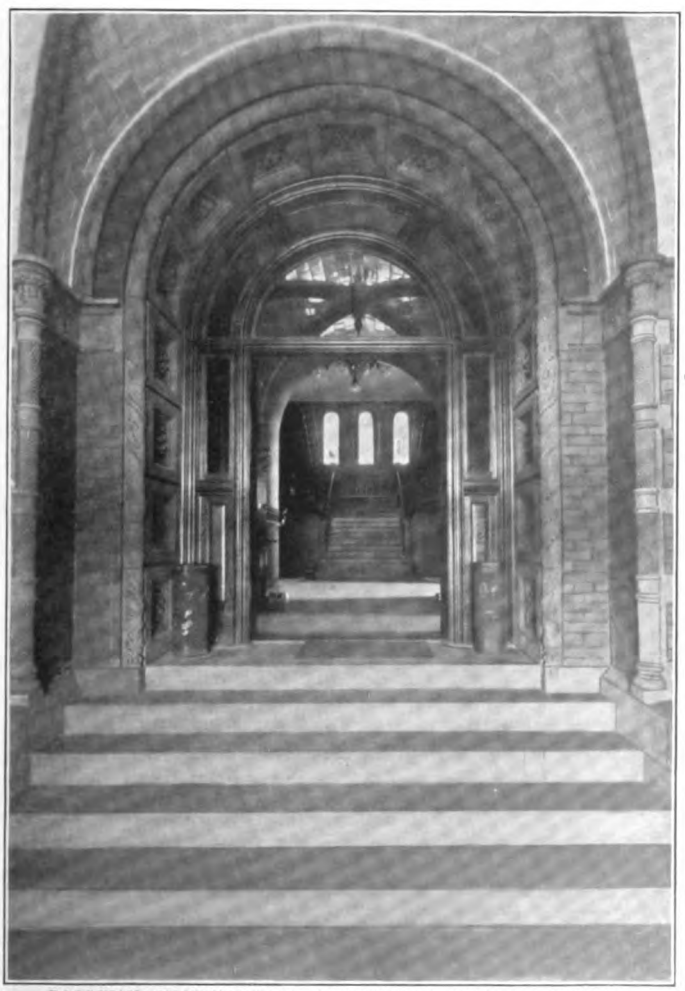
All phases of the undertaking came in for consideration and discussion; the store of many men's experience was drawn upon for the advisement of all. Particular attention was given to the possibility of State institutions offering solution, ready to hand, of the reform difficulty.

It was admitted readily and cheerfully that the State does the best possible within its limitations, Pennsylvania's system being particularly excellent. The fact, however, remains proven that restraint is not permanent reform, that human punishment without the leaven of Divine compassion, fosters rather than exterminates evil.

Outward signs may augur well, but practical Catholics shudder to remember the vacuum within the young heart, lacking that inner grace, only obtainable through the medium of prayer and the Sacraments. Even where more favorable conditions exist, where contact with vice has not warped the moral nature, the mere training of intellect, and attempted substitution of culture for conscience, as monitor and guide, has not been found satisfactory.

The vacuum exists, becoming sadly apparent in the hour of temptation, awaking our pity for all victims of modern experiment, but most for those, who with the birthright of Catholic Faith have inherited, too, an added susceptibility to remorse, that may easily deepen into despair.

The seed of Faith, implanted at the solemn moment when Baptismal waters touch the baby brow, may indeed lie dormant through years of neglect, but let the rays of fraternal charity seek it beneath the weeds and tares of ignorance and ill example, and with God's blessing on the quest, that seed shall germinate and flourish in its new environment until it blossom to all the beauty of regenerated innocence.



DOORWAY, SHOWING HALL AND WINDOW FACING ENTRANCE.

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"There is not a man on whom the benediction of Faith has fallen who cannot be reformed at any stage of his career" was one of the striking phrases of the Archbishop's address on this occasion, and his listeners understood that he who had labored through missionary days in the "new West," who had garnered, from efforts in prison and pulpit alike, the coveted harvest of souls, knew whereof he spoke. Other experiences, pathetic and practical, were rehearsed; that of the chaplain, who realizing that even admittance within reformatory walls was a concession to be grateful for, found himself restricted necessarily to the half-hour of public instruction without one moment of the private communion so indispensable to spiritual helpfulness, for which too, as he was frequently made aware, those waifs of his fold had come to yearn, and that of the priest whose administrative years in St. Joseph's made him an unquestioned authority: "again and again, day after day appealed to by fathers and friends, in regard to wayward and incorrigible children, with no help to give them and very little advice that could be in any way practicable."

In bright contrast was the encouraging speech of a Christian Brother who had come from the Irish Industrial School founded in Dublin for just such purpose as the intended Protectory. With all the certainty of statistical reference the visitor affirmed that the Catholic school he represented had been found by the Royal Commission, to be the only institution in the United Kingdom which permanently reforms its boys, showing ninety-nine and seven-eighths per cent. reclaimed to lives of usefulness.

No wonder, with such inspiriting prologue, that what Father Barry called "the practical part of the meeting, the subscriptions," proved eminently satisfactory. His Grace announced opening donations including one of fifty thousand dollars, the givers of which wished their names withheld; these, with others duly credited on this occasion, made a grand total of $105,695 actually available for the furtherance of a project as yet in its infancy.

Architects had been already invited to submit plans for the proposed building, and the next step was the appointment of the clerical committee of arrangements, whose members have been mentioned in connection with the selection of the site.

The ball had indeed started, and entirely contrary to the warning of the ancient adage, in the process of revolution the necessary funds were rapidly accumulated, as proof of which, the Catholic Protectory stands to-day, free of debt, while representing an actual outlay of little less than four hundred thousand dollars.

"Is this not proof," asks the Most Rev. Founder, "that a generous, devoted people realized from the outset its necessity?"

Much of this wonderful celerity is due to the organized action of a second Priests' Committee appointed in January, 1896, to make personal solicitation for subscriptions in the various parishes.

This committee was composed of Rev. Fathers Crane, Broughal, Nevin, Quinn, Currie and Hammeke. Theirs was not only a tour of solicitation but of education as well; in each pulpit, in turn, a full explanation of all details was given, one of the committee visiting the parish long enough to meet its prominent members, and select from amongst them some to continue within parish limits the work thus inaugurated.

Meanwhile, Fathers Prendergast and Barry had started on a journey of investigation, visiting noted institutions on the Continent and in Ireland with the object in view, of reproducing in Philadelphia the best characteristics of many. They found much that was admirable, being particularly impressed by the Industrial School of Artane near Dublin.

Architecturally considered, however, none were at all akin to that projected by Archbishop Ryan: all had been erected

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piecemeal as necessity arose for extension and alteration, whereas the earliest decision regarding the new Protectory, was to build on the primary scale of completion. The result of the investigation was summed up by Bishop Prendergast in review, "We profited by the experiences of all, but practically began where they had left off."

Just fourteen months and one week from the date of the first announcement, during which time popular interest had not flagged, nor popular opinion veered from its original position of approval, Archbishop Ryan had the solemn happiness of blessing and laying the cornerstone of the grand edifice of which under God he was the projector. It was on Sunday, June 21, '96, the day chosen as being the Feast of St. Aloysius, accepted patron of youth and innocence throughout the Catholic world, that the sacred sanction of the Church was thus publicly given to the undertaking.

One of June's perfect days with just enough of cloud to temper its sunshine, a great and steady influx of jubilant crowds, herald strains of music announcing the arrival of organizations and societies, waving flags and bravery of regalia to lend color to the scene, such were the visual impressions of the opening hours.

The difficulties of transportation for the multitude had been successfully overcome by the forethought and energy of Father Barry and his committee, ably abetted by the courteous management of the railroads leading to the Protectory.



THE HOLY FAMILY WINDOWS.

A mediæval army massed for pilgrimage of thanksgiving, or victorious pageant, in the days when the Cross of Christ was the standard beneath which rallied all that was bravest and best in Christendom, was suggested by the scene as His Grace approached from the station to the platform erected for the clergy.

Wearing full pontificals, and carrying the crozier emblematic of his gracious rule, uniformed knights as escort, with

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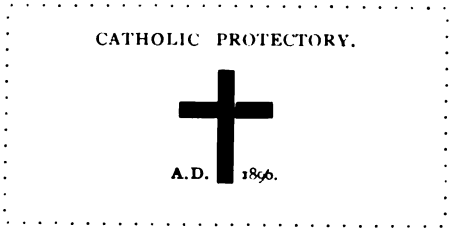
flags and banners of national and religious significance for background, and all the pomp and circumstance of archiepiscopal state surrounding, the chief shepherd stood before his people in the happy hour their loyalty and devotion had made possible, the hour when assurance of ultimate success was his for the Christly project so peculiarly his own.

The ceremonies began with a magnificent rendition of "The Heavens are Telling," by a choir of several hundred voices with band accompaniment.

Through green valleys and across dimpling waters, amongst grey gorges, and above gaunt hills, where once re-echoed the "running fire of musketry" whereby the army of Valley Forge signified their joy for France's acknowledgment of the independence hardly then achieved, rolled the volume of beautiful sound, voicing a people's gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts.

How fully was thus emphasized by contrast the different conditions of the "then" and "now," remembering which, no heart could fail to render individual thank-offering!

The musical prelude concluded, the corner-stone, engraved with the symbolic cross and inscription "Catholic Protectory A. D. 1896,"



was blessed by His Grace and lowered from the supporting tripod to its destined place with the usual ritual, after which ceremonial all officiating took seats with the Archbishop on the platform, whence Rev. James C. Monahan delivered the inaugural sermon.

Eloquent and magnetic, full of varying power and pathos, as now the universal Queendom of Mother Church, and now her maternal yearnings over the least of her little ones, was alternately depicted, abounding in graceful imagery, yet redundant of practical truths, one turns again and again to the faithful transcript of the *Catholic Standard* page with the wish that even so, in its entirety, MESSENGER readers might enjoy the discourse.

"Here," said the reverend speaker, "when completed, under the Church's own care and watchfulness, our wayward boys shall be gathered. Here, and by the most loving hands, their moral nature, warped and poisoned by sinful contamination, will be fashioned on the purest models; here their minds will be trained and enlightened and their hands made skillful in crafts profitable to them in after life and beneficial and fruitful to mankind.

"It is a glorious conception, dear friends, worthy the faith that inspired it, honorable to the great mind and the big heart that have undertaken it; rich in prospective blessing for God and country and, therefore, a consummation for which you should pray and labor and make noblest sacrifice. In God's name the good work has been begun; in God's name it will go on. Let, then, your noble assistance, your generosity in aiding this great work of charity be the evidence of your faith, of your Catholicity, of your appreciation of your high responsibility as children of the kingdom of God.

"Let your generous, open-hearted assistance in this great undertaking be high and splendid testimony of the love in which you hold your bishop, who will make this new Protectory the crowning of his grand and noble life—a life of richest blessing, glorious to his faith and country, the pride and treasure of his people."

Archbishop Ryan followed with words of joy and congratulation, giving in conclusion his blessing to the assembled thousands, and so, with the light of

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RT. REV. E. F. PRENDERGAST.

earthly sunshine and heavenly benediction on its record, closed the day of inauguration.

"We cannot pass through this valley of Schuylkill," says its historian of fifty years ago, "without feeling emotion for the great events that have transpired there in the past; the present astonishes us with its enterprise, and the future puzzles us to judge what may happen in the next century."

Scarcely less puzzling than baseless speculation would have been the Catholic pageant of that Summer day, amidst such unaccustomed surroundings.

Once again, when almost two years more of unceasing effort had elapsed, bearing as years will for all human enterprise, however worthy, their quota of difficulty, the people heard again the call of their prelate summoning them in joyous convocation to behold "what God had wrought," the completed structure now risen above "foundations set in Christian hope and welded strong with prayer."



ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

As though to continue the mystic chain of symbolism, that May Sunday of '98 was in direct, almost abnormal contrast to the preceding celebration it recalled. Tempestuous winds and rain prefigured for the imaginative the spiritual desolation of those souls whose rescue was the desired recompense of all this sacrifice and labor; venturesome ones who braved the warring elements might read in the warmth and welcome awaiting them within Protectory walls cheering continuation of the allegory.



REV. T. J. BARRY.



REV. J. F. LOUGHLIN, D. D.

They saw, as Bishop Prendergast remarked, the cross uplifted to bless the region, already sacred to true Americans because of its memories, honored and recalled now by the national flags floating from tower and window; they joined in the procession escorting the Archbishop in his solemn tour of benediction through the great buildings, and listened later to his words of gratitude and encouragement, feeling proud of the nearing realization he pictured as he alone can: "the young men going forth from these portals, educated, established in religion, loyal to God and loyal to country, because of the influences here brought to bear."

Doubtless, there were amongst the quiet groups gathered, as they had been invited, to examine and criticize, friendly discussions of the ways and means which had sufficed to win such absolute success.

The opening of the year had seen an important meeting of the priests of the diocese to consider the best medium for raising the large sum still required to complete and furnish the Protectory.

A great fair under the combined auspices of all parishes was a previous suggestion, apparently favored by the laity, but its diffi-



REV. J. C. MONAHAN.

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REV. F. J. QUINN.

culties became, on careful consideration, more evident than its advantages; an advisory committee, elected by ballot reported it at a later meeting as inadvisable, and an assessment of each parish based on its known resources was considered preferable.

This plan, strongly indicative as it was, of the personal interest of each pastor, who thus cheerfully accepted an individual burden, was adopted, and the needed amount ($120,000) pledged, with which surety the work had rapidly progressed to the completeness so delightful to the visitors, assembled on May 8, 1898, within the newly sanctified walls.

Such details as interior finish, the setting of the ventilating and electrical plants and the furnishing of the institution throughout, fully occupied the Summer months.


REV. M. J. CRANE.

Early in September was announced the first visiting day proper, when about ten thousand people availed themselves of the opportunity for just such a tour as our opening paragraphs essay to describe.

Happy, good-natured throngs, quick to notice and admire, strolled through halls and corridors, and looked from the oriel windows of the pleasant reception room upon the wide courtyard backed by wood and orchard, and surrounded now by buildings of uniform beauty, destined to house the various industrial plants as circumstances may guide their selection.


REV. T. HAMMEKE.

The Christian Brothers had assumed charge, with Brother Candidus as director, and those who secured his chaperonage in their investigations might thenceforth consider themselves authorities on the excellences of the institution.


REV. W. C. CURRIE.

The Director brings to his task the knowledge won by continuous years of protectory and reformatory work in New York, Troy and San Francisco; to the last named city he was called some years since to give the benefit of his experience in the establishment of an orphanage, now flourishing under the care of his order.

Because of evident superiority to anything of its kind heretofore familiar, each and every appointment of the Protectory is interesting and worthy of special notice. The machinery with which the vast basement bristles, attracts the mechanical mind; votaries of household hygiene revel in the perfection of contrivances for judicious heating, the ventilating plant with its elaborate system of exhaust fans operated in the attic by power supplied from a basement dynamo, and that desideratum of Philadelphian home-keepers, the filtering apparatus whereby the supply of Perkiomen water is purified, before being admitted for distribution through the building.

There is subject for housewifely admiration in the exquisite finish that spotless marble and variegated tiles lend to bath and lavatory, in the shining urns and various labor-saving devices of the big kitchen, while the studious comprehend at a glance the advantages of well-lighted, airy class-rooms, where for


REV. D. J. BROUGHALL.

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some hours each day, earnest teachers will strive to supply the lack of early advantages.

Two dormitories, each with present accommodations for one hundred and fifty inmates, and capabilities for further extension as required, open before the visitor their vistas of snowy cots and fittings; the dining-room, also so arranged as to admit enlargement by the mere shifting of portable partitions, is typical of comfort, and so throughout the whole establishment is borne out the assertion made by the Very Rev. Chairman of the Advisory Committee, on the day of visitation, that "no building of its kind in the world, is better adapted to the purpose intended."

The Archbishop also alluded to the adoption of modern improvements, which sometimes seemed almost extravagant, but which, looked at from the standpoint of intelligent economy, are quite the reverse, for fireproof structures will remain intact while inferior buildings incur expenses for repairs.

From other standpoints too, these facilities for personal daintiness strike many as admirable; each refinement appreciated is as an added stroke of the exploring mallet, still seeking to free from hampering environment.

In just such innovations we recognize the spirit of true charity which teaches that to give alms is nothing unless one give also the dearer gift of thought, for "he who considereth the poor shall be blessed," not he who permits them the crumbs from his superabundance.

The gracious individuality of the founder would be indeed, sadly misrepresented by any implied association with what the Catholic heart and pen of our own O'Reilly characterized as

"Organized charity scrimped and iced
In the name of a cautious, statistical
Christ."

Choice of a designation that implies prevention rather than reform, avoidance of uniform and all restrictions hurtful to the self-respect that must be fostered, and the fatherly forethought evinced in the provisions for physical well-being, are features in the chosen regime of home influence, that spark from the hearth of the holy house of Nazareth, in the efficacy of which Archbishop Ryan steadfastly believes.

Of the City set upon the hill, that its light may shine as the beacon of Hope for wanderers in the Valley of shadow, we are reminded as we turn for a parting glance at the great Catholic Protectory. With the story of its marvellous success, comes the recollection of that most beautiful message, which the Beloved Disciple once wrote at the Master's command, to the first Bishop of ancient Philadelphia, promising strength and victory:

"Thus shall men know," said the Lord, "that I have loved thee and strengthened thee for conquest."



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THE PRIEST—HIS STUDIES AND TRAINING.

A Review.

WE have followed with interest and profit from month to month, in the pages of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, Very Rev. Dr. Hogan's well-written papers on Clerical Studies, but we must confess that it was only on their appearance in book form that we have come to prize and appreciate them at their full value. We now recognize how perfectly the whole ground has been covered by the learned Sulpician, how precisely and clearly the relative importance and mutual dependence of the various studies have been pointed out, and how judicious and valuable are his suggestions of methods and authorities that will afford aid to the ecclesiastical student, be he priest or seminarian, in his efforts to acquire the knowledge befitting his high calling.

But the book before us stands for more than this. It is a labor of love, of intelligent and sympathetic love which would fain make the possession of his fellow-toilers in the Master's vineyard the store of knowledge amassed during forty years of practical experience as professor and director in the seminaries of France and America. Such experience should give the Doctor a right to speak authoritatively on the question of clerical studies, and yet throughout, unlike others who have written on this subject from the standpoint of mere theory, there is no attempt to play the part of dictator or reformer, no complaint of the shortcomings, supposed or real, of our seminaries, or of the want of studious habits in our hard-worked clergy; no putting forward of fruitless educational fads. General principles are propounded, advice as to their practical application is proffered, and the graceful presumption is everywhere given prominence that our bishops, priests and seminarians are endowed with mental ability of no mediocre order, and are sincerely desirous of cultivating these abilities to the highest possible degree. Evidently Dr. Hogan does not believe with an anonymous writer in one of our leading dailies, that the American clergy take little or no interest in questions of metaphysics or theology, nor does he see in the decrees of the Councils of Baltimore proof of this unscholarly and unecclesiastic apathy and indifference. On the contrary, he explicitly states that it is the main purpose of his book to show how the various studies referred to in the decree, *De Clericorum Educatione et Institutione* of the Third Council of Baltimore, may be pursued to the greatest advantage. A learned clergy, he holds, is a necessity of our own, perhaps, even more than of past ages, and it is consolatory to know that it is the exception, rather than the rule, to find the highest sacerdotal virtue unallied to the deepest ecclesiastical learning. Zeal, eagerness to promote God's glory, self-sacrifice can effect much good, but when unaccompanied by solid dogmatic training, may drag along with them a chain of baneful consequences, especially when the apostle thus imperfectly and inadequately endowed, has passed away from life, and his biographers, little penetrated with his child-like spirit, present only his peculiar practices and tenets as models for our admiration and imitation. Nothing solicitous, therefore, as to what we shall wear or what we shall eat, Dr. Hogan's sole concern is with the higher intellectual and spiritual life of our priests, or as he expresses it in his brief and modest preface, "to lift up to the highest accessible plane the intellectual as well as spiritual life of those invested with the priesthood." That the book makes for this exalted aim, there can be little

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doubt in the mind of one who gives it a careful reading. We can, therefore, unhesitatingly pronounce it the best work on this important subject of clerical studies yet published in this country, a most useful contribution to pedagogy in the loftiest and best sense of this much-abused term, and we would gladly see it in the hands of all our priests and seminarians, as well as Catholic students outside the ranks of the clergy.

This last statement may cause some surprise and arouse objection, and yet it is the desire that Dr. Hogan's work should be known and read by educated Catholic laymen, that has largely determined us to give it an extended review in a magazine which is not purely ecclesiastical in its scope. Not a few of the papers, as for instance, those on the natural sciences, philosophy, apologetics, Church history and the Bible, concern studies that should, to some degree, be pursued by laymen, and we call to mind, in this connection, that the time is not so far removed from the present, when even gentlemen of the world took a course of theology as the complement of their Catholic education. To mention but one example, St. Francis de Sales, even before he had decided to become a priest, followed the classes of theology at the University of Padua, and gave to them the same amount of time as to his legal studies. Nor has this custom entirely died out among educated Catholics in Europe. But apart from this, it is well that the laity should know in what the training of their spiritual guides consists, how the long years of preparation, which seem to unthinking minds a waste of time, are passed, and how the hours that remain after their active labors in the ministry may be put to good account in the company of their books. But we are straying from our purpose, or rather, anticipating what will appear in clearer light from an analysis of Clerical Studies.

The Natural Sciences in the older and broader meaning of the term, as covering not only the study of organized bodies, their development and laws, but also those branches commonly designated as physical science, form the subject of the opening chapter. Such a choice may seem at first sight strange in a work of this character, but it is amply justified by the reasons advanced in the course of the article. "The Natural Sciences," as Dr. Hogan well remarks, "absorb more of the intellectual activity of the age than all the other forms of knowledge put together." There can, therefore, be no question of putting them aside, for prescinding, for the time, from their value as factors in a broad and liberal education, "they are the ground upon which many of the Church's battles are being fought. He who remains a stranger to them, may keep his own faith safe enough by not heeding or not realizing what is objected. But he cannot be helpful to those who are alive to such difficulties. Scientific objections have to be met on scientific grounds; and those who venture on the latter unprepared, only succeed in confirming in their error the minds they should have led back to truth."

We would here suggest that there is even a more fundamental reason why the priest should be a deep student of nature, and hold frequent communion with her visible forms, not to learn that she speaks a varied language, but is ever rehearsing the story of God's beneficence to the human race. From such communion there will spring up a knowledge and a love finding expression in praise of his Creator, and this, as we know, is the end of man, the one object of his existence.

Passing over various secondary reasons for the cultivation of the Natural Sciences on the part of ecclesiastics, we note with special pleasure our author's masterly refutation of the charge so frequently and groundlessly brought against the Church of being a foe to the Natural Sciences. There has been no age of the world, even as far back as the early Christian Fathers, which is not under obligation to the clergy for their labors in the cause of

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science. The three men who stand out in bold relief in mediæval times, and are honored as the greatest precursors of modern science, were one a pope, another a cardinal and the third, a Franciscan friar. Dr. Hogan then cites the names of some of the most distinguished of these clerical scientists, and passing from individual instances to the efforts of organized bodies of men, he pays this remarkable tribute to the Jesuits, in particular, "that even if the Catholic Church had nothing to show in the investigation of nature, for the last three centuries, beyond the labors of this great Society, she might still be proud of her work."

Yet vast and far-reaching as is the power of the sciences, there is another study deeper and more important still, and logically and fitly Chapter II. is devoted to Philosophy, which is at once the natural corrective of the narrowness and one-sidedness begotten of the exclusive pursuit of science, the necessary crowning of a liberal education, and the basis of all sound theological attainments. The praises and advantages of this study are set forth with great earnestness in argumentation of the most solid character. A separate article, as the sub-divisions of the various chapters are called, is given to the interpretation of Leo XIII.'s famous Encyclical *Aeterni Patris*, whereby it would seem to some that the Philosophy of St. Thomas has been enjoined to the exclusion of all other schools. Our author, however, takes a more moderate view of its intent. It is indeed, he concedes, a most weighty recommendation to follow the Angelic Doctor, but it is not the mind of the Holy Father to extend this recommendation to all particulars of scholastic Philosophy, nor to restrict the liberty enjoyed at all times by the supporters of other systems. "Thus limited to its true meaning, the encyclical loses that seeming exclusiveness which made it objectionable to many, because they confined their attention to separate passages, and failed to grasp the spirit of the whole."

The article on the Vicissitudes of Scholastic Philosophy is practically a succinct and interesting history of all Catholic Philosophy, and the concluding paper of the chapter abounds with useful and timely suggestions as to the manner of studying and teaching a science which furnishes the highest form of mental discipline, and is at the very root of all human history and human life. Only a deep philosopher can be a great theologian, and there is scarce a single theological question that does not imply conceptions, which it is the business of Philosophy to elucidate.

Supposing that the clerical student has laid broad and deep the foundation of philosophy, Doctor Hogan proceeds to show how the superstructure of theology should be built up in all its massive proportions. We should then naturally expect the chapter on Dogmatic Theology to be one of greatest interest and value, and our expectations are not doomed to disappointment. A distinguished Catholic preacher has lately said that while our nineteenth century proudly boasts of its smokeless powder and wireless telegraphy, its greatest marvel has been the production of a creedless Christianity. For this same creedless or undogmatic Christianity, our author has only words of severest condemnation, accompanied by a note of warning that we must not as Catholics or even as Catholic priests believe ourselves beyond the danger of infection from this unworthy spirit of compromise with indifferentism and popular error, this disposition to minimize, in a word, to extend to doctrinal error that charity which is due only to those who are misled by it. The Church has ever felt that it was the primary object of her mission to preserve in its purity, to exhibit in all its fulness and beauty, to defend against all attacks the truth, the whole divine truth, as revealed by God, and at every period of her history we find her still more solicitous to preserve the faith in its purity than to propagate it among men. These ideas are

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developed and amplified in a passage of such singular power and eloquence that the reader will pardon us for quoting it at length.

"In the course of ages she (the Church) may have passed through phases of darkness intellectual and moral, her champions may have at times lacked earnestness and vigor in their fight against evil; but never do we detect in her the slightest trace of indifference or neglect, when the purity or integrity of her faith is assailed. The discordant note of doctrinal error is the one thing to arouse her from momentary torpor, and to intensify all her energies. Like the enemy's trumpet or battle-cry for the sleeping warrior, it brings her to her feet, makes her summon hastily her forces, nor will she know peace until the foe has been irrecoverably defeated and crushed. The battle may go on for years or for ages; she may reckon among her opponents those whom the world most readily follows, or she may find herself one day forsaken by her most trusted friends; she may lose in the protracted contest the treasures of earth and the favor of kings; she may have to weep over the noblest and dearest of her children, slain for her cause—it matters not. To her one particle of divine truth is more than all human favor and worldly goods, more than the brightest prospects held out to a diminished creed. This is the one thing in which she knows no compromise. For this her anchorites, dead to all else, momentarily forsook their desert solitudes; for this her bishops have come repeatedly from the ends of the earth and sat in council; for this mainly have her universities been founded; to this her most gifted sons have devoted their lifelong labors; and for this she expects that even the humblest of her children should be ready to die. Christianity, then, is, and always has been, supremely, intensely dogmatic. 'Undogmatic Christianity,' or any other form of Christianity in which a clear, definite doctrine holds not a central, essential position, is absolutely unhistorical, foreign to the past, and whatever else it may be, utterly unlike what the world has so far known and believed in."

With the position of Dogmatic Theology thus clearly defined, he passes on to the consideration of its two most important attributes, conservatism and progressiveness, not a blind conservatism which stubbornly refuses to admit of any new presentation of the truths of revelation and clings tenaciously to exploded arguments simply because they are old, nor yet an irrational or unchristian progressiveness, which would sweep away all vestige of the past. The conservative character of Catholic theology is admitted by all, but the problem is to reconcile it with the apparently antagonistic progressive tendency which "if unchecked would soon emancipate it from authority, the basis of all conservatism, and do away with all definite, settled belief." The sound dictum of Vincent of Lerins offers us the solution by setting forth the true nature of this progress. "Faith," he says, "is ever progressive, but unchanging, for progress means development without loss of identity." "As regards the ascertained doctrines of the Catholic faith," we are quoting Dr. Hogan, "modern criticism, fairly conducted, cannot weaken them. They rest ultimately on the authority of the Church, and no progress of thought, no discovery can shake them on their immovable basis. . . . . Far from shunning inquiry in their regard, the true believer invites it. A critical discussion of proofs may, indeed, and often will, do away with spurious authorities and weak reasons by which honest ignorance or mistaken zeal have endeavored to strengthen positions sufficiently safe by themselves; but sacred truth gains more than it loses by their elimination. In the same way texts of Scripture which were triumphantly brought forward in former times in support of fundamental doctrines prove of very questionable authenticity or of very dubious meaning; yet the doctrines will

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lose nothing thereby of their indubitable character."

In the latter part of the paragraph just quoted, Dr. Hogan, we take it, goes as far in his concession to the effect of biblical criticism as the most advanced theologian would wish, and yet here as elsewhere he remains within the confines of the soundest orthodoxy. In view of the recent decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Inquisition, his example in point, at least implicitly stated, that we may reject the *Tres sunt*, etc., of St. John as of doubtful genuineness, is not well chosen. Again, his anticipation of a possible and advisable change in the wording of dogmatic definitions to "bring them more in harmony with the new and advanced state of the human mind," must be accepted with all the restrictions he is careful to place around the proposition, and even then may be misunderstood so as to be productive of evil consequences.

Modern criticism has, then, according to Dr. Hogan, despite the intention of many of its adherents, only served to place sacred doctrine on a firmer basis by substituting props of enduring strength in place of decayed supports. It has brought Catholic students to distinguish more closely between what are mere theories, private opinions, conjectures, explanations of physical phenomena, in early Fathers and theologians, and what is doctrinal exposition. Yet when destructive criticism has done its worst, it remains true that "men such as St. Thomas, Suarez, Lugo, Vasquez, Ripalda, have seen almost as far as the human intelligence can reach into the depths of the Divine nature and the mysteries of faith; and their treatment, from the standpoint of scholastic philosophy, is so searching and so thorough as scarce ever to be surpassed."

All this is very reassuring and encouraging, especially to the Catholic laity who have not opportunity to study these matters for themselves, and who may have fancied from the clamor and noise that have accompanied the forward movement of the enemies of revealed religion, that the Church's walls of defence were being battered down by the assaults of modern criticism. That her bulwarks yet stand impregnable, appears still more clearly from the excellent chapter on the Bible, against whose inspiration and inerrancy their attacks have been chiefly directed.

Moral Theology, Ascetic Theology, Canon Law, Liturgy, Homiletics, the Fathers of the Church, are the titles of chapters that follow, but as they treat of what may be considered the technical or professional education of our priesthood, and are therefore of less general interest, we may be permitted to pass them over with the remark that they are characterized throughout by the same broadness of view and depth of learning we have noted in preceding chapters. We have excepted from this enumeration the chapters on Apologetics and Church History, both of which should obtain a place in the education of Catholic laymen. In fact, most, if not all of our Catholic colleges, have a course of Apologetics, or as it is better known, Evidences of Religion, and we are confidently looking forward to the time when a more advanced course in Church History will be introduced into their curriculum.

Thorough and exhaustive as is this work on Clerical Studies, there are yet several chapters which we desiderate. Art, and more particularly Sacred Art, is a subject which should certainly engage the attention of a cultured priest. Apart from its refining and elevating influence, it would teach much that is useful in the adorning and beautifying of the church committed to his care, and would lead to the rejection of what is inartistic and tawdry. A chapter, too, on music, we think, would add to the value of the work, and for its insertion nearly the same reasons hold as we adduced for the study of art. We know of one of our most practical and experienced bishops set over a diocese where parishes are few and far between, who expressed most strongly his desire that each of his priests

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should learn to play some musical instrument. The suggestion may seem an odd one, but the reason given for it must appeal to all. The priest by his very vocation is cut off from many means of amusement and relaxation possessed by men of the world, and yet be he ever so studious in his habits, there must be hours when some relaxation is a necessity for health of mind and body, and these, according to the authority just quoted, would be profitably and agreeably employed in the cultivation of music.

The chapter we miss most of all is that on literature. More than once our author speaks of the false principles, theological as well as philosophical, scattered broadcast through our literature, whether embodied in books or magazines, and the wide propagation of modern errors due in large measure to the literary ability of their supporters. For one who is contaminated by the reading of Rousseau, Voltaire, Ingersoll, or others who professedly scoff at religion, there are hundreds who drink in the still more insidious poison of unbelief and immorality as coated over and concealed under the guise of fiction. We once met a professor of philosophy who more readily granted his pupils permission to read Kant and Locke than to peruse the pages of George Eliot. Though we should not follow his rule indiscriminately, we think it safe to say that a more unfavorable impression of religious evidences and practices generally would be left on an untrained mind by the reading of some of Mrs. Humphry Ward's books than by a work which openly ridicules the practices of the Church. Some canons, then, of criticism on this important point would have proved of invaluable service. The omission of this chapter is the more to be regretted, as there is scarce a page of Dr. Hogan's books which does not evidence the wide extent of his reading, and stamp him as a man of literary gifts little inferior to his theological learning. His style is flowing, clear and graceful, rising at times to the level of real eloquence, and even when dealing with topics by their very nature dry and didactic, possessed of an interest which men are wont to ascribe solely to the novel. The publishers also, Marlier & Callanan of Boston, are deserving of praise for the neat and attractive form in which the book is presented to the Catholic public.

We congratulate and thank Dr. Hogan for having yielded to the wise pressure of friends to gather these magazine articles under one cover, and it cannot be doubted that his modest hope will be realized, that they may prove of service to a wide circle of readers. Had he done nothing more for the advancement of clerical studies in the United States than the publication of this one book, it would be still enough to commend him to the grateful remembrance of many generations of priests.



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MODERN CHRISTIAN ART IN CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

By Professor William H. Goodyear.

I SHALL approach the subject of Modern Christian Art by pointing out how favorable to the promoting of Catholic church decoration is the drift of events in the civilized world at large, and especially in Catholic circles. It is a matter of commonplace information that the last half, and especially the last quarter, of the nineteenth century has witnessed a notable revival of taste. A wide-spread interest in matters pertaining to architecture, sculpture and painting has made itself felt, and the results in church decoration are everywhere to be seen. The Catholic Church has kept fairly abreast of this general movement, as containing its fair share of persons of culture and progressive mind, and as having many members of its faith actively engaged in artistic pursuits, considered as a trade or means of livelihood. It could not fail therefore to reflect the improvement which the taste of the civilized world has experienced, and this without reference to the special conditions affecting Catholic churches as distinct from others. But there are several reasons why the Catholic Church ought to head this movement, which I will now proceed to mention.

As far as church decoration is concerned, the movement in Protestant churches is a return to a point of view which the Catholic Church had never abandoned and which the Protestant sects had previously antagonized and neglected. It is well known that the early period of the Reformation was attended by iconoclastic outbreaks in all parts of Europe excepting Italy and Spain. Stained glass windows, church pictures, and church statues were exposed to wholesale destruction by these uprisings all over France, Germany, Scandinavia, England and the Netherlands. When the fury of destruction had spent itself and civil order returned, religious art was a thing of the past in Protestant Germany, in Holland and in England. Its existing monuments had been mainly destroyed in these countries and their spirit was antagonistic to the creation of new ones.

To the Protestant mind of those days religious art was idolatry, the decoration of churches with statues of saints, pictures of the Madonna and pictured stories of Biblical subjects was sinful and abhorrent. Even the art of the stained glass window was suffered to decay. The Protestant church interiors were artistic deserts of whitewash and cold plaster.

In our day there is no Protestant church congregation of wealth and culture which does not admit the painted wall, the carved figure, and the stained glass window, so far as it can afford to pay for them. The purse of the congregation may set a limit to these things, but certainly neither its taste nor prejudice does. The Protestant Church has thus returned to a practice which the Catholic Church always upheld and never abandoned. Why should the latter not take the lead in this revival?

Here are some reasons why it should: In the Protestant Church the sphere of church decoration is more limited as to choice of subject. The Madonna and the Saints at large (as distinct from the Apostles) are foreign to its field. In the Catholic Church the range of religious subjects is naturally wider. Above all, the faith to which they appeal is more fervent, the atmosphere of belief which surrounds them is more genuine. In the Protestant Church the subject will be more distinctly chosen as means to a decoration. In the Catholic Church the decoration will be more distinctly chosen as means to an object

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appealing to Christian faith and Christian belief.

Another point of great significance is that every American city of importance boasts a Catholic Cathedral Church, a larger and more magnificent building invariably than any of its Protestant rivals—whose decorations should naturally also be more impressive and important. We note also that Catholic churches generally stand on a firmer financial basis. They are less apt to be in debt. Their congregational attendance is much larger, when all the various Masses and services are taken into account, than in a Protestant church of corresponding size. The Catholic congregations may be composed of a greater percentage of poorer individuals, but their united financial support is more methodical, more effective, and actually far greater than that given to the corresponding Protestant church. Finally, the Catholic congregation is more easily wielded to a given end because it is better organized. If money be desired for the decoration of a church, that too is more easily obtained. No question then but that Catholic church decoration should have a bright future before it, and that Catholic religious art should take the lead in this country.

We will now consider the causes prejudicial to this result. Although we have already admitted and asserted that Catholic churches are by no means behind hand in this matter, it does not appear that they are as far superior as they might be when favoring conditions are considered. I should consider the first prejudicial cause to be the conservative character and tendencies of Catholicism. Recent decorative art has not only reflected a distinct artistic advance—it has also been cultivated as a fad, a society interest or fashionionable thing to be promoted as a matter of fashion.

Catholicism, in so far as it is more serious in its attitude to religion, more absorbed in the real tasks of religion, more careful in its adjustment of means to ends, would naturally hold back from a movement in so far as fashion alone, aside from genuine common sense, is at stake. It may, however, be boldly said that nothing is too gorgeous or too expensive for a church, within the limits of good taste and financial recources. This may be asserted either from the standpoint of church policy or from the standpoint of spiritual enthusiasm and self-sacrifice. On the whole, then, we should not lay too much stress on the natural conservatism of Catholicism in this matter, for in its attention to religious art this Church has never stinted herself and has never been parsimonious. Money is abundantly forthcoming, and money is abundantly spent on Catholic churches.

Now leaving aside all questions of comparison and hypotheses, let me say one or two plain words to ecclesiastical students as to church decoration. Whatever may be or might be, there is no doubt that one exceedingly detrimental thing to a high standard in Catholic art is the use of the machine-made colored statues of Apostles, Saints and Madonnas. I have no objection to a colored statue. I am glad that the Catholic Church has retained the tradition of having colored statues, but I say that most of those which are now manufactured by wholesale are tawdry and vulgar and are a discredit to the church which uses them. It is quite doubtful that any of the wholesale *reproductions* of Catholic statuary of modern design are of even tolerable art. If reproduction and repetition are demanded by the exigencies of cost; if churches cannot afford to pay for independent designs, then copies should be made of that which is certainly good. I will suggest an easy refuge to the copyist. Go back to Italian art of the fifteenth century or early sixteenth century, if you wish a Madonna relief or statue, or a Saint's figure, and you can hardly go astray. All will be good. It is better, of course, to employ a modern artist to make an independent design.

Next, as to pictures, let it be said that oil paintings are wholly ineffective for

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church decoration, considered in a large sense and in total results for the whole interior. This may surprise some of my readers, judging from the practice of using these pictures, which I notice to be a frequent one.

I repeat that oil paintings are wholly ineffective for church decoration. Down to the close of the great period of Italian art it was the painting on the wall, the painting on plaster, the fresco, which was the main reliance of decorators. Panel paintings in oil though constantly used on shrines and altars, were not relied upon for decoration of the building as a whole. The great aim of intelligent Catholics should be to revive the methods and practices of the old Italian fresco decorators, in which the whole architectural interior wall surface was made the basis of a clear and harmonious decorative color scheme, through which the Bible stories were constantly kept in the eye of the congregation by magnificent figure compositions.

It may be asked, does not this involve an undue expense, an undue exertion of effort? Are not the artists capable of executing such compositions so limited in number and the price of their labor so high as to make such a proposal chimerical and visionary?

I will now devote myself to answering this question and I will first address myself to it as regards new churches, churches about to be built and not yet undertaken. I will admit, to begin with, that the artists capable of successful monumental fresco decoration are at present limited in number and necessarily high-priced, but I will also say that they are more numerous than is generally known and that they are fairly numerous in this country. We might name off-hand Blashfield, La Farge, Simmons, Earle, Lathrop, Shirlaw, F.V. Du Mond, Thayer and others as undoubtedly capable of such work. The great difficulty with American artists is that they lack sensible and practical patronage. As oil painters it is difficult for the best of them to make a living. As fresco painters, they could place themselves before the public in a proper light. The reputation and fame to be earned by the execution of monumental works would be to many capable artists a consideration of no mean importance in the matter of a price for their work. Admitting that considerable expense is at stake in the monumental color decoration of churches, we must next consider how money, which is now spent in other ways, could be saved for this end. The whole question is largely one of allotment of expense—how to deal with money in hand—not so much how to achieve a more expensive aim as how to allot the money which in any case will be spent.

On this head I note that modern taste needs to be educated, both inside and outside the Catholic Church, in favor of concentrating the money needed for church construction on the interior. The great crime of all modern architecture is laying stress and spending money on the outside. On the whole, Catholic churches display good sense in this matter as compared with others, but they might show more.

It needs very little thought to understand, when common sense is used, that the interior of a building and above all of a church, deserves first consideration. Not till the last possible dollar has been allotted to the interior, as regards the projected cost, should the splendor of the exterior be considered. There are two ways of saving money on the outside of a church; economy in the choice of material, economy in the application of ornament. When we add that both these economies are generally favorable to artistic effect under present conditions, little remains to be said on this topic.

In default of the genius and creative capacity which distinguished the artisan stonecutter of the Middle Ages and which our modern artisan does not possess, money spent on exterior carving and elaborated decoration, in modern times, is almost always thrown away. The early

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Christian churches teach a good lesson on this head. Go to Ravenna, to Venice, and the early unrestored Basilicas of Rome, and consider the gorgeous remains of interior mosaic decoration, remains of the finest color interiors the world has ever seen. Then look at the humble outside of the same churches, remembering that the façade of St. Mark's, at Venice, owes its present appearance to the fifteenth century, a thousand years later than the design of the church. This façade is beautiful and artistic, *but it came last*, whereas the colored mosaics of the interior belong to the original design Early Christian churches, universally, show indifference to exteriors and lavish successful expenditures of money on the interior.

The whole history of church architecture down to the Reformation period demonstrates that the interior was considered first, and we are able to show even for the exteriors of the finest Catholic Cathedrals that they represent the necessities of construction conditioned by the interior.

All this then bears on the point, economize on the exterior; first, because it is common sense to do so; second, because the modern artisan does not possess the genius and talent of his mediæval predecessor. To rival the exteriors of the Gothic Cathedrals in matter of carving is impossible, even if millions were spent on one church, because the race of artist stonecutters is practically at an end. Besides, plain masonry surface is one of the best things in architectural effect, and it is the most economical. Catholics should employ architects who know how to obtain exterior effect from contrasts of shadow and surface, from the variety called for by common sense construction, and from large effect of plain surface. I am quite willing to concede however that, church for church, the Catholic churches already show superiority to the Protestant in restricting exterior and pretentious display.

Let it not be forgotten finally as regards exteriors that terra-cotta and bricks are cheaper than stone, and at present our most refined architects succeed as well with these materials as they do with stone masonry, and that they often prefer to design in them.

We have thus begun our appeal for systematic color decoration in Catholic church interiors by supposing a new church to be in question, and by urging that the estimate of cost be so balanced in its details, as to allot a considerable sum for a department of effect, which is generally entirely neglected. Let us now turn to the interior itself to examine still further the use of available funds, the possibility of saving money on one place to spend it on another.

I will begin by saying that donors should be discouraged from buying oil paintings or from contributing money for their purchase, as long as any part of the color decorations, on the walls, remains to be estimated. No person not accustomed to consider schemes of color decoration, can be expected to understand the reason, but the fact may be bluntly stated that for interior color effects, in large apartments, modern oil paintings are not only useless but actually detrimental. That the color decorations proposed should consist of wall paintings from scripture subjects, or from the history of the church, or from the lives of saints, is axiomatic. In the next place all expenditure on shrines and on the altar which looks simply to display, through the mere costliness of material, is also to be avoided in favor of devoting such expenditure to the wall surface. The most vulgar of all tastes is that which values art by the cost of material. Expensive material may not be desirable, as the expense alone does not make it so. I can only think of one material where increase of cost means corresponding increase of decorative results, that is in mosaic pictures as contrasted with fresco. Mosaic is much more costly than fresco, but it is also for many reasons preferable. It is more permanent, it is more gorgeous, it is more impressive. No modern

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church has yet attempted what countless early Christian churches achieved, the complete decoration of all upper wall surfaces in mosaic pictures. The cost would be enormous; the results, however, would be worth the money under proper artistic direction. I am simply advocating the relatively inexpensive fresco color painting on plastered wall surface. There are many cases in modern church decoration where money is spent for costly material which is distinctly a loss. Take for instance a marble altar; it is expensive but it is not decorative. Wood, metal, or enamelled terra cotta, are all preferable, either singly or in combination. When the amount of money is summed up which is now contributed for shrines and altars whose whole claim to attention is the cost of material, it is clear that much of this might be saved for wall decorations in colors, that being the first thing which every designer of a new church should consider. What is needed is an improved taste on the part of the suggesting priest, through whom the donation comes, by whom it may be spent, or whose influence would doubtless count for a good deal in the method of expenditure.

An ultimate and fundamental possibility of economy with the given end in view lies in the treatment of the wall itself and of the wall spaces. The whole late Renaissance system of interior engaged columns, entablatures and pediments is inconsistent with color decoration. For the latter we need plain wall surfaces, but these in themselves are also the most economical. Again it appears that the problem of Christian art in church interiors is largely one as to how money shall be spent, not the problem of attempting something more expensive than has hitherto been done.

It is at this point that we come to the question of style in church architecture, not considered as it generally is, with relation to exterior pretentious effect, but considered with relation to interior devotional and decorative aims. In this matter the Catholic clergy would do well to consult the unanimous opinion of art critics and authorities in art history. It is universally conceded that the downfall of color decoration for church interiors began with the rise of the later Renaissance style. The date is about 1530. After this time the art of fresco declined in Italy. After this time the use of projected (and very expensive) interior columnar decorations became general. These decorations break up the wall surfaces and render them unavailable for fresco. It is not necessary to be an art critic or an art historian; all that is necessary is to consult the opinion of an authority. That authority will infallibly say that the decline of interior color decoration was contemporaneous with the rise of the late Renaissance style. Exclude this from church interiors, and you have still left for choice all the styles of the Middle Age and the style of the early Renaissance, a wide field for the chooser.

We will next illuminate our subject by remarking that the so-called styles of the Middle Age are simply variations in construction, which successively grew out of different methods of roofing. Hence a word or two about style from this point of view, will throw light on the question of interior color decoration for wall spaces.

The first of the Christian periods used two methods of roofing indifferently—one was to roof with timber; the other was to roof with a dome or series of domes. The second Christian period (the Romanesque) roofed with a round-arched masonry vaulting, supported by heavy walls. The third Christian period (the Gothic) roofed with a pointed arched vaulting, supported by exterior buttresses which allowed a thinner wall or a wall which essentially consisted only of window spaces, aside from the buttresses.

It was in this Gothic style, using the buttress and the large window spaces, that the art of stained glass reached its highest perfection and its widest use. In

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order to properly consider the question of wall decoration, we must therefore say a word or two about stained glass. Generally speaking, the use of stained glass excludes the use of wall paintings. Conceding that the aim of interior color decoration may be reached in either way, the question arises why not attain it by stained glass, which is already so largely employed for this purpose? At bottom I have no objection, but will say that the question raised requires consideration and involves a good many points.

There are three reasons why wall paintings of scripture subjects are more or less inconsistent with stained glass windows. One is that the colored panes of stained glass dim the light of the interior to a point where the wall painting is ineffective. Another is that the bright colors of stained glass strain the eye to the extent of paling the effect which the light alone considered might achieve for the fresco. Another point is that the question of space is a question of wall surfaces. If a large expanse of wall surface be allotted to paintings, the window space will be so reduced that all the light obtained will be needed in its original full strength for the illumination of the church and the pictures. There are doubtless many expedients for harmonizing these contending conditions and for using both methods of decorating in one church, but, broadly speaking, stained glass is at the expense of the wall painting and *vice versa*. Now comes the important point that in the old Gothic cathedrals the whole interior received an appropriate coloring as regards patterns and details, although the wall picture as such was mainly omitted, because the wall surface was replaced by stained glass windows. Our modern revival we have begun at the wrong end, we have revived stained glass, but we have generally neglected to revive the interior schemes of color which were connected with it—the reason being partly that very few old churches had preserved their ancient pattern coloring in modern times (so that there was nothing left to copy), and also that modern color sense is distinctly inferior to the color sense of the Middle Ages. This shows itself both in the poor effects of color schemes when attempted and also in the constant toleration of the absence of color.

Now this scheme of pattern coloring in the old Gothic was a survival from the older period of the Romanesque, in which the window openings were smaller and in which the whole church had been frescoed, not only with pattern detail but also with large or colossal wall paintings. According to my view, modern art can only reach perfection in its interior color schemes of wall color by beginning with the whole interior. This should be considered first. It would be time then to consider subsequently the stained glass. The natural evolution should begin with the color scheme of a whole interior, reaching the stained glass subsequently or considering it as subsidiary.

We can support this view by remarking now that, on the whole, the color effects of the stained glass produced in modern times we know to be vastly inferior to the mediæval. The methods now employed tend to the pictorial rather than the decorative. The artist of the Middle Age treated the stained glass window as a mosaic in which each bit of glass and its lead framing was frankly exhibited. The modern artist strives rather by expensive processes to obtain the realistic effect of an ordinary painting.

Returning now to the more or less mutually exclusive conditions of the wall painting and the stained glass window, we shall observe that the final triumph of the Mediæval and early Renaissance wall painting was in Italy and that in that country the Gothic style was practically ignored. In Italy, the window was restricted to its ordinary necessary size for lighting purposes and its full light was utilized. The wall surface was retained intact and unbroken for the wall paint-

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ing. An excellent illustration is the chapel decorated by Giotto at Padua.

We shall now continue our plea for the decoration of modern Catholic churches through fresco, by considering the relation of the old historic styles of the cathedral to the natural condition of modern church construction, and by showing that the natural style of the modern church is not the northern cathedral Gothic, in which stained glass was exalted at the expense of the fresco. Both the old northern Gothic and the old Romanesque were essentially vaulting styles. The whole appearance of the building was determined by the habit of roofing with masonry ceilings. This is the original explanation of the exterior buttress which was needed to resist the pressure of the interior masonry ceiling. Now modern churches use the vaulting so rarely that we may practically leave those which do out of the question. There are not more than two or three vaulted churches in the whole of the United States. (I am only clearly aware of one, the church built for Mr. Stewart, at Garden City, L. I.) We have abandoned the practice of vaulting. Our churches are timber roofed, and where vaultings are seen in appearance, they are simply imitations, in cement or plaster. Now the timber roof period of old Christian architecture was the period of the early Christian churches, the time of the Basilicas. According to common sense construction, the simple Basilica style is the one which corresponds to our own actual construction in roofing. But this is also the style in which the main wall surface was devoted to mosaic or fresco decoration. From the point of view of modern construction I have thus returned to my original proposition, that the decoration of the church interior by wall paintings should be the main end of modern Catholic art. On account of the expense of mosaics, when used in large quantities, I have not urged them to the same degree, but only for this reason of expense.

I will sum up my position so far as follows: (*a*) A colored church interior is demanded by all the sentiments which make for art and beauty, and a church interior colored by pictures of Christian subject and purpose is demanded by all the sentiments which call for religious art in religious buildings. (*b*) To obtain this end without exhaustion of financial means, and without making an undue demand on financial support, is undoubtedly wise and necessary. (*c*) A simple church exterior is one means to this end, and it is also artistically and architecturally the most effective. (*d*) The restriction of expenditure on oil paintings and on shrines costly simply on account of their materials is another means to this end. (*e*) The absence of interior Renaissance projections and recessions of wall surface is necessary to a wall surface available for large paintings, and it is also an economy as far as the wall itself is concerned. (*f*) As between stained glass windows and wall frescos, we should urge attention to the latter first—because the expansion of the stained glass window belongs to the style of the Gothic, whereas the natural construction of the modern church, as determined by roofing, is that of the Early Christian period (or Italian Romanesque), which also employed timber roofing in Basilicas and favored a large expanse of plain wall surface devoted to pictures in mosaic or in fresco.

I shall continue the subject of Christian art in modern Catholic churches in another paper, laying somewhat more stress on the educational and spiritual uses of church pictures.

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A FALSE AXIOM.

By Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer, S.J.

MANY people are kept out of the true Church by the supposed truth of really lying axioms. They are so accustomed to hearing them, and accepting them unquestioningly, that they are amazed when any one has the daring to call these supposed self-evident truths into question.

A very common one is, that "It does not matter what a man *believes*, provided he *does* what is right." This is asserted with such perfect assurance, that one wonders how the enemy of souls has so firmly persuaded intelligent persons of anything so glaringly false. Let us examine it. It supposes that a man can do right independently of his belief. Whereas in fact, a man's belief guides his actions. True, he may at times go counter to his belief and so do wrong, but that only proves our point. Let us put the axiom in concrete form by examples. Here is a man who pretends that he does not believe in the existence of God, and consequently has no duties to God, who, according to him, does not exist. He will probably deny the immortality of the soul, and so, of course, the future life. For him there is no hereafter and no judgment. To whom is such a person responsible? For his external actions to civil authorities, but provided he is not found out he can do as he pleases; as he would put it, he will get all the good he can out of life and enjoy himself to his utmost capacity. He has no future account to give of himself. He is not a steward but a master. Will not such belief as this influence his actions? If there is no God, there are no commandments; or at least no power to enforce what he may style natural laws, or punish their infringement. Consequently he will indulge his desires and give free rein to his passions if he feels so disposed, for his belief does not restrain him.

On the other hand, let us take a man who believes in the existence of God and his responsibility to God as his judge in the life to come. God's commandments are a light and a guide to him. They regulate not only his external actions, but his very thoughts and desires. Does not such a belief affect his actions? Is not the falseness of the axiom self-evident except to those who will not see? The actions of an animal indeed are quite independent of belief, because the animal is incapable of believing, and acts according to instinct; but man, a reasonable animal, as the definition styles him, should act according to that which distinguishes him from the mere animal—his reason, and so what this higher faculty of his soul tells him he should do. Who can say, then, truly that it does not matter what a man *believes* provided he *does* what is right? Will not the belief of an anarchist, or a nihilist, or a communist affect his actions? The tragic fate of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria will answer the question.

The upholders of the axiom might reply that we have forced the meaning of it, and that they refer simply to revealed truth. If, however, they admit the existence of God, they must also admit His right to reveal truths which will have a bearing on man's every day life; and, supposing that He does make such a revelation, it will follow that it must be necessary for man to accept such truths and to act in accordance with them. For example, Christ declares marriage indissoluble, when He said: "whom God joins together let no man put asunder," because it is not a mere contract but raised by Him to the dignity of a sacrament, and representing the union between Him and His Church, and the two natures, the divine and the human, united in Him. Will not the acceptance of Christ's words affect the actions of men

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and women in regard to the sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage tie? It is evident that it must and does, as the state of society owing to divorces proves.

But let us ask the quoters of this axiom what they understand by their terms. What do they mean by *right?* Ten to one they will be unable to give any clear idea what they mean, and will coolly answer: "Why, it is not necessary to define 'right,' everybody knows what 'right' is." Does everybody know, and is it so very self-evident that no explanation is required? Right to an infidel, a non-Catholic and a Catholic has quite a different meaning. Let us give the Catholic idea first. Right is what is conformable to the will of God, just as truth is what is conformable to the mind of God. Right then, is not something arbitrary or indifferent, something purely subjective, that is to say dependent upon the will of the individual. But as the will follows the intellect, and should only wish what the intellect declares to be good, it is clear that the will depends on the intellect, or that belief which is an act of the mind should regulate the actions of the will.

If, besides the laws of nature engraven on every man's mind, Almighty God reveals other laws and other truths, then it is evident that these too will have an influence on man's actions. We can pass over the infidel's idea of right. Since he pretends to deny the existence of the Creator, he must deny that Creator's will as the norm of right, and must perforce substitute the will of some creature, practically his own will. And since everything created is liable to change, so will the infidel have no fixed and unchangeable norm of right, but will simply do his own sweet will, instead of the will of God whom he contemptuously ignores. It goes without saying that such a belief as his will affect his actions.

The sincere Protestant should be willingly to accept our definition without reserve. But most likely he will try to find loophole of escape by saying that he agrees with the Catholic in the main, but that when he says that it does not matter what a man believes, he refers to belief in creeds, and creeds are antiquated and out-of-date. A general belief in God is sufficient without accepting all the tenets of varying sects. This introduces another axiom, which we shall not treat at present, that "one religion is as good as another." This, of course, is untrue, as every Catholic knows. A general belief in God will assuredly imply that He is the law-giver, and can enforce His laws. Right will be what is conformed to His will made known to us by such laws. If by a general belief the Protestant means such a vague and indefinite one, that man does not know what God's will is, then we say that such is not the case, for God has not left Himself without a witness on earth. Quite the contrary, He established His Church to be the "pillar and ground of truth," to be a living teacher and witness to the truth, the depository and guardian of His will, revealed in the written word and the oral, handed down by tradition and crystallized in the Liturgy and practices of the faithful in all ages. Let us cite the universal custom of all Catholics to pray for the dead. This, it is clear, springs from their belief in the doctrine of purgatory. One who does not so believe, does not pray for the departed. Or to take a very general obligation, that of restitution of stolen articles or their value; who will restore, unless he believes that God will one day call him to account, and because of this injustice will debar him from heaven? It is evident, then, we think, that this axiom has no foundation in truth. To summarize briefly: Man is a free agent. His actions depend upon his will. His will is directed by his mind. His mind is guided by the laws of God. This supposes a knowledge of God and a belief in what God makes known. Such knowledge and belief must necessarily affect his actions. Hence the supposed axiom, that "It does not matter what a man believes, provided he does what is right," is wholly untrue.

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Respect for Authority.

General Intention for January, 1899.

Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

RESPECT for authority is not one of the virtues of our age or country, much as we may style ourselves a law-abiding people and submit, outwardly at least, to the Constitution and statutes framed and enforced by our civil legislators and rulers. Outward submission to authority is not respect for it.

Children surely do not respect the authority of parents whose counsel and command they heed not, even in such important matters as the choice of a school or college, of a business career or profession, of the associations they take up with, and, in general, in the determination of their future without due deference to the wishes of parents. Shall we say that parents themselves respect their authority when they relinquish it to consult merely the likes and dislikes or whims of their misguided and obstinate children?

Citizens may comply outwardly with the laws, since a hundred selfish motives compel their compliance, but, in their hearts, how many of them dislike as well as contemn their rulers, denounce them in public and in private, charge them with low and venal motives, detract from their authority by destroying their reputations and hinder in every possible way the free exercise of their power? Even well disposed men permit themselves to conceive prejudices against authority when it is constituted in forms distasteful to them. Hence it is common to hear men, who glory in their citizenship in a republic, speak ignorantly against the constitution of kingdoms and empires of the old world, not perceiving that they are thus approving and encouraging the anarchical sentiment that has of late made such cowardly and deadly attacks on certain legitimate rulers of Europe.

It is not enough to rejoin to this that the rulers themselves do not respect their authority, that for most of them it is only a means of indulging selfish interest and pleasure, that they resort to the meanest ways of obtaining and securing it, and that they often exercise it without due regard to the common welfare, or for the benefit of the few who have placed them in power. As kingdoms and commonwealths are established nowadays, there is some redress for every abuse of power, but this redress is surely not to be obtained by those who themselves are lacking in respect for authority.

Perhaps the most serious fault we can find with the civil authority in our day, is that it fails to inspire people with respect for domestic and religious authority. Often ignoring and superseding parental rights by interference in the education of children, favoring, at least indirectly, the rebellion of wives against the authority of their husbands by its lax divorce laws, hindering, when it is not

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persecuting, the Church in the free discharge of its divine mission among men, the State has, in most parts of the world, been the cause of contempt for the very authority through which alone it can hope to maintain the respect due itself.

It is to the legislation and example of the rulers of certain States in Europe that we must ascribe the disrespect for the clergy and for religious persons generally, which is becoming prevalent among their citizens, and which is heartily extended to the rulers themselves. For nearly a century nearly all of the middle and Southern European nations have tolerated, when they do not actually encourage, on the part of their citizens a profound contempt for their pastors and higher spiritual rulers, and for more than a quarter of a century, Italy and France have inculcated this contempt openly in their laws, newspapers, books and lectures, with results that threaten to be far more disastrous to these Governments then to the Church within their territories.

In strange contrast with this fatuous disregard of civil rulers for spiritual authority, is the attitude of the rulers of the Church in behalf of every legitimately constituted civil power.

In imitation of their Master who bade us give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, the Apostles and their successors have insisted on respect for civil authority.

"Be ye subject," wrote St. Peter, "therefore, to every human creature for God's sake; whether it be to the King as excelling, or to governors sent by him for the punishment of evildoers, and for the praise of the good. . . . Servants, be subject to your Masters, with all fear, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward." And St. Paul: "Let every soul be subject to higher powers; for there is no power but from God; and those that are are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the order of God. And they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation. . . . For he [the one in power] is God's minister to thee for good. . . . Wherefore be subject of necessity, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake. . . . Render therefore to all men their dues. Tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honor to whom honor."

In the sense of these texts Catholic theologians all urge on us the observance of what they call legal justice, as a matter of conscience, insisting on inward reverence and love for our rulers, as the necessary elements of real respect, as well as outward compliance with their commands; bidding us look upon them as among the chief agents of divine providence in our regard and exhorting them to act towards us as worthy instruments of the God who has created their authority and destined them, in whatsoever way they may be chosen, to exercise it beneficently for us.

"We must not attribute the power of giving kingdom and empire to any one save God," is St. Augustine's terse caution; and St. Gregory's is the same: "Power, as we believe, is given by heaven to Emperors and Kings," while St. Chrysostom says: "We should not think it a matter of chance or without purpose, but the work of divine wisdom, that there should be principalities and that some should rule and others be subject," all as our Lord said to Pilate: "You would have no power against me, unless it were given you from above."

It is for want of faith in the divine origin of power and divine sanction of obedience, the supreme test of our respect for authority, that rulers effect so little by their administration of power and men gain so little from their virtue of obedience. Unfortunately this want of faith is even more common among subjects than among rulers, and we have occasionally to listen to men who should be teachers of the people, depreciating the merits of the virtue which has been consecrated for ever by the One who

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became obedient for us even unto death, and more or less disposing us to entertain the proud, *I will not serve!* of Lucifer and his fallen angels.

What a different spirit is that of the Saints and Doctors of the Church who counsel respect for authority in every sphere as a first principle in Christian life. With St. Paul they call for prayers for kings and for all who are in high station, since this is acceptable to God our Saviour, and with Tertullian they remind the rulers of earth that: "A Christian is no man's enemy, least of all his Emperor's, whom he looks upon as appointed by God, and whom he must love and reverence, and honor, and for whose welfare he must pray as well as for all his empire." This respect for authority is the only source of God's blessings on rulers as well as on subjects under their power. It was one of the blights caused by the Reformation to do away with this spirit of reverence for authority, ecclesiastical, civil and domestic, and as a result we are to-day face to face with the organized enemies of human society, communists, socialists and nihilists, all of which in some way foster and promote the anarchy which is now so violent in Europe, and which is at present the subject of the deepest concern, not only to the crowned heads, whose lives are threatened, but to all who wish to save society from disorder and bloodshed.

Nowhere is the doctrine more precisely stated than in the various encyclicals of our present reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII., on this subject, notably in the two styled *Diuturnum*, on the Civil Power, and *Immortale Dei*, on the Christian Constitution of States. In the former, written in 1881, he points out the dangers which are now actually appalling some of the potentates of Europe, and shows how authority originates from God, no matter what way the peoples of the earth may have of determining who shall exercise it, and that religion is the only remedy for the evils arising between rulers and their subjects, recalling the various offices of his own predecessors in behalf of peace between kings and their subjects. In the latter he dwells on the friendly offices of Church to State and on the mistrust and ingratitude with which they have been too often repaid. After showing the proper relations between the two, he dwells on the causes of the ill treatment of the Church by so many civil authorities, mentioning specially the license of the press, religious indifferentism and the exclusion of the Church from active life, from the laws, the education of youth and domestic society, and recalls the various encyclicals of Gregory XIII. and Pius IX., issued with a view to defining and condemning the principles from which these evils spring. He then calls on Catholics to form and propagate correct views of these various principles, and to drop their private disputes with a view to restoring harmony between the ecclesiastical and civil powers.

This is the chief thing to be done, the formation of correct views of authority and of respect for the same, and then the propagation of these views among all the people who come in any way under our influence. This is no easy task; it must be done against fearful odds, for there is great opposition without, and serious opposition within ourselves. The newspapers and all their false principles; the common schools and their neglect of this all important virtue even in the natural order; the lecture room and the lodge and meeting room of secret societies, and of the associations banded together to cultivate disrespect for, and rebellion against lawful authority—all these make it fearfully difficult to advance a principle which is not at first sight agreeable to the human heart. Hence it is that our prayers are needed and our zeal; prayer first for the light to recognize the value of this virtue, and then zeal to promote it everywhere, so that it may become what God means it to be, the source of peace, unity and harmony for all who rule and for all who obey.

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HEROIC CHRISTIAN FORGIVENESS.

By F. D.

THERE lived in a village of Dalmatia in Austria, a prosperous farmer named Ivan N——, an honest man and the father of a numerous family. He had promised one of his daughters in marriage to a young man, a native of the village. The wedding was shortly to take place, when suddenly the hand of the future bride was sought and won by a more wealthy and more acceptable suitor. The jilted lover did not try to win back the girl's affections, as he deemed his case hopeless. When informed that through the father's persuasion the engagement had been broken off, he carefully concealed all appearance of resentment, although of course his sense of disappointment was keen. The marriage was duly celebrated and farmer Ivan congratulated himself on the happy turn of fortune.

Scarcely a month had elapsed, when late one evening a strong odor of wine was noticed, filling the whole house. Ivan's wife hastened down to the cellar with a lamp, suspecting an accident had taken place there. She unlocked the door and walked in, but at the first step she took, her foot sank in a pool. She gave a loud scream, which led her husband to hasten down stairs in great fear. They found the cellar overflowed with wine. They waded through the flood up to the barrels with a view to investigate the cause of the disaster. The faucets had been opened and the bungs taken out of most of the casks.

One of the small windows furnished evidence that some unknown person had crept into the cellar to inflict the damage, but so cautiously had he accomplished his task, that he left no clue behind.

Next morning Ivan's neighbors came to view the cellar, and while they extended to him all sympathy, they were at a loss to suspect the real culprit.

The future, however, kept in store for the unfortunate farmer still greater calamities.

A few weeks later, Ivan set out one morning with his two sons, to work in his vineyard. Arrived at a short distance from the place, they saw, to their great dismay, the vines lying flat on the ground. On approaching nearer, they found they had been cut down with an ax, and were scattered about in disorder, a work of destruction which had evidently been perpetrated under cover of darkness during the preceding night. Poor Ivan came back home overwhelmed with sorrow. His vineyard had been almost completely destroyed. It was a heavy loss to him. Everyone in the village sympathized with him in his misfortune, and curses loud and deep were heaped upon the perpetrator of so foul a deed. But yet, strange as it may seem, suspicion fell on no particular individual, for nobody in the village was known to be an enemy of Ivan.

Consoled by the cheering words of his friends, Ivan was far from thinking that, like another Job, he was soon to receive the sad intelligence of fresh disasters. In fact, not many days after, one of his neighbors imparted to him, trembling with fear of the consequence of the announcement, the news that nearly all the olive trees had been cut down in the grove not far from his vineyard. A few were still standing, but they too were doomed to die from the deep cuts inflicted upon them. Where the evening before had stood a fruitful olive grove nothing could now be seen but craggy stumps. Ivan's affliction at this fresh loss may be easily understood, since he depended for the support of his family chiefly on the produce of his vineyard and olive trees, and there appeared no likelihood of reparation on the

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part of the culprit or culprits. On account of the financial straits to which he soon found himself reduced, he sent his two eldest sons as sailors on a ship of the Austrian Lloyd Company, and their wages were a timely help to the distressed father. Nothing daunted, he at once began to replant his vineyard and olive trees, and in the space of about eight years, succeeded in retrieving his former fortune.

Ten years after Ivan's last disaster, Father Bontemps, S. J., gave a mission in the village. Now there exists among the Dalmatians an ancient custom, that on the recurrence of the yearly mission given in every parish, they make their peace with their fellowmen, if at variance with any of them, and repair all wrongs they may have done their neighbors. The manner of effecting this reconciliation is very touching and simple. He who has been guilty of the offence, must take the first step towards reconciliation or repairing the wrong. He proceeds, therefore, to the house of the offended party, and there apologizes for the offence, if it be in word, or offers compensation for the damages he has caused, or restores his ill gotten goods. Should his fault have been a grievous one, he will fall on his knees to implore this forgiveness. The prayer is readily granted, for such an avowal of one's guilt, accompanied by this act of humiliation, cannot fail to soften a Christian heart. The scene is an edifying one, exhibiting, as it does at times, the most generous and magnanimous feelings. People who have lived in enmity for years will embrace each other with tears, grant mutual forgiveness and become united in the bond of a life-long friendship.

To return to Father Bontemps at the Mission. On the eve of the General Communion day, three men came to Ivan's house. After having knocked at the door, they knelt on the threshold with downcast eyes. When the servant maid came to the door, they asked to see her master. On finding them in this humble posture, she at once divined the purpose of their visit. When Ivan heard their names he exclaimed in great amazement: "No! these are my friends; they do not come for that purpose. Invite them to come in." The invitation was forthwith conveyed to them. They did not rise, but only insisted that Ivan should come to the door. Thereupon he came out and found them in the same penitent attitude, and who were they? The young man who had been refused his daughter's hand in marriage, in company with two of his friends.

The jilted lover addressed him in faltering tones, the words almost dying on his lips: "We beseech you to forgive us, for the love of God. We come to offer you due reparation for the loss of your wine, vineyard and olive trees," and while saying this he held out a sum of money.

At such a disclosure, Ivan's face was flushed with sudden and violent passion. He felt like tearing the three supplicants in pieces, and remained for a moment staring at them in silent indignation, while they, overcome by fear and shame, were ready to crouch at his feet. The first who had addressed him, still holding out in his right hand the sum of money, again entreated him to accept it, as his share of the indemnity they owed him. Ivan had now to some extent regained his self-control. The culprits confessed in detail their crime and promised at the same time full compensation for the loss they had inflicted. "May God forgive you," Ivan replied, "as I forgive you. I do not exact anything from you. My two sons earned sufficient money to help me out of the difficulties I was thrown into. I have replanted my vineyard and olive trees, and by this time I am in a prosperous condition again. I see you are sorry for what you have done. If you wish to be my friends, I will forget the past entirely, but be men of your word."

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He then got a bottle of his best wine, and, as if to seal his forgiveness with an act of hospitality, drank with them. The kind words they had just heard, followed by such unexpected treatment, set them more at their ease. But they had not done enough yet to satisfy their consciences.

The first speaker insisted so persistently on acceptance of his money, that Ivan at length consented to receive it. The two others, unable to offer immediate restitution, gave their word of honor to do so, as soon as possible. But generous Ivan condoned all but a small portion of the debt, which he allowed them to promise to pay to silence their remorse of conscience.

It appeared from their confession that the rejected suitor was the leader in all the depredations. He had so resented his rejection, that he vowed in his heart to take vengeance. It was he who had crept into the cellar and opened the wine casks. He then bribed his two friends to help him in cutting down the olive trees and vines. They had gone out with axes at night to accomplish their task. In order to avert suspicion from themselves, they played the part of hypocrites, and in their visits to Ivan deplored his misfortunes with such seeming sincerity, that the poor man believed them to be his best friends.

Finally, at the mission given by Father Bontemps, after many years of neglect, they approached the Sacraments again. Divine grace moved their hearts to repentance, they made their peace with God, and discharging their obligations of justice, received forgiveness from both God and man.

THE BOY SAVERS.

ATTRACTIVE AMUSEMENTS THAT ARE DISCREDITED BY SALOON USE; SHOULD THEY BE ADMITTED INTO THE JUVENILE CLUB?

IN recently devoting attention to lay management of juvenile amusement homes, we have by no means abandoned the subject of club attractions previously taken in hand.

Earlier articles, on the drawing power of orthodox diversions, such as music, informal entertainments, gymnastics and reading rooms, have cleared the way for treatment of certain other amusements, perfectly harmless in themselves, but under a cloud because associated with inferior resorts. Of this class, are pool, billiards and cards; to which, in some localities, the bowling alley will have to be added.

The attractiveness of these games, so frequently recognized by saloons, is clearly apparent whenever the branded diversions are introduced into the juvenile rendezvous: thus billiards and pool, to which we have attributed efficacy towards club support, contribute to general amusement by entertaining actual players; and more extensively, by giving pleasurable occupation to a throng of spectators. In a boys' amusement home directed by the writer, pool tables are central to seating arrangements for fifty persons; and, on occasions of ordinarily large attendance, all of these places are in demand.

Many youngsters seem to regard the billiard tables' green surface as a sort of indoor sward, which one can approach with fair prospects of finding lots of other boys, and, consequently plenty of fun. In juvenile club affairs, anything which thus fixes attention is of no small importance, for unoccupied members are mischief makers for the present, only to become deserters later on.

Besides engaging attention, cushion games, when placed in commission, are

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potent factors of a pervading cheerful atmosphere. The ceaseless click of balls, associated with constant movement on the part of players, lends to the place a degree of gentle activity and liveliness, which young people's successful recreation quarters absolutely demand.

It is simply impossible to make boys contented in the midst of funereal peace and quiet. Nature is rarely more successful than in her triumphant attempt at making them uproarious hustlers and bustlers; in no place, therefore, are youngsters really at home, unless things around-about show similarity of disposition, by keeping up some congenial movement and noise.

However, let no one infer from preceding encomiums that, in boyish circles, the cue reigns supreme, and to the exclusion of all else. Quite to the contrary; its hold on youthful affection is of rather brief duration, and rarely so strong as to seriously check patronage of other diversions.

The indoor green does not provide absorbing occupation; but, simply, winning attraction, which is powerfully contributive to general cheerfulness and disciplinary control.

Cards are also pleasure venders of high degree, charming juveniles more than all other small games—checkers, dominoes, etc.—taken collectively. A pack of these entertainers is not equal to its high destiny save when occupying four players, backed by four lookers-on—eight devotees, whose interest foreshadows popularity for paper kings and queens long after actual royalty will have passed from the face of the earth.

Since the games just mentioned are in very high favor, the question of their expediency is of vital importance to all who are interested in the care of boys or of young men.

Clubs, devoted to these classes of humanity, cannot really live unless abundantly supplied with attractions; consequently, it becomes of supreme moment to promoters of such establishments, whether the very best of harmless amusements must be abandoned to captivity in abodes of sin.

May we then safely overlook a forced unholy alliance with evil, and licitly reclaim these sports, really our own, for the purpose of placing them before the young? Affirmative replies, to be made in this and following articles, will doubtless receive fair consideration, as written with the best of intentions, and somewhat authoritatively, perhaps, by one of intimate relationship with multitudes of lads belonging socially to the saloon-frequenting class.

First: we would relieve the above amusements from all responsibility for *ordinary* passages from juvenile clubs to drinking resorts.

As every thoughtful observer must admit, such transits are usually made by those of unfavorable social surroundings, which have deeply foreshadowed this identical change of base. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc* is the rapid but faulty reasoning often applied to cases of the kind. Do not blame certain amusements for what would have been of inevitable, and even of *earlier* occurrence, without these amusements. Nay more: not content with merely shielding the suggested policy from responsibility for ordinary perversions to saloon life we will, next month, undertake to show that club use of the proscribed games has *generally* the positive beneficial effect of checking bar patronage.

On the other hand, these views are advanced with plentiful consciousness that *occasionally* saloon games in the club become a real, though indirect, cause of moral downfall. Sadly enough, neither cues nor cards are handled by large numbers of boys without, now and then, proving spiritual stumbling blocks for some lad of excellent promise, who, otherwise, would have kept the forces of evil at bay.

All must deplore the fact, that, in certain rare instances, club occupations be-

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get permanent, unhappy acceptance of saloon hospitality; but, in our opinion, possibilities of this occasional disaster do not justify condemnation of games connected only *per accidens* therewith.

Over-strict views of this and kindred matters, if consistently enforced, would effectually stay good works of every kind, for, thanks to human weakness, unbidden evil will ever mix with the very best that may be done for the Greater Glory of God. Even, for example, the wondrously fruitful work of parochial missions would have to be abandoned, if judged *only* by its attendant evils: such as the disturbance a weak minded devotee often creates towards the end of the women's week—not to speak of blasphemies uttered by some who refuse attendance; nor of occasional bad communions made by others, though outwardly, they seem to have undergone desirable change of heart.

When innocent amusements are hampered by dangerous affiliations, the question of licit adoption becomes, as it were, simply a matter of arithmetic.

Columns of good and evil results must be added; if, on comparison, a balance favors the former, we ought to imitate other people who keep accounts, and gladly remain in business.

Application of this rule to club use of saloon-appropriated, but innocent, pastime, is now in order, and will be made after a thirty days' interval.

We confidently hope to show that the above games, admitted into juvenile recreation quarters, are prolific in direct and indirect benefits that grandly outweigh the occasional, though unspeakably grave, attendant misfortune already noted.

SAINT CECILIA.

By N. C. Parey.

STILL doth that scene within the Roman palace,
To those, who understand, its charm impart,
When fair Cecilia's brow, graced by youth's glory,
In virgin love, leaned on Valerian's heart.

Down through a path where centuries are sleeping,
She comes to consecrate this age so cold;
We stop, amidst the clamor and the hurry,
To crown her as the angels did of old.

And like the music from her viol floating,
Her spirit soothes and elevates the soul,
With triple power of saint, musician, woman,
She holds us in a gentle, sweet control.

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THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

AS we promised in our last number, we shall explain in order each month one of the mysteries illustrated in the *League Leaflets*. There are thirty of these illustrations chosen, with a view to making known the principal events preceding the Birth of Christ and the chief actions of His Life, which recommend the practice of prayer, the spirit of zeal, and devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus as cultivated in the Apostleship of Prayer.

The first leaflet puts before us the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady. The Virgin Mary is represented as Queen of our race, according to the description applied to her from St. John in the Apocalypse: "And a great sign appeared in the heaven: A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." The "great sign" reminds us of Isaias: "Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign. Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel." The rays of the sun of justice, as Christ is called, envelop the person of our queen, since in view of His merits, and because she was to be His mother, she was conceived all fair, without spot or stain, Immaculate. Under her feet the moon sheds its pale radiance to express the tribute of earth to this its Queen and saving Mother, and about her head shine the twelve stars to indicate the brightness of the fruits of the Holy Ghost in her life. Under her heel is the serpent, and the forbidden fruit of the knowledge of good and evil with which he tempted Eve, to remind us of the promise in Genesis: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed: she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." Angels come to offer their tribute to her holiness, the one bearing the lily of purity, the other the unspotted mirror to express how truly she reflects God's justice. This is the maiden whom the Archangel Gabriel saluted as "full of grace," and whom all generations call blessed, "our tainted nature's solitary boast," as the poet styles her, whose glorious privilege was not at our expense but entirely for our benefit, a vision of joy for us in our exile, a model for our imitation, an assurance for our hope, and an object entirely worthy of our purest love.

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EDITORIAL.

GREETING, 1899.

The editors of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART beg to repeat at this holy season the message of peace and good will, which it is their agreeable duty at all times to give to their readers, and to all who take part in the Apostleship of Prayer, whose organ the MESSENGER is. May the year about to open be for every MESSENGER reader and member of our association one of continued prosperity and blessing!

REPARATION, THANKSGIVING.

It is customary in many of our churches to have a solemn service on New Year's eve, in reparation for the sins of the year about to close, in thanksgiving for the favors received during it, in dedication of the year to come, and in petition for a renewal of God's blessings in the future as in the past. The *Miserere* is sung as a protestation of sorrow for sin, and the *Te Deum* in token of gratitude. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closes the ceremony. It is a practice which each one can and should observe privately when it is impossible to attend it in the public church; nor should these sentiments of contrition, thanksgiving, impetration and consecration be extended only to what has happened, or to what may happen in our private lives, as we should extend them to our families and our friends, to our country, and especially to the Church of God, recommending to Him every member of the faithful, from the Holy Father down to the youngest child admitted by baptism to the society of the faithful.

BEGINNING LATE IN LIFE.

When making New Year's resolutions, two things are well worth remembering. We should not be discouraged by the thought that we have already lost so much time, and that with each new year we know so much more about the good to be done while the time of labor is always growing shorter. There is danger of imagining it is now too late, and that we are already in the shadow of the night in which no man can work. And yet the most distinguished saints are those who began late in life. "Too late have I known Thee, too late have I loved Thee," was St. Augustine's frequent utterance, but it did not prevent him from attaining, on the contrary, it made him the more eager to attain, the wonderful knowledge and love of God which still breathe in his writings with a force of inspiration. So many others began late in life to serve God diligently, some, like St. Margaret of Cortona, with years of sin to repair and with the very elements of virtue to master. One of those who began late in life found himself greatly helped by a practice, which is the second thing we are recommending to late beginners. At the time of his conversion, St. Ignatius used to find it very difficult and disheartening to resolve on doing any good action for a long period of time. While retaining his desire to do it always, he used to bind himself in the beginning for a short time only, for a day or week, and then renew his good purpose until he would thus confirm his will in any virtuous course. We recommend his simple

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practice to all who feel the discouragements usually experienced by beginners late in life.

NEEDLESS ALARMS.

Some of our Catholic papers were slightly alarmed at Father Sherman's account of religion in Porto Rico. Some dispute his knowledge, one questions his veracity. His statements weighed carefully are the statements of one who has been accustomed to something more than nominal Catholicity among those with whom he has lived and labored as a priest. By religion he means frequent and constant use of the means which Christ thought necessary to leave to His Church, some of which are by their very nature necessary for salvation and others necessary, because their use has been prescribed for us either directly by Christ or by His Church acting in His name. Father Sherman has not lost sight of the beautiful character of the Porto Ricans, and, even though he does not formally attribute it to their religion, his sketch makes it evident that they have been saved from a hundred evil traits by the grace received in baptism even if it has not been frequently renewed by the reception of other Sacraments. What he says of them proves how charming a people may be, even if they are not fervent Catholics, when they are not overrun by the plague of heresy.

A CALL TO ARMS.

Some Hugh Miller Thompson, of Jackson, Miss., has taken heart from the letter of Mr. Sherman, as he calls our priest, and writes to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* as follows :

"After four centuries of exclusive occupation by the Roman Catholic Church, sustained and endowed enormously by the Spanish government, such a condition would be so shameful and portentous that even the most determined Protestants could scarcely believe it.

"If it be half as bad as Mr. Sherman describes it, the Protestant bodies of the United States cannot too quickly move in for the evangelization of Porto Rico."

We might apply his animadversion on Spanish influence in Porto Rico to the established Anglican Church heresy in England, which for nearly four centuries has been much more enormously endowed than the Catholic Church in Porto Rico, and has besides succeeded to the confiscated property of the original Catholic Church in its territory, with the result that the Anglicans are either becoming Catholics or ceasing to profess any religion. Let the Protestant bodies of the United States move in for the evangelization, as he calls it, of Porto Rico as quickly as possible. They will meet with the usual results of the Protestant missionary, even though they assume the name and guise of our priests, as they have learned to do in Florida and other States near Mr. Thompson's biding place.

A PREMIUM ON EDUCATION.

At the synod of the priests of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati three things were done which should greatly advance parochial school education. Yearly examinations of the teachers were agreed upon, a higher standard was set for the schools, with a view to making them as good as the high schools, and pastors with parochial schools in their parishes had their salaries raised from six hundred to eight hundred dollars.

REASON AND RELIGION.

A New York daily newspaper has been worrying its readers lately with a discussion which originated in the London *Spectator* fully three months ago. "Does religion make people crazy?" it asks in the usual large caption type. The same newspaper seems to be entirely innocent, and to have no fear of causing insanity by narrating, on the very same page, harrowing acounts of people who were buried alive. The lack of religion, or a false or heretical view of it, no doubt, sets some people insane. Sin of any kind leads to insanity, says a prominent Protestant

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divine, and he might have added that all sin is a form of insanity. But the true religion is eminently reasonable, and the very question, "Does religion make people crazy?" if understood of the true religion, is a contradiction in terms.

UNITY WITH VARIETY.

Twenty-five years ago a few dissatisfied members of a German parish in Rome, N. Y., united with a few Freemasons and built a church. Refused recognition by their Catholic bishop, they were received in the Protestant Episcopal Church by Bishop Huntington. Most of the founders repented and returned to St. Mary's Catholic Church there, and the scandal of the past has long since been forgotten. It is to an instance like this that the Protestant Episcopalian organ of New York City points in proof of the wisdom of the resolution adopted in their late General Convention in Washington, to admit such congregations into their communion, provided they comply with certain requirements of their Prayer Book, a resolution which they consider conducive to Christian unity as they conceive it.

OUR TRUE CATHOLICITY.

"Thirty years ago," said the Rt. Rev. P. J. Hurth, of Dacca, Bengal, India, "there were not more than 500,000 Catholics in all India. To-day we have more than 2,000,000, or to put it another way, we have quadrupled our Catholic population in little more than a quarter of a century. Taking the mere matter of conversion, and ignoring Catholic immigration to this country [the United States] I think that these figures are in excess of anything that has been accomplished on this continent." Very true, when we consider that India, unlike America, has few or no immigrants, and that the natives of India are extremely difficult to convert. We need to have this fact kept before us. Even a scholar like M. Brunetière overlooks it so far as to consider the condition of our Church in this country a development rather than a growth by the immigration of Catholics "out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation," who come to give on our shores the sublime spectacle of Catholic unity. An oversight of this fact is an injustice to the many bishops, priests and people who have brought the faith to this country with all its best characteristics and traditions from their respective nations; it is not less an injury to ourselves, since it prevents us from recognizing the truly Catholic character of our Church in the United States.

A STRANGE ADMISSION AND INFERENCE.

We must again commend the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Albany, New York, for an admission in his convention address to his ministers as reported in the *Churchman* of November 26. "No purer women in the world," he said, "than the women of Roman Catholic Ireland." Were he as well informed as his pretense to scholarship would lead one to think, he might truly say the same of Catholic women all the world over. Strange to say, he made this admission merely to remark that climate has more to do with purity than religion, forgetting that there are other women in Ireland who are not Catholics, and for that reason not remarkable for this holy virtue. Although all the world knows that the bishops and lay-delegates of the Anglican sect lately convened in Washington dared not make a decree against divorce through fear of many rich and worldly Anglicans already remarried, and admitted to what they call communion after having obtained a legal divorce, the head of the Albany Episcopalian ministers still has the effrontery to say that Rome has made all its laws regarding matrimony simply to make money by granting dispensations, and yet he admits that "the appearance, the utterance, and in the majority of cases the application of the Roman Catholic law have made divorce difficult and remarriage after it rare."

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It is gratifying to learn that Dr. Herman Müller, the second of the victims of the Bubonic plague in Vienna and a nephew of the celebrated Professor Max Müller, died the death of a devout Catholic. The precautions taken to prevent the spread of the dread disease prevented the priest from entering the chamber of the patient, and the Sacraments had to be administered in an unusual way. "I stood at a closed window," says the priest, "near which was placed the bed of the dying man. We saw each other eye to eye, and my voice reached his ear. The patient was well disposed for absolution, and one of the Sisters of Mercy at his bedside carried to him the Host on a corporal, which I had laid upon the window sill of a neighboring room, and he swallowed it before my eyes. As I was not permitted to enter the chamber of death, it was not possible for me to administer the sacred oil." This method of giving the viaticum, allowable in cases of great necessity, reminds us of the days of the Catacombs.

Persecution still continues in the Russian Empire. Recently the government issued an order that in all Polish Catholic seminaries none but Russians educated at the national universities should be allowed to teach the Russian language, literature, history and geography. This outrageous attempt to thrust schismatical professors on Catholic seminarians and corrupt their faith by a false presentation of history has met with such a determined resistance from the Polish bishops that the government has been forced to yield for the time being, but fears are entertained that it will soon return to the charge.

The bishops of Austria have issued a joint pastoral letter on the Emperor's Jubilee, which was to be read in all the churches on the first Sunday of Advent. In this letter the bishops review the benefits that have accrued to the Empire from the reign of Francis Joseph, extol his loyalty and devotion to the Church and exhort the different nationalities of the Empire to lay aside their prejudice and work in harmony for the preservation and prosperity of the country.

The Protestants are making great efforts to win over the Catholics of Rome. The American Methodists, for instance, have no fewer than twenty houses there. Besides which there are boarding and day schools, a gymnasium, baths, evening classes, a boarding-house for young people studying for teacher's diplomas and a missionary college for training Italian Protestant parsons. The Young Men's Christian Association holds evening classes in French, English, German, stenography, mathematics and music. Still with all their efforts, the Protestants have gained next to nothing in the work of making proselytes. Their principal success seems to be in getting hold of children.

To counteract their efforts, the Pallotine fathers and sisters are opening an immense refuge to support and educate the children of the poor, the Dames Anglaises have a free night school for girls and women, while a committee, of which the Archbishop of Trebizond is president, maintain a night-school for

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men and boys, where the attendance exceeds 600.

The Belgian Parliament was opened by a Mass of the Holy Ghost at the Church of Sainte Gudule, which was attended by nearly all the Ministers and a large number of Senators and Deputies.

Temperance is making such progress in Belgium that the manufacturers of intoxicating beverages are alarmed, and the liquor industry is said to be passing through a severe crisis. This is not due to any drastic prohibitory legislation, for the number of small drinking places in that country is astonishing, but to the Catholic associations for workingmen. These societies have their club-rooms where all kinds of innocent amusement are provided, including cards, billiards, etc., and where moderate drinking is allowed while all excess is rigidly excluded.

The Catholic Workingmen's organizations in Holland are flourishing and increasing in number. There is also a league of Catholic employers, which is in friendly communication with the league of workingmen. Thus these societies will be the means of settling all disputes between master and workman in the spirit of Christian charity and mutual esteem, and judging from their present bright prospects it would not be rash to predict that while other countries are likely to be soon in the throes of revolution owing to the war between capital and labor, little Holland will continue to enjoy its wonted peace, prosperity and contentment.

At Utrecht, in Holland, there has been held a great Temperance Congress presided over by the Archbishop; 1,400 delegates were present, representing every class of society. The total abstainers made a gallant fight, but the majority believed with Dr. Schaepman that they ought to be temperate even in their temperance, and so temperance won the day over total abstinence.

The receipts and expenditures of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith for the year 1897, were as follows:

RECEIPTS.

Dioceses of Europe	$1,254,358.10
" Asia	1,200.15
" Africa	6,003.23
" America	80,985.32
" Oceanica	2,029.10
Total for 1897	$1,354,575.90
Sum remaining at the disposal of the Holy Father for his Eastern work at the close of 1896	18,800.00
Excess of receipts over expenditures on the preceding year, 1896	15.65
Grand total	$1,373,391.55

EXPENSES.

Missions of Europe	$143,682.05
" Asia	653,366.34
" Africa	296,129,47
" America	68,530.12
" Oceanica	125,652.12
Expenses of the publication of the Annals and other printed matter in France and abroad	60,575.62
Expenses of management in France and abroad*	9,928.64
Total expenses for 1897	$1,357,864.99
Sum at the disposal of the Holy Father for his Eastern works	15,400.00
Excess of receipts to be employed for the first payments in 1898	126.59
Sum equal to the foregoing grand total	$1,373,391.55

* In the expenses of administration are comprised not only the expenses incurred in France, but also in other countries. This outlay comprises office expenses and rent, the salaries of the employees and the postage of letters of correspondence, both with the dioceses which contribute to the work by their alms, and with the Missions all over the globe.

The services of the administrators are at all times and everywhere given gratuitously.

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France was the most liberal contributor. Next comes Germany. America stands third on the list, though her contribution falls below $90,000. After America comes the little kingdom of Belgium, which, though only about the size of Maryland, contributes a sum only $10,000 behind that of all America combined. After Belgium, come Italy, Holland, England and Spain. These figures are well worth pondering over.

At the opening of the law courts in London this Autumn, the Lord Chief Justice of England, accompanied by Mr. Justice Matthew and Mr. Justice Day, besides other judges and a large number of barristers and solicitors, attended a Votive Mass of the Holy Ghost in the Church of SS. Anselm and Cecilia, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. The judges wore their full robes of office and the lawyers their traditional full-bottomed wigs. The Mass was celebrated by Father Fitzgerald in the presence of Cardinal Vaughan. The Protestant judges and barristers attended a service at Westminster Abbey, where the choir boys wore red cassocks in honor of the event. The *Tablet* reminds us of the fact that a little over a century ago no Catholic could be admitted to the degree of barrister-at-law. Times have changed.

The total population of Jerusalem numbers 73,000 souls. The great majority of these are Jews, there being no fewer than 55,000 of them in the Holy City, whereas 30 years ago they numbered but 9000. In past centuries the Jews were almost entirely excluded from Jerusalem, no more than 300 being allowed in the city at any time. Of late years the Turkish government has again placed severer restrictions upon Jewish immigration. The Protestants actually living in Jerusalem, number 400. The Catholics are 2470, of whom 2300 belong to the Latin Rite. There are 7660 Mussulmans and 5020 Schismatics made up of Greeks, Armenians, Copts, Syrians, etc.

On the occasion of his recent journey to Jerusalem, the Emperor of Germany became the owner of a piece of ground called *Dormition*, in the immediate neighborhood of the *Cœnaculum* or Supper Chamber. He has since presented it as a gift to the German Catholic Union of the Holy Land, whose president is His Eminence Cardinal Krementz, Archbishop of Cologne. The spot thus given over into Catholic hands, is, according to tradition, the place where the house stood, in which the Blessed Virgin lived with the Apostle St. John after Christ's resurrection, and where she is said to have died. This hallowed spot had hitherto been the private property of a Mohammedan, and many unsuccessful efforts had been made by Catholics to purchase it.

A very dangerous religious persecution is just now raging in several provinces of the Chinese Empire. A young missionary, Father Chanès, has been killed for the faith of Christ, together with several Chinese Catholics. Father Chanès had been evangelizing the district of Poklo in the province of Se-thoan, for the space of nine years, and had baptized last year one hundred and nine adults. A few months ago, a band of fanatics and rebels burst upon the province, and turned with special fury against the Christians. Many of the Christians were massacred, many more were plundered and are now without shelter. Chapels, schools, and mission residences were burnt to the ground. Besides putting to death Father Chanès. the rebels have taken prisoners two other missionaries whom they have carried off into the mountains, and refuse to give up, except for a heavy ransom. The province of Se-thoan has often been the theatre of religious persecutions, there having been no less than ten uprisings against the Christians since 1860.

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DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

Our Annual Report.

It would require too much space to publish here the report or review which Directors naturally expect at the turn of the year. We must therefore refer them to our Almanac and Calendar for 1899, which is this year exclusively a report of our work for the year 1898. This is partly our reason for delaying its publication, since it is not fair to give as a review of twelve months what would include only nine, as we were obliged to do when issuing the Almanac in October.

A Revised Calendar.

Another reason for this delay is that we wished to remodel our monthly Calendar, to exclude from it everything that does not pertain strictly to our League, such as Indulgences for the Sodality of Blessed Virgin, Bona Mors Association, etc., and by following the Baltimore Ordo to give prominence to the feasts and saints' days, which are observed in the majority of churches and chapels in which the Apostleship is established in this country. This change necessitated another, viz., the substitution of the characteristic virtue for each saint's day instead of the pious practice formerly recommended, and only the one who drew up the Calendar can realize what work it was to select from the best *Lives of the Saints*, the virtue peculiar to each of them.

1899 Almanac Contents.

The remainder of the contents of the Almanac and Calendar for 1899, make it a supplement for the Handbook, *League Director*, and in general, for all we have published on matters directly connected with the League during the past year. On the pages opposite the Calendar pages, set in beautiful ornamental design, are the chief principles on which the Apostleship of Prayer is based. Following the portion of the book devoted to the Calendar is a fine picture of the Sacred Heart, which introduces the review of the year 1898. This contains a full list of our Diocesan Directors, of the editors of the MESSENGER in different parts of the world, statistics showing the growth and development of the League in 1898, and the extent of some of the work done, together with edifying letters from Directors, Promoters and Associates, which exemplify the spirit of our association and suggest valuable methods for improving its organization and maintenance in certain Centres, and prove by answers to prayer how God's blessings follow it. For the price of the Almanac, we refer Directors to our advertiser.

Reports from Centres.

After reading the Almanac for 1899, Directors will realize the importance of sending us from time to time their suggestions, questions, reports, edifying instances of prayer, zeal and devotion to the Sacred Heart. In this communication is the very life of our work, and in proof of this we have only to recall to them the contents of this department in this and in the past few numbers of the MESSENGER. Now that the changes introduced in the past year have given a new impulse to our work throughout the country, we look to Directors for evidence of this in their correspondence with the MESSENGER.

Cor Unum et Anima Una.

Our Directors are aware that we have agreed with the editor of the German *Messenger* to publish every month the totals of the Intentions and Good Works

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sent him by German Associates in addition to our own. This is a step toward a more active union of prayer and zeal, which should exist among Associates of every nation and tongue. With the permission of the Moderator General, we hope soon to have the essential publications of the League printed in Italian, Polish and Spanish, in order to have one spirit and one method in all our practices among the people who from so many nations constitute the majority of Catholics in this country.

MESSENGER Circulation.

Now that we are opening a new volume of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, we appeal to our Directors to recommend it, or at least the SUPPLEMENT, to their Promoters and Associates. We are grateful to the many Directors who circulate either as a work of devotion. We do not ask any Director to assume this task, but all of them can find Secretaries or Promoters desirous and capable of extending the circulation of the organ of the Apostleship. A glance at the Contents of 1898, published with the December number, is sufficient to judge what we mean to offer our readers next year, and an acquaintance with the improvements in the MESSENGER every year is enough to assure Directors that we shall spare nothing on its further improvement, if their encouragement and support be obtained for this purpose.

Litanies of the Sacred Heart.

Directors will be interested in the following announcement: Some years ago the Holy See prohibited the public recital in churches of all litanies except those of the Saints, the Blessed Virgin, and the Holy Name of Jesus. But last June the Sacred Congregation of Rites approved a Litany of the Sacred Heart and granted permission for the public reciting and singing of it in all churches and public oratories in the dioceses of Marseilles and Autun, France, as also throughout the entire Order of the Visitation. This litany contains thirty-three invocations in honor of the thirty-three years of our Lord's life on earth. The Bishop of Marseilles states in his petition that to the recitation of this litany is attributed the liberation of that city from the famous plague of 1720.

POINTS FOR PROMOTERS.

1. Promoters and Secretaries especially, need not enclose stamps with their summaries of Intentions and Good Works. As more than three thousand of these reach us the last week of each month, it is impossible for us to acknowledge them, nor is it necessary, since the postal service can be relied upon, especially when our folding envelope forms are used for this purpose and stamped with a *two cent stamp*.

2. Promoters must have noticed how much the numbers of Intentions and Good Works have increased the past month. This is due to the zeal with which many of our Directors have acted on our suggestions in the *League Director* for October. Let each Promoter resolve for 1899 to save the cover of the *League Leaflets*, to use it to make out a report, a list of the petitions for prayers, and of the Good Works, which should be recorded for each Associate, and to hand it at the Council to the Secretary or Director, so that all may be reported to us in time to make up our general totals each month.

3. Promoters will please notice that the feast of St. Francis de Sales will not be celebrated in January this year, but on February 3, as the day on which it is usually observed in January, is this year Septuagesima Sunday. They need not, however, lose the Plenary Indulgence attached to his feast for those of their number who receive Holy Commnnion on his day, as the Indulgence follows the celebration of the feast.

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4. We receive no alms for the MESSENGER, nor for any of our own works. What offerings are made us for Missions and other purposes, we transmit promptly, and often at our own expense. Frequently instead of receiving, we have to give, though it is evident that the prices we ask for our various publications, even were they all paid, leave no margin for beneficence on our part. We repeat again that we ask no return, even for publishing certain things in the MESSENGER, but when an alms is offered we devote it to defraying the expense of sending the MESSENGER to convents, hospitals and other institutions, that most appreciate it, but often are too poor to pay for it. We regret to note that many such institutions which have hitherto been paying for the MESSENGER, are this year without the necessary funds to pay for more urgent necessaries. Hence, we beg of our readers, in their behalf to enable us to continue supplying them as before. We shall do our share, and bear the expense of as many copies as we can afford; but it is plain that we cannot supply all such houses that may ask for a MESSENGER, whereas it is comparatively easy for the friends of each of these houses to contribute enough for a MESSENGER and other good reading.

APOSTLESHIP AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, College of Notre Dame.—"Replying to your favor of the first days of October, let me give you a little account of what we do to promote the honor and glory of the Sacred Heart and His sweet devotion among our pupils. The Morning Offering is made by the Community and boarders before Mass, and in the parish schools and academy before beginning class work. The offering to our Lady for the Pope's intention is also faithfully made. There is a Communion of Reparation every Thursday for the Community, and by all the pupils on the First Friday. The Holy Hour is practised by the Community and the boarders. We have each month a Novena of Preparation for the First Friday, and on the day itself, Mass is said in honor of the Sacred Heart and for the intentions of the Apostleship of Prayer. Our daily occupations do not allow us to do more ; but we certainly pray earnestly the Divine Heart to bless your zeal for His glory, and we try our best, weak though our efforts be, to impart to all our pupils a true and constant devotion to the Sacred Heart and that of His Immaculate Mother."

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CENTRE, ST. LOUIS, MO.—"On Friday, December 2, after an eloquent sermon by our Director, Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S.J., on the life of St. Francis Xavier, twenty-two Promoters, after a faithful performance of their duties for six months, marched up to the altar railing to receive their Cross and Diploma. The procession was headed by Captain Johnston of the United States Infantry, and Captain Drew and Lieutenant Lindsay of the St. Louis University Cadets, bearing the Sacred Heart banner. After the reception, the act of reparation was read during Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament."

WISCONSIN.—"I suppose you think the man who sometime ago gave you some of his practical experiences in establishing and conducting a Centre in country parishes, has grown tired of it soon, since he has given you so few signs of late of his interest in the League. We, the Promoters principally and myself, have been working quietly and making good progress in getting new members, considering the unfavorable circumstances. Sunday is about the only day I can have a Promoters' meeting and since I have to say two Masses in different places—I have three missions in all—the meeting is necessarily a

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short one. But in spite of these drawbacks, the Promoters are full of zeal to learn more and more about the League, which zeal, next to divine grace, I attribute to your excellent Handbook. One effect of establishing the League has been a more frequent reception of the Sacraments. I have a special day appointed each month for the members to approach the Sacraments, arranging that each of my three churches in turn shall have the First Friday Mass and Devotions, and these are the days when I have the most confessions to hear. I am only sorry for one thing, that I did not organize the League five years ago, when I first came here. At present I am meeting all expenses myself, but I intend shortly to put up a box for those who wish to contribute. If I should fail to collect enough, well, then I shall consider my own money as put at interest with the Sacred Heart, and I shall look to getting capital and interest back in heaven. I hope that all pastors of souls will, like myself, learn what a great help they have in their labors by means of the League."

ST. JOHN CENTRE, UTICA, N. Y.—While the extent and character of the good effected in a parish by the Apostleship of Prayer can at best be only inadequately represented by figures, the Promoters' Annual Reports of this Utica Centre from the Feast of the Sacred Heart, 1897, to the Feast of the Sacred Heart, 1898, set before us tangible results, sufficient in themselves to reward the efforts of the zealous Local Director and his 178 Promoters. We give the report in full for the purpose of showing the possibilities of the League when under intelligent and well-organized management. We call attention again to the competitive examination to which these reports are submitted, as a spur to diligence and accuracy in this important detail, and commend the action of the Local Director in giving a reward to some of the most faithful Promoters.

1. Number of Associates.	
141 Promoters (as per annual reports)	3,456
37 (as per card catalogue)	663
Total	4,119
2. Members in the 2d degree.	
141 Promoters (as per annual reports)	2,695
37 (as per card catalogue)	581
Total	3,276
3. Number in the 3d degree.	
141 Promoters (as per annual reports)	1,308
37 (as per card catalogue)	261
Total	1,569

Aggregated answers of 141 Promoters, 37 others not having made reports.

4. Number of Associates belonging to Bands of Communion of Reparation	327
5. Number of new Associates received during the year	339
6. Number of Associates who passed from 1st to 2d degree during the year	63
7. Number of Associates who passed from the 1st or 2d to the 3d degree during the year	98
8. Number of times Promoters failed to distribute decade leaflets to any of their Associates before the first of the month	550
9. Number of monthly reports made during the year	1,570
10. Number of Associates met regularly in person every month by Promoter	2,176
11. Number of half-hours of organized Adoration secured by Promoters during the year	5,332
12. Number of Associates who have not completed, or at least begun, the Nine Fridays	1,505
13. Number of Associates who expect to become Promoters in the near future	82

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14. Number of Associates who come to the church some time during the day on First Fridays	1,531
15. Number of times Promoters reported changes for card catalogue	341
16. Number of Associates who make use of the League Intention box	926
17. Number of Associates spoken to during the year about matters connected with the League	2,464
Number of Promoters who made Annual Reports	141
Number of New Promoters excused from making Annual Reports	22
Number of Promoters excused from making Annual Reports because of living out of town, and for other satisfactory reasons	7
Number of Promoters not excused, who failed to make Annual Reports, most of whom have since resigned	8
Total number of Promoters	178

Result of an impartial examination of Promoters' Annual Reports by the Secretary of another Centre :

Best report, Mrs. Ellen P. Nugent	99 per cent.
Next best report, Miss Catherine F. Paul	98 per cent.
Number marked excellent (90 per cent. or over)	35
Number marked good	59
Number marked fair	30
Number marked poor	17

ST. ALOYSIUS CENTRE, LEONARDTOWN, MD.: "We have begun our second novena of First Fridays, with sixty-five communions. The difficulties are very great. Some of the people come twelve miles over roads that are in Winter unspeakably bad. Continue our twelve MESSENGERS, which the Promoters circulate among the Associates."

FROM VARIOUS CENTRES.—The more or less lengthy accounts that we publish each month, in this column, of the spread and development of the Apostleship, especially in the United States, are sources we are sure of edification and encouragement. Sometimes, however, a single line in the course of a business letter, a remark make by a Local Director when calling at our office, will reveal even more fully the extent of the influence exercised by the League, and the work it is accomplishing. Thus the Secretary of St. Sylvester's Centre, Chicago, writes: "Our League is doing splendid work;" the Local Director of Eagle Grove, Iowa, "All are working well and are much interested in their labor;" another Local Director, "Please send the MESSENGER for one year. I notice a great devotion increasing since the League has been reorganized here. The First Friday of August, I had only two communicants; on the First Friday of September, nine; and yesterday, the First Friday of October, three times as many;" a Superioress of a large school, "My trust in the League is the basis of all my plans." Not less striking are some of the short testimonials to the various articles of piety and publications which stand for so much in the practical running of the Apostleship. Of the new Badge, a Secretary of long experience says, "I think the new Badge perfection. It can't be improved." Another, "Your new Badge is beautiful; all who have seen it, admire it," while a third declares that "throughout our parish words of delight and praise ascend on all sides." The highest tribute to the Badge comes from an Editor of the *Messenger* in one of the countries of Europe, who esteems it so highly that he only wishes he were able to introduce it among the Associates under his charge.

But at this season of the year, when subscriptions are renewed or discontinued, it is naturally the official organ of the Apostleship that is honored by the most complimentary remarks. We sub-

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join extracts from some of these letters:

"I enclose P. O. O. for renewal of my subscription to the MESSENGER and *Pilgrim*, also a couple of new subscriptions to the MESSENGER. I am ashamed to be taking advantage of club rates. I do it to enable a poor family to have your beautiful magazine during the coming year. I will not waste your time by saying anything in praise of the MESSENGER, for I am sure you receive it abundantly from those whose praise is worth having. I will only say that having been a reader of it for more than seven years, I hope never to be without it again as long as I live."

"I received your notice of expiration to-day. I intend to take the MESSENGER again another year. I am more than pleased with it. It is improving every month. While I have two dollars to spare I shall always take it."

Equally flattering and sincere are the words that accompany a discontinuance of subscription from those whose straitened circumstances force them to forego this pleasure. In this number we are sorry to note an unusually large percentage of religious communities whose poverty obliges them, "for this year, at least," to deprive themselves of this most welcome of visitors, although they promise to pray that we may get other subscribers to take their place on our lists.

The three following letters fairly represent the sentiments of many others, lay people as well as religious:

"With the December MESSENGER my subscription expires, and it pains me more than I can tell, not to be able to take it next year. It has been such a pleasure and comfort to me. We have low Mass but once a month, and the MESSENGER in a manner made up for lack of religious opportunities. Right now I don't see my way to pay my subscription for another year, so I am compelled to tell you to discontinue it. Enclosed please find thirty cents in stamps for the *Leaflets* for 1898. After the December set, please discontinue them also."

"It is with feelings of deep regret that I am obliged to announce the withdrawal of my subscription to the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART for the present year at least. It grows more and more interesting every year. I have lost the position which I have held for twenty-eight years, and I am obliged to give up many things from absolute necessity. I shall endeavor to find you at least one subscriber if I am able, so that you will not miss mine."

"It is with deep regret that we feel ourselves unable to continue our subscription to the MESSENGER. Times, which are always hard for us, seem especially so this winter, and we have to economize everywhere. But we can have the Almanac, and that is something, surely! Enclosed please find ten cents in stamps."

REV. ALOYSIUS SABETTI, S.J.

On account of the great influence which the late Father Sabetti exercised in his relations with many priests and religious, our readers will be glad to read this short sketch of his life.

Father Aloysius Sabetti was born at Roseto, in the Province of Foggia, Italy. He was the youngest of fifteen children. When he was about ten years old he began to say that he wished to become a Jesuit. It was in 1849, and everybody in Italy was talking about the Jesuits who had just been expelled from Naples, but after fourteen months of exile had come back. He was called at home the Jesuit, from his clamoring continually that he wished to become one, and when told that he was too ignorant, this became a great incentive to him to study. In his sixteenth year he was taken to Naples and presented to the Provincial of the Jesuits, who recommended that he be sent to the college in that city, under the care of the Society. Here he remained

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about a year and entered the Society at the novitiate of Naples on the 24th of March, 1855. Among his fellow novices were Father De Augustinis, the two Schiffinis, Bucceroni, now professor of Moral Theology in Rome, Picirelli. Father, now Cardinal, Mazella joined them while Father Sabetti was a Junior. After his novitiate and Juniorate he was sent to the scholasticate of the province of Naples for his philosophy. At the end of the second year of philosophy, in 1860, the Revolution broke out. He had to escape to the house of some of his friends in disguise, and after a month of wandering about thus, he was sent to Vals, France. After completing there his philosophy he was sent to be a prefect of discipline at a French College of the Society near Bordeaux, called Sarlat. There he remained as prefect for four years, and was then sent to Rome for his theology. Here he studied under the well known Father Ballerini for some three months, when, on account of the disturbed condition of affairs in the Papal states and severe headaches, he was sent back to Vals. He was ordained in this College, on June 6, 1868, and the year after was sent back again to Sarlat to be prefect. He left Sarlat a few days before the battle of Sedan, and after some time at Roseto he was sent to America. On his arrival in New York he was sent to Frederick to make his third year of probation and prepare for the New Mexico Mission. In November he was sent to Woodstock to teach Moral Theology, where he remained till his death. During the quarter of a century he taught in Woodstock, he had for pupils nearly every Jesuit in the States who was preparing for Holy Orders during that time, and many others who had come from foreign countries to prepare for the missions either in this or in other lands. It was for them he first prepared his text-book of Moral Theology, circulating it privately among them, until it was published for general use in 1882. This very popular text-book has run through thirteen editions, being used in many seminaries in this country and at Miltown Park, Ireland, and was much appreciated by Americans studying abroad. Like his great master, Ballerini, Father Sabetti was a devoted champion of the Jesuit system, which both in moral and dogmatic theology stands for the liberty of the human will. When engaging him to write for the *Ecclesiastical Review*, Father Heuser announced him as the "greatest authority on Moral Theology in the country." He was sent in the Summer of 1896 as representative of the Fathers of his province to Rome, and had an audience with the Holy Father, which he considered one of the greatest consolations of his life. His health, which had begun to fail before that time, was much improved by the trip, but he broke down again in the Spring after his return, and after recuperating during the Summer vacation of 1897, he failed completely last Spring. He died piously Saturday morning, November 26, in the Baltimore City Hospital, in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, and was buried at Woodstock the Monday following in the cemetery there, under the shadow of the beautiful Mortuary Chapel, erected by one of his compatriots, the venerable Father Pantanella, and in the midst of the spacious park and gardens which owe so much of their beauty to Father Sabetti's taste and enterprise. R. I. P.

Obituary.

Rev. John F. Woods, D.D., Annunciation Centre, New York City; Mary A. Donnelly, Holy Family Centre, Latrobe, Pa.; Ellen Morrissey, Holy Trinity Centre, Paola, Kansas; Daniel Morrissey, St. Aloysius' Centre, Greenbush, Kansas; Catherine Pettit, Sacred Heart Centre, Galveston, Texas; Martha Sullivan, Vallejo, Cal.; Mother M. Gertrude and Jane Farrell, St. Mary's Centre, Elizabeth, N. J.; Sister M. Angela, Mt. Loretto, Staten Island, N. Y.

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A SAMPLE SLANDER.

WE publish with great pleasure the following unanswerable refutation of one of the many slanderous statements that have been going the rounds of the press the past few months:

ROYAL COLLEGE OF BELEN,
Havana, Cuba, Nov. 30, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER,
Pax Christi.

It gives me great pleasure to answer your kind letter of the 17th instant.

Though I have been nine years in this island, I never before heard it said, and no one here would say now, that no Cubans are admitted to Holy Orders here and that all the priests of the Island are Spaniards. Such a statement is simply a Protestant calumny.

Both in the Seminary here in Havana and in that of Santiago de Cuba, which are the only Seminaries in the Island, it has always been the custom to receive both Spaniards and Cubans as candidates, the only condition for admittance being, equally for both, the evidence of a vocation to the priesthood. This is a fact so public and notorious here that it needs no proof. I am personally acquainted with a number of Cuban priests and seminarists who have begun and finished their clerical studies in the Seminary here in Havana.

It must be admitted, however, that to the deplorable lack of piety which is evident in Cuba, especially among the men, is due a great scarcity of vocations to the priesthood, and for this reason it has been necessary to fill up the ranks of the clergy with priests who come from the mother country. In the list which I enclose all the names are those of Cuban priests with the positions they hold. If the list is not longer, it is because the men here show more devotion to the Sacrament of Matrimony than to that of Holy Orders. You will appreciate the significance of this remark about the limited number of Cuban priests if you bear in mind that this Island contains a million and a half of inhabitants.

The Cubans, as a body, are sadly indifferent about the matter of religion, and practise none. There are a few in each centre of population who can be said to be practical Catholics, and nobody professes any other faith. The Spaniards who come to Cuba, bring with them their Catholic belief and practice; but, in time, most of them fall into the ways of the natives here and gradually drop the habit of confession and even attendance at Mass. Perhaps it is hardly necessary to add that Spain does not, generally, send its best to Cuba.

On the Church feasts, the greater part of the people do not attend Mass, and the ordinary business and work goes on about the same as on other days. This is owing both to the common irreligiousness of the people, and to the *liberal* government whose duty it should be to put a stop to such scandalous infractions of the law. It is no wonder, then, that the country suffers so many dreadful calamities which are a just punishment for so many outrages against the law of God and of the Church.

There is going to be much trouble for the Church here, for the priests will all, or nearly all, leave the island, as they have already begun to do. There will certainly be very few left in the eastern part of the country. Again, the clergy received their salaries from the Government, and when that ceases, it is hard to understand how they will be able to support themselves, for the small measure of piety among the people will not supply the want. If it is proposed to establish the customs that prevail among you, such as church collections, pew rents, and the like, there will hardly be much result, for there are no pews, and, if there were, there will be few to occupy them.

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At present, there are, besides the priests mentioned in the list, all the Spanish clergy and the members of Religious Orders, namely, the Jesuits, the Carmelites, the Paules and the Franciscans. The Escolapi, a teaching Order founded by St. Joseph Calasanctius, have a college in Guanabacoa. There are Cubans also among the Carmelites. Besides, there are various communities of nuns, some of which have schools and others minister to the sick and in hospitals. It is not yet known what modifications may have to be made in the case of these Orders.

I recommend myself to your Holy Sacrifices and Prayers.

Your Servant in Christ,

FELIX CRISTÓBAL, S. J.

The list mentioned in this letter, furnished by the Bishop's Secretary, contains the names of forty-three Cuban priests, of whom twenty-eight are parish priests. The rest are curates or chaplains to various communities or institutions; all hold positions of trust, which confirms the statement that no distinction is made between the Spanish and the Cuban clergy.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 825,428.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes., v. 18.)

Special Thanksgivings. — PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"A friend of mine, a soldier in the regular army, was sent to Cuba with Shafter's army, and for some time before any actual engagement took place, his mother received no word from him, and was consequently much worried. On inquiring, I was told by her that he did not have his Sacred Heart Badge with him, but she could not send one, as she did not know where he was located. I supplied her with one, and advised her to trust to the Sacred Heart for its safety, which she did, and when he returned, to our delight, he told us that he had not only received it, although it was only addressed Cuba, but also that he ascribed his life to that badge. He was in four battles, three skirmishes, and had not received a scratch; he took yellow fever, but recovered; when he came to Montauk Point, the doctor said the effects of the fever were still in him, and therefore gave him thirty days' furlough. On arriving home he removed the Badge, which from constant wear and frequent drenchings with rain and sweat, was now nothing but a piece of white flannel. About a week later he became very ill with chills and fever, having the chill daily. His condition became daily worse until one day I met his mother. She wept while she told me she believed he would die, as death seemed written on his features, and the medicine appeared to have no effect whatever. Involuntarily my hand travelled to my Promoter's Cross, and the thought dawned on me to lend it to him, which I did, and from that day he never had another chill, in spite of the fact that he had an extremely severe one the day before. His stomach, which would hold no food, will now retain anything. He is stouter and healthier than he ever was, and the doctor says it is a perfect cure. He acknowledged that the great boon of recovered health and life was granted to him by the Sacred Heart. This soldier's faith was so great that he begged for my Cross, but as it was blessed for me, I went to my Local Director, and after pleading for it, received one for him, which I gave him accordingly, and out of a grateful heart he promised never to

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neglect his devotion to the Sacred Heart and to try never to do anything to grieve the One whose image he would constantly wear."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"A few weeks since, a young man was in Will's Eye Hospital in this city, perfectly blind. The physician of fifteen years experience confessed himself baffled. He could not discover the cause. A young friend recommended him to the Friday prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. On Sunday he was discharged cured, and came down at once to confession for his Communion of thanksgiving."

FROM A RELIGIOUS.—"I petitioned the Sacred Heart that I might know my vocation, and promised a public thanksgiving through the MESSENGER if my prayer was answered, and now return most sincere thanks to the Divine Heart of Jesus for granting me not only the light to know my vocation, but the grace to follow it."

CARMELITE CONVENT, BALTIMORE, MD.—"Will you kindly publish the following special Thanksgiving in the MESSENGER? My sister had been suffering from a complication of incurable diseases for about sixteen years. The entire year 1897 was one of indescribable woe to the afflicted family, for the great sufferings of the patient had so weakened her that convulsions came on. One attack was followed by another, and each one more detrimental to her reason, so that several doctors decided an operation only could prevent insanity. By the time the operation could be undertaken my poor sister was so reduced, that little hope was left for her to live through it. During the time that the operation was being performed I knelt close to the Blessed Sacrament, begging our Dear Lord to take my sister if this last resource should prove useless. The only vocal prayer I used were the three following aspirations: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, cure my sister. Blessed Mother, pray for her. St. Joseph, pray for her." For the rest of the time I spoke heart to heart, and promised that if she would get better I would have it published. The surgeon said that the case was an unusual one and that it was wonderful how she got through. She left the hospital three weeks after the operation, when others who had undergone a similar operation are not able to move yet. She is now beginning to grow stronger in every respect. Eternal thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for this great favor."

"A person had not been to his duty for many years, had given up going to Mass a long time, and become a half infidel. When taken ill he refused to have a priest, and ridiculed the idea of religion. Earnest prayer was made for his conversion, and a promise that, if it were granted, notice should be sent to the MESSENGER for publication. The next day a priest called to see the patient. He was admitted. The person made his confession and received absolution with tears flowing down his cheeks, expressive of the sincere sentiments of his changed heart. When requested to receive Holy Communion, he protested that he was not worthy, but submitted to the judgment of the priest, who assured him that Jesus was the Good Shepherd, the Father of the Prodigal and the dear friend of Magdalen; that our loving Lord came to call not the just, but sinners to repentance, to save poor sinners, and instituted the Sacraments not as rewards of virtue, but as means of sanctification. The following morning he received his Eucharistic Lord with expressions of sincere piety and deep gratitude, and declared that he could not understand how God could be so merciful to such a great sinner."

"A member of the League desires to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the recovery of her health. The doctors gave her no hope. She asked the prayers of the Associates. Two operations were performed sucessfully,

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and she has now recovered. She feels that she cannot sufficiently thank God."

NEW YORK.—"I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER for relieving a young girl from mental trouble. For two years she sought medical aid, both abroad and in this country, but found no relief. Last spring she began wearing the Badge and I promised publication if she found help. On the feast of the Sacred Heart, she met with a doctor who understood her case, and she is now completely cured."

DE SMET, IDAHO.—"Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for death-bed conversion of an aged and obdurate sinner, who being visited by a priest, obstinately refused to make her confession, but having been recommended to the Sacred Heart and publication promised, she was finally conquered by the Divine Heart, and, in her last moments, called for a confessor and died reconciled with her God."

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Will you please be kind enough to publish the following favor for the greater glory of the Sacred Heart? I read in the August MESSENGER of a person who had been greatly troubled by scruples, particularly when preparing for confession, and who felt inspired to wear the Badge, promising that if she were cured, she would have the favor published, and after wearing the Badge was perfectly at peace. I have also been greatly troubled by scruples for a long time, particularly when preparing for the Sacraments, and after reading this, I promised to wear the Badge, and have the favor published if I was also cured, and I have been at peace ever since."

"Some six months ago, I sent you the name of a person whose conversion I wished to have prayed for. He was a baptized Catholic, but never practised his religion. To-day I write to tell you that he has made his first Holy Communion and attends to his religious duties faithfully. He is sixty years old, and you can judge from this how late, and yet how needed, was the grace of his conversion."

"A near relative had appealed to me for help in urgent financial embarrassment, but being a religious, my help could only consist in advice, and the promise that I would say Mass the next morning, the feast of St. Francis Xavier, that he, the Patron of our Apostleship, would come to the assistance of a zealous Promoter of the League. The day of the feast was drawing to a close, and I had just finished writing and was about to seal a letter, bidding her to confess judgment to the principal claim against the property, when the card of another relative was sent up. In the course of the conversation he learned of her trouble, and promised that he would pay off the debt."

WASHINGTON, D. C.—"We employed a woman who said she was a Catholic, although she went very seldom to church. A mission was about to be given, and she was urged to attend it. I gave her a Sacred Heart Badge, and told her to pray for the grace to profit by the mission. The grace was granted. Her people were not Catholics, and she had been baptized at the point of death when a child, but as the baptism was doubtful, the missionaries rebaptized her conditionally. As she was ignorant of the simplest prayers and teachings, she was placed under instruction, and shortly after made her First Communion, received Confirmation, and joined the Blessed Virgin's Sodality and the Apostleship of Prayer. She is now quite another woman, and very happy in the practice of her religion."

Note.—For lack of space, we are obliged to hold over till our February number the remaining Special Thanksgivings, as well as those for Spiritual and Temporal Favors.

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THE·READER·

In glancing over the MESSENGER Index for 1898, printed in our last issue, our readers cannot have failed to remark the progress we have made from our humble beginning years ago. The variety of the topics treated last year, the excellence of the illustrations, the large number of articles of peculiar interest to American Catholics, must prove a source of satisfaction to all interested in the work of the Apostleship in this country.

* * *

A new Catholic Guild has just been started in England, for the diffusion of Catholic literature. Its first object is to obtain the introduction of Catholic papers into the reading-rooms of the free public libraries, few of which at present keep Catholic journals on file, possibly because they have not been asked to do so. The Guild will endeavor to get the libraries to subscribe for Catholic papers. Should this fail, the papers will be donated. The Guild exhorts all not to throw away their Catholic paper after reading it, or consign it to a shelf in a closet. It would be much better to give it to some friend, especially if he be a Protestant, or some club, asylum, hospital, seaman's home, mission, hotel reading-room, or even to leave it in a railroad station, car or carriage where it might be picked up by somebody to whom it might do a great deal of good.

* * *

Pope Leo's poem in commemoration of the baptism of Clovis and the conversion of France to the faith, called forth tributes of admiration from all who could appreciate Latin poetry of the golden age. It has now been set to music in the form of an oratorio, by Theodore Dubois, Director of the Paris Conservatory of Music, to be rendered for the first time by an orchestra of one hundred and twenty pieces and a chorus of two hundred voices in the Cathedral of Rheims. A magnificent copy of the work will be presented to His Holiness.

* * *

We have not noticed Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest novel, because we thought that the merits and defects of the book were obvious to any reader. Meanwhile there is no lack of notices of the book, from the passing mention in praise or blame, to the elaborate review in defense or condemnation. Indeed the notices, impressions and reviews of this book are more interesting in some ways than the book itself. Too many critics pay more attention to the authoress than to the book, and too many to the possible effects of the book on its readers or to its impressions on their own minds. Hence the personal, problematical and subjective element which interferes so much with a calm and definite and comprehensive judgment of any work. Especially is this true of the volumes, or rather of the two books, as one critic happily remarks, comprised under the title *Helbeck of Bannisdale*. For the authoress writes with a purpose and keeps it in view so obtrusively, as to make the entire book a plain plea for the view that religion necessarily destroys, instead of elevating and perfecting, what is natural or individual in us. This is the thesis of the book, and it is a simple matter to judge whether it is established or not. Is Helbeck a fair or common type of his religion? Is Laura Fountain a fair or common type of the agnostic?

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And are all the things they say and do like what real Catholics and agnostics would say and do if thrown into their mutual relations? These are the only points a critic needs to treat in reviewing this book. How it may impress him, or what effect it may have on the reader, are matters foreign to his purpose and more properly within the province of a literary or spiritual adviser. The beauties of Mrs. Ward's descriptions are obvious; her narative is brisk and pleasant enough, and her dramatic episodes are all very exciting and thrilling, and require no study on the part of the critic, nor special commendation to her readers.

* * *

Any educated Catholic knows how wrong are some of the principles and practices attributed to Catholics in this book. We do not refer to the views expressed by some of the characters, nor to the silly things some of them do. It is the novelist's privilege to exercise the omnipotence of imagination, and Catholics may misrepresent their faith and show lack of knowledge in divine as well as in profane science; though some things even such Catholics as are described in Helbeck of Bannisdale would never say or do. Thus, no learned priest would say that "England is a baptized nation, and is therefore in a supernatural state." With the old maxim in his blood, "Out of the Church there is no salvation" interpreted in too strict a sense, it is inconsistent in Helbeck to proclaim later on the salvation of Laura's agnostic father. These and similar errors are so easy to avoid that one wonders how they were let stand, when so much pains were taken to be sure about such trifles as the habit a priest had of snapping at flies and snuffing candles before Mass was over. There are more serious errors still, and they are not all so easily discernible; but they show the true purpose of the book, and explain why such an unusual and undesirable type of Catholic as Helbeck was chosen for chief character. Surely there is nothing in Catholic discipline on any point of morality to weaken a man's instinctive confidence in women; on the contrary, with the Mother of God as a type, and with a host of virgins in the company of saints whom he venerates, with mothers and sisters imitating the heavenly chastity of both, the Catholic honors every woman more than other men. He does not see corruption everywhere; his is the only Church that teaches clearly and correctly the regeneration of man from original sin and the total remission of sins committed after baptism. Of course, the purpose of such statements is to show that a Catholic must not consider anything human as capable of any good. This purpose is more manifest in a paragraph like this:

"For she had been bred in that strong sense of personal dignity which is the modern substitute for the abasements and humiliations of faith. And with that sense of dignity went reserve—the intimate conviction that no feeling which is talked about, which can be observed and handled and measured by other people, is worth a rush. It was what seemed to her the spiritual intrusiveness of Catholicism, its perpetual uncovering of the soul, its disrespect for the secrets of personality, its humiliation of the will, that made it most odious in the eyes of this daughter of a modern world, which finds in the development and dignifying of human life its most characteristic faith."

* * *

This is apparently Mrs. Ward's own view, though adroitly put as being what seemed to Laura, and this view is developed throughout the book; when the different characters do not illustrate it by word and action, the authoress intervenes to interpret in this sense whatever they say and do. The statement of it becomes plainer as we get further into the story. Thus we read:

"There was an argument between them in which the Jesuit at last won the victory. Helbeck was persuaded to a

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certain course against his judgment—to some extent against his conscience."

Then we hear of the *personal abjection* of Catholicism and the last wail of the miserable agnostic, when giving her motive for suicide, "the priests want my inmost will—want all that is I," and with all this in mind we are not surprised that Helbeck should be the half and half sorry type of his faith that he is, always half bitter, half humorous, speaking with "that strange tenderness, at once so intimate and impersonal, which belongs to the spiritual relations of Catholicism," or in a tone of "proud humility," and acting with a half-amused, half-contemptuous embarrassment, never single minded and never his own master, with no will of the man's own, but the will of his order, of his faith, as if faith were constantly tyrannizing over his nature, suppressing its best impulses, eradicating utterly his natural passions, and making him adopt what the authoress styles "that profound idea of a substituted life and vicarious obedience which has been among the root forces of Christianity."

* * *

This is the plain purpose of this novel, and none know better than Catholics how foolish and false the view is, since it is our experience to know how religion, instead of destroying nature, only improves and perfects it, instead of enslaving the will only liberates it from the slavery of passion and enables it to act with the freedom of the children of God, instead of obliterating one proper individual trait only preserves and develops each; how self-sacrifice, in a word, at the same time supposes and confirms in us the greatest self-mastery, and how each new sacrifice but elevates our nature, strengthens our will and perfects our individual character. In assuming our human nature, the Saviour of humanity not only redeemed us from the penalty due to our sins, but also purified us from what is corrupt in our nature and healed our infirmities. Not one element or individual trait of our nature did He who created and loved it cast away or obliterate, coming as He did to perfect all. The more, therefore, we submit ourselves to His influence, operating as it is through His Church and its ministers, the more we dignify ourselves and perfect every faculty and power. The book is, for this reason, wrong in purpose, in its views and in many of its accounts of Catholic tenet and practice. Helbeck is a possible, but surely not a likely and, therefore, neither a fair nor common type of Catholic. Laura Fountain may be a true type of agnosticism, but we doubt it, seriously, for the reason that it is not woman's nature to resist religious influence, unless, perhaps, she has been schooled into infidel or heretical prejudices, and kept entirely aloof from religious people, which is plainly not the case with Laura. Given two such unlikely and unreal characters, we cannot easily say whether all that they are made to do and say is true to nature or not. Indeed, it matters little, since, once we have detected the purpose of the novel, we may expect anything in the characters and narrative that will illustrate and recommend it.

* * *

The purpose attributed to Mrs. Ward is her own avowed purpose, as we learn from a reliable source, and, though she might have chosen any form of religion in order to establish her view, she selected Catholicity and what she erroneously considers its most advanced expression, in order to show the utter hopelessness of any reconciliation between religion and human nature. This is the heresy of the day, it would seem, and we are glad to learn by the *Catholic Standard and Times* for December 10 that Archbishop Ryan made it the subject of his address to the seminarists of Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM BENZIGER BROTHERS,
New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

Miss Erin. A novel. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). Pages, 291. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25.

A Klondike Picnic. A story. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Pages, 160. 12mo. Cloth, 85 cents.

Illustrated Explanation of the Holy Sacraments. Adapted from the original of Rev. H. Rolfus, D.D. By Very Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. Pages, 307. 12mo. Cloth, 75 cents.

Veneration of the Blessed Virgin. Her feasts, prayers, religious orders and sodalities. By Rev. B. Rohner, O.S.B. Adapted by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D. Pages, 336. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25.

Let no Man Put Asunder. By Josephine Marie. Pages, 215. 12mo. Cloth.

St. Clotilda. By Godefroi Kurth, Professor at the Liège University. Translated by V. M. Crawford. With a preface by G. Tyrrell, S.J. Pages, 143. 12mo. Cloth.

St. Vincent de Paul. By Emmanuel de Broglie. Translated by Mildred Partridge. With a preface by George Tyrrell, S.J. Pages, 257. 12mo. Cloth.

FROM B. HERDER,
St. Louis, Mo.

Short Life of the Venerable Servant of God, John Nepomucene Neumann, C.SS.R., Bishop of Philadelphia. By Very Rev. F. Magnier, C.SS.R. Pages, 99. 16mo. Cloth.

FROM FLYNN AND MAHONY,
Boston, Mass.

The Choral Sodality Hand-Book. Containing hymns, canticles and litanies, with complete musical scores. Compiled and arranged by Rev. James A. Walsh. Pages, 128. 16mo. Cloth, 25 cents.

An Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Edited and revised by the Rt. Rev. M.F. Howley, D D., Bishop of West Newfoundland. Pages, 95. 16mo. Cloth.

THE MONITOR PUBLISHING CO.,
San Francisco.

The Child's Primer. Pages 32. 16mo. Cloth.

THE CATHOLIC PROTECTORY,
Westchester, N. Y.

History of St. Raymond's Church, Westchester, N. Y. By Rev. D. P. O'Neill, Assistant Rector of St. Raymond's. Pages, 25. 8 vo. Cloth.

FROM THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
London.

Why in Latin? By the Rev. George Bampfield. Pages, 24. Paper, one penny.

Talks About Our Lady. By the Rev. G. Bampfield. Pages, 64. Paper, one penny.

Simple Dictionary for Catholics. Edited by Charles Henry Bowden, of the Oratory. Pages, 32. Paper, one penny.

"*The Jesuit Plot for the Destruction of Our Liberties.*" Pages, 8. Paper, 25 cents per 1.00

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, November 1 to 30, 1898.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		Date.
Belleville	Centreville Station, Ill.	Immaculate Conception	Church	Nov. 7
"	Cobden, Ill	St. Joseph's	"	Nov. 7
Brownsville	Goliad, Texas.	St. Mary's	"	Nov. 19
Buffalo	New Oregon, N. Y	Immaculate Conception	"	Nov. 7
Burlington	Lyndonville, Vt.	St. Elizabeth's	"	Nov. 11
Cleveland	Moamencetown, O	St. Ignatius'	"	Nov. 30
Dallas	Dallas, Texas	St. Paul's	Sanitarium	Nov. 19
Davenport	Walnut, Iowa	St. Patrick's.	Church	Nov. 19
Denver	Gunnison, Colo.	St. Peter's	"	Nov. 10
Galveston.	Hearne, Texas	St. Mary's.	"	Nov. 7
Hartford.	Cromwell, Conn	St. John's	"	Nov. 30
Helena	Chinook, Mont	St. Gabriel's	"	Nov. 3
"	Glasgow, Mont.	St. Raphael's	"	Nov. 3
"	Poplar, Mont.	Indian	"	Nov. 3
La Crosse	White Mound, Wis	St. Peter's	"	Nov. 30
Louisville	Somerset, Ky.	St. Mildred's	"	Nov. 30
Manchester.	Hinsdale, N. H	St. Joseph's	"	Nov. 30
Monterey and Los Angeles	El Rio, Cal	Santa Clara	"	Nov. 30
New York	Liberty, N. Y.	St. Peter's.	"	Nov. 7
Ogdensburg	Fort Covington, N. Y.	St. Mary's	"	Nov. 30
"	Paul Smiths, N. Y.	Angel Gabriel	"	Nov. 30
Richmond	Martinsburg, W., Va.	St. Joseph's	"	Nov. 7
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Ann's	"	Nov. 10
Springfield	Worces-er, Mass.	St. Joseph's	Convent	Nov. 30
Wichita	Nazareth, Kans.	Holy Family	Church	Nov. 19

Aggregations, 23; churches, 23; convent, 1; institution, 1.

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PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued from November 1 to 30, 1898.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Alton	Effingham, Ill.	Sacred Heart . . . Church	7
"	Pierron, Ill.	Immaculate Conception . . . "	8
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	St. Joseph's . . . "	4
"	Leonardtown, Md.	St. Aloysius . . . "	1
"	Newport, Md.	St. Mary's . . . "	2
"	Waldorf, Md.	St. Peter's . . . "	4
Boston	Boston, Mass	Immaculate Conception . . . "	7
"	Concord, "	St. Bernard's . . . "	2
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	St. Canisius . . . College	14
"	" "	Good Shepherd . . . "	1
"	" "	St. Joseph's . . . Cathedral	30
"	Lockport, N. Y.	St. Patrick's . . . Church	8
"	Olean, N. Y.	Convent of Mercy . . . Convent	1
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Elizabeth's . . . Church	1
"	" "	Holy Family . . . "	25
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, Ohio	St. Peter's . . . Cathedral	5
Cleveland	Van Wert, Ohio	St. Mary's . . . Church	4
"	Villa Maria, Pa.	Villa Maria . . . Academy	4
"	Willoughby, Ohio	Immaculate Conception . . . Church	8
Denver	Leadville, Colo.	Annunciation . . . "	13
Detroit	Detroit, Mich.	SS. Peter and Paul's . . . "	27
Erie	Brookville, Pa.	Immaculate Conception . . . "	1
Galveston	Galveston, Texas	Sacred Heart . . . "	1
Hartford	Norwalk, Conn.	St. Mary's . . . "	9
Helena	Anaconda, Montana	St. Paul's . . . "	13
Kansas City	Lexington, Mo.	Immaculate Conception . . . "	5
Leavenworth	Kansas City, Kan.	St. Margaret's . . . Hospital	2
"	Topeka, Kan.	Assumption . . . Church	15
Louisville	Danville, Ky	SS. Peter and Paul . . . "	5
Manchester	Concord, N. H.	St. John's . . . "	2
"	Manchester, N. H.	St. Patrick's . . . "	16
Milwaukee	Kenosha, Wis.	St. James' . . . "	3
"	Madison, Wis.	St. Patrick's . . . "	8
"	Milwaukee, Wis.	Holy Rosary . . . "	3
Newark	Jersey City, N. J	St. Peter's . . . College	11
"	Orange, N. J.	St. John's . . . Church	3
New Orleans	Convent, La.	Sacred Heart . . . Convent	2
New York	Chester, N. Y	St. Columba's . . . Church	1
"	New York City, N. Y.	Catholic Protectory, F. D. . . . Institution	3
"	" "	St. Francis Xavier's . . . Church	75
"	" "	Holy Rosary . . . "	3
"	" "	St. Ignatius Loyola . . . "	1
"	" "	Immaculate Conception . . . "	29
"	" "	Sacred Heart of Jesus . . . "	4
Ogdensburg	Watertown, N. Y.	Notre Dame . . . "	6
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Boniface . . . "	6
"	" "	The Gesu . . . "	28
Pittsburg	Carbon Centre, Pa.	St. Wendelin's . . . "	4
Providence	Providence, R. I.	Sacred Heart . . . Academy	2
"	Woonsocket, R. I.	Sacred Heart . . . Church	4
Richmond	Lynchburg, Va.	Holy Cross . . . "	4
"	Norfolk, Va.	St Mary's . . . "	7
Rochester	Hornellsville, N. Y.	St. Ann's . . . "	1
St. Louis	Hannibal, Mo.	Immaculate Conception . . . "	2
"	St. Charles Mo.	St. Charles . . . "	1
"	St. Louis, Mo	St. Ann's . . . "	2
"	" "	St. Francis Xavier . . . College	27
"	" "	Holy Name . . . Church	24
"	" "	St. Kevin's . . . "	17
Savannah	Macon, Ga.	St. Joseph's . . . "	1
Sioux Falls	Emmet, So Dak.	St. Joseph's . . . "	7
"	Montrose, So. Dak.	St. Rose's . . . "	7
Syracuse	Baldwinsville, N. Y.	St. Mary's . . . "	7
"	Utica, N. Y.	St. John's . . . "	11
Trenton	Salem, N. J.	St. Mary's . . . "	18
Wheeling	Mason, W. Va.	St. Joseph's . . . "	6

Total Number of Receptions, 66. Total Number of Diplomas issued, 683.

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CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, JANUARY, 1899.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **Respect for Authority**.

1	S.	Circumcision of our Lord.	Sacrifice.	825,428 thanksgivings.
2	M.	Octave of St. Stephen.—St. Macarius, C. (Hermit, 391).	Generosity.	798,160 for those in affliction.
3	T.	Octave of St. John.—St. Genevieve, V.(512). —Pr.	Love of Jesus.	635,879 for the sick, infirm.
4	W.	Octave of Holy Innocents.—B. Angela, W. (O.F.M., 1309).	Innocence.	424,754 for dead associates.
5	Th.	Vigil —St. Telesphorus, P.M. (139).—H.A.	Faith.	295,769 for Local Centres.
6	F.	**First Friday.**—The Epiphany of our Lord. —1st D., A I.	Adoration.	410,737 for Directors.
7	S.	St. Lucian, M. (312).	Devotion toHolyMass	417,253 for Promoters.
8	S.	**1st after Epiphany.**—St. Severinus, Ab.C. (Ap. Austria and Bavaria, 482),	S lf-denial.	922,112 for the departed.
9	M.	SS. Julian and Basilissa, MM. (313).	Hospitality.	602,450 for perseverance.
10	T.	St. Agatho, P.C. (682).	Gentleness.	819,398 for young persons.
11	W.	St. Hyginus, P.M. (142).	Firmness.	289,569 for 1st Communions.
12	Th.	St. Bennet, Ab. C. (690).—H.H.	Energy.	525,242 for parents.
13	F.	Octave of the Epiphany.—St. Kentigern, Bp.C. (608).	Fairness.	622,483 for families.
14	S.	St. Hilary, Bp.C.D. (368).—St. Felix, M. (256).	Christian Doctrine.	423,203 for reconciliations.
15	S.	**2d after Epiphany.**—The Holy Name.—St. Paul, 1st Hermit, C. (342).—C.R	Reverence.	634,512 for work, means.
16	M.	St. Marcellus, P.M. (310).	Exactness.	326,619 for the clergy.
17	T.	St. Anthony, Ab.C. (366).	Courage.	397,920 for religious.
18	W.	St. Peter's Chair at Rome.—St. Prisca, V.M. (54).—A.S.	Devotion to Holy See.	404,156, seminarists,novices.
19	Th.	St. Canute, M. (K. Denmark, 1086).—H.H.	Detachment.	427,800 for vocations.
20	F.	SS. Fabian, P.,and Sebastian,MM.(250-288)	Fortitude.	401,074 for parishes.
21	S.	St. Agnes, V.M. (304).	Purity.	210,034 for schools.
22	S.	**3d after Epiphany.**—Holy Family.—SS. Vincent and Anastasius, MM. (303).	Peace.	174,468 for superiors.
23	M.	Espousals B.V.M.—St. Emerentiana, V.M. (304).	Fidelity.	24,134 for missions, retreats.
24	T.	St. Timothy, Bp.M. (97)	Docility.	55,929 for societies, works.
25	W.	Conversion of St. Paul, Ap. (35).	Zeal.	730,637 for conversions.
26	Th.	St. Polycarp, Bp.M. (166).—H.H.	Hatred of heresy.	85,012 for sinners.
27	F.	St. John Chrysostom, Bp.C.D. (407).	Fervor.	654,977 for the intemperate.
28	S.	2d Feast of St.Agnes.—St.Julian, Bp.(1208).	Kindness.	804,293 for spiritual favors.
29	S.	**Septuagesima.**—St. Gildas, Ab. (VI. Century).	Watchfulness.	830,955 for temporal favors.
30	M.	St. Martina, V.M. (260).	Confidence.	927,288 for special, various.
31	T.	Prayer of our Lord.—St. Peter Nolasco, C.F. (Order of Mercy, 1256).—2d D.	Prayer.	For MESSENGER Readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship*. (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.—*Holy Hour*); A. I.—*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*; B. I.—*Bridgettine Indulgence*.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Acts of Charity	3,633,255	11.	Masses heard	1,866,802
2.	Beads	3,220,638	12.	Mortifications	1,588,179
3.	Way of the Cross	131,762	13.	Works of Mercy	4,250,960
4.	Holy Communions	76,228	14.	Works of Zeal	800,466
5.	Spiritual Communions	2,277,486	15.	Prayers	27,413,052
6.	Examens of Conscience	746,437	16.	Kindly Conversation	2,449 069
7.	Hours of Labor	3,630,913	17.	Sufferings, Afflictions	789,309
8.	Hours of Silence	2,355,432	18.	Self-conquest	2,559,570
9.	Pious Reading	970,528	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	2,552,774
10.	Masses read	14,997	20.	Various Good Works	12,908,960

Special Thanksgivings, 4,931; Total, 57,729,141.

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

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THE HONORABLE WILLIAM GASTON,
Catholic Pioneer in North Carolina.

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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXIV. FEBRUARY, 1899. NO. 2.

CATHOLICITY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

By Very Rev. F. Felix, O.S.B.

JULY 4, 1584, opens the annals of the history of North Carolina. Sir Walter Raleigh, at the direction of Queen Elizabeth, sent two vessels, under the command of Philip Armidas and Arthur Barlow, to the New World, not, however, to fulfil the pious ambition of a Columbus, to plant the standard of salvation upon the virgin soil of America, but acting effectively upon the order of the reigning Tudor, to conquer and appropriate in England's name.

These vessels were driven about the bays and inlets of what is now the Carolina coast, until a landing was effected on Wokoken Island. Here they discovered a friendly tribe of Indians, artless and generous, upon whose chief, at a later date, the English Queen conferred the title, "Lord of Roanoke." This was the Anglo Saxons' preface to the great chapters of their history on the new continent.

The visit paid to the amicably disposed red men and their island, was not succeeded by a settlement in this region until the year 1637, when we may speak of the first colony in North Carolina. Religious persecution had driven men and women into the inhospitable wilderness of the then unbounded State.

The Puritans of Massachusetts, those liberty-loving, God-fearing exiles of the Mother Country, forced the Quakers as far south as Virginia, after having mutilated their bodies by revolting tortures which truthful historians do not hesitate to depict in all their shocking details.

I shall pass over the Palatines founded in this State by Swiss and French Huguenots. The number of these immigrants was barely one thousand. Many of them were massacred in struggles with the Indians, and their homes destroyed. Subsequently English settlers, Scotch Presbyterians, and Lutherans formed communities, and by Colonial legislation, the "Church by Law Established" enjoyed exclusive rights; other religions were permitted, provided they did not interfere with the Episcopal form of worship.

The voluminous Colonial Records of

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North Carolina give no evidence of any early Catholic settlers. Even the names chronicled suggest none that may be suspected of belonging to the true Faith. If there were a few faithful souls, no trace of them can now be discovered. Probably Catholic emigrants feared to share the cruel treatment their co-religionists received in Virginia, where they enjoyed no liberty, were named incompetent to act as witnesses "in any case whatsoever," and hence were mere slaves to lordly proprietors. There Irish women and children were actually sold as slaves, when under Cromwell seventy thousand sons and daughters of Erin were transferred to the colonies, the greater number, however, being sent to the Barbadoes and Jamaica.

Bicknall's History of North Carolina, published in Dublin, 1739, refers to a Catholic settlement at Bath Town, on Pamlico Sound, where a priest was supposed to have resided, but no trace of such an established colony is extant. The absence of any positive law against the Church in the primitive days of the settlements, leads one to imagine the non-existence of a necessity for framing such ordinances. Only after the sons of the State had rallied and banded themselves in freedom's cause, to which the celebrated Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence (of which the Carolinians are justly proud) gave an impulse, laws detrimental to the Catholic Church were enacted; in fact, no early constitution of any State, except Massachusetts, equalled that of North Carolina in animosity towards those professing that belief—"any man who shall deny the existence of God *or the truth of the Protestant Religion*, or the divine authority of the Old and New Testament, shall not hold any office in this State."

These difficulties naturally deterred conscientious Catholics from seeking an asylum within these hostile borders. Later and present perplexities will be mentioned as we proceed.

Research proves that the torch of Catholicity was first lighted in the little town of Newbern. In 1774, Gerard and Joseph Sharpe, two English gentlemen, were extensively engaged in commercial pursuits in this town. They were visited that year by their sister, Margaret, a devout, pious Catholic woman of strong intellectual acquirements and an equally intense attachment to her faith. Though far away from the consolations of the Church, she was not shaken in her belief, and by her example kept alive the smouldering flame of faith in her brothers' bosoms.

In May, 1775, she married Dr. Alexander Gaston, a native of Ballimini, Ireland, a graduate of the medical college of Edinburgh, and a surgeon in the English navy, a position which he resigned to sail for the North American provinces. He settled in Newbern, where, after a few years' residence, during which he practised his profession, he married Margaret Sharpe. Her two brothers had died and her husband was shot by Tories commanded by Major Craig of the British army, in August, 1781, whilst attempting his escape in a canoe across the river Trent. Mrs. Gaston was then left entirely alone in America with a young son and infant daughter dependent upon her. Too strong to shrink amidst these disasters, supported by religion and energy of character, she met the exigencies of the hour with fortitude, and made the education of her son the grand object of her existence.

Upon his susceptible childish character she stamped her own exquisite sensibility, high integrity, and above all her religion, thus fashioning his volatile and sometimes irritable temperament in her own perfect mould. She knew he might be of use to his God and country; therefore he was reared for these two great ends.

William Gaston received his education in that bulwark of learning, Georgetown, where his name is immortalized. "Few institutions in America can boast of having matriculated a man of higher intellectual attainments and more spotless

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character," wrote Stephen B. Weeks, of Johns Hopkins University. Mrs. Gaston lived to see her son loved by his fellow-citizens, honored by his State, and promoting the cause of God's Holy Church, so that the very name of Gaston was sufficient to dispel the pulpit defamations of would-be religious ministers. By his eloquence he succeeded in having the constitution of his State amended so as not to exclude Catholics from office. His mother died at Newbern full of days, blessed with temporal possessions, but more glorified for preserving the pearl of religion in a hostile State, and after giving the same trust to her son, departed to God to receive her reward.

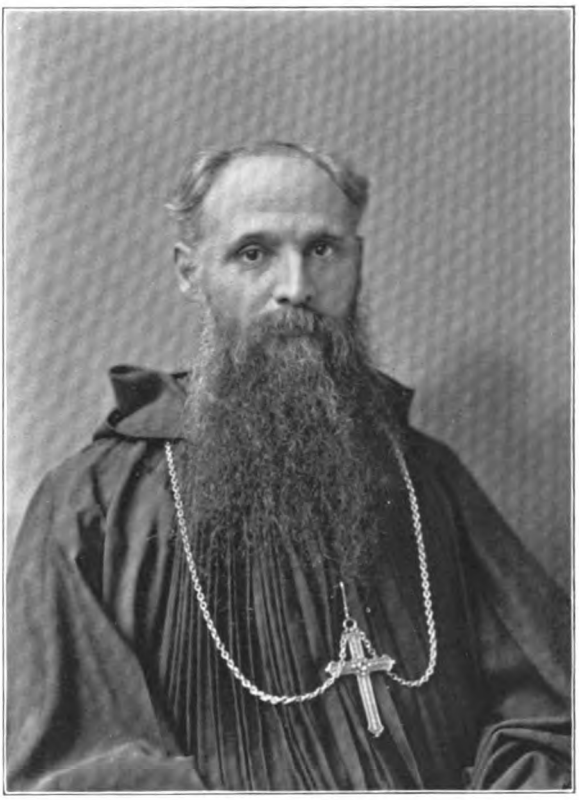
In time Newbern became the residence of other Catholics, Francis Lamotte, a refugee of the French Revolution, two other French gentlemen, Francis Xavier Martin, author of a history of North Carolina bearing his name, Mr. Gillet and wife and Mr. William Joseph Williams, formerly a respectable Episcopal clergyman and a convert to Catholicity.

Rt. Rev. John England visited the town for the first time in 1821, remained eight days, preached each night in the court house, and celebrated Mass every morning in Hon. William Gaston's house. He organized the little congregation, and erected Newbern into an ecclesiastical district under the invocation of St. Paul. This may be considered as the opening of the Catholic missions in North Carolina.

From that year, Bishop England paid frequent visits, baptizing, confirming, preaching, and in 1824 appointed Rev. Francis O'Donoughue missionary for the entire State, with Newbern as his residence.

The vestry met on June 24 of the same year for the purpose of raising funds to purchase a site for a church. The foundation was soon laid and the church finished, but owing to the death of Bishop England in 1841, was not blessed until his successor, Dr. Reynolds, paid his first visit in 1844, placing it under the patronage of St. Paul.

The death of Judge Gaston, January 19, 1844, affected the interests of the little church materially, so that its pastor, Father Quigly, was obliged to solicit contributions from other cities. Bishop Reynolds continued to visit Newbern, carrying on the good work; converts increased, and the congregation was now fully organized. Yet the death of Judge Gaston would long be felt.



RIGHT REVEREND LEO HAID, O.S.B.

Judge Gaston was also the founder of the first Catholic colony in the western

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part of the State, in a county named after him "Gaston," which now forms the centre of Catholicity in the State. He composed the stirring lyric so dear to the hearts of Carolinians, a stanza of which will suffice to show the trend of its verses and convey an idea of the love which gave it birth :

Carolina ! Carolina ! Heaven's blessing attend her,
While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her ;
Tho' scorner may sneer at, and witling defame her,
Yet our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.

CHORUS.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! the old North State forever !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! the good old North State !

At the present writing the church at Newbern is in a flourishing condition. Extensive improvements have been made by the present pastor, who, together with an assistant, labors energetically for the propagation of religion and the education of white and colored children. As a number of prominent colored people reside in the town, a school has been recently erected for their accommodation, and a church, both placed under the patronage of St. Charles. The result has been very gratifying.

* * * * *

Edenton, a mission attended by the priests of Newbern, was inaugurated in 1857, when three young graduates of St. Joseph's Academy, Emittsburg, who were converts to the Faith, conceived the idea of building a church in their home. The twelve Catholics of the place were compelled to worship in a small room in one of their houses, and forced to be satisfied with an annual visit from some good old missionary. Without a farthing in their pockets, the young girls commenced the great work among Protestants of every persuasion, nothing daunted by the refusal of the visiting priest to assist in the project, lest failure be the ultimate issue.

Applying to her Protestant father, one of the girls received $100 and a promise of a site for the church. A trip to Baltimore followed and an appeal to Archbishop Kenrick, whose answer, as he placed a twenty-dollar gold piece in her hand, deserves to be recorded: "Go, my little apostle, with my abundant blessing; you will succeed with the help of God. Be sure, my child, to put all insults in your heart and the money in your pocket."

Returning home with $585.50, the work was commenced and continued by the young women, who translated French works, taught music and, through the post, solicited donations in the United States and Europe. Father Faber of the Oratory of St. Philip, Prince Hohenlohe, and even the great Cardinal Antonelli, helped them. Bishop Lynch of Charleston laid the corner stone on the feast of St. Anne, to whose care it was entrusted, and the occasion was made memorable by his eloquent discourse.

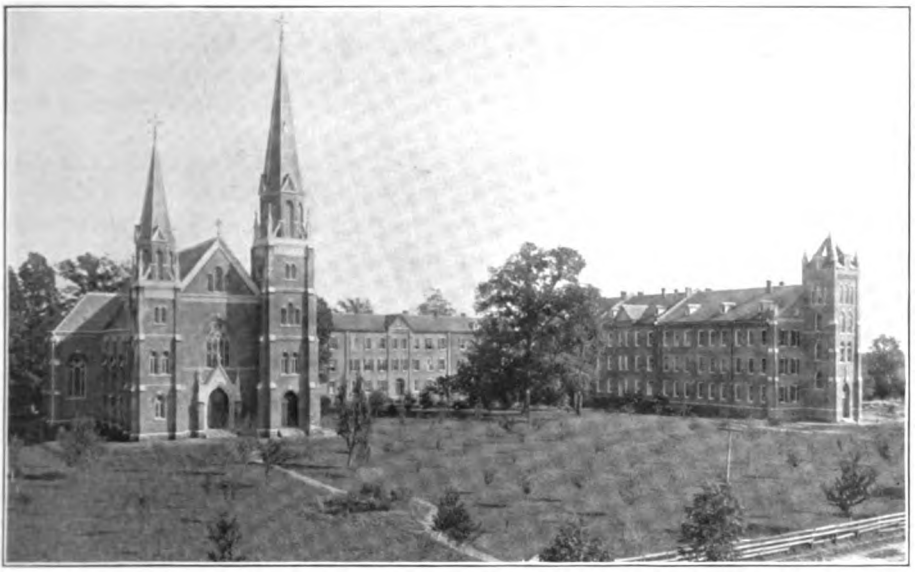
Surmounting innumerable obstacles, these persevering converts *prayed* the humble church to completion, and on July 26, 1858, the first Mass was celebrated in Edenton in a house really dedicated to God's service. On that happy morn, as the congregation knelt at the altar to receive the Bread of Life, as the priest advanced with the uplifted Host, a beautiful white dove flew in through the window and hovered over the middle of the sanctuary until the priest returned to the altar.

The church gained converts and thrived until the Civil War, when it became the barracks of soldiers and everything of value was stolen or sold at auction among them. From this deplorable condition it has been rescued, rededicated, and brighter days have dawned for the little church of St. Anne.

* * * * *

A church in time arose at Fayetteville, a quaint old town in the centre of the

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ST. MARY'S COLLEGE AND ABBEY, BELMONT, N. C.

State, which, even to-day, gives the visitor many reminders of the colonial epoch, when the curfew meant "lights and fires out—all abed," as even now it rings at nine o'clock.

John Kelly presented the property upon which a church was built, but a fire destroyed the greater portion of the town and consumed this wooden structure also. In 1839 the present building was erected, and stands to this day a significant monument of the poverty of God's religion in the South, especially in North Carolina. Yet sweet are the memories that linger around that hallowed place. The eloquence of an England and a Reynolds flowed in a golden tide within those sacred precincts, but the once flourishing mission gave way to time, so that, in the period when in Northern cities a cathedral might have graced the site, the poor frame church still remains, its little tower pointing heavenward. In recent years Fayetteville has again received a resident priest after a vacancy of nearly thirty years, and by his energy and careful zeal he has wiped away the dust of by-gone years, and now the mission is growing.

During the war hundreds of Catholic soldiers worshipped in this humble house of God, dedicated to Ireland's saint and built by the faithful sons of Erin.

* * * * *

The capital of North Carolina, Raleigh, is situated near the geographical centre of the State, a city flourishing by reason of the various institutions located there, supported by State appropriations, and owing its aristocratic reputation to gubernatorial influence.

The first Mass celebrated in Raleigh was by Father Whelan in 1832. A small church was built the same year and dedicated by Bishop England, but subsequently sold and new property purchased near the capitol. This second edifice was blessed by Bishop Hughes, of New York, on his way to Chapel Hill, N. C., to deliver the annual address to the graduates of the State University.

The church building acquired was formerly a Baptist meeting-house, and being of many years' erection, was officially condemned and a new lot with house, etc., bought, and to this was attached a chapel of the Sacred Heart.

The late Rev. James B. White, who was ordained by Bishop Gibbons after having served the United States as an

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important Federal officer, gave to Raleigh all that it can boast of to-day. He was a familiar figure in Northern cities, for only through Northern Catholics was he able to effect what proudly claims to be his monument in this State. His venerable appearance, sweetness of voice, and charm of manner made him loved everywhere. For many years he was pastor in Raleigh, and when he was removed to Asheville, he left the place free of debt and a handsome property as its own.

Few churches in the United States have experienced greater visitations than this; God's Bride has bowed her head amidst severe trials; she could exclaim with Jeremiah, "*Intuere et respice opprobrium nostrum.*" Let us cover these dead sorrows with the mantle of love and consider only the present and future. Gloriously she arose out of chaos, and now enjoys the respect, love, and confidence of the city and State.

The present efficient pastor has done much to further the interests of Catholicity, not only in Raleigh, where the congregation has numerically increased, but in all the missions attached.

* * * * *

Wilmington, the seaport of the old North State, is our largest city, and has many advantages commercially and socially. Doubtless Catholics reached this point early in the century, owing to easy communication with the West Indies. The present church, known as the Pro-Cathedral of St. Thomas, was built by Rev. F. Murphy in 1854. It is a massive structure with a beautiful interior.

Wilmington was frequently ravaged by yellow fever, but in 1862, the malignant disease hurried unusual multitudes to an early grave. Father Murphy, assisted by the Sisters of Mercy, with untiring zeal administered to the dying, averaging more than one hundred each day. The scenes which transpired in this plague-stricken community baffle description. Old citizens, survivors of the dread epidemic, can with difficulty be persuaded to refer to those mournful days when death's sable pall hung over the city. Father Murphy died in 1863, a victim of yellow fever, and was buried in the basement of the church, where a marble monument marks his last resting place.

Subsequent to the separation of North Carolina from the Charleston Diocese by Pope Pius IX. in 1868, when it was raised to a vicariate, the young Vicar Apostolic, our present beloved and most eminent Cardinal, selected Wilmington as his residence. In a paper read by His Eminence before the Historical Society of New York, in his "Recollections of North Carolina," he says: "My sole companion here was Rev. M. S. Gross. Our accommodations (we had no house) consisted of two small rooms, one for an office, another for a library, attached to the rear of the church. But my work on hand left no leisure to breed homesickness. Everything had to be started, missions inaugurated, schools established, priests to be had, conversions to be made."

The young Bishop Gibbons worked without ceasing among the five hundred Catholics in the State. He introduced into the Vicariate the Sisters of Mercy, from a branch of the order founded in Charleston by the illustrious Bishop England, and they established a flourishing school in the city. The Pro-Cathedral was adorned by marble altars and grand paintings, which the Bishop brought with him from Rome when he returned from the Vatican Council.

Wilmington's present pastor has identified himself with the cause of his people and his church. Bishop Haid, now Vicar Apostolic, has established a successful school for colored children, and is aiding the good priest in all his noble undertakings.

Speaking of colored schools, my mind reverts to the significant words penned by Cardinal Gibbons: "I remember on the Saturday after my arrival in Wilmington, October 31, 1868, I witnessed a political torchlight procession of colored people. I learned that this element was

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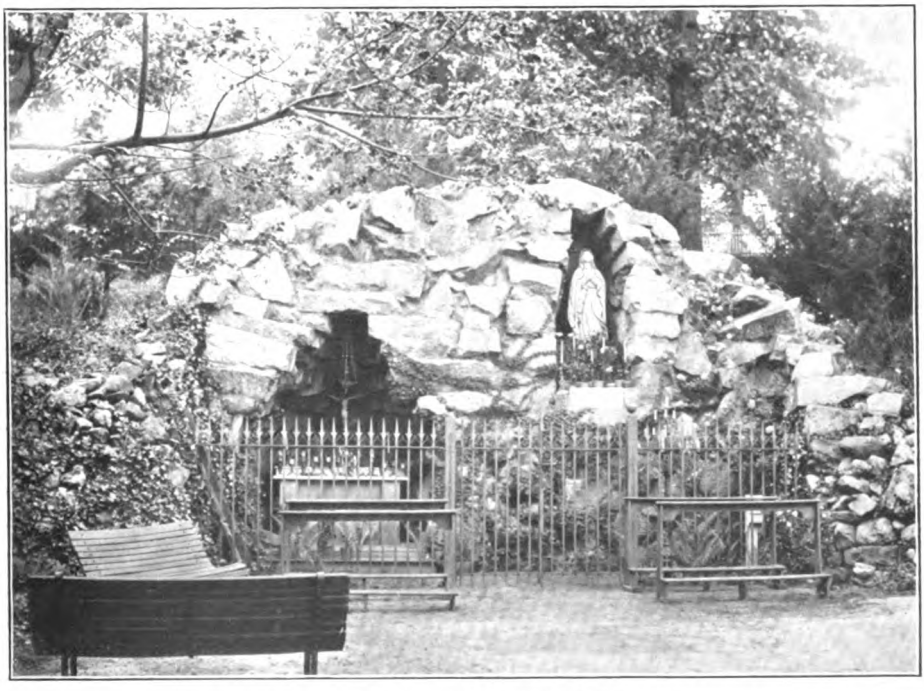
the leading political factor in the State, as it was at that time in the South generally. While right-thinking men are ready to accord the colored citizen all to which he is entitled, yet to give him control over a highly intellectual and intricate civilization in creating which he had borne no essential part and for conducting which his antecedents had manifestly unfitted him, would be hurtful to the country as well as to himself."

* * * * *

A beautiful church was built in recent years at Goldsboro, and dedicated to the Virgin Mother. Another was only lately dedicated at Taboro. Both owe their existence to the noble efforts of Father Price. This Reverend gentleman, a North Carolinian by birth, now sacrifices his sacred ministry to an exclusive missionary work. He publishes *Truth*, a monthly magazine for non-Catholics, which is doing effective good in dispelling ignorance and aids the priests in the work of conversion. It is edited in Raleigh, and subsists by the charity of the faithful.

* * * * *

In Sampson County there is a small settlement called Newton Grove, twenty miles distant from a railroad, in which a congregation sprang up in almost the same miraculous manner as did that of Jerusalem on the first Pentecost. Dr. Monk, a gentleman of more than ordinary intelligence, entertained for a long time serious doubts concerning his religious views. By chance a copy of the New York *Herald*, in the shape of wrapping paper, reached his isolated home. Upon reading it, he perused a sermon, preached by Archbishop McCloskey, on the "One True Church." Instantly the light of faith dawned on his heart. He addressed a letter to "any Catholic priest in Wilmington," requesting to be received into the Church. Shortly after, Bishop Gibbons baptized him and his family, and the neighbors began to imitate his heroic example with the happiest



GROTTO, ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, BELMONT, N. C.

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results. The mission numbers nearly six hundred souls now, all of them converts.

Another mission, with a beginning somewhat similar, was started by three brothers, Irish peddlers, who settled in Duplin County. Strange! They could neither read nor write, yet by their integrity and personal influence, they assisted the priest whom they called to their home, in the work of conversion, and helped to erect the Church of the Good Shepherd. These men have now passed to their reward.

When Bishop Haid visited those counties for the first time in 1888, Mr. Galagher, one of the brothers, drove him in an open buggy from Newton to Good Shepherd, a distance of thirty-six miles. The road took them through sand beds, and swamps alive with reptiles, malaria, and mosquitoes. The Bishop remarked the dismalness of the country, but Galagher, equal to the emergency, retorted, "Yes, my Lord, our good God forgot to finish this portion of North Carolina," and sadly added, "and I believe He never will."

In his "Memoirs," Cardinal Gibbons refers likewise to another interesting mission in this locality: "One of the missionaries went still further and visited the 'classic' precincts of Chinquepin, a village in the dark pineries, where lives a most primitive people, blissfully ignorant of the outside world. Here he met an old Irish woman, who had not seen a priest for forty-five years. Her faith, she said, was still as fresh as the sod of her native home, and her prayers, embalmed in the old Irish tongue, were never forgotten or omitted. Chinquepin grew into a mission of converts with chapel and school."

Goldsboro being conveniently located, has now these missions attached to its church. The zealous priest who attends to the spiritual wants of them has indeed to endure countless temporal wants, owing to the extreme poverty of the people. And yet no place has produced greater or happier results, for God's words seem to be fulfilled: "The poor you have always with you."

Having considered Catholicity in the eastern portion of North Carolina, we shall now briefly regard the growth and condition of our Faith in the western division. Like a queen among her subjects stands the most beautiful of the cities of the State, Asheville. Travellers claim for her the grandeur and natural magnificence of the most favored retreats in Europe, and for healthfulness, agriculture, mineral, and other resources, she is without a peer in the Old North State. Picture to your mind a region where range after range of heavily forested mountains parallel each other like waves of the sea, where interlacing valleys are rich with verdure and flowers, and where silver streams murmur unceasingly. Imagine an air so light and pure that breathing itself seems a newfound joy, then throw over it all a canopy of bluest of Italian blue, and you have what our eminent Catholic novelist, Christian Reid, first named the "Land of the Sky."

"Land of forest-clad mountains, of fairy streams,
Of low, pleasant valleys where the bright sunlight gleams
Athwart fleecy clouds gliding over the hills,
Midst the fragrance of pines and the murmur of rills.

"A land of bright sunsets, whose glories extend
From horizon to zenith, there richly to blend
The hues of the rainbow with clouds passing by—
Right well art thou christened the 'Land of the Sky.'"

During the administration of Bishop Gibbons and while paying the first visit to Asheville in 1868, a vacant plot of land, seven and one-half acres in extent, attracted his attention as a suitable site for a church. Whilst conducting negotia-

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tions for the purchase of a church site, the present valuable Battery Park property could have come into his possession for a few hundred dollars. Now, millions cannot buy it. But means were then wanting. After much labor the necessary funds were collected, a brick building erected and dedicated by him under the invocation of St. Lawrence. Later at Hot Springs, forty miles distant, the resort of health and fashion, Father Gross built a small church for the accommodation of visitors. After years had bright beams of the sun streaming from a dazzling blue sky full upon the mountains in the near distance, at the same time transforming the creamy tints of the altar into pale gold, is impossible. A correct estimate of the amount of good the present pastor in charge accomplishes cannot be given. Numbers who would never have had a claim to a heavenly inheritance now enjoy the bliss of the celestial city through his kindness. They came to this health resort with the last hope for life. Whilst many are cured, many more



PAROCHIAL SCHOOL FOR COLORED CHILDREN, WILMINGTON, N. C.

elapsed, St. Lawrence's in Asheville was found on account of its location to be inconvenient of access. To better meet the demands of the growing congregation, land was obtained in the central portion of the town, almost opposite Battery Park, and a church erected thereon. It is an attractive edifice, just the dainty, ornamental structure required in such a place. To describe the gentle, restful feeling which soothes one's senses as he kneels in that hallowed sanctuary, with the never see their home again. The congregation may be termed fluctuating, as it grows and decreases with the seasons, owing to the influx and departure of visitors; however, the few hundreds permanently located in Asheville are fervent Catholics, worthy sons and daughters of the true Church.

The grandest of the grand peaks surrounding Asheville is Mt. Mitchell, the highest mountain in the United States east of the Rockies. In 1866, with a

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half dozen companions, Dr. Jeremiah O'Connell reached the top through treacherous passes. It had been made memorable by one sacrifice, the life of Prof. Mitchell, of the State University, who, while engaged in authenticating his measurement of the peak, was dashed to pieces on the rocks lying in the bed of the Caney River. But now the summit was to be consecrated by another sacrifice, the grandest and sublimest sacrifice of a God, the unbloody rite of Calvary. Early that August morning, as the sun shot his first rays in great splendor over the eastern hills, diffusing all around a flood of golden light far more brilliant than St. Peter's illuminated, Father O'Connell erected an altar and said Mass. It was the feast of St. Rose of Lima, the first flower of the American Church. There could be no temple more sublime or more worthy of the Holy Sacrifice. The majestic mountains that stood around on all sides, like the ancients before the throne of God, seemed to bare their heads in tumultuous adoration before their Maker. Who can know and tell us that they did not rejoice after centuries of waiting, in being able to pay their first act of jubilant homage to the Hand that raised them up, the unbending witnesses of His power, wisdom, and goodness!

Again on August 17, of this year, our zealous missionary, Father Price, ascended this mountain and nearest to heaven, offered the unbloody Sacrifice for the conversion of North Carolina. It was the Mass of the Assumption of the Glorious Virgin.

* * * * *

Leaving the everlasting hills, the Piedmont Valley next claims our attention. The Southern Railway passes an insignificant looking station, "Belmont;" but one mile beyond that village, we find the very nucleus of Catholicity in the State, as the majestic towers of Maryhelp Abbey greet our eyes. From here the spiritual affairs are administered: here resides the Bishop of the Vicariate; here too is the centre of Catholic education, comprising the magnificently equipped St. Mary's College and the Academy of the Sacred Heart.

Great, and almost insurmountable, difficulties faced the Benedictines when, in 1875, they first set foot on the spot. Remote from the great centre of Catholic population, and outside the settled currents of immigration, the foundation seemed destined to become a failure. The gift of the Rev. Dr. J. J. O'Connell of many acres of forest, with many onerous conditions attached, gave little promise for the future. The first colony that came from the Mother-House in Pennsylvania, regarded the undertaking as extremely hazardous, premature, and hopeless. Men, who themselves doubted, marvel at the success to-day.

By apostolic decree the infant college, in the pineries of North Carolina, was raised to the dignity of an Abbey in 1885, and the following year Rev. Leo Haid, O.S.B., was elected Abbot. With a band of energetic young men, he came to North Carolina, to be clothed with a dignity which in European countries a prince might envy, but here meant little more than drudgery. The mitre was placed upon Father Leo on Thanksgiving Day, 1886, in the Pro-Cathedral of Charleston, S. C., to which diocese the vicariate was then attached under the administration of Bishop Northrop. The noble personality of Bishop Haid is thus described in the New York *Sun*, February 24, 1886:

"He is deservedly esteemed one of the foremost pulpit orators of America. Unconscious of self, his very sermon is an entire tract—touching all the important truths bearing on the subject. . . . Perhaps no one else could be found better adapted to the situation, or equally capable to found a new abbey. He attends personally to every department and seems ubiquitous—on the field, in the chapter, at the workshops, at the altar, in the pulpit, in the choir from four o'clock A. M. to eight P. M. at the canonical hours, in the class room." Even as

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bishop he continues the same simplicity of life, and he never fails to bring before our people the truth of the Gospel in churches, in court-houses, opera houses, public halls — anywhere, everywhere. Like the great Bishop England, he thinks no place unworthy and no audience too small to hear the word of God.



IN THE CONVENT FOREST, BELMONT, N. C.

Abbot Haid was consecrated titular Bishop July 1, 1888, in the Cathedral of Baltimore, and in him was united the double dignity and honor, unique in America, of Abbot and Bishop. He is the successor of three living prelates, His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Keane, and Bishop Northrop, of Charleston. I shall leave to future historians the good work of recording the labors of Bishop Haid as a missionary, and only speak of his monument, the present St. Mary's College and Abbey.

The most conspicuous of the massive buildings within the monastic precincts is the Gothic church erected in 1895 and dedicated by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, surrounded by all the Abbots of the United States and many Bishops. The interior contains gems of Christian art. The stained glass windows are acknowledged universally the finest in the country, and as such, were awarded first prize at the World's Fair.

The Abbey comprises one half wing of the building, is two hundred and forty feet long, forty feet wide, and three stories high, and contains a monastic chapel, chapter rooms, a suite of rooms reserved for the Abbot-Bishop, domitories, and cells for the monks.

The College is two hundred and fifty feet long and sixty feet wide; has study halls, class rooms, dining hall, parlor, laboratory, reading room, library, chapel, and recreation halls. All the buildings are lighted by electricity.

To the north of the church is situated the Music Hall, equipped with a handsome stage. It is outside the monastic precincts, so that the neighboring population may attend the entertainments, which are generally of a classic nature. The workshops, power house, etc., answer the required needs. What strikes the natives most forcibly is the handsome barn, large herd of cattle, and agricultural implements. Benedictines laid the foundation of agriculture in Europe; no surprise, then, that in the forests of North Carolina, history should repeat itself. His Eminence, the Cardinal, is exceedingly proud of this place, which he terms his foundation, since the first steps were

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taken whilst he was Vicar Apostolic, and I once heard a Bishop remark to His Eminence, upon viewing the Abbey from a distance, "Cardinal, this is the brightest jewel in your crown."

The little seminary attached to the Abbey has already become the nursery for priests in the South. More than twenty-five have been ordained within the past twelve years, who now labor in Southern missions. As Seminarians, they learned the poverty and privations of the Bishop's missionaries, and as priests they expect only to share in them, their only aim being the advancement of religion. May the good work go on!

Several years ago, a pet project of Bishop Haid's was to found an academy for girls on a lovely hillside, a short distance from St. Mary's College. His chief object was to place the mother house of the Sisters of Mercy in the Vicariate under the immediate spiritual influence of the Abbey. These good sisters had worked for nearly twenty-five years on various missions, and through the scarcity of priests had never really enjoyed the spiritual comforts for which the soul longs in religious life, though they had deserved them a hundred-fold. The Bishop's project was gratefully and joyfully received by the sisterhood, a plain, yet pleasing building was erected, and a school for girls opened. It now enjoys, after seven years of existence, an enviable reputation. Considering all the difficulties to which schools in this State, with only thirty-five hundred Catholics, are exposed, it has achieved wonders. No other academy in the South, it may be safely said, enjoys such advantages as this. The Sisters now contemplate the erection of a magnificent chapel, which, in addition to the various and handsome buildings, will give to the Sacred Heart Academy an imposing appearance. Through the beneficence of a wealthy Catholic, an orphanage for girls was likewise added to the convent, so that the poor of the Vicariate may have a safe refuge for their children. The convents at Wilmington and Charlotte are subject to the jurisdiction of the Rev. Mother at Belmont.

On St. Patrick's Day, 1851, Rev. Jeremiah O'Connell laid the corner-stone of the first Catholic church in Charlotte, the queen city of the State. The ceremony was simple, quite as unostentatious as the structure, which was dedicated the following year by Bishop Reynolds and called St. Peter's. The church lot is located almost in the heart of the city. At that time a very small sum was paid for the property in comparison with its present value. At the date of erection there were scarcely one hundred adult Catholics in the town, the mission was poor, but the priests who attended this and other places labored with zeal, fidelity and disinterestedness during many years, even through the bitter days of civil strife.

Later the church was attached to the Benedictine mission, and for a number of years has been in charge of a resident priest of the Order. A handsome new church and rectory have replaced the dilapidated frame building of '51. St. Peter's has an attractive exterior and a surprisingly beautiful interior, lovely altars, walls daintily frescoed, windows the best creations of American manufacture, and a grand organ recently placed in position.

The congregation numbers more than six hundred, an extraordinary increase in the South. The energetic pastor has organized various societies, all of which have many members. A parochial school in charge of the Sisters of Mercy is gratifyingly successful. On the whole, this parish may be considered the most successful in the State. The Rev. Rector is especially successful in making converts. Prominent families were recently added to our faith. Considering that Charlotte was first settled by Scotch Presbyterians, it will be only the more gratifying to know that possibly nowhere in the State are priests and Sisters more respected than here. The gentle influ-

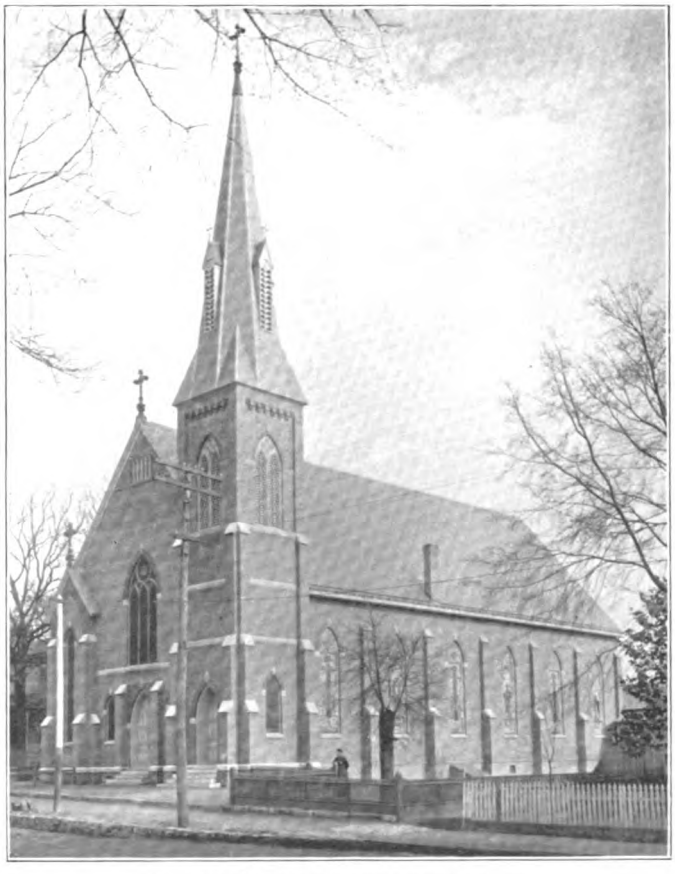
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ence of the educational institute of St. Mary's, only eleven miles distant, has gradually worked upon the people, and the more they come in contact with Catholicity, the more pleased they seem to be. The founding of a school for colored people has opened a new channel for conversions among those people. It may here be mentioned that Bishop Haid has made it a regulation in the Vicariate that in all churches to be built a row of pews either to the left or the right of the aisle must be set aside for the colored people. In this way he has overcome the great difficulties he first met in solving the race question in the church.

* * * * *

Salisbury, forty miles north of Charlotte, is an old mission. During the war, Salisbury was a noted stockade for the captured Federal soldiers, among whom were many thousand Irish and German Catholics. The horrors of this military prison baffle all description; suffice it to say that over eleven thousand died of disease and starvation whose remains now peacefully slumber in the national cemetery to await the eternal call. Their names were never recorded, so it is impossible to compute how many of these belonged to the true faith. The fearless Father J. P. O'Connell administered spiritual consolation to the dying. It may be mentioned that in the Museum of St. Mary's College a chalice is preserved which was stolen during these days in the house of a Catholic and put up as a target by Federal troops. It was hit no less than fourteen times.

The present handsome little church owes its existence to the celebrated Fisher family, on whose property it is located. Colonel Fisher of the Confederate army fell in the first battle of the Civil War. His sister, Miss Christine, and his children entered the Church. Among them is the gifted Frances C. Fisher, now Mrs. Tiernan, who, under the *nom de plume* of "Christian Reid," ranks among the leading Catholic novelists of this country. In the parlor of their colonial residence they were baptized and later confirmed by Bishop Gibbons. The congregation steadily increased by conversions greatly

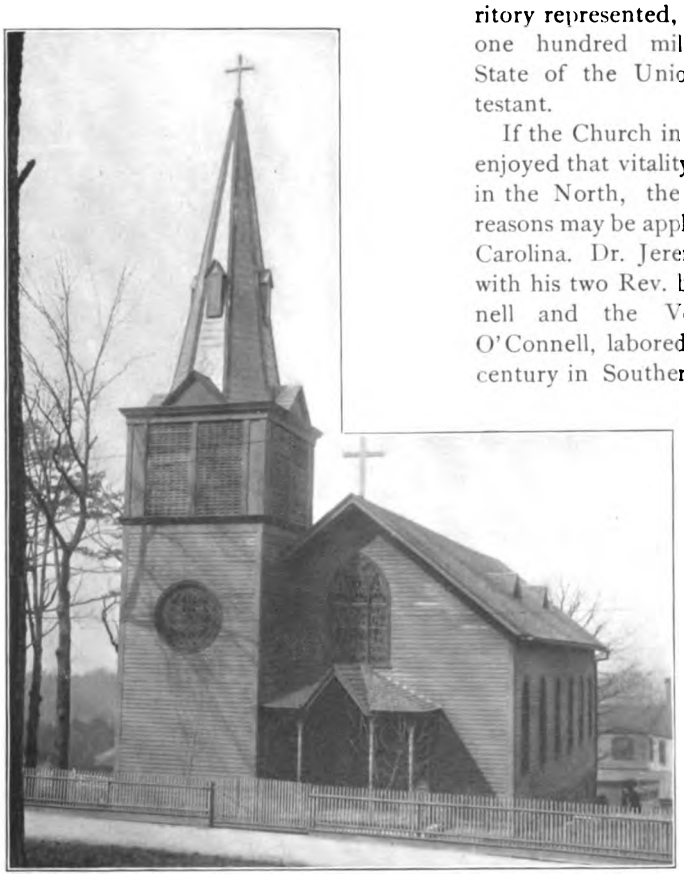


ST. PETER'S CHURCH, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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due to the pious example of the Fishers. In justice it may be said that no mission in the State is as thoroughly Catholic and as edifying in its piety as that of Salisbury. The Southern Railway by its recent enterprises has imparted new commercial life to the city, and in consequence Bishop Haid has assigned the first resident priest to the little flock there. This kindness of the Ordinary is keenly appreciated by the faithful, and they work most harmoniously with the Rev. Rector to the social and religious advancement of the congregation. The church was at once remodelled, a residence built for the priest, and a school opened.

At Greensboro, twenty-five miles north of Salisbury, the present mission was established about 1871. Rev. F. Moore erected a frame chapel and dedicated it to St. Agnes. Bishop Haid gave the place a resident priest. At the present writing transactions are on foot to erect a new church, more conveniently located and better suited to new demands. St. Leo's at Winston is attached to this mission and visited once a month. In each of the other prominent towns of that district, as Reidsville, Burlington, Thomasville, Highpoint, etc., at least one family can be found to represent our faith.



ST. LAWRENCE'S CHURCH, ASHEVILLE, N. C.

The State of North Carolina, with its fifty-two thousand, two hundred and fifty square miles, is almost as large as England; among its one million, seven hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, probably three thousand five hundred are Catholics, or one man in five hundred. The missions with resident priests are few for the territory represented, and often more than one hundred miles apart. No other State of the Union is so densely Protestant.

If the Church in the South has never enjoyed that vitality which it justly claims in the North, the general and specific reasons may be applied *a fortiori* to North Carolina. Dr. Jeremiah O'Connell, who, with his two Rev. brothers, Mgr. O'Connell and the Very Rev. Lawrence O'Connell, labored for nearly one half century in Southern missions, most appropriately says: "Slavery, like another wall of China, isolated the Southern Church from the world abroad, and during a century she sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. The learning of her Bishops, like a lightning flash, was the only ray that rent the universal gloom. Eminent writers who fluently related the progress

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of the Church in America, slightly noticed its existence in the South, or barely recognized it in a line or two, like the epitaph on a tomb."

The entire absence of immigration to North Carolina is the most potent cause of the apparent stagnation of the Church. In recent years, the average immigration to this State was seventy persons a year, less than any other State in the Union, and probably only five of them might have been Catholics. Were it not for the terrible race question, which again, like a fiery dart, has flashed over the horizon of this State, immigration might be encouraged. Our farm lands are fertile, our mountains are rich with pasture and valuable lumber, and in their bosoms they bear priceless mineral wealth; and yet the dreaded negro stands guard over the princely domains and repels the white foreigner who wishes to seek a home. Will it always remain so? Is there no change? The All-Wise Father alone can answer.

To speak of manufacture and commercial enterprises, I must limit myself to cotton mills and distilleries. The laborers in the former, though white, are of such a moral and social standard that Catholics cannot be induced to be numbered among them. And as to the latter, they had better abstain from them entirely. Our Catholics are mostly converts, true and noble sons and daughters of our holy religion. They have a fearless, zealous band of priests protecting their religion and defending their faith. Nothing is left undone by prayer and work, by teaching and preaching, by zeal and good example, by spreading wholesome literature, and coming in social contact with non-Catholic citizens; and if the harvest of conversion nevertheless remains small, we can only, with humble and fervent hearts, point heavenward to the Giver of Grace, and say with St. Paul: "Neither he that planteth is anything, nor he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase."—(I. Cor. 3, 7.)

MODERN CHRISTIAN ART IN CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

By Professor William H. Goodyear.

(*Continued.*)

WE shall now assume that a simple church, Basilica plan, with large wall surfaces, sufficiently lighted, is ready for the brush of the decorative artist. How shall the work be begun? What are the conditions of success?

The first condition is the employment not necessarily of one artist, but distinctly of one absolutely controlling artist, who employs and directs the others. In no other way can one color scheme be attempted and carried through. That there should be great personal confidence and good feeling between the employers and the employed is also, of course, necessary. It is also necessary, or desirable, that the employing priests should appreciate the educational and spiritual value of the pictures to be made, and quite essential that the artists should have in view this value as the real cause of their employment. In other words, we must throw away the idea of decoration as an end in itself, and yet without denying that the merely decorative end must be thoroughly understood and compassed by the designing artist. We must exalt the point of view that the Resurrection and the Crucifixion, the Apparition, the Draught of Fishes, the Giving of the Keys to Peter—in a word, the whole inexhaustible list of Bible subjects—have a unique power when presented in pictorial art, a power which, of course, depends on

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some contact with the story as it is found in literature, or, at least, on a traditional knowledge of it. Pictorial art is a most important adjunct to religious instruction, and its assistance has been wofully neglected in recent times.

I do not see how a reform is possible unless ecclesiastical students strive to acquire some elementary knowledge of the conditions under which the great works of Christian art were achieved in the past; unless they school their taste by some knowledge of the actual matter-of-fact history of the subject. In the present tendency to specialize occupations, and in the hurry of modern life, from which even the Catholic Church cannot escape, I have no exalted anticipations as to the number of ecclesiastics who might undertake their own art education, even in the cause of their beloved Church, but I can see that a respect for the knowledge and power of others in such matters depends on a certain amount of knowledge in themselves. That much knowledge, it seems to me a part of their calling to obtain or strive for.

The elementary condition of any attitude whatever to the subject of art is an ability to guage the subject matter and to value the work according to subject matter and its worthy conception. I have found among Catholics an excellent literary standard, far superior, it seems to me, to that held by the average Protestant of corresponding position or station in life. What is needed is enough fulness of mind, enough knowledge of the subject to apply this literary standard to an art work—the ability to look at the subject and the conception of the subject are then essential.

The application of this remark to our immediate topic is this: In the choice of an artist do not consider that your main mission is to test his knowledge of design. The knowledge of design is essential, but the ability of the artist to present the religious subject in a serious, earnest spirit, in which his own science is purely a means to the worthy representation of the subject, is the main point. *Character* is the quality which we must seek in a work of art and in an artist. The whole matter then of Catholic church decoration seems to me to rest on this question: Is it possible for ecclesiastics, by study of historic art, to acquire a standard which will make them apt in their choice of painters? I will not attempt any answer to the question. Neither is this my affair. My business is rather to point out the causes which have produced the decline of religious art, to indicate the traits by which this decline is distinguished, and to explain the conditions under which religious art once flourished. If this is properly done the remedies will suggest themselves. The greatest remedy of all, a conception of the possibilities and mission of Christian art, might even dawn on some.

It will probably appear from the matter of my papers, as so far presented, that the starting point and axiomatic mental condition of the art critic, as I understand him, is a profound sense of the superiority of the past and of the inferiority of the present in the matter of Christian art. This inferiority is due in the first place to the invention of printing. The substitution of printed books for pictures and carvings deprived these of the one important field of subject-matter which had been their chosen one for ten centuries, viz.: the Bible story, Christian tradition, and Church history. When you deprive an art of its subject-matter, you have cut away its root; it will perish by degrees for want of employment. This is a simple statement of the causes which have led us step by step from the decorations of the Sistine Chapel to the pitiful barrenness in art of a modern Catholic church.

Now there is going on in the civilized world to-day a movement in education which recognizes the failure of an educational system which is confined to books. This movement is represented by the kindergarten, by the idea of manual training in public schools, by the revival of

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decorative art, and in the revival of interest in historic art. It is for the Catholic Church to say whether or not it will take part in this movement outside the necessary reaction which it must in any case experience from it.

But we have to consider another cause of decline, that determined by the division of labor, the specializing of occupations, and the use of machinery. What is done by the trained hand, is done well; what is inspired by independent creative effort is well thought out. The modern stone-cutter is given a cathedral capital carving to *copy*, the ancient stone-cutter invented one for himself, and a different one for each separate column or pillar of the church. This example applies to all trades and consequently to all arts. In general, the use of machinery and the consequent division of labor have crippled the creative power and lowered the moral stamina of the working classes. The artisan of our day is, man for man, the pitiable inferior of the artisan of the Middle Ages.

We have for this difficulty at present only one practical remedy and only one practical recourse. We must get from the aristocracy of intellect and talent by paying double and treble prices, in fact, by paying ten-fold prices, a work of art which any ordinary painter of the sixteenth century could have surpassed. Raphael had fifty scholars, to any of whom we might have confided a work of church fresco decoration with greater security than we should feel with the greatest modern artist. Our only consolation is that if we revive the demand, we shall also revive the supply. Patronage is the lever of art—patronage, not of wealth or caprice, but permanent patronage, will raise any art to any desired level in the long run.

I come back then to the question, how shall taste be cultivated in religious art? The answer is not difficult. Owing to the causes named, viz., the use of printed books, the division of labor and introduction of machinery, to which I am inclined to add the general influence of the Protestant reformation (for its antagonism to Catholic art undoubtedly had reactive detrimental influence on Catholic countries), there has been a gradual and consecutive decline in religious art from about the year 1530 down to the present time. According to the law of decline the seventeenth century art is inferior to that of the sixteenth century, and the eighteenth century art is inferior to that of the seventeenth century. We have, then, a sequence in time by which a sequence in art is determined. The student of religious art traces a progressive rise from the time of the Catacombs up to 1530, and a consecutive decline after that date. When the traits of the progression and of this sequence of decline are once grasped and understood, the criticism of art, religious or otherwise, stands on a firm basis.

It is true that but few of us may have sufficient contact with the originals to train the eye to quick recognition of artistic quality. Still it is important to note that there is a science in this subject which appeals to definite standards and definite authorities. I shall, therefore, now undertake some account of the distinctive traits of the centuries of progress and greatest success in Christian art, as compared with the centuries of its decline.

We begin by noting that in historic Christian art, there were long centuries in which technical perfection in design was made impossible by historic conditions. In the matter of realistic illusion and of scientific drawing, the whole period from the fifth to the fourteenth century was one of frequent shortcomings and general incompetency according to our modern point of view and knowledge. This was owing to the coincidence of early Christian history with the relative barbarism of early Mediæval Europe, to its coincidence with the decadence of Roman civilization, and to the battle between paganism and early Christianity which was waged for the destruction of pagan art as representing pagan belief.

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From this period of Christian art we may learn, however, most interesting lessons; for instance, in Cathedral sculpture, how the beauty of the whole building was still furthered by work which was undeniably deficient in scientific knowledge of form; in mosaics, how gorgeous color effects and imposing solemnity of conception were possible in works which were likewise deficient; in all branches of art, how Mediæval interest in the subject-matter carries our thoughts beyond the mere question of technical perfection.

The study of early Christian art does not lead one to despise science in design, but it leads one to understand how inadequate this science, by itself and alone considered, must be, since such great results were achieved without it.

Both in decorative results and in thoughtful conception of subject-matter, in simple faith and in ingenuous innocence, the art of the Middle Ages is full of exquisite beauties and profound lessons. It had its undeniable limitations, but it had also its undeniable merits, both artistic and religious.

I should say that the great lesson of Mediæval art between the sixth and the fourteenth centuries is, that art to be great must be popular, that it must appeal to faith, to conviction, to the interests and needs of the whole people, not of the favored few of wealth and culture. When we consider the solemn power of the Romanesque frescoes, now mainly destroyed, but still here and there to be judged by surviving relics—when we consider the decorative beauty of the Gothic Portal Sculptures, the unrivalled solemnity and decorative color of the Byzantine Mosaics, the delicacy of the Mediæval wood carvings made for devotional purposes, the extraordinary vigor and inventive quality displayed in Mediæval metal works, and notice how the Christian subject and the Church tradition ruled throughout—we shall find a wide field for the cultivation of taste in Christian art beyond the senseless modern habit of laughing at every design whose quaintness separates it in exterior appearance from the style of the nineteenth century. An art must be judged by its subject-matter. Where that matter is worthy and serious, the art will be essentially good—this I consider the great lesson of Mediæval art.

In the fourteenth century the Italian painting began under Cimabue and Giotto to struggle after greater accuracy in the design of the figure and after a more powerful expression in the matter of gesture and action. The illusive representation of details was, however, still quite neglected. In the fifteenth century this also became a care to the painter. Perspective, light and shadow, precision in drawing, the scientific expression of form and action, the reproduction of the facial portrait—all these things were gradually brought inside the aims of Christian art.

In the early sixteenth century, the supreme moment arrived when modern science in design had been perfected and when intellect and thought still rose triumphant to their own higher aims, making this science their servant and hand-maid. The time of Raphael and Michael Angelo has this distinguishing quality, that its science in design was of supreme perfection, but that the thought of the artist, the subject-matter of Christian art and Catholic tradition, continued to be the essential thing. Design was still a means to an end.

Although we are accustomed to quote the names of certain great geniuses like those above named as characteristic of this period, its greatness was not confined to them. The greatness was that of a period, not of certain men of special genius. This greatness lay in the fact that the subject-matter of the art continued to be what it had always been since the history of Christendom began, that the technical capacity and facilities of the artists were superior to what they had ever been before, and that they had not yet become an end and object of themselves, as distinct from the subject-

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matter. To reattain the perfection of this period of Christian art would demand an amount of patronage equal to that which it enjoyed, an equal amount of public interest, an equally quick and profound public appreciation of the value of art to the cause of religion and the cause of culture, an equally high public conception of the mission of Christian art. For the present, perhaps forever, we must put aside even the ambition of rivalling this past perfection, since it implies a social revolution beyond our power even to hope for. None the less it is clear that our efforts for improvement, our efforts to realize our own possibilities, and to do our own duty in the matter of religious art, must look back to the sixteenth century as the source of inspiration, and that we must be able to realize that little has been done since, even in individual cases, that has not been relative decadence. I am far from saying that we should make the sixteenth century our outward model. This would appear to me absurd, since no century can revive successfully the exterior forms or appearance of its predecessors. But we should make its art the object of study and reverence and appreciation. We should use its art as a standard of appeal in the cultivation of taste, and we should above all consider as the main thing the knowledge of the conditions which produced it. Among these conditions universal patronage of it and universal interest in it must be put first. Let the fact be grasped that the decline of religious art since the sixteenth century is at bottom a decline of patronage ; by which I understand a decline in the whole amount of work done and a decline in the whole number of artists employed.

The elementary difference between the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is this—that whereas the sixteenth century painted the Holy Family entire, the seventeenth century painted a head of the Madonna ; the sixteenth century painted the historic Crucifixion ; the seventeenth century painted the head of Christ crowned with thorns ; the sixteenth century painted the Last Supper, the Draught of Fishes, or the Charge to Peter, scenes in which the apostles appear in their historic activity ; the seventeenth century painted the half figure of one saint in a picture whose main claim to interest is the realistic success in painting the portrait of a picturesque model. The distinction between the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is thus in the first place a distinction in physical extent, in amount, quantity and dimensions, a distinction concealed from view by the fact that the characteristic pictures of the former period are wall paintings which can only be seen in the buildings which they decorate, whereas the characteristic pictures of the latter period are the panel pictures which fill the galleries of Northern Europe. In this mere fact of portability, the element of smaller dimension is contained. Otherwise, when the panel pictures themselves are considered, the same philosophy of the subject asserts itself, when we notice that the characteristic type of the seventeenth century panel is a head or a half figure, as compared with the full figure composition of the sixteenth century.

Side by side with the diminution in patronage thus attested, ran the efforts of the artist to save himself, to make himself felt, to draw the eye, to please the sense. In a word, the whole character of the seventeenth century religious art betrays the relative insecurity and the anxiety of the artist. Hence it is more demonstrative, more sentimental, more disposed to exalt the importance of details and consequently more commonplace. What use may be made of these historic distinctions by the patrons of modern religious art, I shall now endeavor to point out.

We have seen how the diffusion of printing deprived the art of painting of its importance and leading position. The social and political revolutions of the Reformation period had also much to

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do with the decline of Christian art. In Protestant countries it was formally antagonistic. In Catholic countries, the battle with the Reformation absorbed the energies which had once found their outcome and expression in it. The Catholic Church was now poorer, it was often hard pressed to hold its own in the field of politics or religion, as the case might be. All this tended to depress the enthusiasm of the artist, to lessen the exaltation of his spirit, and to weaken the moral and material support which the community gave him.

We turn now, under these conditions, once more to the seventeenth century, the time of Van Dyck, Rubens, Murillo and Domenichino, of Carlo Dolci and Le Sueur.

I have no wish to under-estimate the beauty of its paintings or the warmth of its Catholic faith, but there was a lamentable decline at this time in power of thought, in simplicity of expression and in average dimension, for wall decoration was almost abandoned. There was a tendency to exalt the means above the end, to make the picture pleasing to the eye, at the expense of its serious interest. The machinery and science of art began to be exalted at the expense of subject-matter. This is the time of Madonnas which are simply aristocratic ladies, of holy families which are scenes taken from the nursery, of Divine shepherds which are simply beautiful children, of crucifixions whose human agony was more interesting to the artist than the triumph of our Lord over death, of martyrdoms whose gory cruelties were stressed at the expense of good taste, of saints whose emaciation is more evident than their learning, or their piety, or their services to man, of evangelists whose sentimental attitudes and expressions ought to be revolting to every well-bred gentleman. The seventeenth century was at times a very carnival of bad taste in religious art; it was at its best generally not much more than a period of art when beautiful pictures were more in demand than serious thought. Its productions have flooded the galleries of northern Europe. The print-shop windows are full of its Magdalens and Ecce Homos. There is not much hope for modern Catholic art until the true quality of seventeenth century Catholic painting as universally known to art historians, is equally well known to the average taste of the cultivated Catholic world. What is needed is that we should learn to reverence Raphael and Michael Angelo not only as great painters but also as sincere Christians, and good Catholics.

I do not allow myself to be guilty of the absurdity of elevating the Catholicism of the sixteenth century above that of the seventeenth century, but I do most distinctly say that the quality which makes Shakespeare greater than Dryden, and which makes Corneille greater than Racine, also makes Michael Angelo greater than Guido Reni. I say that the distinction, as far as paintings go, is not one simply between men, but that it is also one between periods. I say that there is no criticism of Christian art which does not draw the line distinctly against what was done after 1600 as compared with what was done before, and I say that it is highly important for intelligent and educated Catholics to master the rudiments of art criticism as recognized by all historic critics in the matter of the distinction of styles according to centuries.

It is rather important after the sweeping assertions preceding, to qualify our general remarks on seventeenth century religious painting by noting the more serious artists as against the less serious. The heaviest weight of stricture falls on the Italians of this century. The Flemings and Spaniards are undoubtedly superior in point of religious warmth and of serious intellectual purpose for the given time. Among the Flemings, we must in this point of view again differentiate between Van Dyck and Rubens in favor of the latter, who was the greatest religious artist of the century. In Italy we must place Domenichino far above Guido Reni

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or Guercino in the matter of sincerity and thought. The summary of all this matter is that in the decline of religious art the facility and science of the artist came to be of more importance than the serious treatment of his subject.

I have taken the point of view in preceding matter that some historic knowledge of Christian art would be an excellent guide to a proper standard in modern Catholic art, as tending to correct the mistake commonly made by the non-expert, that a painting is judged for its technique before it is judged for its thought. I do not wish to urge this matter of historic art education further than common sense or average possibility would carry us, but it seems to me high time that intelligent Catholics should put themselves on the average level, and even on the progressive level, of the taste of the day. Admitting that taste in art cannot be ladled up in buckets or dealt out in reading courses, it is still possible for non-experts to recognize the success and employ the talents of the admitted leaders in American art.

When we strike the heart of the matter the truth will be this, as to the present relation of the Catholic Church to art: In all matters of general culture, all religious faiths are interested, and all are dependent on a general movement in culture which is confined to none. As a question of general culture, there has been in modern architecture a deplorable indifference to interiors as to their proper color decoration by monumental pictures, a deplorable excess of attention to exteriors and an excess of expenditure on exteriors, with inadequate results. In this mistake the Catholic Church of the nineteenth century has suffered, as is natural. In the progress of events and of modern education there is a tendency to correct this error and to retrieve this lapse, which becomes more and more apparent the more the works of historic Italian art are studied and enjoyed, the more the possibilities of interior decoration are realized, as these works of the past become known to a wider circle of travellers and students.

The progressive movement is distinctly felt in this country, and of its effects I might cite many instances. Now I say that the Catholic Church ought to be abreast of this movement and it ought to lead it. A taste for color and a taste for music are natural to the Catholic temperament, which is at large warmer, more sympathetic, and more artistic than the Protestant temperament. The subjects of religious art are nearer to the tastes and comprehensions of Catholics; the average dimensions and splendor of their churches are already superior to others, their church financial policy is sounder and their church financial standing is firmer.

What is needed first, then, is a redistribution of estimates in the matter of new churches; second, a collaboration of architect and artist in which the wall spaces needed by the latter are properly distributed and seen to by the former; third, an appreciation by the priesthood of the spiritual and educational value of pictures in churches; fourth, the employment of artists of recognized distinction or possibilities in the given specialty and of known decorative power.

On this last head let me say a final word. The wall painting demands qualities and talents which may or may not be possessed by a successful oil painter. More than that, the almost exclusive use of oil paintings in the last two centuries has cultivated methods of painting which are prejudicial to the qualities of fresco. Hence our difficulties in reviving that art. The first elementary difference between these arts is that of permanent location on the one side and of portability on the other. Permanent location means monumental quality, and this again means dignity and power as inexorable conditions of success. In the oil painting we may ask for many other qualities and may concede the absence of these. In the wall painting dignity and power are absolutely essential. In the latter again we demand life-

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size figure, composition and subordination of landscape and detail. Wall-painting, therefore, demands a draughtsman having at his fingers' ends the science of figure. Simplicity of arrangement and effect is presupposed by the foregoing conditions. The oil painting may win favor by complication and by elaboration, not so the wall painting. With every increase of dimension in painting we demand a simpler scale of color, a more commanding balance of outlines and forms at the expense of multiplied tints and shadows. As regards the color scheme, the very best decorative talent of our day is needed if even a remote approximation to the glories of old Italian art in color harmony is to be obtained. It is, therefore, essential that artists be employed who have already made a specialty of the problem of decoration. That many superior oil painters have paid no attention to these problems is well known. Finally, artists of serious character and intellectual power, as distinct from those merely efficient in technical detail, are demanded by the wall painting. It is one glory of the Catholic Church to have developed in past centuries the greatest school of art which has been known since the ancient Greeks. Doubtless she will do her fair share in that revival of art which is one glory of the later nineteenth century.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

By D. S. Beni.

"Fleet footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs."

A LETTER to-day from a sorrow-stricken, widowed mother, telling of the death of her two sons, her only children, at the battle of San Juan, revives within my heart, most vividly, some incidents of the Civil War, one of which, a scene so sad in its surroundings and its sequences, will hardly be credited by those who did not witness it. But before unveiling the sad picture, let us throw a gleam of sunshine on this page, by showing the happy home-life of a most estimable family, before the "disastrous accidents" of war had veiled all in gloom.

Our home was in a small city or town, picturesquely nestled in the shadows of the Blue Ridge, and in a population of six or eight thousand, I think no man was more universally respected and beloved than John Randolph Creighton. He was a lawyer, as distinguished for his literary tastes and attainments, as for his success in his profession. His family were among our nearest and certainly our dearest neighbors, and interwoven with the most pleasant recollections of my childhood, are the hours I spent under their hospitable roof. Mr. Creighton had some peculiarities; he visited little, finding his pleasure in his own home; he had few intimate friends, he was exceedingly particular about the associates of his children, he devoted himself to his family, who fully repaid all his tenderness. Mr. C. and all his children were musical, and every evening they had a little musical entertainment, followed by reading selected by Mr. C. About once a week, they invited a little coterie of congenial friends to spend the evening with them in this charming and improving way. Mrs. C. was a niece or grandniece of Thomas Jefferson, and she looked like a lady of the olden times, for the beauty of her sweet, gentle face was enhanced by the quaint lace caps which she always wore. She was thoroughly congenial to Mr. C. in his tastes and inclinations; both were devoted to children, and certainly both practised in a

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marked degree that "affability to the poor" recommended by Holy Writ. They dispensed an open-handed charity, and in after years, when I read in the "Life of Charles Dickens" that he often walked five miles a day to visit some poor child, the pen-picture of his charity immediately recalled Mr. C. to my mind. I think he never passed a child without speaking to it; if it was bright and intelligent, he invited it to come and see him, and in this way many young men of humble position were allowed the use of his fine library, and Mr. C. himself directed their reading, for he was always willing to "help those who helped themselves." As to his home, his door was always open, and no one of refinement ever visited L—— without being entertained by the Creightons, not at a grand table catered by Delmonico, but with real, genuine hospitality at a well-filled board, where was found

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

The old-fashioned house must have been a remnant of Colonial days; certainly there were no ground rents when it was constructed, for the one object seemed to be to spread out as much as possible. The furniture and all the surroundings were antique; old china, old silver, everything in it would have been treasures beyond price in the Centennial craze. There were old-fashioned portraits, fine oil paintings and beautiful engravings. The history of each one I think I knew perfectly when I was ten years old, for it was Mr. C.'s delight to relate or read to us everything connected with them. Among their treasures was a handsome chair which had been used by the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, which was either given to Mrs. C. or bequeathed to her by Thomas Jefferson, who was in Paris at the time of the execution of that unhappy Queen, and secured the chair as a souvenir. Sometimes Mrs. C. would show us the queer little ball dresses and high-heeled slippers which she had worn as a young girl in Washington, such as we afterwards saw reproduced at the Martha Washington tea parties. She told us many stories of the olden time, but none touched my heart, or had such a fascination for me, as that connected with the chair of Marie Antoinette. How many tears I shed over her death and the sufferings of the poor little Dauphin, as dear Mrs. C. related it to us so pathetically as *a true story*. The Creightons were Episcopalians, and I believe conscientiously exact to their convictions; in all the years we lived together almost as one family, I never heard one unpleasant word about religion, and from what I know of their character, I am sure they respected us all the more for being staunch Catholics. My mother had so impressed it upon our youthful minds that, living among Protestants, we had a double duty to perform; we must "be ready to give a reason for the faith that was in us," give good example, and let every one see that we were proud to be of the true faith. I was so imbued with this pardonable pride, that although I then knew not the words: "*Oh, if thou didst but know the gift of God*," it was certainly the sentiment uppermost in my heart, and the extensive sign of the Cross I always made when I was at the table with Protestants, I am sure must have surprised them.

One day at Mr. Creighton's, I forgot it was Friday, and was just going to help myself to a piece of meat, when Bessie whispered to me gently: "Agnes, don't forget this is Friday," and with a delicacy which would have done credit to maturer years, she quietly had my plate removed. Oh! how I thanked her, for had I eaten meat on Friday, I should have deemed life too short to atone for the scandal given to my Protestant brethren! Mr. C. had lost his oldest children, five boys, who died in childhood, who were known to me only by family tradition and the names on their tombstones. He had two married daughters, besides two daughters and two sons at home. It was his rule

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to take a long walk with his children every day for exercise, for there was nothing effeminate in his training of young people. In these long walks we always accompanied them, but later when the two Creightons went to the University and our boys to college, the little party was reduced to Mr. C., Bessie and myself, and as we walked along he told us beautiful stories or repeated rural poems for us. There was a favorite walk of several miles to a place called the "Rattling Bridge," where the scenery was most beautiful. High hills, covered with wild azaleas, surrounded it in every direction, and the bridge spanned a deep ravine, the sides of which were covered with luxuriant ferns which cast their long shadows in the silvery stream below. In the Spring it was like fairy land. Along the road, broad fields, green with tender young wheat, spread out before us; the orchards laden with pink and white feathery fruit tree blossoms, the little violets peeping out from their mossy beds showed us that all nature had put on its sunniest smile to greet Christ in His glorious Resurrection. Turning our faces back towards the town, the mountains towered far above it, covered with verdure of many shades, relieved by white dogwood and graceful festoons of that beautiful mountain moss which I have never seen elsewhere, but which there falls in great sheets of pure white and brilliant rose color from the overhanging rocks, "upon which nature's ready pencil paints the flowers."

The wagon road which leads up to the summit of the Blue Ridge is thickly covered with a silvery white sand intermingled with quartz which shines and glistens in the sun like a terrestrial "Milky Way" upon a dark-blue background. The hills in every direction are covered with "Johnny-jump-ups," and later in the Summer we used to gather wild field poppies and the pretty corn-flowers, which

"With their blue eyes in tears o'erflowing
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn."

Afar off towards the north a spur of the Alleghanies loomed up grand and gloomy, with its sighing pines and its hemlocks, "a remnant of the forest primeval." In Winter, when the fleecy snow covered our beautiful valley with its silvery veil, we took our sleds, for Mr. C. always knew the best sliding places, and he even "pulled us up" the hills. But these were days of peace.

At the beginning of the Civil War, Mr. C.'s sons had graduated with the highest honors at the University, John Randolph Creighton, Jr., was practising law with his father, and Henry was studying for the Anglican ministry. Miss Jennie, the oldest daughter, was about twenty-five, a charming, intellectual woman, Bessie, the youngest of the family, was seventeen, and I, her little friend, just fifteen, when we saw the troops march out with glittering arms and martial music, little dreaming of the horrors of fratricidal war.

"The noble steeds and banners bright,
And gallant youth and stalwart knight
In rich array;——
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!
Like the bright dew-drop on the grass,
They passed away."

One month later, it was Sunday, July 21, the town looked deserted, and the clouds hung low all day—not the clouds which portend a thunder shower—"but over it was spread a heavy night, an image of that darkness which was to come upon it." There was a sound of distant rumbling, and in whispers it was passed from mouth to mouth: "A battle is going on," and the day was spent in suspense and fear, which cannot be described. At three o'clock that day, a young lady died in the town, and just before her death, when she was supposed to be unconscious or delirious, she terrified every one around her by her screams: "A battle! see how they fall! Now they lie flat with their faces

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to the ground! The shells tear them to pieces, and among the bushes, side by side, die Randolph and Henry Creighton locked in each other's arms! There on that side falls Cousin Creighton Carter!" Then she expired. I think we must have been sixty or eighty miles from the battle field, and at another time, perhaps the low rumbling of the artillery would not have been noticed. A sleepless night followed—the next day passed and still no news. The clouds still hung over us like a funeral pall, and there was around us the stillness of death—when suddenly, at 8.30 P. M., a horseman dashed down the street, and halting in the Court House square, looked in every direction, as if to locate something. His right arm was in a sling and the bandages on his hands were covered with blood. My father immediately stepped out to the curb-stone, and the trooper advanced towards him, and looking at a paper he held in his hand, he said, "Can you tell me where I can find George B. ——— ? I bring news of the battle."

"I am he, what news do you bring?"

"Victory is ours," said the young soldier triumphantly, "but Col. S. of the Third Regiment sends the list of dead from Co. B" Here he read aloud: First Lieut. John Creighton Carter; Second Lieut. John Randolph Creighton; Private Henry Carter Creighton, the fourth name which had been written with a pencil on the battle field was —— illegible. "Can you not tell me the name of the fourth?" my father asked anxiously.

"I am sorry I cannot, but it was impossible to learn, as I was detailed to bring the bodies, as soon as my wound was dressed, and the battle was scarcely over. Oh! it was a noble charge, the enemy in full retreat, the war is virtually at an end. I came in advance of the wagon, which moves slowly, as we have travelled all night and all day. The burial must take place at once." My father tried in vain to hear something of my brother, who was also in Co. B, only eighteen years of age, and as the message was sent directly to my father, it led him to believe that the fourth name was that of my brother, though he told his fears to no one. It was a terrible moment. My father turned to me and said: "Try to dress his wound, give him a substantial supper, tell John to assist him to bed, and see that his horse is put up—I must go." The wound which the young warrior called slight, was the loss of the first three fingers on his right hand! My father went to carry the crushing news to Mr. Creighton. As he reached the house, he saw through the open windows, Bessie at the piano and Mr. C. accompanying her with the flute; Mrs. C. and Miss Jennie sat at a little distance from them, playing chess. My father paused, and these words of Keble's hymn fell on his ear:

"And well it is for us, our God should feel
Alone our secret throbbings: so our prayer
May readier spring to heaven, nor spend its zeal
On cloud-born idols of this lower air.

"For if one heart in perfect sympathy
Beat with another, answering love for love,
Weak mortals all entranced, on earth would lie,
Nor listen for those purer strains above."

My father walked away, he was unequal to the duty laid upon him. Then he sought a friend, Mr. R. and begged him to take his place. Finally both went together, and calling Mr. C. they told the crushing news. Mr. C. received it quietly, said not one word, but returned into the house. Lieutenant Carter was Mr. C.'s nephew, a promising young lawyer only twenty-seven, who left a wife and four children. When the news was carried to Mrs. Carter, she fell to the floor and remained unconscious for several hours. Mr. R. and my father then repaired to the cemetery to have

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the graves prepared. The night was spent walking back and forth from the suburbs, watching for the wagon which bore such a precious weight. About two A. M., while the moon was shining almost as bright as day, the wagon rolled slowly down the street. About six gentlemen followed it with Mr. C. Anxious inquiries were made about the fourth coffin, which strange to say was the only one unmarked, but the driver knew nothing, he was a civilian pressed into service. As the procession passed on slowly, from the house directly opposite to Mr. Creighton's, a young man stepped forth, and joined in silently. He was a Catholic priest. At the grave there were no funeral services, "not a prayer was heard, not a funeral note," as the bodies were lowered into the earth, but we know that some prayers were said from the heart, though not audibly. Where was the fourth one to be buried? In consecrated ground? or where? No one knew. Mr. R. said: "We will be obliged to open the box." My father walked away.

"Breathless he waits and listens—
A desolate hearth may see;
And God alone to-night knows where
The vacant place may be!"

And when Mr. R. called out softly: "It is John Foster," all wept, not because John Foster was a relative or even a friend, but death is "that touch of nature which makes us all kin."

"There all are equal, side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still."

And all hearts wept in deepest sympathy and sorrow. John Foster was a brave young fellow,—some one must tell his poor father—then Mr. Creighton, forgetting his own grief, said: "I will go with you when the day dawns. Poor Foster! when he sees a companion in shipwreck and in sympathy, it may help him to bear his cross."

As Mr. Creighton turned away from the grave, his eyes fell upon the young priest; he looked at him a moment and then extended his hand to him across the grave; it was a reconciliation. Father X. was a most gifted man, a convert, and seven years before when he announced his intention of going to Rome to study for the priesthood, Mr. C. had opposed it earnestly. For a year Father X. had been the pastor in L——, and although his house was directly opposite to that of Mr. C., the latter had never called on him or shown him any courtesy. Father X. had retaliated as the saints retaliate; he had spent that night in prayer for Mr. C. and his sons, and we will see later how that prayer was answered by the conversion of Mr. and Mrs. Creighton. The next day the whole town was in mourning. Everybody knew and loved the Creightons; they had had a kind word for everyone, rich and poor. During the following week the funeral services were held in the Episcopal Church, a meaningless ceremony certainly, for they knew not of prayers for the dead. Everybody wondered at the composure and self-control of the Creightons; theirs was that awful, crushing, stunning sorrow which paralyzes the heart and finds no relief in tears. Miss Jennie had scarcely spoken since that awful night of July 22, and after the service in the church she ceased to speak, and for seven years she never uttered one syllable, neither did she eat unless the food was put in her mouth. She acted like one in a trance, never changing her position unless she was told to move, and then she did so mechanically. Bessie was the sunlight and the comfort of her home. She had no thought of self, but tried in every way to lighten the cross of her devoted parents. One day she asked me to go with her to the cemetery, where a massive slab had been placed over the double grave. Mr. C. himself wrote the epitaph.

"Under this stone lie buried
John Randolph Creighton,
aged 23, and
Henry Carter Creighton,
aged 21,

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Brothers, as they fell side by side in battle
July 21st, 1861.

"Brothers in blood and faith,
Brothers in youthful bloom;
Brothers in life, brothers in death,
Brothers in one same tomb.

"Well fought they the good fight,
In death the victory won;
Sprung at one bound to Heaven's light
And God's Eternal Son!"

Bessie sat down beside the grave, and wept as if her heart would burst under its weight of woe. Could this be the pretty, joyous, light-hearted Bessie Creighton? Oh! true it is, that "the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning," and as I tried to console her, she said: "Oh! let me cry, I am so glad to be where no one can see me. I hide my tears and my grief at home, because I must try to bring a little sunshine to my father and mother. Do you remember, Agnes, when we were studying Ancient History, like foolish children we said, we wished we could see a war? Now we have seen it, and this is what it has brought to me." Hoping to divert her, I pointed to the beautiful acacia trees around the cemetery which were covered with a heavy dew, or drops from a gentle shower, that sparkled in the sunshine like innumerable diamonds. Bessie said: "They are tears—all nature weeps, and every flower I see has a tear hidden within its heart." Mr. Creighton tried to alleviate his own grief by going from house to house to comfort the sorrowful, for almost every day brought news of more wounded, dead or dying, and his heart knew how to sympathize and "to weep with those who weep." Later, when the great battles near us made our town one vast hospital, Mr. C. visited the wounded every day, waiting on them, writing letters for them and cheering them in their suffering; whenever he found a Catholic ill, he notified the priest, and I never attended a soldier's funeral that Mr. C. was not near the bier. He was especially kind to the widows of those who fell in battle, and from his farm near the town, he had provisions sent to them. But this did not last long, for even "the seed time and harvest failed," for there were neither men to work nor horses to plow, and at the close of the war, I think we might have gone from one end of the county to the other, without seeing one field fenced in, the boards had been used for firewood, and stone fences levelled to give way for the passage of the troops, first of one army, then of another. There was scarcely a family in the town which was not in mourning, and now, as I look back, I wonder how the human heart survived each sorrow and the continual anguish of suspense, almost as crushing as the sad reality. We learned from the wounded, who were brought home from camp, that on the twenty-first of July the Third Regiment, with others of the same brigade, had orders to fall flat among the bushes, where they lay for two or three hours under heavy fire, without firing a shot, until they were ordered to charge, just before three o'clock, and in the charge the two Creightons fell and died in each other's arms. Lieutenant Carter fell by their side, and thus the words of the dying woman were verified. The Holy Scripture says, "It is better to go into a house of mourning than to a house of joy," and Mr. Creighton's was certainly the house of mourning. There was no longer the sound of music within its walls. The piano was covered with its pall, the shrouded violins in their narrow coffins were hidden from the sight of men and the flutes hushed in silence; for the Divine Musician played upon the human heartstrings, attuning them to the song of sorrow, until every note should be in perfect harmony with His own.

During the Summer of 1862, Mr. C. received word that his daughter, Mrs. R., was dead. Her husband was in the army, and her seven children, the eldest ten years of age, were on their Southern

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plantation with about two hundred colored slaves. We were then within the Federal lines, there was no way to reach them or write to them, and his other married daughter and her only child had died within the same week. Mr. and Mrs. C. tried to be cheerful and look forward to the time when the little ones could come to them to bring sunlight into their desolate home, but that time never came, for their father would not part with them. In spite of their sweet, quiet resignation, I think I never looked at Mr. or Mrs. C. without thinking of the words of Job, "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, at least you, my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me;" for, like him, they saw before them only ruined hopes, a desolate fireside and a name extinct, and they said always, "May His holy will be done."

This was the agony, but the summit of Calvary was not reached. There were still ties to be severed, and on July 21, 1863, after a short illness, the noble-hearted Bessie Creighton, bowed down by suppressed grief, passed beyond the veil. I went at once to the sorrow-stricken home. I asked Mr. C. to let me take his place by her side. He answered: "Let me have her to myself; I will not leave her till she is taken from me." I tried to say a word of sympathy and consolation, but I could scarcely speak.

"O, what were life if life were all? Thine eyes
Are blinded by their tears, or thou wouldst see
Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off skies,
And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee."

After the record of Bessie's death in the family Bible, Mr. C. had written these words, which were seen only after his death:

My God, these gifts were Thine ere they were ours:
Oh give us strength to give them back to Thee.
With patient resignation.

One day towards the close of 1864, Mr. C. called at our house, and my father said to him cheerfully: "There is a prospect of peace, and that is good news." Mr. C. said: "You may read it to me," and as my father read aloud, Mr. C. leaned his white head upon his cane. "They cry peace, peace, when there is no peace, the time is past," said Mr. C. My father continued the article in which the word reconstruction was used many times. Then almost in a tone of despair Mr. C. said: "*Reconstruction!* impossible! Can they reconstruct our desolated fire-sides, can they breathe the breath of life into my dead children and give me back my home? Reconstruction is beyond the power of man."

In 1866 Mrs. Creighton was paralyzed, and although helpless her mental faculties were unimpaired. This was the moment of God; she and Mr. C. received the light of Faith, and together they were admitted into the true Fold, by Father X., and her death in 1868, was to her but the beginning of life. Mr. C. had never spoken of his children after their death, but of Mrs. C. he spoke incessantly, saying over and over again: "All good came to me through her, she taught me to trust in God, and though He slay me, I will trust Him still." Miss Jennie's condition remained unchanged, and at last Mr. C. yielded to the solicitation of his friends and consented to send her to a hospital for treatment. Only those who knew Mr. C. can judge what this separation cost him. In her affliction he had devoted himself to her, and it was like giving publicity to his family troubles, which were to him so sacred. After a year, she returned home much improved, but still her condition was most pitiable, she spoke as one awaking from sleep. She was so gentle, and so grateful for every attention. She had been exceedingly fond of chess, and as she had frequently played with my younger sister, the physician suggested this as a diversion for her. At first she placed her men at random, but after they

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were placed for her she began to play, and when she observed that my sister did not checkmate her, when she could have done so, she said gratefully, "How kind you are, you do not want to give me pain." But the battle of life for her was over, and in 1870 she joined her loved ones who had passed beyond the tomb, and Mr. Creighton said: "My God, I thank Thee, all have passed over the river before me."

Mr. C. remained in the old homestead, with no other companions than two faithful Irish Catholic girls, who had been in his household for years, and whose silent fidelity had made an impression upon him for good, and a colored man-servant who waited on him. Instead of the long walks to the country, he now lived the life of a recluse, taking exercise only in his large garden. We went sometimes to see him, and although he received us most kindly, we were not sure but that we were intruding upon his grief. Indeed I never could pass the house without emotion, when I thought of the many hours I had spent there, for Dante says: "*Nessun maggior dolore che ricordarsi della gioia nella miseria*, there is no greater grief than to remember days of joy, when sorrow is at hand."

One day in 1876, I was surprised to see Mr. C. sitting on his front porch, and as I drew near, he said: "Come here, my child, sit down beside me and tell me where you have been that I have not seen you for so long—I love you because you are the child of a good and virtuous man—I knew your father and your grandfather, yes, and even your great-grandfather, and where have you been all this time?" I answered that I had only been away three weeks attending the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. "And what is this Exposition?" It was then September, and he had lived so far out of the world that he had not even heard the echo of the Independence bell which resounded over the whole Continent, but he seemed interested when I told him what I had seen, especially when I spoke of the paintings, and he talked like himself, "though as one whose voice seemed faint, through long disuse of speech." The next time I went to that dear old house it was to pay a last farewell to that kind friend, who lay still in death, but a happy death purchased by a long crucifixion, which opened to him the gates of life eternal. But it was a sad funeral. Everything in the house remained just as I had first seen it in my childhood, not even a piece of furniture had disappeared or changed its place, and in the midst of those things he had loved, lay the master, the noble-hearted Christian gentleman whose life had been spent in kindness towards others. He was a gifted man,

"But he has a higher and nobler fame
By poor men's hearths, who love and bless the name
Of a kind friend; and in low tones to-day
Speak tenderly of him who passed away."

The chief mourners who walked next to the coffin, were his two faithful Irish girls—who were faithful to the end—they had assisted him when the summons came suddenly, repeating with him acts of love, contrition, hope and confidence, catching his last whisper: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him still, Jesus, Jesus come! I believe—I hope, I repent."

A short time after his death, some ambiguity in the wording of his will, resulted in an auction sale of all his property. The things which had been so sacred in his eyes, seemed now to be public property, even the record in the family Bible and his own private diary were opened, read and commented upon.

"Nothing is our own; we hold our pleasures
Just a little while, ere they are fled:
One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own except our dead."

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ONE OF THE UNNUMBERED.

By John J. à Becket.

IT was six in the morning of a cheerless December day. The lowering sky hung in dismal greyness above the bare brown fields. The country road, stiff with the frosts of the night, stretched a forlorn streak of solitude. The dawn seemed breaking dispiritedly on the chilly world. A few fitful snowflakes, dry minute particles, floated about in the air, not even hardy forerunners of a cheering storm. It was an hour and a morning which they best enjoyed who were snugly bestowed in warm beds, asleep.

The numbing dullness of the scene was punctuated by one living thing. An old woman past seventy-five Winters (she did not suggest past Summers) was toiling along the road with resolute slowness. Her burden of years lent a feeble roll to her gait humorously suggestive of a mariner's.

A black shawl was held tightly around her narrow shoulders. A warm but unsightly "quilted" hood sheathed her head like a baby's cap. From it her wrinkled faced peered out, as a walnut might from its shell.

One intuitive of the soul in human features would have found an odd beauty in that old face, of a serener grace than the senile tenderness breathed for centuries from the stone Silenus with protective yearning for the Babe in its arms: the beauty to which the heart quivers. As the face of age has its last ugliness when it shows the scorings of vice, this wrinkled visage held the mellowed sweetness of a lifetime on the heights.

The small sunken black eyes had the shy softness of a wood violet. The thread-like line of the thin, closed lips was movingly benign. The cheeks dipped from the broad high bones into hollows with a like pathetic accent.

Her dark brown woolen skirt cleared the ground by three or four inches, revealing the stoutly shod feet. One of the shoes showed a small rent near the toe, eloquent of poverty rather than untidiness.

The old woman's hands were tucked away beneath her shawl, perhaps through the spirit that leads him who prays to his closet. For the stubby fingers were slowly passing one bead after another of a wooden rosary through their calloused tips. From longtime friction of this kind the grains had taken on a modest lustre.

Poor old hands, whose rest was prayer, though their labor was a prayer, too. On their backs, in dim blue ridges, rose the veins, hypocritically full conduits of the blood that performed its function for the outworn body with tepid laggardness.

Had the villagers seen her, this is what they would have surmised her hands were doing, as they would also have known the term of her lonely course that Winter morning before the sun had softened the iron grey sky to cloudy pearl. They knew nothing short of a cyclone would prevent Mother Brennan from journeying each morning to the ugly wooden church on the outskirts of the village, a full mile from her own box of a house. Not a villager but felt heartened by her sweet homely smile of greeting. Never a smile breathed more dignity, content and warm fellowship of heart.

The ravens that brought his loaves to the Prophet were not more regular than was the lone old woman in quest of her daily bread, the manna of the Lord.

Lone, for Mike Brennan had been sleeping, tired laborer that he was, full forty grateful years in the small graveyard on the slope of the hill, and only a few months back had her gently streaming eyes seen stout Tom Brennan, her only son, "and she was a widow"—lowered to a place by his father's side.

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It was a pleasant place to sleep, that sunny slope, when one was to sleep so long, and one felt they must sleep in dreamless peace who were laid there.

The field flowers flecked it with their artless prettiness in Springtime, and in Summer the ruminant kine roved along the hilltops above it, their cumbrously gracious forms a pastoral processional athwart the sky. Yes; a sunny tract, one to charm from out the hearts of the living any rancor of regret for the dead.

Mother Brennan felt no farther removed from her long dead husband than from her recently lost son. They were both only over the border line of the two worlds, and few could know how close those two worlds were to each other for Mother Brennan. Now, especially when she was so near that border herself, she was nearer to her dead than to the living ones about her; she dwelt more in their company. The Communion of the Saints was a lively tenet of her simple faith.

Each day she rose before the sun, lit her oil lamp, as neat and trimly kept as one of the Wise Virgins', and then prepared her simple breakfast: a cup of coffee and a cut from the loaf of her own making. Having renewed her slender strength, she made her slow, loving way to the church, where, with the childlike audacity of God's little ones, she held familiar converse with her Lord.

Through sheer humility she would not receive Communion except on Sundays, the Feast Days of the Church and the days of Saint Michael the Archangel, Saint Thomas the Apostle and Saint Rose, the family patrons. Mike and Tom were Saints now themselves, and though she never thought it, so was she. Those dear ones, their address was different from her own; but hers, like theirs, was in the "Care of God."



THE NUMBING DULLNESS OF THE SCENE WAS PUNCTUATED BY ONE LIVING THING.

Friends she had on earth as in heaven. The whole village regarded her as a homely comfort and an honor rather than as a duty heritage to the community. The tender heart had other ties, not as close as those which bound her to the dear Unseen with Mike and Tom, nor as strong as the bonds between the good

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village folk and herself; yet sweet and soothing. There was the fragile rose bush, back of her kitchen window. It responded to her constant care by two or three sumptuous blooms which seemed to tax its whole system. This was in the Summer. The remainder of the year it pined, a chronic invalid.

Then there was the cat, sleek, demurely affectionate and house-loving. It would curl itself up on the hearth when Mother Brennan went to church in the morning, and would come to greet her with a tremulous miaou on her return, arching its back caressingly against the brown woolen skirt, though it was cool from the morning air, and Bethlehem loved warmth with her whole soul.

For Mother Brennan had named it Bethlehem. It had not seemed quite right to call it after one of the Saints and yet she wished it to bear a holy name. There was an advantage in it she had not foreseen; for it was so long and said itself so slowly that it was like having a little talk with the petted thing to call it by its name. The soft grey creature answered to it with sweet simplicity and no more abashedness than if it were Jessamine or Mehitabel.

But Mother Brennan loved it dearly. For Tom had brought Bethlehem in one evening, a small, wild-eyed mop of stringy fur. He had plucked it from the mill-pond, where small boys had thrown her, not through a laudable Malthusian view of kittens, but merely in exuberance of innocent cruelty.

When Tom's stout hand had placed the damp, rattled waif upon the sanded floor, it had worked to its feet, raised its head and regarded Mother Brennan with wide, arraigning eyes. Then with deep conviction it tottered toward her, doling out a feeble yowl. A mere fraction of such commending things would have won her hospitable welcome. Bethlehem always reminded the old lady of the sweet heartedness of her big, powerful son, who could never see a weak thing ill-used. Many a prayer had Mother Brennan breathed with deepest devotion for Tom's dear soul, at sight of Bethlehem dreaming in homely comfort on the hearth, a purring coil of contentedness.

One other object, dear to her old heart, she cherished with some spiritual reserve because its appeal was only human and roused reflections the good soul viewed askance in that they were tinged with melancholy. One who is a friend of God should not be traitor to Him by any feeling of that kind. Not one drop of melancholy had ever mingled with her beautiful sorrow that Mike and Tom had gone from her. This qualified object of Mother Brennan's affection was a pot of shamrock, grown from a tiny sprig Father Downes had brought back to her from her native Limerick. Like that little plant, she had been uprooted from the land of her birth. Unlike it, she had no one to care for her.

Other loved objects, partly of heaven and partly of earth, were the beautiful things of the bright world that surrounded her. The broad tranquil mill-stream in front of her small house, which the sun stroked with lambent touches and into which the wild swallows would dip in their needless haste, and then dash away; the willows, that stretched their slender wands of palest yellow above the mirroring water, and when the wind ruffled them turned the silver underside of their lanceate leaves, as if paling at the thought of a storm; the broad sweep of meadow, sparkling gaily with dewdrops in the Summer mornings, soft in soothing green after sundown, and hushed in white silence when Winter wrapped it in a pall of snow; the undulating line of hills melting into hazy blue against the distant horizon; the genial brightness of the sun by day, and the fantastic clouds, snowy, pearly, rosy, which God let play in His heaven; the stars that blazed in glittering confusion in the night's dome of blue, each of which answered to God from just that spot where He had set it—these were all Mother Brennan's good, dear friends. She loved them all, for they were God's,

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and so was she, and kinship is cementing.

But kind, stupid, human friends had been telling Mother Brennan of late that she ought to provide for herself and for her latter days. Not that they were weary of supplying her with things to be knitted or made up; but they saw that she took longer to get to church, and that the sturdy, faltering steps were more faltering, if still determined. She would need be cared for at home, how soon none could tell, nor for how long. There was no one to give that care.

A factory man wanted her plot of land. He needed it for business ends. With the money he would give her she could comfortably provide a refuge for herself in her last days. She could go to the Little Sisters of the Poor in the neighboring town and be tenderly looked after till she died, and with a sense of independence withal.

Mother Brennan, who had gone on in utter trustfulness upon God, nursing her rose-tree and caring for Bethlehem, her soul exhaling an aroma that sweetened her lone but not lonely life, lent humble ear to their superior wisdom. She did not want to trouble any one. She had thought before that came to pass, the Angel would have called and taken her to Mike and Tom. God knew how willing she was to go. But the simple faith that accepted and did not analyze or rebel, or even pray that something that God wished might be changed to something that she wished, felt that duty might point to what the neighbors urged. She was not insensible to her growing weakness. She had noted it with inward joy as a loosening of the bonds. But she had no right to impose herself as a burden upon others. She had no wish to.

So the small house where she had lived for half a century, where Tom had been born and where Mike and Tom had died, with her quarter acre of ground, including the forlorn rose-tree, passed to the factory man, who could hardly wait to tear it down. Her few household goods she gave to a poor shoemaker who had made shoes for Mike and Tom and her; good shoes, if they were the only thing she wore out. To him she also gravely consigned Bethlehem in perpetual trust on his promise that the cherished thing should never want a home or food.

Then Mother Brennan rode in the milkman's cart ten miles to the town, the neighbors coming to the doors and waving their hands and handkerchiefs to her as the rickety white horse slowly jogged by the cottages, she bowing simply and gravely to them like an old queen going into exile.

She endured her asylum in the noisy, ugly city six months without a murmur of tongue, look or feeling, not knowing that she was making greater headway toward heaven than ever before. But one soft early day of Spring, a broad sunbeam stole into her room, and the tepid air that lightly stirred the grey locks on her temples smelt of the warm, resolvent earth. It said budding willows, the peace of a sunlit stream, the elms waving in a mist of green welcome, the long sweep of meadows quickening to emerald life after their Winter sleep, the mountains dim in the azure distance. Oh, so distant!

A yearning for the soothing touch of that old friendly environment, as possessive as Death's fingers, laid hold of Mother Brennan's soul. The balmy Spring, the joyous Summer were coming to the hillocks of her dead, and she would not be near them.

There was an almshouse in her little village. She must go there and wait so long as God should will. It was His inn, and they would take her.

She told the Sisters with slow earnestness that she must go back. They had been good and kind. Yes, very. But she was nearer to God there, where she had lived so long. She knew the pathways to Him better there.

They strove to dissuade her, strove innocently, ignorantly, and in vain. They told her they could not give her back the

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money, for it was gone. She did not want it. She was glad the poor old things for whom they cared should profit by it. She must go back. They would not ask anything for her keep in the almshouse. She must go there. The graveyard on the hill, the meadow, the stream, the waving willows, all the beautiful dear things God had lavished on her, and which had woven themselves into the slow pulsations of her tired old heart —she said almshouse, she meant them.

So they reluctantly let her go. For her soft, sweet patience was so different from the querulous exactions of the other old people, that the Sisters loved her. She revived visibly in that dear home-setting. Poor old woman in an almshouse; everything about her was her own.

A tinge of pink crept into the fine skin with its myriad wrinkles, like the reflection of a rose petal on old ivory, and the dim, worn eyes had almost a glow.

Never had Spring been so soothingly gentle, never a Summer so bounteously sweet. They were as great flagons brimming with Nature's wine, from which her weary old body and grateful young soul drew gladness and refreshment.

Then came the nipping touch of Autumn. The willow leaves turned their silver backs upon the harsh air with artless aversion. The sleepy stream broke into a dumb whimper of steely ripples, and the blooming meadow fell into shrivelled brownness before its Winter sleep under the snow.

Mother Brennan felt the chill of the dying year like those friends of hers. The almshouse was not her cosy, if humble home, seasoned with hallowed memories and brightened by Bethlehem's sympathy. The Fall was despoiling her as it did the other creatures of the dear God, and the coming Winter forenumbed her brave, resigned spirit. She must take her heart to what warmed it most, the Lord in His little church.

So she told the Overseer one day that she must go to church the following morning. It was the anniversary of Tom's death, though she was characteristically silent about that. The Overseer remonstrated with her well-meaningly. The morning air was too cold for her, the walk too long. At least she should have some bread and coffee before going, and she could not get that before seven. Let her wait till then. No, she could not. There was only one Mass and that was at six. She would go fasting in any case, for she wished to receive Communion. She could do it well; she had often done it before.

The sullen dark morning found her faring slowly over the old familiar road. The chill got into her blood, but there was something in her heart that made her insensible to it as well as to the feeble lagging of her feet. The enfolding peace of her thoughts surpassed the charming of the Springtide. Mike and Tom seemed never so near. As she passed the little graveyard and looked at their two graves, side by side, a more than wonted tenderness for her dead made her poor old eyes grow moist with unshed tears as she plodded on without a pause.

When she got to the bare little church, with its three or four worshippers, she made her way to a pew near the sanctuary and sank exhausted on her knees. When the time for Communion arrived, a young girl near her, a factory hand, marvelled that she did not rise and go to the altar railing. She knew Mother Brennan well.

Looking at her more closely she saw that her head drooped, that she was breathing with the fitful respiration of a gaunt dog, dreaming on the hearthstone. Leaning forward the girl touched her, and as Mother Brennan roused herself with conscious effort, asked if she did not wish to go to Communion. The sweet smile came to the old woman's lips, her smile of lowly gratitude.

She rose laboriously, and with tenacious purpose made her flagging strength bear her to the Communion rail. When the

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Priest came to her, the venerable old head sank back upon her shoulders as she raised her face, that he might place the sacred particle upon her tremulous tongue. Then it slowly bent in touching dignity of obeisance to her Lord, and the small black figure did not stir.

She clung close to the Communion rail, as a ruffled bird snuggles into some tiny niche in a Cathedral tower, seeking shelter from the scurrying blast.

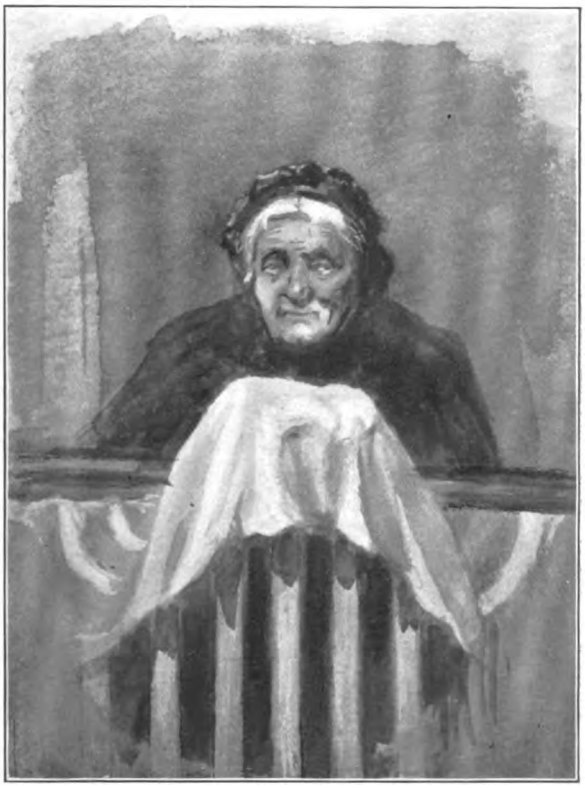
The Priest had marked the expression of the wan, worn face. The soul had never stood forth so strongly in it. When he came down the altar steps at the end of Mass, he looked at her again, keenly. He made his genuflection, walked quickly into the sacristy, and having set down the chalice, took a leather case containing the Holy Oils from a closet, and without unvesting hurried back to her. He touched her sloping shoulders, then gently raised her head. Mother Brennan revived under his hand like a fainting flower, and slowly the sunken eyes upturned to his with the look of a baby in their innocent gaze.

"You are ill, Mother Brennan, are you not?" he said in his warm, unctuous tones. "Would you not like to have me give you the Last Sacrament and Absolution? Then I will send you home, or take you there myself."

The bony fingers feebly interlaced themselves and the lids fell over the dimmed eyes in meek assent. With light touch of the Holy Oils the Priest anointed the eyes, ears, nostrils, lips and hands, those organs of the senses which Mother Brennan had never used, save to get at God with through His vesture of the sweet, clean universe, never anything but sweet and clean to her.

Then the weary old head, with its touches of the consecrating chrism, sank slowly forward once again and the homely little figure became motionless. The Priest walked rapidly back to the sacristy, returned the leathern case to the closet, took off his vestments as quickly as he could and, in soutane and biretta, returned to her at once—the shepherd to his stricken sheep.

"Now, Mother Brennan," he said, with quiet, cheerful tones, "I will take you home. Come."



THE VENERABLE OLD HEAD SANK BACK UPON HER SHOULDERS.

For the first time in her life, Mother Brennan paid no heed to the Priest. He placed his hand on the bowed figure. There was no movement. Stooping, he peered into the placid face, which seemed to be shyly hiding, as if with a smile at her own playfulness. Mother Brennan had gone home by herself.

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LIGHT HOUSE AT ENTRANCE TO RIVER PASIG.

MANILA AND ITS SUBURBS.

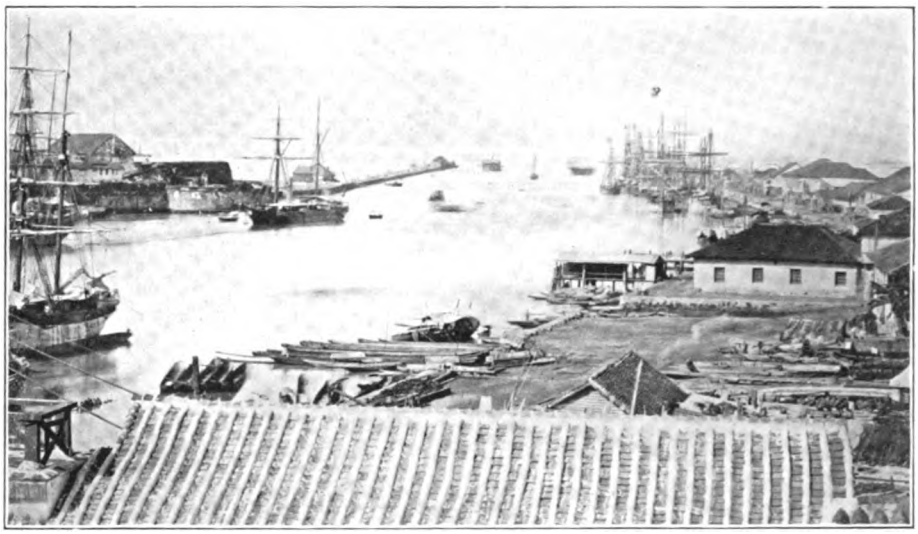
By R. V. V. Schuyler.

TEN years ago, when the steamer, on board of which I was a passenger, plowed her way up into Manila Bay, little did I think that the Stars and Stripes would ever be floating over the Philippine Islands. Not the most imaginative mind could have conceived such an idea. Except to those, possibly a score, who had business connections with the Islands, I doubt if many Americans could have told their exact location, if the question had been put to them suddenly.

As you sail up the Bay, your first impression of Manila is not favorable, and it produces a feeling of homesickness, even before landing. After getting on shore, the next step is to the Custom House, where fortunately I had no trouble, as I was well prepared; to be "forewarned is to be forearmed." As I had no dutiable effects, I was detained only a few moments, and I have been put to much more inconvenience, in our free and glorious America. The next thing was to present my letters of introduction to one of the American firms, which I did, and was at once given a cordial welcome and installed as a member of their household; from that moment things assumed a more *couleur de rose* aspect. My first night in my new home was an eventful one. I retired early, as I was completely fagged out. During the night I was awakened by the rocking of my bed. Thinking that I had not quite got over the motion of the ship, I lay awake for a moment, and then went to sleep again and forgot all about it.

In the morning, about nine o'clock, as we were taking our "desayuno," or before-breakfast cup of chocolate, one of the gentlemen asked me how I had rested. I told him of my experience, and they all smiled very audibly, and informed me that we had had an earthquake. This was rather a startling experience for the first night in a country to which you had come

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LOWER PART, RIVER PASIG. OLD FORT ON LEFT.

with the intention of locating for some years. After "tiffin," or noon lunch, my friend took me in his carriage to call upon the foreign residents. This was soon accomplished, and I became, in one day, a duly accredited citizen so far as the foreign element was concerned. But there was still another important formality to be gone through, and that was to obtain permission from the Spanish authorities to remain in the Islands. I signed a petition made out on *papel sellado*, official paper, which costs fifty cents for the seal; this had to be countersigned by my friends, guaranteeing that I was a proper person. This same formality has to be gone through when you desire to leave the country. Visitors coming to stay only a few weeks, have to get some responsible person to be guarantee for their good behavior during their stay; this is required only in the event of their not having passports; should they have them, they will have to be countersigned by their consul, and these passports will be retained by the authorities until the parties are ready to take their departure, when the consuls will have to make application for their return. Thanks to our Army and Navy, this red tape business will soon be done away with.

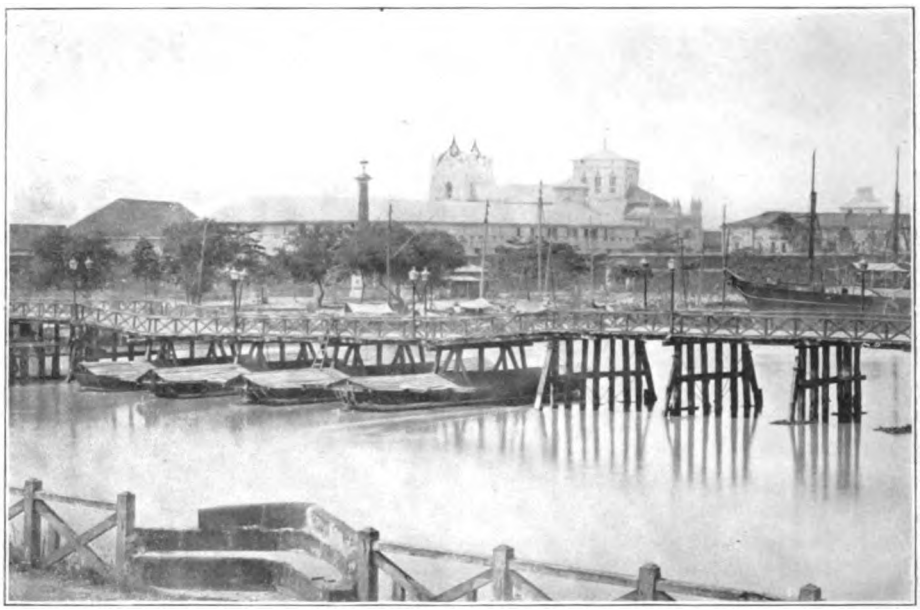
It is now time to say something about Manila, and the customs of its inhabitants. One of the most notable features is the Rio, or River Pasig, which has its source in a large lake some distance up country. It is the dividing line of the Old City, always spoken of as Manila, with its crumbling old walls and generally dilapidated appearance, from the commercial quarter, or New City, so to speak. The Old City is on the right bank of the Pasig, as you enter from the bay. The Custom House and other government buildings are located there, and many of the government officials reside within its walls. On the left bank is located the commercial quarter; a short distance from the entrance you will find the stores usual to a seaport, ship chandlers, sailors' boarding houses, etc. Further up the river are the business places of the foreign merchants, some of which are very handsome buildings, with large warehouses or "Go-downs," as they are there called, for the storage of merchandise awaiting shipment. At one time many of the foreign residents lived over their places of business. The terrible earthquake of 1863 partially destroyed most of these buildings, rendering them uninhabitable as residences, though

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some of them were still occupied for offices. Much serious damage was caused by that shakeup in Manila proper and its suburbs. Churches that had withstood many previous shocks were either partially or entirely destroyed. The Custom House and other government buildings were badly damaged.

The earthquake occurred June 3, at 7:20, in the evening before the Feast of Corpus Christi. Great preparations were being made for the celebration and many persons were in the churches at the time, but, thanks to a merciful providence, ew were injured. The Cathedral, founded about the year 1578, suffered severely, as did also the Convent of Santa Isabel. One of the Fathers, who was caught in the Cathedral, was almost completely buried under falling stones, but was most miraculously saved. It took several hours to remove the stones, as the utmost precaution had to be taken for fear of crushing him. Had the shock occurred on the day of the celebration, when the procession was in the streets, there would have been a great loss of life. The old stone bridge over the Pasig was badly injured and for a time was condemned, so to facilitate traffic a pontoon bridge was constructed, as the only other bridge was the suspension bridge further up the river; strange to say, it was scarcely damaged at all.

The natives are very much afraid of earthquakes, and when they feel the slightest shake they cry out "*tembla, tembla!*" and are on their knees in a moment, beads in hand, saying their prayers. The Fathers maintain that these little "shakes" have a beneficial effect upon the natives, as it induces them to be more mindful of their duties to the Church.



PONTOON BRIDGE OVER RIVER PASIG.

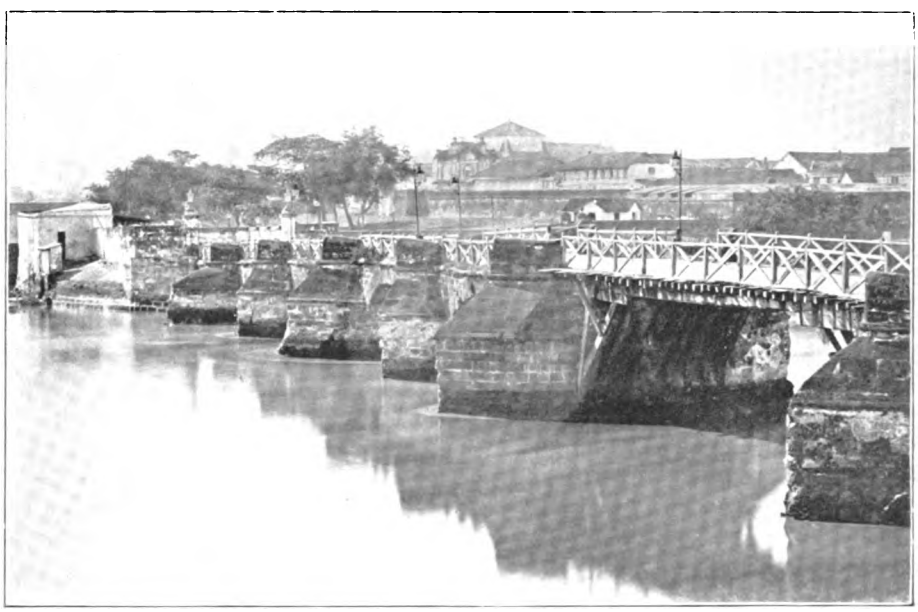
The Chinese are the retail dry goods merchants of the Philippines, and you will find them in every little village, no matter how unimportant it is.

The principal shops in Manila are located in Binondo, one of the suburbs, and in the *Calle del Rosario* (Street of the Rosary) you will find dark-skinned Señoras making their purchases at almost all hours of the day, for they do not mind the heat so much as do their fair sisters of America.

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Over the narrow sidewalks are stretched canvas awnings, which hang down quite to the curb, completely shutting out all glare from the street and affording shelter from the extreme heat.

The *Tagalos*, as the natives of the Island of Luzon are called, seldom have regular shops, but have instead little covered stands in the streets. Their stock in trade usually consists of the native fruits and sweets, and articles made from the fibre of the pineapple plant, such as handkerchiefs, shirts, and other knick-knacks suitable to the needs of the people. Their pay is very small, but their wants are few, and they seem satisfied with their lot. The writer has often visited the factories, and chatted with the employees, and invariably found them cheerful and contented. A more tractable, happy-go-lucky people does not exist. They are born gamblers, and are very fond of card playing; but their greatest sport is *pelea de gallos*, as they term it (cockfighting in our language). They seem, actually, to think more of their game-cock than they do of their families, and should their house, or rather hut,



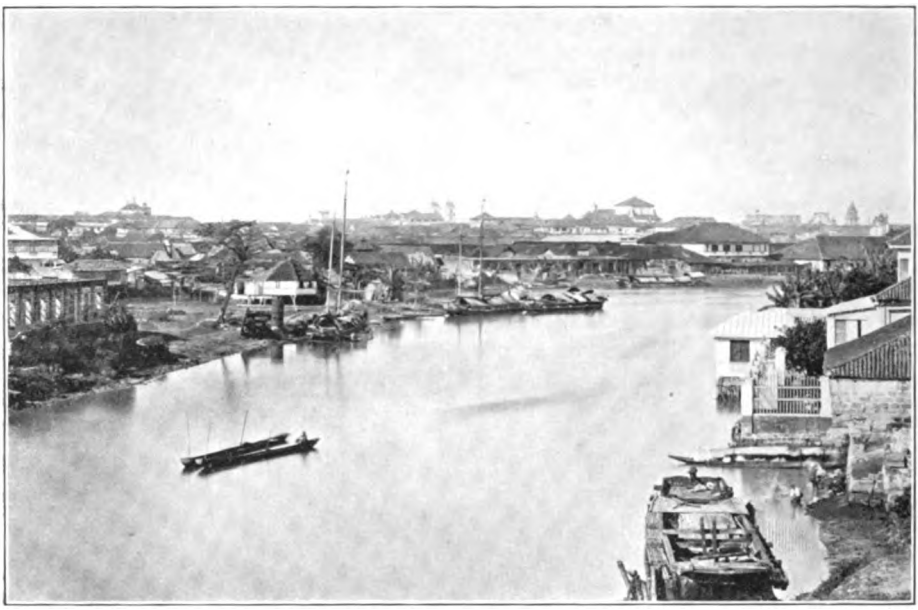
STONE BRIDGE OVER RIVER PASIG, PARTLY DESTROYED BY AN EARTHQUAKE, 1863.

Some of the handkerchiefs that are made from this fibre are very elaborate, the work is all done by hand, and will compare favorably with our best imported lace goods. Some bring as high as a hundred dollars apiece. The natives are also skilful in the manufacture of hats and cigar cases made from a species of grass called *Tarey*. They also make many fancy articles out of the tortoise and mother of pearl shells.

A great industry is the manufacture of cigars and cigarettes, which gives employment to many thousands, mostly women. for it is little more, catch fire, their first thought is for the safety of their "*gallo.*" The wife is supposed to look out for herself and children.

Hospitality seems to be innate in them, and on occasions, such as their "*Fiesta del Pueblo*" (Feast of the Village), and christenings they keep open house, and give a hearty welcome to every one that calls, they are uniformly courteous, and pride themselves on being up in little points of etiquette. They are undoubtedly superior in many respects to the natives of Cebú, and some of the other

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SECTION OF RIVER PASIG.

islands. They do not seem to be crushed by the supposed iron heel of despotism of the so much censured Augustinian and Franciscan Friars.

Touching on this subject, it would be well to reflect a moment as to what might have been the condition of these people had it not been for the kind care and solicitude of the Friars. It was their good counsel and advice that prevented them from an outbreak years ago. The writer, then a non-Catholic, during a residence of many years, often wondered at their patience under the tyranny of the Spanish Government. The Fathers are surely entitled to some credit for this, as well as for the general contentment of the natives.

One of the accomplishments these Tagalos possess is that of dancing. They are very fond of it, and dance besides the "Habanera," originated in Habana, from whence it derives its name, all the dances known to Europeans. The women are exceedingly graceful, and waltz beautifully. A most remarkable feature of their dancing is that they wear heelless slippers, which they keep on their bare feet, as they do not wear stockings, by placing their little toes outside of the slippers; they hold them firmly, never losing them no matter how rapidly they dance.

Smoking is universal, men, women and children indulge. When one enters a house, after the usual salutation *Magandary a ri Po*, cigars, cigarettes and the betel nut are offered to all present. It is the exception when any one declines, as it is not considered courteous to do so, but occasionally the line is drawn at the betel nut. In appearance this nut is not unlike our nutmeg. For chewing purposes, the nut is cut into slices, or small pieces, and a part of the leaf of the plant is rolled or twisted around it. It discolors the teeth very much and it has a sharp, pungent taste, not unpleasant to most persons, but the effect it produces in some is not altogether agreeable, for it is like that produced by liquor, flushing of the face and momentary dizziness in the head. Old timers put a small quantity of lime in the leaf to make the effect more lasting.

There is a great mixture of races in the Island of Luzon, the worst is that of the Chinese and native women; the offspring Chinese Mestizo seems to inherit all the vices of both races and none of the vir-

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tues of either. Aguinaldo, the Insurgent Leader, looks like one, and probably is one; certainly his conduct towards our people demonstrates his fondness for double dealing.

The Palace of the Captain General, a large comfortable looking building, but not much from an architectural point, is located in the Village of San Miguel. It is surrounded by some beautiful tropical plants and is considered one of the sights worth seeing.

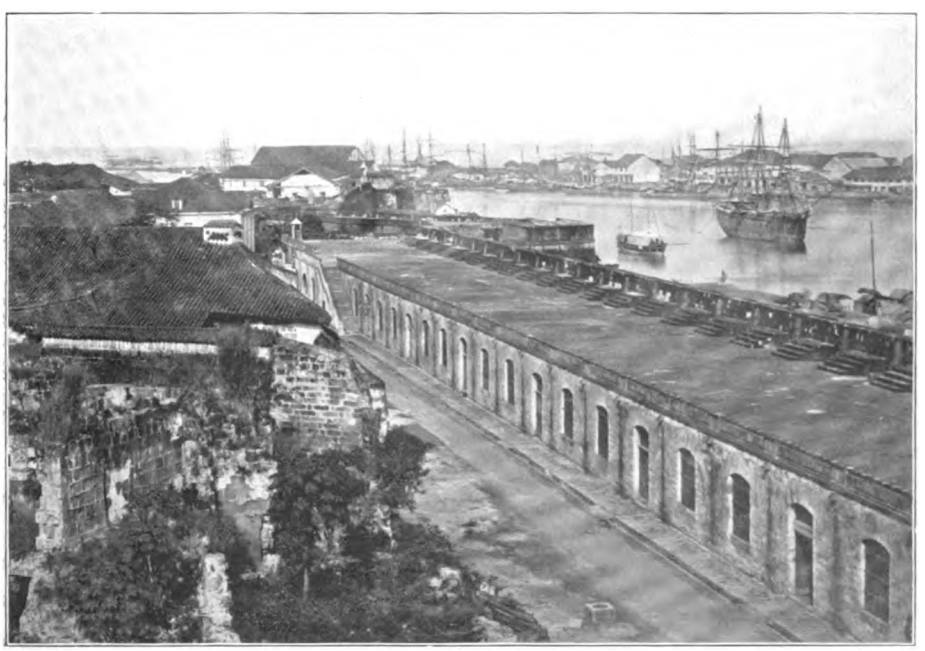
Many of the foreign merchants reside in that vicinity, and in the suburbs of Sampolos, San Sebastian, Nagtajan, and Santa Ana. Many of these residences will compare favorably, in point of comfort, with any in Europe or America. The foreign merchants live in the most luxurious manner, no expense being spared.

All the suburbs of Manila are accessible by water, and although the gondola is not in evidence, the graceful and buoyant canoe answers the purpose quite as well. Nearly every one keeps a trap of some kind, as the cost of keeping one is moderate. Some of the turnouts are very fine; the horses are small, but quite speedy.

One of the most amusing things at an entertainment there is to watch a newcomer trying to roll a cigarette in the presence of a bevy of young girls, who try their utmost to keep from laughing, but after witnessing the destruction of a dozen or so of cigarettes, one of them steps forward, and in the most charming manner offers her assistance. After giving a few lessons in the art of rolling, she lights one, puffs it for a moment and then, with her dainty fingers, places it between the stranger's lips. Is it to be wondered at that men take to smoking cigarettes in the Philippines?

The costume of the *Mestiza* (half-breed woman) consists of a richly striped, colored skirt, generally of silk, over which falls a shorter skirt, called *tapis*, somewhat like an apron, in front. The waist has long, loose sleeves; it is rather low in the neck, while a bright colored handkerchief is carelessly thrown over the shoulders, coming down below the waist in a point.

The native girl wears a loose skirt and waist of fine *Nipe*, or piña cloth, a valuable



RUINS OF CUSTOM HOUSE, EFFECT OF EARTHQUAKE, 1863.

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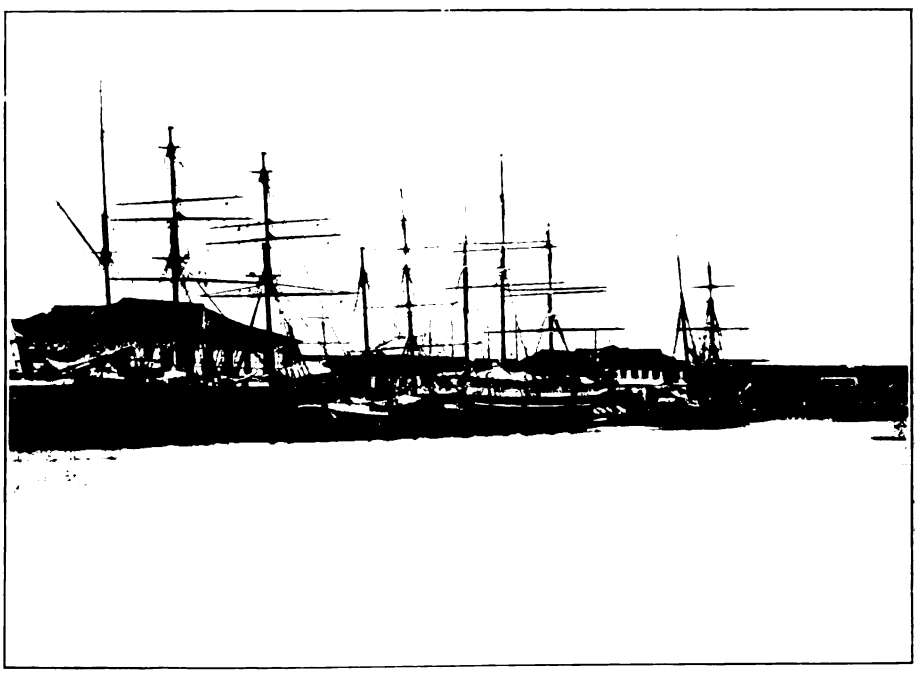
material of the finest tissue. Her neck is bare and ornamented with beads. On her head she wears a handkerchief of bright fantastic colors, which comes over her eyebrows and down to the tips of her ears, from which hang long earrings of sparkling gems. One end falling over her neck is fastened to her waist, in front. Her legs are bare, and on her feet she wears slippers half shod, which when she walks she drags in a careless way, peculiar to her class, but inconceivable to a European lady.

The theatre, located near the "*Calzada*," or Boulevard, just outside of the walls of Manila, is well patronized, Sunday and Thursday being the "gala" nights.

There is a very imposing and exceedingly well-proportioned monument erected in memory of the great navigator Magellan, the discoverer of the Philippines, who lost his life in battle with the natives.

The great event of the day is the drive on the "*Calzada*," or Boulevard; every one that can muster a vehicle of any kind turns out. The Spanish element dine at five o'clock, and then go for their drive. The foreigners take their drive before dining at 7:30. When the Captain General, with his escort of Mounted Lancers, drives down the centre of the avenue, all the carriages, with their gay occupants, line up on either side until he passes. Crowds of pedestrians, hurrying along to their homes after their day's labor, suddenly come to a halt, as well as the carriages, at the sound of the "Angelus" bell. Hats are removed, and for a moment there is a deathlike silence. The effect is most impressive, and if there is a spark of Christianity in one it must kindle with love for God, and his fellow-beings, at that moment, at this reminder of the great mystery of the Incarnation.

Each suburb has its own church and parochial residence. Some of these churches are very fine specimens of architecture, San Sebastian and Santo Domingo being notably so. The "Tagalos," apparently, are a religious people, very strict in their observance of the rules of the Church. Not so much



SPANISH VESSELS AWAITING CARGO.

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CHINESE SHOPS, ESCOLTA, BINONDO.

can be said of the Spanish element; the men are very lax in their duties, the women, as they are everywhere, are more devout. The Military Mass is usually well attended, on account of the music. There are no pews or seats in the churches and the worshippers have to kneel on the tiled floors, so they have to be well imbued with a good share of Christian fervor to go through the services on their knees. Since the arrival of the Jesuits, some thirty-five years ago, there has been a notable improvement in the community in every particular, but especially from an educational standpoint. Comparatively little had been done towards improving the condition of the natives in that direction. In the Philippines, as everywhere, the presence and refining influence of the Jesuits is felt.

The fertility of the soil of the Philippines is marvellous; the growth of every tropical product is so spontaneous that scarcely any cultivation is needed. The methods hitherto used are of the most primitive character. Just imagine the immense increase in the production when modern implements are introduced. It is impossible to compute the wealth of these islands, as many thousands of acres are uncultivated, in fact are virgin soil. Its resources are illimitable. In minerals alone there are immense opportunities, to say nothing of the thousands of trees of the most valuable and merchantable species of wood The fruits grow wild; you can ride for miles and miles through the woods and will find the mango, banana, lemon, orange, guava and other products, natives of the soil, in abundance, and can indulge your appetite to the utmost, free of cost. The export trade is at present confined principally to sugar, hemp, tobacco and indigo; coffee, Japan wood, hide cuttings, and rattans are also shipped in small quantities.

The staff of life of the natives is the

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cocoanut. They use it for many purposes. It provides them with food, wine, oil, fishing tackle, fuel, etc. But little attention is paid to the cultivation of coffee, which could be made a great source of income if properly cultivated. The berry is very similar to that of the "mocha" and the flavor is quite as good.

Cavite, where the navy yard is located, is about twelve miles from Manila, just across the bay, and stands about in the same relation as Brooklyn does to New York. It is but little visited by the residents of Manila. It contains several very old churches.



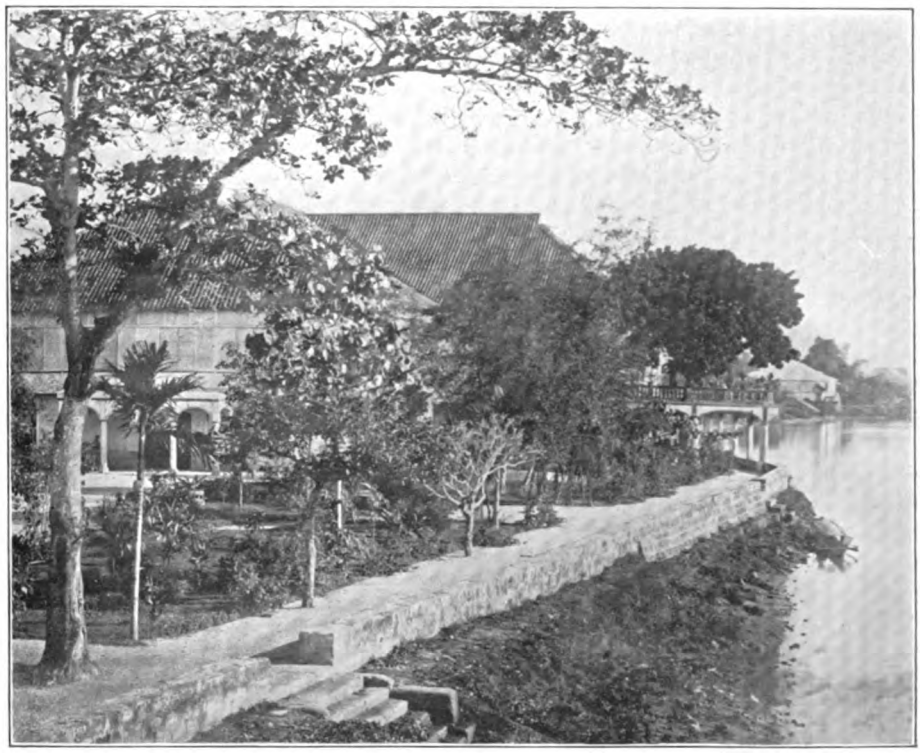
VILLAGE OF SAN SEBASTIAN, SUBURB OF MANILA.

Much has been written about the unhealthiness of tropical climates, but that objection cannot hold good so far as the Philippines are concerned. On the contrary, there is no healthier spot on the face of the globe; but of course one has to adapt one's mode of living to the climate. The difficulty with Europeans is that they do not take proper, or even ordinary care of themselves. We often read of persons coming back from the East Indies broken down in health, liver upset and other such complaints. If these persons would tell the truth about their manner of living, we should find that they had kept up most of their old habits, particularly in the way of imbibing, taking their Guinness' stout, brandy and soda *ad libitum*, and then blame the climate. This is probably the trouble, at this time, with our soldiers that are ill in Manila. If the matter were looked into, it would be found to be attributable to their excessive indulgence in drink. Malaria exists there, but are the islands in the neighborhood of New York free from it? Yellow fever is not known. The most prevalent fever is typhoid, but it is seldom epidemic. During certain hours of the day the heat is intense, but is tempered by cooling breezes; besides, no work is done during those hours, and the nights are invariably cool and refreshing, so one can sleep and arise in the morning invigorated and ready for the day's work. How I longed for such nights last Summer in New York. The temperature changes but little, the rainy season sets in about July and continues until the middle of October. During

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RESIDENCE OF AN AMERICAN, NAGTAJAN.



RESIDENCE OF CAPTAIN GENERAL, SAN MIGUEL, SUBURB OF MANILA.

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that season occasional typhoons make things lively; the river overflows its banks and canoes become serviceable for navigating the streets; but such events happen even in climates that are not tropical. If there is a Paradise on earth, in my opinion it is in the Philippines.

When the American government shall have extended its benign sway over the inhabitants and given to them their rights, while exacting a strict observance of the law, then will open a new era of prosperity, and, we trust, of happiness for all classes of Filipinos.

A PEASANT WEDDING IN FRANCE.

IN a picturesque part of Northern France stands a charming old chateau, surrounded by a park with many fine large trees and vast stretches of greensward. The neighboring hills and meadows are covered with innumerable wild flowers, which lift their purple and golden heads to show their joy at the return of Spring and sunshine.

The chateau, still inhabited by representatives of a monarchical age, though architecturally not imposing, is rather a spacious home-like structure, with many dependent buildings near by; and a short distance from a town quaint with moss-thatched cottages, a town hall and school house, not to mention the village church with its pretty Norman tower. Adjoining the church is a deserted Calvary, long the scene of many beautiful reunions, when father, mother and children gathered round the foot of the cross, to offer their first prayers at morning, their thanksgiving at night, to Him who by the cross had redeemed them. At least the symbol of salvation is allowed to stand, and though few gather near to pray as in the good old days of faith, perhaps this silent reminder may be an influence, which in time will make the many as fervent as the few now are, and bring back a repetition of other days, before wars and revolutions came to work such havoc.

Evidently something unusual has happened in the quiet little town, for the peasants hurry to and fro with garlands and bunches of flowers, and beaming faces and expectant looks tell of some pleasant event to occur. It is nothing less than a wedding, and the bridegroom being one of the richest men of the village, a cultivator of the soil, whose wealth in a newer country might make him aspire to positions of great importance, here is perfectly content to till his fields and live as his fathers have done for generations.

The nineteenth century with its progress, however, has invaded this secluded spot, and no longer will the scene be bright with quaint old-fashioned costumes; short petticoats, knee breeches and bright ribbons, all belong to a bygone age, and in very few parts of France do we see anything picturesque in costume, though many old customs still remain.

The bride is from an adjacent village where the marriage ceremony had occurred the day before, but in a few hours, the bridal procession will reach this town, which being the home of the groom is the last place to be visited. Whenever a wedding takes place, it is customary for the newly married pair to visit all their friends, and this duty is not confined to a single hamlet, but if they are peasants of some wealth and importance, they must visit all the neighboring villages, and in this case, it is the second day after the wedding, before the bridal couple reach their home. Fortunately these maidens are little less sturdy than the men, otherwise their visiting, we fear, would be apt to result disastrously, as in most cases they go entirely on foot, and the fatigue of the dancing and merriment in addition would hardly be borne

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by those who were not brought up in the open air and green fields of a healthy country.

Two triumphal arches have been erected, one at the entrance to the town which they must pass through, the other outside the bride's new home. These were gayly decked with flowers and boughs of trees, and the words "Happiness, joy, felicity to the newly married" were inscribed below. The plan was that the bridal party should come from the town to the chateau, where they would be entertained by the family, and this would conclude the ceremonies, at least, the bride's visits would then be completed. The young people from the chateau go down into the village to see the entry of the procession. Nearly all the peasants are in their freshest frocks and the children are wandering about in evident glee. At last the signal is given that the party is in sight, and immediately a grand cannonading begins. It was a slightly alarming spectacle to behold a smoking gun in the hands of a next-door neighbor, and a somewhat astonished small child having the hardihood to cry at such unexpected proceedings, is summarily suppressed by a determined mother's well-timed slap, and in the midst of the uproar, the bride and bridegroom appear. She had discarded her white dress and veil of the preceding day, and was now attired in a silk dress of a light color, and wore a hat bedecked with flowers, which if scarcely of the style adopted by the Parisian lady of fashion, at least bore more resemblance to that mode than to the quaint picturesque peasant costume of an earlier date. She was said to be very young, but this child of the fields had not worked for naught, and her robustness gives her the appearance of a maturer age. The groom wears a high silk hat and black suit and the rest of the procession are dressed in their best clothes.

A table had been placed beneath the arch with bisque figures of a man and woman, and before this the newly married pause while a speech of congratulation is read to them. At last they turn their footsteps towards the chateau, the procession being led by performers on the cornet-à-piston, and make their way to a beautiful grove where they are to be received. Light refreshments had been prepared, but they first began by a dance. All the men wore their hats as they went through the mazes of a sort of quadrille, which was performed with considerable solemnity. As soon as this dance was over, the groom left his wife, and invited one of the ladies of the chateau to dance, and then all the men left their village partners, to ask different members of the household to honor them. The young ladies graciously complied. An onlooker could not help thinking how much prettier the sight would have been, had there been glimpses of vivid color and quaint garbs, rather than the imitation of city styles, reaching a culmination in stove pipe hats. However, everything was very interesting, and when the lord of the Chateau came forth to drink the health of the young couple and in graceful words wished them many blessings and much happiness, a fitting termination seemed to have been given to the day. As all had been invited to stay and make merry, the music and dance went on somewhat longer, and then the wedding party moved back to the town, where the bride's entry into her new home was marked by a second cannonading.

On the morrow everything had returned to its ordinary condition, and these simple pleasure-loving people were ready to begin again their rustic toil, brightened by the memory of this wedding festival.

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A GLIMPSE OF MISSION LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

LETTER OF FATHER RAYMOND PERUGA TO FATHER PAUL PASTELLS, SUPERIOR OF THE MISSION.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER SUPERIOR, P.C.

Last week I went to Cauit, thence to Oteiza to greet Father Moré who is all alone at his station; then I visited, successively, the missionary posts of Tago, Alba, and St. Michael, and finally returned to Tigas for the Easter duty. Thus in a few days I managed to make a little visitation of the whole of this mission. Everywhere I found good health, and moreover a general appearance of cheerful content, because the rice-harvest, which they have just gathered, was everywhere fairly good. This will keep them in food; their clothing, tribute, and other necessary expenses, will be supplied by the filament of the abacá, which abounds in this region and brings a good price. It remains now that, in acknowledgment of so many favors received from our Lord, these people should try to lead a good Christian life and serve God by a faithful observance of His Commandments.

I would to God that I could tell you positively and without qualification that all our converts are fulfilling this duty of gratitude. But among so many there are always some lame, some laggards, some stragglers, as if the light burden of serving God were too heavy for them. There are some, too, who seem to grow weary at times of walking steadily on the beaten road and who, like wild goats, leap the barriers and run wild in the woods and mountain paths, which are full of perils for their souls. But even these wanderers, it must be said, if once their shepherd can succeed in reaching them, submit readily enough and return humbly to their duty. From this it appears clearly enough that the mistakes and the sins of our poor Indians proceed much less from lack of good feeling or real wickedness than from ignorance and a certain levity of character.

As you know already, in the vast basin of the river Tago which is navigable for boats of light draft, there are unconverted natives of various races, who are in great need of the work and the zeal of the missionaries, who should be able to devote to them abundant time and care. These races are the Mandayas, the Manobos, and the Mamánuas. The Mandayas are already, for the most part, converted and baptized. Some of them are included in the municipal limits of Tago, as their plantations lie near that settlement; the remainder of them form the Reduction of Alba, which is situated on the right bank of the river, about a day's journey from its mouth. For this people, then, the chief part of our work has been accomplished; they need only cultivation in Christian life and principles, that is, frequent visits and instructions, to become deeply rooted in Christianity and to bear abundant fruit in the Vineyard of the Lord.

It would be very consoling to be able to say as much of the Manobos and Mamánuas. Unhappily their story is vastly different. However, in order that you may be able to take measures for the conversion and the organization of these people, with full knowledge of their case, I shall tell you all that we know of their character, their customs and their attitude towards Christianity.

The Manobos of the Tago consist of natives of the valley of the Tago itself and of those who have come to them from beyond the mountains, that is, from the basin of the Agusan. These immigrants are called by them Luyohanon, which means, those from the other side. These

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form the majority, and they are the dregs and the refuse of the Agusan district, from which they have fled for various reasons: some for fear of the troops, who have been hunting them because of their crimes, which are innumerable; others to avoid the Fathers of that Mission, who were seeking them with great zeal and solicitude, in order to bring them to a better life, and to form them into civilized communities. From this, you can easily judge what manner of hardened wretches and criminals they are, and how hard it will be, if at all possible, to Christianize them. There are other difficulties concerning these poor savages, which, together with those mentioned, would make us despair of ever converting them, were it not that our chief ground of hope is in the Precious Blood of Christ, which was shed for them, as well as for us and for all.

However, I may say, for your consolation, that something has been done by way of an opening, towards winning them over to Christianity. It is not quite three years since I made my first visit to a number of those Manobos who are nearest to Alba, though it takes a good day's journey by water to reach them. Though they received me, on that occasion, into their dens and their forest-haunts, I made no headway with them concerning the chief purpose of my visit. Yet this was more than I expected, for I was quite prepared to find that they had all taken to the woods on my approach. Thank God, they did receive me well enough, after their fashion, though I observed that they seemed very suspicious. As I soon discovered, they believed that I had brought with me a large body of troops, left somewhere in the rear, to make them all prisoners. Though I protested repeatedly that I had no thought of any such thing, I could not quite overcome their mistrust. I found them with hardly enough clothing on to cover their bodies; indeed, many of them wore nothing but a dirty breech-clout. All night long some of them kept watch, fearing a surprise from the fancied escort of troops.

On the following morning I proposed to them to form themselves into a community, and I promised them that we would establish a court among them to adjust their constant and troublesome disputes. They answered that if I would allow them time, say until I should make them another visit, they would consult about the proposal and then give me a definite decision. As this was all I could obtain from them for the moment, I treated them to a few cups of *nipa* wine, of which they are exceedingly fond. Before I left them they promised, as it is very hard to reach their distant habitation, to meet me at the shores of their river and to put up a little hut for the night. Finally, I took leave of them, and rowed away with mingled feelings of satisfaction at the fact that I had effected an opening for further negotiations, and of sadness at the sad condition of those poor savages who had no knowledge or thought of the true God.

When the time fixed for my next visit had come, I went up the river again to meet them. I found a few Manobos at the appointed place, and when I inquired about the shelter they had promised to provide, they answered very coolly:

"We were just beginning to put it up when a *limócon* began to sing, which we take to be a bad omen, and so we all left the place."

"Is it possible," I asked, "that men as brave as you, are afraid of a wretched little bird?"

"What could we do?" they answered, "for so we believe."

And so I was compelled to make a new appointment for a meeting, which had happier results. This time I found a shelter prepared, a very poor one, it is true, but it gave me much encouragement, for I looked upon it as a token of progress in my relations with these savages. We had a long talk together before retiring to rest at night, though it was hardly a rest for me, as the sleeping place was so small that there was no possibility of stretching one's self out in it.

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Early in the morning I began by recommending my undertaking to St. John Francis Regis, whose feast we celebrated on that day. When the sun was well up we resumed our conference, which resulted in their promising to build themselves houses like civilized men, and I was able to appoint judges and judicial procedure for settling differences among them. They begged, however, that I would not insist on their receiving baptism immediately. I told them that I should be happy to baptize those who might apply to me for it, but that it was not the custom of the missionaries to force anyone to receive baptisim.

I have visited them twice since then, and I find that they are actually building themselves dwellings, very few indeed, so far, but it is a beginning. In this new reduction there are about twenty-five families, and there is another band of them about half a day's journey further on and about as numerous. I have not yet been able to meet these, but I hope to bring them in soon. They tell me that there is also another party of Manobos, still further off, consisting of about fifty or sixty families. Their chief is an escaped convict from Surigao, and his presence and influence will increase the difficulty of treating with them. He is a real fugitive and always keeps himself out of sight, for he is, as he has reason to be, very fearful of the approach of strangers. I hope to make another excursion soon into that region with some hopes of taming those savages. Could you not send me a supply of hardware, tools, and the like, as a means of attracting them? They are fond of such things and it would be well to have them learn the use of them. But enough of the Manobos for the present. Now let me say a word about the Mamánuas.

These savages seem to me to be among the most wretched of the children of Adam. I have no idea of their number, nor is it easy to ascertain it, because of their nomadic life. They are vagrants, always moving and carrying with them all that they possess, which amounts to a spear and the dogs they keep to hunt wild boars. As far as I can learn, they wander about the region which stretches from the source of the Tago to the basin of the Cantilan. They lead so miserable a life that they are despised even by the Manobos. I beg you to consider whether there may not be some means of approaching and of bringing them to the knowledge and service of God.

In a word, I believe that the gaining and Christianizing of the Manobos along the Tago, will be a very hard task, and even much harder still will be the work of dealing with the Mamánuas. I hope that you will help me to overcome these difficulties, by your prayers, your counsels and some timely alms, which are all levers of great power for removing obstacles.

But I am running on too far, though I have endeavored to spare you by omitting details that wonld be interesting. But, to come to an end, I recommend myself to your Holy Sacrifices and Prayers.

Your Servant in Christ,
RAIMUNDO PERUGA, S.J.

LETTER OF FATHER RAMÓN RICART TO THE REV. FATHER PASTELLS, SUPERIOR OF THE MISSION.

DEAR FATHER SUPERIOR, P.C.

This letter is my account of the second quarter of 1892. Until the 17th of June, I was helping Father Ramo among the natives, near Talacogon, and those who dwell on the shores of the river Gibon. I reached Veruela on the 16th, and there celebrated the feast of St. John Francis, patron of that settlement. After the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, I set out, on the 27th, for Játiva, where Brother Mataniala had been left all alone.

The news of the murders at Talacogon came upon us here like a thunderbolt, and spread terror among our communities of Christians in these parts. The

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unbelievers around about us have also committed murders, and have carried off some captives into slavery. I have heard likewise of three human sacrifices in May and June. Some of them, early in May, made an attack upon the old settlement of Pilar, where they killed some and enslaved others, and they did the same to some Manobos at Salug. By way of reprisals, the infidel Bacudan of Salug carried off into slavery a woman and her two little sons, though they failed to seize the husband, who is a Christian of the station of Patrocinio.

In the beginning of June, among the hills opposite Veruela, there were two murders, and a chief performed a *paghuaga*, or human sacrifice, the victim being a Christian maiden whom he had brought for the purpose from I know not where. We shall probably soon hear of other murders by these same inhuman wretches. The chief motive of all these crimes may be found in the iniquities which accompany the traffic in slaves. These are nearly always carried through Gandia and Compostela, and the Gandians always know when they pass. By transferring the detachment of troops stationed in Veruela to Gandia, and ordering them to bring the slave-drivers as prisoners to Surigao, there would be an end to this nefarious business; one thing certain is that the Manobos of these mountains and along these rivers, will soon disappear, for it is known that every slave means preceding murders and consequent reprisals for revenge.

Here in Játiva we have Aférez, who was one of the civic guard that was engaged in the pursuit and punishment of malefactors, and who is quite ready for such work. If we could have, in addition, from Surigao, Sergeant Bernardino Leasurra, who was in the same service, and who knows those evil-doers very well, and who, moreover, is acquainted with every foot of ground along these rivers and mountains, it would be a great help toward setting things right.

I must add that, for the care and the consolidation of these communities, there ought to be a Father in residence here. It is impossible for me to visit them all, even as often as twice a year. Though I am on my feet and travelling without interruption, yet I cannot even attend properly to the conversion of the unbelievers and the recovery of our stragglers. I must be content to send messengers to them and thus I have managed to reach nearly all the backsliders. By this means I have been able to organize three new settlements.

During the eight days I spent in Veruela, I made up a number of feuds and quarrels among the Manobos, most of which sprang from assassinations. In Patrocinio I met five converted families that had come in to escape the dreaded assassins. At Játiva no one dares to go over to the other side of the river, where their plantations are left uncared for because of the terror that reigns everywhere among them.

In our visitation of the settlements of San Luis, Santa Inés, Novelé, Ebró, Borbon, Navas, Prosperidad, Azpeitia, and Arcos, Father Ramo heard confessions and preached in their language, and without any need of an interpreter. It seemed to me that all was going on well there.

You perceive that I have not asked for anything this time; however, if it should occur to you to send me any little thing that might be useful in our dealings with the savages whom we shall try to bring over, or any church articles, they will be received very gratefully, for Veruela is quite destitute. If any money comes in for alms, I might give you a hint as to the objects in which it could be most usefully invested.

I wish you all a very happy feast on the day of our Blessed Father Ignatius. Present my affectionate greetings to our Fathers and Brothers, to whose Holy Sacrifices and prayers I commend myself.

Your Servant in Christ,
RAMÓN RICART, S.J.

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THE AUGUSTINIANS IN ASIA.

THE following interesting and instructive details are taken from the "Annual Report of the Missions of the Augustinian Province of the Most Holy Name of Jesus in the Philippines, China, Spain and Rome for 1897–1898, printed at Malabon, at the Orphan Asylum of Our Lady of Consolation, under the management of the Augustinians, 1898."

REPORT.

From this report we gather the following data relating to the missionary work of the Augustinians in Asia, in the Philippine Islands and China.

In the Philippine archipelago, in the care of the Fathers in the Islands of Luzon, Panay and Cebu are twenty-two extensive districts, whereof six are in the archdiocese of Manila, and sixteen others in the following dioceses,—eleven in Nueva Segovia, one in Cebu, and four in Jaro, embracing in all two hundred and twenty-five parishes and missions, in charge of three hundred and twenty-six religious.

The statistics of their work for the last year (as given in the Report) present the following figures: Souls in charge of the Fathers, 2,377,743; number of baptisms, 110,233; number of marriages, 17,909; number of deaths, 67,508.

As we learn from the Report, co-workers with the above Augustinian missionaries are three secular parish priests in care of souls, under the direction, however, of the Father Provincial.

All the missions (as well as those on the Asiatic continent in China) are under the direction of a chief, styled Provincial, whose headquarters are in Manila. With him as assistants in his widely scattered territory, are associated seventeen coadjutors, known, all but one, as vicars provincial, whereof one resides at Madrid, Spain, another in China, the others assisting him in the Philippines, in different parts of the islands under his care, in the several mission groups, thirty-two in number, which are formed of parishes and cures.

These groups, all comprising a larger or smaller number of cures within their limits, are centered in the four dioceses of the Philippines as follows: In the archdiocese of Manila are six of them with 940,906 souls in charge; in the diocese of Nueva Segovia (also in the Island of Luzon), are eleven with 553,739 souls, whereof 140,392 are pagans; in the diocese of Cebu (in the island of the same name and others of the Visaya group) is one district with 258,866 souls in charge, while in the diocese of Jaro (in the island of Panay) are four missions-centres with 623,302 souls in care of the Fathers.

In Luzon the six mission groups (in the archdiocese) have their headquarters as follows: Manila with ten parishes; Batangas with ten parishes; Bulacan with eighteen parishes; Nueva Ecija with twenty-two parishes; Tarlac with four parishes; Pompanga with twenty-five parishes.

These are in the archdiocese (as said of Manila), while the other eleven in the diocese of Nueva Segovia (in the same island of Luzon), are in four groups known as provinces, Ilocos Norte with twelve parishes; Ilocos Sur with eleven parishes; Union with twelve parishes; Abra with four parishes; five known as districts, *distritos*, Tiagan with two missions; Lepanto with five missions; Bontoc with four missions; Quiangan with two missions; Benguet with three missions, and two commanderies, *commandancia*, Amburayan with three missions; Cabugaoan, *data not given.*

On the island of Cebu is one sole province known by the same name, with seventeen parishes, while in Panay are three provinces, Iloilo with thirty-one

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parishes; Capiz with eighteen parishes; Antique with sixteen parishes, and a district, Concepcion, with seven parishes.

Thus in these two hundred and twenty-five parishes and missions the Fathers have in care 2,376,813 souls, of whom 140,392 in Luzon are yet to be Christianized.

CONVENTS.

With these immense burdens depending on the labors of the missionaries, yet are there only three convents, so-called, in the Philippine group. At Manila are the convent headquarters of the brethren in the islands founded on June 24, 1571. Here are fifty-one religious in community; twenty-six Fathers, whereof eight are retired from active mission service; fourteen scholastics and eleven lay brothers.

At Manila, which is the headquarters of the Eastern missionaries, resides the Father Provincial with his immediate assistants, as definitors, the procurator-general of the missions (with his assistant), the archivist, chronicler and secretary of the provincial and the preacher general of the province.

Here at Manila, it may be observed, was held the second provincial chapter of the province on May 3, 1572, whereat twelve Fathers, all at the time in the East, were present.

A second convent in honor of the Most Holy Child is at Cebu, founded on April 28, 1565, the year the Augustinians with Admiral Legazpi reached the Philippines from Mexico, whence they had sailed the year before. At Cebu are eight religious in community, four Fathers and as many lay-brothers. At Cebu was held the first provincial chapter of the Fathers in the Philippines, in June, 1569.

Then, thirdly, comes the convent of *Nuestra Senora de Gracia* at Guadalupe, a Sanctuary or Shrine much frequented by the devout, especially the Chinese, two leagues E.S.E. from Manila, where a house of the Order was opened in 1601. At Guadalupe are four religious in residence, three Fathers and one lay-brother.

Belonging to the Philippine province are two other convents in Europe, one at Madrid (in Spain) where resides the European vicar-provincial depending on Manila, with two Fathers and one lay-brother, and the other in Rome (Italy) with a Father and a lay-brother in residence.

COLLEGES.

Both in Spain and the Philippines are colleges under the direction of the Provincial at Manila for the education and training of youth destined for work on the missions.

One of these institutions is at Valladolid, the novice-house of the Philippine province, founded in 1735, under the title of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, where there are 158 religious in residence, nine Fathers, 134 clerics, of whom twenty-five are novices, and fifteen lay-brothers.

Here is taught philosophy, a three years' course, and one year's divinity.

At La Vid (also in Spain) a monastery founded in 1032, but granted to the Order in 1865, are 108 religious in residence, ten Fathers, eighty-one clerics and seventeen lay-brothers. Here the Scholastics pursue a four years' course of Theology.

At both convents lay-brothers pass their year of novitiate. While at the Manila convent (to which reference has been made), the students finish their fourth and fifth year of divinity.

So much for the administrative departments of the Philippine province.

For the aged mission-workers and such as have been invalided in service, a house of the province known as la Casa de Gracia was opened in Spain in 1880. This community embraces twenty-three religious in residence, twenty-two priests and six lay-brothers.

INSTITUTIONS.

In the Philippines under the direction of the Fathers are conducted the follow-

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ing establishments of training and beneficence.

COLLEGE AND SEMINARY.

At Vigan, the Villa Fernandina of other times, a charming city, thus named in memory of King Ferdinand VI., who conferred on it city rights, and place of residence of the bishops of Nueva Segovia since 1755, is a seminary and college under the direction of the Fathers, seven of whom are teachers. Here 209 students are taught the following branches (as set down in the Report), viz.: Dogmatic Theology, Moral Theology, Metaphysics, Logic, Ethics, Physics, Chemistry, Geography, Poetry, Rhetoric, Trigonometry, Geometry, Algebra, Arithmetic, Analysis and translation of Latin, Greek, Spanish and French, Church History, Natural History, Universal History, History of Spain, History of the Philippine Islands, Christian Doctrine.

ORPHAN ASYLUM FOR BOYS.

At Tambohn, about a league from Manila, is an orphan asylum under the care of six religious, two Fathers and four lay brothers, inspectors of the schools, where 145 lads are taught the following trades: Compositors, thirteen; press work, twelve; bookbinders, thirty; gilders, three; candle makers, forty-three, and forty-four too young to train.

ORPHAN ASYLUM FOR GIRLS.

At Mandaloya on the Tasig is another orphan asylum for girls, conducted by Augustinian Nuns, in number twenty-two. From the report we gather the following items: Number of pupils, 122.

The course of instruction embraces music, piano; painting, drawing, embroidery, artificial flower making, dressmaking, hairdressing, lacemaking, laundry work and sewing.

GENERAL SUMMARY OF THE SAID PROVINCE.

Total number of religious engaged on the missions entrusted to the Order or associated therein, 613, of whom 326 are in the Philippines, thirteen in China, two at Rome in Italy and 272 in Spain. Total number of missions with care of souls, 234, of which nine are in China and 225 in the Philippines.

CHINA.

In China, where the Fathers, twelve in number, have charge of the province of North Hu-nan in the interior of that empire, they have missions in eight districts with headquarters at Hofu or Jofu, Yalan or Pateros, Cai-tchi-kiao, Tseleangping, Yotchon, Sesuetien, Semen-sien and Nie-kia-se. At Shanghai and Hanghow, cities nearer the coast, are residences, which, with the missions, are under the direction of the Augustinian Vicar Apostolic, Father Louis Perez, Titular Bishop of Corcyra, and Vicar Provincial, Father Saturnino de la Torre. Unfortunately, no detailed statistics of these Chinese missions similar to those referring to the Philippines, whereon they depend, are given in this report.

VITAL STATISTICS RELATING TO THE MISSIONS OF THE AUGUSTINIANS (RECOLETOS EXCLUDED) IN THE PHILIPPINES. FROM 1892–1898.

Year	Pueblos	Parishes, Missions	Souls	Baptisms	Marriages	Deaths	Augustinians in the Philippines
1892	203	188	2,082,131	98,731	20,355	83,051	310
1893	208	——	2,096,281	103,015	21,279	78,335	286
1894	219	——	2,136,103	104,049	25,005	73,696	317
1895	231	——	2,191,604	107,573	22,660	81,652	317
1896	——	——	2,324,968	112,130	19,421	71,295	344
1897	——	225	2,377,743	110,233	17,909	67,508	319

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THE VENERABLE FATHER ALOYSIUS MARY SOLARI, S.J.

WHAT Father Bernard de Hoyos was to Spain in the last century, the venerable Father Aloysius Mary Solari, the subject of this sketch, was to Italy in this century, in spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart. Both were priests of the Society of Jesus, both died young and in great repute of holiness, and the cause of the Beatification of both has been begun.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD, 1795–1806.

Father Solari was born May 13, 1795, in Chiavari, now an important town of thirteen thousand inhabitants on the Riviera di Levante, about twenty-five miles south of Genoa. He was baptized on the Feast of the Ascension, the day after his birth, in the parish church of St. John the Baptist, and was named Augustine John Nicholas Aloysius and Raphael. Although it is not the custom in the Society of Jesus, for its members to take a new name in religion as in other religious Orders, still instances are found of names being changed or modified. Before his entry into religion, Father Solari was always called Augustine, but thenceforth he wished to be called Aloysius Mary, out of devotion to the Blessed Virgin and to St. Aloysius, to whom he had made a vow when he was in trouble about his vocation. He received the Sacrament of Confirmation, January 18, 1801, from his uncle, Monsignor Luke Solari, Bishop of Brugnato. Another uncle, Father Joseph Solari of the Congregation of Pious Schools, enjoyed some fame as a man of letters.

Augustine was the only son of a family of four children. Like many others we read of, he amused himself at a very early age by preaching to his three sisters. On one of those occasions he indulged in a rhetorical flight to which significance was attached in the light of after years. He compared the Solari family to a beautiful torch with four lights, and himself to an extinguisher which should put them all out. The four lights, it seems, were his father and his three uncles, the Bishop, the Scolopian, and another who was a lawyer of note. The fact proved that the renown of the sanctity of the young orator eclipsed in after years the fame of those distinguished personages, though his father had his fears at the time that the youth would prove anything but a credit to the family on account of some faults he observed in his character. This good man died in the July of 1807, and in him Chiavari lost one of its most respected and public-spirited citizens. He was one of the three founders of the *Societa Economica* of Chiavari, the first of its kind in all Italy, and it was through its means that the cultivation of Indian corn was introduced, as well as that of another popular vegetable sometimes called *solanum tuberosum*, but better known as the potato. So slow, after all, is the spread of the knowledge of useful things.

AT SCHOOL IN SAVONA, 1806—1814.

In the November of the year 1806, Augustine was sent to a college at Savona, once the property of the Society of Jesus, now kept by the Lazarists. The Rector, Father Castagna, has left us in a letter, written March 16, 1830, the following account of Solari as a school boy :

"During the first year of his college life he was so lively that at times he seemed to be beside himself. His vivacity, however, never led him to breaches of good manners and failure in docility. His levity sprang from impulse, and never from malice, nor did it ever degenerate

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into boldness or wilfulness. He was inconstant in study, though he was not backward in class, owing to his clear and ready mind. During that year he was neither fervent or negligent in practices of piety. In the following year he changed so suddenly and completely that the Fathers used to say he was no longer the same boy. Thenceforth he was always diligent at study, constant and faithful in his piety, and guarded in his conduct. At proper times he was jovial but always in moderation. He chose the most virtuous of his companions for friends and they called him their St. Aloysius. He had a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and was solicitous to make her the subject of conversation at the evening recreation, especially on Saturdays. He arranged with his companions to draw by lot a little ticket every week on which was prescribed some special virtue to be practised during the following week, a pious practice he kept up the whole of his stay in the college. He would not tolerate anyone speaking ill of another in his presence, even though it should be of trifling faults; much less would he stand scurrility, or anything wanting in decency. I know that he fasted, especially on the eve of the feast of our Lady, but I am not sure whether or not he practised other mortifications, though I suspected that he did. He used to pray by his bedside longer than was prudent, and it was remarked that he knelt on his bare knees. His humility led him to give unstinted praise to the gifts of others, while without affectation he accounted himself inferior to all in talent, knowledge, and endowments of the mind. He was charitable to the poor, equal to every emergency, and docile to the orders of his superiors and the advice of his spiritual director, though he was somewhat scrupulous on account of the delicacy of his conscience."

The salutary change recorded in this letter was largely owing to a Prefect who came to the college in 1807. Up to that time the young Solari was apt to give too free rein to his natural liveliness. Hence his sisters, when vacation time approached, did not look forward to his home-coming with feelings of unalloyed satisfaction. They knew by experience what a disturbing element his vivacity was in their quiet home. But when he returned to them in the Autumn of 1807, they were agreeably surprised to find him changed so much to their liking.

In the Summer of 1814, he left the college of Savona, having completed his course of rhetoric, and studied some philosophy. The impression he made on his companions and superiors during his eight years of college life, was one that lasted all their lives. One of them wrote in 1871, after an interval of sixty years, that he remembered him as a saintly youth, who was the joy and admiration of all, and that to his love of letters he united a rare and winning piety.

UNIVERSITY AND CLERICAL STUDENT. 1814–1817.

After his return to Chiavari, Augustine studied mathematics for a while under Father Spotorno, a Barnabite, a famous teacher of the exact sciences. Being more of a literary than a scientific turn of mind, he derived little profit from the two lessons he received each day from his tutor, who was called away soon after to Bologna to be professor of rhetoric in the Barnabite College. Solari then went to Genoa to continue his philosophy in the University under a certain Father Massucco. During that year he was often blessed by Pope Pius VII., without being aware of it. The Pontiff had removed from Rome to Genoa, where he lived for a time in the Durazzo Palace, now the Royal Palace, in the Via Balbi. From its terrace Pius VII. often beheld Solari, in a little room in the house opposite, all intent on his studies. The Holy Father, filled with admiration at his application and the modesty which revealed itself in his countenance, blessed him as

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often as he beheld him; and this blessing was productive of abundant fruit.

A year later he returned to Chiavari, where he put on the clerical habit, and began to study theology under the direction of the Provost of Rupinaro. He agreed to this arrangement to content his mother, who, failing to induce him to give up the idea of adopting the priestly life, preferred to see him a secular priest rather than a member of the Society of Jesus, which had been lately restored throughout the whole world by Pope Pius VII., and to which he felt strongly drawn. During his studies, his zeal displayed itself in every direction. At one time we find him striving to do away with abuses that crept in at the celebration of a festival in a neighboring village; at another, nursing the fever-stricken in the hospital, and ministering to the spiritual as well as the temporal wants of those detained in prison. His charity to the poor impelled him to give away to them even his own clothes. Within his own home circle he always exerted his influence for good among his sisters, relatives and friends. In short, his conduct was so edifying that the old people in Chiavari still retain memories of him as a most edifying cleric.

This one fact alone will show how earnest he was at this time to attain the perfection of his state. He made an agreement with his relative, Christopher Gandolfo, to mutually admonish each other of their faults, and because Augustine always insisted on the fulfilment of the bargain, in order to satisfy him, Christopher scrutinized him most carefully, to try to detect even the slightest fault in him. His efforts, however, were unsuccessful, although he enjoyed his closest friendship, and well understood what goes to make up perfection.

On May 16, 1817, he received the tonsure and minor orders from Mgr. Gentile in that prelate's private chapel in Genoa. On the 31st of the same month he was raised to subdeaconship, and to deaconship on the 20th of September, in the chapel of the convent of St. Sebastian. In the same year he made a public defence in theology in the Church of St. John the Baptist in Chiavari, in the presence of the Cardinal Archbishop, Spina, and a number of learned ecclesiastics.

VOCATION.

Solari's vocation to religion resembled somewhat that of St. Aloysius in the opposition he had to encounter for three years. This opposition came from his mother who, being a very religious woman and unwilling to run counter to the will of God, multiplied examinations and trials of his vocation in the hope of proving it to be a passing whim or fancy. From letters written before he left school at Savona, we learn that it was his intention to become a religious, but it was not till the middle of August, 1814, that he made known to his brother-in-law, Christopher Gandolfo, that the Order of his choice was the Society of Jesus, which had been restored one week before, August 7, 1814, having been suppressed through the machinations of Freemasonry in 1773. A month later, he broke the tidings to his mother, who at first made light of it. Seeing afterwards that he was in earnest, she made an agreement with him not to speak of the matter any more for a certain length of time, after which, should he remain firm in his resolve. she would give her consent. When the term of the truce had come, she found that he was as steadfast at his vocation as ever, whereupon she had him examined by seven different ecclesiastics, who one and all approved of his decision. Blinded by maternal love, she still resisted, and assembled under her own roof another tribunal of distinguished persons, among whom were the Archpriest of Chiavari, a canon, a Capuchin, the confessor of her son, and some others. She then went before them and pleaded her cause for withholding permission for her son to become a Jesuit with an eloquence of which none had believed her capable. Never-

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theless, she found herself in the minority; the vocation carried the day. Still she would not yield, but had recourse on two occasions to Cardinal Spina, Archbishop of Genoa, to have him throw the weight of his authority in the scale against her son's entering religion. She would have him in his capacity of Archbishop forbid him once for all to become a religious. On the first appeal the Cardinal wrote from Forli, where he happened to be at the time, to Augustine, exhorting him to weigh the matter more attentively; but the second time he answered the mother plainly that he could not oppose a vocation which bore the stamp of truth. In the theological disputation before mentioned, Solari concluded with some verses of his own composition expressing his thanks, and to the surprise of all, ended his appeal with the two lines:

E mai non tergero dagli occhi il pianto,
Finchè non vesta di Loiola il manto.

For two years the mother had resisted her son, and could not bring herself to give her consent to his becoming a religious. Having now come of age he determined, after taking counsel of Mgr. Biale, Bishop of Ventimiglia, who was then in Chiavari, to do at all hazards what he believed to be the will of God. Accordingly, at the country-house of a kinsman near Chiavari, he renounced before a notary his rich inheritance in favor of his three sisters. He then returned home happy in the thought that he had freed himself from at least one bond that might have bound him to the world. Then, after having once more consulted the Bishop, he left a letter to his mother on the table in his room, and set out under the cover of night for Genoa. This was probably the 26th of September, and the day following, accompanied by the kinsman in whose house he had made his renunciation, he knocked at the door of the Jesuit novitiate attached to the Church of St. Ambrose.

His mother took some time to become resigned, but at length yielded, and wrote to her son giving her full consent and her blessing. The occasion of this reconciliation was the visit of three young Jesuit novices, who came on foot from Genoa in guise of pilgrims to visit the sanctuary of the Madonna del' Orto at Chiavari. The novices preached in the Church of the Sanctuary, and in another near by, and God made use of their words and example to bring about a change of heart in the mother when they visited her and explained to her that further opposition might entail the sending away of her son to some more distant place than Genoa.

LIFE IN RELIGION. 1817–1829.

The new novice, henceforth to be known as Aloysius Mary, spent the whole two years of his noviceship in Genoa. We have noticed that from boyhood he had quite a taste for literature, and that he cultivated from a very early age his talent for preaching. One of the reasons why he preferred the Society of Jesus before other religious orders was that he believed it would give him a wider field for turning these two talents to account. In connection with this it is pleasing to note that before he effected his entrance into the Society, he said daily prayers that he might be sent to preach in America, "as I have always desired," are his words. Being in deacon's orders his superiors occasionally appointed him to preach in their church. He evidently acquitted himself with credit, for he was selected to preach the panegyric of Saint Ignatius on his feast day, July 31, 1819.

The steady advance he made as a novice in the practice of every kind of virtue corresponded with the high expectations raised by the singularity of his vocation. He was especially remarkable for his obedience and simplicity of manner, so much so that his Master of Novices declared that he could never find in him the least trace of self-will. On a scrap of paper, which after his death was given to his sister, Teresa, along with a picture of the Sacred Heart, which bore

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the impress of many a fervent kiss, the following was written in the third person in which he gives an account of himself:

"He one day asked his Master of Novices for a spiritual book to read, and he, holding up a crucifix, said to him: 'It is out of this book you should study.' Having thus rid himself of the thought of other reading, he set himself to hear what this Divine Master was teaching from His chair of the Cross, and soon learned there to despise whatever passes with time, to deny his own will, to desire to suffer, to think little of himself, to take pleasure in being made little of, to desire earnestly the salvation of his neighbor, and many other virtues."

On October 3, 1819, he made the three vows which Jesuit novices take at the end of their noviceship, and was sent immediately to the Collegio del Carmine, at Turin, to teach rhetoric. He taught this class until after Christmas, when superiors relieved him of a burden to which he was not equal, and, knowing that he was a man of solid virtue, they put him to teach the lowest grammar class in the same college. To one who was naturally as ambitious of glory as he was this would have proved a severe trial if he had not learned well those lessons he was taught by the crucifix.

During the month of November, 1820, he went back in Genoa and preached to the congregation of Bona Mors in the Church of St. Ambrose, and explained the catechism. He was then sent for a term to Rome to perfect himself in Italian, Latin and Greek. From Rome he went to Naples to teach grammar, and was soon after ordained priest and devoted to the ministries proper to the priesthood, especially preaching. He was stationed chiefly at Benevento, where he remained till his death in 1829.

The well known philosopher and writer, Father Liberatore, S.J., who died a few years ago, often heard Father Solari preach, and said of him that he usually mounted the pulpit with his eyes dimmed with tears, and that he easily moved his audience also to tears. When he preached on the Passion, he remained the whole time on his knees bathed in tears. He was so powerful in word that at Naples where gambling was a prevalent vice, inveterate gamesters were known to go and hand over to him their cards and dice, and make a confession full of compunction. There was a young man who had resisted every entreaty to give up a long standing enmity until Father Solari took him in hand, and holding a crucifix up before him, said so pathetically: "Will you refuse this to Jesus?" that he yielded at once. In the confessional he was so kind and loving that all sorts of people flocked to him. He frequently visited the hospitals and prisons, where everyone wished to confess to him. On his way back to the college he was sure to meet some sinners, whom he used to lead to a little chapel, where, after a few words, he would kiss the feet of all, which so won them over that he had no difficulty in getting them to make their confession. In giving the Spiritual Exercises he was exceedingly successful, and perhaps nowhere were their beneficial results seen to better advantage than among the three hundred boys, for the most part undisciplined and wayward, who flocked to the College of Benevento, when the Society was restored in the Kingdom of Naples by decree of Ferdinand I., September 3, 1821.

The celebrated Father Parisi, S.J., who was called the Apostle of Naples, used to say that it would be a difficult thing to write the life of Father Solari, because his sanctity consisted rather in the perfection of his interior life than in any showy external work. The sweetest hours to him were those he passed before the Blessed Sacrament, and for a long time it was his custom to visit our Lord at midnight. He was once found as if in ecstasy before the Tabernacle. On one occasion he distributed to the poor the money given him for a journey of thirty-five miles. He made the journey on foot and fasting, and, as soon as he arrived at his destination in

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Naples, he went without taking rest or refreshment to shut himself up in the chapel before the Blessed Sacrament. Sometimes while passing through the corridors he would stop and remain motionless as if rapt in spirit. His love of corporal mortification was so great that superiors had to watch over him to check him. His desire of the foreign missions never deserted him, and when he died, he had been already destined by the General of the Society, Father Roothan, for the Missions of the Ægean Sea.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is in our day universal. But at the beginning of the present century, it, had many opponents, although so often approved and defended by the Holy See. The opposition came mainly from the spirit of Jansenism, which found itself in direct opposition to the spirit of the devotion. Father Solari, when a boy at school, read the life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, and it was probably the reading of this book that attracted him to the Order which was commissioned by our Lord to propagate the devotion to the Heart of Jesus. He began this apostolate among his fellow students at the University of Genoa. It is not surprising, then, that his attachment to the devotion and his zeal for its spread took very deep root in his heart during his noviceship. From that time forward he was accustomed to have frequently on his lips the following verses which he himself composed :

Il Cuor del mio bene
Tutt' arso d'amore,
Il Cuor del mio cuore,
Il Cuor de Gesù.

The Heart of my Beloved
All burns with love,
The Heart of my heart
The Heart of Jesus.

When he was professor, first in Turin and afterwards at Naples, his schoolroom was the field of his apostolic work. The themes which he set his scholars always contained some allusion to the Heart of Jesus and Mary. Then, as now, it was the custom in the colleges of the Society to excite emulation among the students by dividing them into two opposing camps of Romans and Carthaginians, who wage relentless and bloodless battles with pen and tongue. Father Solari substituted for the old historic rivals the two departments of Jesus and Mary. At Naples he placed a picture of the Sacred Heart on the door of his class-room, and woe to the boy who neglected to salute it as he passed.

He continued the same apostolate in the Roman College among his fellow-students of the Society, and their fervor wonderfully increased. His letters reveal this tender devotion to the Sacred Heart. In one written from Naples in 1828 to a relative, he says: "I rejoice with you and your sister that you have propagated devotion to the Sacred Heart in the Church of St. Peter. What spiritual and temporal favors are in store for you and your children ! What inestimable treasures of merit may you not promise yourselves from the Divine Heart, which is so pleased with this devotion, and has promised to shower down blessings on those who practise and spread such a tender and excellent and fitting devotion ! You could not, I assure you, have given me more consoling news than this." He then goes on to treat at length of the many practical ways of spreading the devotion.

In 1829 he wrote from Benevento to his sister Rose: "Be sure to have a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart in the church of the future Hospice (an institution he was instrumental in founding at Chiavari), exposed to public veneration. If you love me, help me to extend this attractive devotion, which I long to be able to spread throughout the world, coupled with that of the Sacred Heart of Mary."

In every sermon he preached there

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was mention of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. He founded at Benevento the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart and preached to its members on the First Friday of every month with great fervor. At recreation with those of his community he could not speak of anything but the love of Jesus; and he went so far in this that his superiors used to recommend him to moderate it. In his daily meditation he invariably introduced some point relating to the Sacred Heart. On the very Friday morning when he was seized with his last illness, he preached on devotion to the Sacred Heart in such a way that one who heard him wrote: "If your Reverence had heard that sermon you would have said, 'This is the last sermon from Father Solari.' He made a résumé of his former sermons, explained the nature of solid devotion to the Sacred Heart, and concluded with a stirring exhortation to practise it."

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

It is not known whether the day of his death was revealed to Father Solari, but it is certain that he spoke many times as if he had that knowledge. He gives some indication of it in his last letters to his relatives, especially in one written to his mother in the month of July, 1829, the month before his death. He said also one day to a lay-brother of the house that he would soon die. On the first Friday of the month of August, he was taken with a fever, the nature of which the doctors could not well determine, so one called it brain fever, another spotted fever, and another nettle-rash. After several days he appeared to be well again, but it was an illusion; the spots disappeared, but the disease was inwardly progressing. The day before his death, he told those about him that the morrow would be the last day of his life; an opinion that was shared in by no one. He then called his confessor to make his last confession, and begged that Extreme Unction should be administered to him. The following day all admitted that the disease had taken a change for the worse. Notwithstanding the weakness of his stomach, which rejected the least thing he took, he was able to receive the Viaticum. When he was anointed, he bade farewell to many of his brethren, as one about to start on a distant journey, and then turned his thoughts heavenward. He joined in when the prayers for the dying were recited, and repeated to himself many ejaculations. When the end came he laid his hands on his breast in the form of a cross, and breathed his last, with his eyes turned toward heaven, about the hour of noon, on Thursday, August 27, 1829.

A missionary of the Precious Blood who was present at his death, expressed the sentiments of all when he exclaimed: "This is the death of a saint!" During the progress of his illness, the whole city of Benevento was interested in hearing the latest news about him, and many were the prayers offered for his recovery. As soon as he was dead, there was universal mourning. At his funeral it was found necessary to put barriers around the bier, so eager were the people to secure some memorial of him. The Fathers who watched his remains, as they lay in an open coffin, were kept busy touching them with the rosaries to satisfy the devotion of the people. Some of them even sent candles afterwards to be lighted at his grave, where many went to pray and weep. The Fathers of the community, foreseeing the honor that was in store for him in after times, decided to have him buried in a closed coffin, such as we see in general use nowadays.

THE FAME OF HIS SANCTITY.

Father Solari's reputation for holiness was very widespread, even during his life. It was the fame of his sanctity chiefly that drew great crowds to the church of the Society at Benevento whenever it was known that he was to preach. Although other Fathers who had some claim to eloquence succeeded him

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they never brought such crowds to hear them. In 1869, his sister Rose, accompanied by her two sons, who were priests, visited Benevento, to pray at his tomb, and although forty years had elapsed since his death, she learned from some aged canons who had known him, how his memory was held in veneration. When there was question of receiving Father Solari's sister into the congregation of the Sisters of Mercy, Father Minini, S.J., said to one who consulted him: "Certainly, receive her, she is the sister of a saint, who perhaps will be one day venerated on the altar." His mother used to say to her grandchildren, when she would show them Father Solari's room: "Respect this room in reverence, for it is the room of a saint." In Naples he was commonly called an angel, on account of his modesty and recollection. When there was question of his being sent as a missionary to the islands of the Ægean Sea, the Fathers of the house declared that the wonders of the apostolate of St. Francis Xavier would be renewed in him. Even during his life, material was collected for his biography; and a Father in Benevento had such confidence in his intercession with God, that he begged a certain favor by means of a letter which he placed in the tomb of of Father Solari. The Rector of the Jesuit college at Naples, as soon as he learned of the death of the saintly Father, assembled the whole community and declared him holy during life, at death, and after death. He and others were of opinion that his soul was not detained in Purgatory. The Fathers of Benevento concluded a letter, which they wrote two days after his death, with these words: "Everyone of us looks forward to the day which the Lord God for His great glory may make manifest."

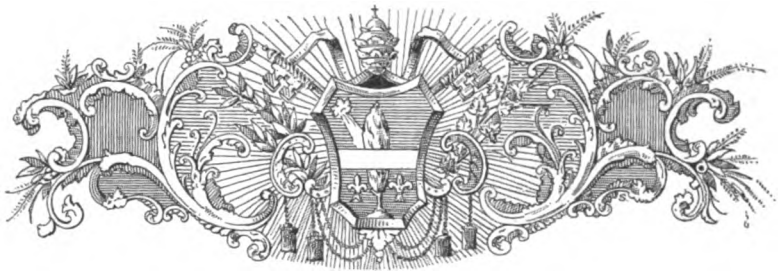
That day seems to be near at hand, for the preliminary processes before the Ordinary have been successfully gone through at Benevento and Genoa, and the cause of his Beatification was presented to the Congregation of Rites on April 27, 1894. The cause of Father Solari will be watched by all with much interest on account of his connection with the devotion of the Sacred Heart, and by the brethren of the Society of Jesus, for the additional reason that he is the first member of the restored Society whose cause has been so far advanced. Many special graces obtained through his intercession, especially in Naples and Benevento, are reported, which are at present the subject of inquiry by ecclesiastical authority. May this great apostle of the Sacred Heart intercede for the Apostleship of Prayer and all its Associates!

ASH WEDNESDAY.

By S. T. Smith.

ASHES of penance! Ashes of vain desires!
Ashes of memories, blown so wide and far!
Upon my brow before the altar fires,
The priestly hand hath traced the Stem and Bar.
"Remember, thou!" he said unto my soul,
"Thus, even thus shall end the years' long roll
In ashes light as these, as pale, and worth
Less as a sigh. For this God gave thee birth?
Nay! For the Cross. And, as I sign and seal,
The welcomed Cross doth only wound to heal."
The welcomed Cross! Be forty days for me
Companionship and service, Lord, with Thee!
I bring the ashes of my life. Thy touch
Kindles to flame the love that loveth much.

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Priests in Parishes.

General Intention for February, 1899.

Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

We pray for our priests continually. We join with them in the august prayer of the Mass, and we kneel with them before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, invoking blessings upon them through whose ministry we have the inestimable blessings of Christ's Eucharistic Presence. Our eyes and our hearts follow them as they go about their ways of mercy, and our lips utter only blessings on their work. Nor do we forget them when death deprives us of their presence; we inscribe their names where the faithful may read them as they enter the house of prayer, and without ceasing we sing our requiems on the anniversaries of their departure.

It is right that we should pray for all those who are "ordained for men in the things that appertain to God," since, as our mediators with God, they all must offer gifts and sacrifices for our sins. It is, therefore, most proper and natural that we should pray unremittingly for priests whose occupations bring them directly and constantly into contact with ourselves, whose lives and energies are devoted to our welfare, and who by a wise constitution of the Church dwell in our midst in such close and familiar relations with us as to form with us the household of the faith, shepherds keeping their flocks in the great fold of the Chief Pastor, and able to say for their several sheep, as He says of all: "I know mine and mine know me."

A parish is wholly a Catholic creation. It is so constituted as to enable bishops and priests to carry out the design of Christ in appointing Peter to be his Vicar, with the Apostles, His disciples and their successors to take His place in extending the benefits of the Redemption to souls. Its object is to make certain priests and their assistants responsible for the salvation of a definite body of people, to whom they are to give the most careful personal attention. The priests of a parish are in every case selected and appointed by the bishop; the parishioners usually are those who dwell within a certain district, also determined by the bishop, though sometimes those who dwell beyond the limits of a parish may become parishioners by fulfilling certain conditions which the bishop again must name. In any case the parish priests must live among the faithful confided to their care, and dedicate their whole life to the welfare of the parish. As much as possible they are to remain with their several flocks, so as to know them thoroughly, watch them growing from infancy to mature age, study their characters, observe their needs, recognize their various capabilities, and be ready always to keep them from error, to prevent them from falling, to confirm them

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in virtue, and inspire them with zeal. The priest in a parish is verily a spiritual father to the souls under his care, and gladly do the faithful give him this title, and all the love and veneration it calls for.

Since, therefore, we are always the special objects of their paternal solicitude, since we are ever in their prayers, we should not ask why we are invited to pray especially at this time for those for whom we pray at all times. Much as we may pray for them we cannot realize how frequent and fervent our prayers for them should be without recalling, from time to time, how well they deserve and how greatly they need our prayers, and how our own obligations of gratitude and piety should move us to make intercession for them above all other men.

The priests who build up and maintain our parishes deserve our special prayers at all times, because they sacrifice themselves for our benefit and devote their lives to labor for our salvation. In the spirit of the chief duty of the priesthood, which is to offer up sacrifices for sins, they begin by making their own sacrifice, leaving house and brethren, sisters, father and mother, wife and children, lands, and all things, in the name of Christ. To be entirely conformed to Him, the great High Priest, they leave home and kindred, and go to dwell in the company of their fellow priests ; consecrated for the exercise of divine worship and for the administration of holy things, they withdraw as much as possible, not merely from the evil influences of the world, but even from its lawful and innocent associations, lest anything earthly should distract them from the things that appertain to God, lest the things that are their own might keep them from the things that are Jesus Christ's, and lest secular ties, pursuits, or pleasures might hinder them from working for our good. They are in the world but not of it, they stand apart, not to live solely for themselves, but the better to help us ; they are never aloof from us, because they are constituted mediators between God and men.

The sacrifice a priest must make before receiving Holy Orders cannot be estimated by simply enumerating the things he must leave or forsake. It must be measured by the generosity with which it is made, by the fact that it is to be lifelong, and by the motive of charity which prompts him to make it for others as well as for himself. Its earnestness also must be considered, for it is made in all sincerity and with every possible precaution to persevere in the life of privation thus begun, by sworn submission to the authority of the Bishop and other ecclesiastical authorities, by giving up the opportunities of engaging in commercial life to live in a spirit of poverty, and by a promise, which is considered as binding as a vow, to lead a life of celibacy, so as to be forever and entirely free to work for God's glory and for the salvation of souls.

How well our priests deserve our prayers by the sacrifices they make in order to dedicate themselves to labor for our welfare, we can only judge when we remember that no men in the world realize more clearly than they the nature and extent of that sacrifice, experiencing, as they do, its hardships already in their seminary life. The sacrifice once made, the priest who is to engage in parish work assumes the responsibility and obligations of his office, which also have been explained to him most thoroughly during the seminary course, and put before him in the solitude of retreat to be measured and weighed solemnly in God's presence, so that no man entering a profession is made to study its responsibilities as conscientiously as our candidates for the priesthood. With this clear knowledge of what he is undertaking for our sake, the young priest generously enters the labors of his vocation, and the experience of each day but makes his sense of responsibility all the more vivid and trying, and his obligations more numerous and exacting.

With responsibility comes labor, the never-ending lot of a priest who gives

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himself to parish work. Indeed, in certain religious orders, the consecrated term used to designate a priest engaged in parish duty is the significant Latin term *operarius*, or workman in the sanctuary or pulpit on Sunday, in the confessional or parochial office, in the schools or homes of his parishioners the rest of the week, from early morning until late at night. His night's rest often disturbed, and his day laden with cares, he is constantly weighed down in body and mind, and often unable from sheer fatigue and ceaseless demands on his time, to devote himself to all his high and holy tasks as he longs to do. He is responsible for saving and perfecting every soul under his care as well as his own, and instead of being free to meditate and study spiritual books, or even to prepare his sermons properly, too frequently his very thanksgiving after Holy Mass is interrupted, and one duty presses upon another so rapidly that he barely finds time for reading his Office, and with difficulty can recollect his thoughts sufficiently for this pious duty. The catechism class and the schoolroom, the parish register and account books, the adornment of the sanctuary and the altar, the training of altar boys, the management of a choir, the direction of pious and benevolent associations, and the constant administration of the sacraments, baptisms, marriages, First Communion and Confirmation classes, sick calls and funerals, the instruction of converts, and all the special cases of poor to be relieved, the distressed to be comforted, the afflicted to be consoled, of scandals to be averted or repaired, of injustice to be exposed, of crimes to be prevented, of wrong to be righted, of virtue to be protected and sustained,—these are only the ordinary tasks of a priestly life, not to mention the special and extraordinary occupations or solicitudes with which every faithful priest is invariably charged.

The priest's parochial duties are, therefore, so numerous and so supernatural in their nature as to require extraordinary helps of divine grace, and the special favor of divine providence for their accomplishment. Difficult as they are in themselves, they are doubly so in our country where our parishes are still but *quasi* or missionary parishes. With comparatively few exceptions they are constantly changing. A parish is scarcely built up and completely established before the change begins; now it is a change of parish limits, or new people come to dwell within the limits, while old parishioners move away, and this change means new requirements, and different resources; again a church must be renovated or replaced by a larger and finer structure, or rectory, school, society rooms and library must be provided, and in many dioceses all this material work devolves upon the priest: he is thus made responsible for the temporal as well as for the spiritual interests of his parish, and that one or other of these interests does not suffer is due only to the self-sacrifice and devotion with which our pastors and their assistants apply themselves to both.

Surely our parish priests need our prayers quite as much as they deserve them. If their hands are constantly uplifted in prayer for us, we must needs stand by to keep them uplifted when human infirmity leaves them unable to sustain their many burdens. They need our prayers to keep up their disposition and desire for their own and our perfection, when all around them is a world of disorder, indifference, lukewarmness, ingratitude, discontent and depravity. They need our prayers to sustain their zeal in spite of the discouragement which seizes their spirit when they are left without resources or cöoperation, and confronted with apparent failure, or met by contradiction. They need our prayers to keep their faith strong and vivid, their confidence unwavering, their prudence at once simple and wary, their fortitude indomitable and their reverence for holy things so conspicuous, as to compel and justify the pious reverence we have for them.

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We might go on forever enumerating the needs of a priest in parish work and his titles to our prayers. When all is said, each one of us can quietly recall the special blessings we owe to their ministration. Suppose for a moment—and may God avert the misfortune!—that their number should be lessened, that their spirit of piety and zeal should fail, or that they should be taken from us, as in some European countries, or prevented from devoting themselves freely to our welfare. Without making the supposition, we have reason to know too well how many of our brethren in our own country are falling away from the faith for want of priests, and too often we have to deplore the good left undone and the evils caused by priests who are careless and indolent, worldly and even faithless to their holy calling. "Like people, like priest," was a saying of the prophets, and it means that our lot is bound up with theirs, and that as we depend on them for instruction, example, and all the sacramental channels of grace, so they in turn, look to us for our prayers and for the encouragement afforded them by our coöperation with them, and for the benefits we derive from their ministry.

We must therefore pray for the priests who are building and maintaining our parishes and laboring night and day for our welfare, that their number may be increased so that every hamlet in our land and in the territory lately brought under our control, may have the blessing of their ministry, that they may grow in piety and zeal, and impart their own spirit to ourselves so abundantly that the Catholic life, thus engendered and propagated, may compel not only the admiration of sectarians and unbelievers, but also by divine grace, their acceptance of our holy faith. While blessing God for His mercy in providing us with so many good and zealous priests, who go about their work quietly and humbly with so much consolation for our souls, we must pray that the good work they are doing may be multiplied by the proper coöperation of the laity, that their holy lives and example may influence even those who do not believe as we do, to recognize the divine forces at work in our holy religion, and that God may make every one of them "a faithful priest, who shall do according to my heart, and my soul."

THE TWO VICTORIES.

By F. S.

SOME years ago, I attended a military hospital in one of our cities, where self-sacrificing religious generously devoted themselves to the care of the sick and wounded. They had consecrated their labors to the Sacred Heart with the earnest supplication that not one soldier confided to their devotedness should leave this world unprepared to appear before God. To this end, they had attached a Scapular of the Sacred Heart to every bed, remitting with entire confidence each soul to the mercy of the Divine Heart, while they lavished most tender cares on the wounds of their mangled bodies.

One day, a young officer was brought in, whose state excited the deepest compassion, and the efforts of the attending physician to relieve him only aggravated his excruciating torture; however, a strong constitution gave a slight ray of hope. Morning and evening, the visits of the doctor occasioned such acute suffering to the patient that his companions could scarcely bear to witness the cruel operations. Every time his wounds were probed, they were found more

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fatal; soon all hope was abandoned, and the Christian doctor expressed to the gentle religious his wish that something might be done for the soul of the unhappy man, whose condition at this moment was most critical. The patient was morose and insensible to every other thought than that of his agonizing pain. The Sister, at the same time his nurse and good angel, at first sought only to make him endure patiently his awful sufferings. Who would not accept a word of kindness at such an hour? What nature would not incline towards a religion which is our only support when all else fails? Instinctively, the eyes of the dying man rested on the little scapular suspended at the foot of his bed. As he gazed on the image of that meek and merciful Heart, his cries of anguish and distress were changed to this touching prayer: My God! My God! In spite of his state he still clung to the hope of life, but there were moments when almost in despair he wished at any price to end his existence. One night in a paroxysm of pain, he called for some one to shoot him and thus free him from such misery. The Sister approached his bed and tried by gentle words, drawn from the Sacred Heart, to soothe the anguish of his soul. Seeing him somewhat calmer, she spoke of the disquietude of the physician in his regard, adding that the interest she felt in his eternal welfare would no longer permit her to dissimulate the gravity of his condition. "You tell me there is no hope!" he cried. "Impossible!" It must be acknowledged resignation was difficult for a man in the flower of his age, already decorated with the highest military honors and captivated by the seductions of the world. Danger, however, was not immediate. The next morning I visited him again, but alas! my ministry was refused. This was a delay, but not a defeat, for his soul was in the keeping of the Sacred Heart, in which no one has ever vainly trusted. It should certainly be a miracle, such as has never yet been wrought, nor shall ever be seen, if that royal Heart were wanting to them that rely upon its aid, or if it did not hasten to their assistance. Meanwhile fervent prayers ascended in the patient's behalf to the Throne of Mercy, and I was asked to make a second attempt. Grace had done its work, the Sacred Heart had triumphed. The young officer made his confession with sentiments of deep contrition and prepared with true devotion for the reception of the Holy Eucharist. Reminiscences of childhood being awakened, carried him back in spirit to that happy day, when for the first and probably the only time in life, his heart had been the dwelling of his Saviour. After a fervent thanksgiving he renewed with great fervor the promises of baptism, and when an Act of Consecration to our Immaculate Mother was suggested to him, he gladly acquiesced. During this little ceremony, the countenance which heretofore had worn an expression of suffering and sorrow, shone with hope and joy. Weakness gradually increased, and as the pallor of death overspread his features, he gently murmured: "Oh! how good God has been to me!" and in these dispositions passed from this vale of tears to bless eternally the infinite mercy of the adorable Heart of Jesus.

Another miracle of mercy has recently come under our notice manifesting again the unlimited power of the Sacred Heart over the most wayward of its creatures, proving once more the miraculous virtue of that little talisman, the Scapular of the Sacred Heart.

Miss M. made a practice of giving daily to the first person she met a Scapular of the Sacred Heart. One Friday, last June, a man selling strawberries called at her residence and according to her custom, she presented him a scapular. At first he appeared startled, but when she told him to put it on, he obeyed. Some hours later, the man returned to her palatial home, and asked to see Miss M. alone, which impudent request was refused. He mani-

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fested such distress and insisted so earnestly that the interview was permitted, the mother of the young lady remaining within calling distance. As Miss M. entered the room, the visitor of the morning, telling her not to fear, mysteriously closed the door. Great was her surprise when the unhappy man informed her that she had that day prevented the commission of an enormous crime, as it had been his intention to kill his wife. The dread deed consummated, he planned escape on the first train leaving the city. When he placed the little scapular on his breast, remorse seized him, and some hours later he determined to seek his benefactress, acknowledge his guilty design and beg her to release the intended victim, who at that moment was locked up in one of the rooms of her house. Imploring light and strength from above, Miss M. spoke to him of the love of the Heart of Jesus for his immortal soul, and after many fruitless attempts, finally convinced him of the necessity of seeking pardon in the Sacrament of Penance. A good priest, to whom Miss M. recommended this poor man, took a deep interest in him; many interviews resulted in a fervent retreat from which the penitent came forth a changed person, and has since led an edifying life.

How encouraging are these facts which exemplify the promises made by our dear Saviour to His faithful disciple, Blessed Margaret Mary, the Apostle of Devotion to the Sacred Heart, who assures us on the part of her Divine Master, that we shall want for help only when His Heart shall want power! If, then, these little Scapulars are as a spark enkindling in a soul the love of the Heart of Jesus, bringing it back to the sweet empire of grace, with what zeal should we not spread them, recalling the words of our Lord Himself: "Those who propagate this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart, and they shall never be effaced."

THE BOY SAVERS.

Juvenile Use of Billiards, Pool and Cards.

LAST month, we outlined a defence for those who would offer the above pastimes to lads in their teens. Opponents cry "away with such games; they will lead our boys to saloons." On the contrary, provide these games, say we, and thus prevent young people from filling saloons.

Concerning billiards and pool in particular; there is a fact, generally unnoticed and unknown by critics: these amusements usually excite no *permanent* interest, but merely a short-lived, though passionate attachment. A little practice at driving billiard balls eliminates from the game much of the delectable element of *chance*, and develops something unpleasantly suggestive of skilled labor. As we were once informed by a retired expert of fifteen summers, "when a feller gits so he knows how ter make shots, de fun is most gone."

Amusement seekers soon tire of the cue, as saloon proprietors well know, hence, these unworthies usually regard cushioned games, not as permanent fixtures but in the light of passing novelties. Saloon tables are great travellers. A dozen of them trundled about town, halting now at this bar, and again at another, like Indian strategists, take on semblance of great numbers by simply reappearing in several different places. In Young Men's Clubs, also, the above two games frequently pall, and to the extent of suffering exclusion. Indeed, the boys' rendezvous would have to relate similar experience, only for its sustained copious

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influx of new members, all of whom begin by enthusiastically contemplating the green table surface as if a most delicious oasis amidst the arid deserts of life.

Conjointly with this, consider another feature of the situation: By consenting to saloon monopoly over these innocent games, you drive the vast majority of even God-fearing, young men into drinking places for that trial of the cue *which they will inevitably make*. Be not deceived by imagining that boys can be successfully turned against future patronage of the amusements in question. They grow up with pleasing anticipations concerning these choice games that "the men play,' and in passing glistening doors, give eager heed to the wondrous, clicking balls. After a few years, these young auditors will begin their pool noviceship—to be professed, at least for a season or two—and the period thus occupied will find them saloon *habitués*.

Therefore, observers are thoughtlessly and needlessly horrified that, in a pure moral atmosphere, lads of thirteen crowd about pool tables. The earlier this, the better. The vast majority of our boys will soon tire of the cue: let them, therefore, have full use of the same, *and be done with it before reaching the age that admits into drinking resorts*. Let them in early years "work off the fever," and thus become immunes, able to withstand climatic moral evils of social life.

No doubt, through juvenile attachment to the cue, an occasional lad ends sadly enough, by permanently accepting saloon hospitality, just as vaudeville actors of low type sometimes begin development in school theatricals, but be assured that, while one youth may lapse from early billiards or pool to alcoholism, a dozen of his companions obtain happy satiety of these games which averts their otherwise inevitable patronage of saloons.

The foregoing reasoning, confidently advanced regarding amusements that quickly pall, is not, however, applicable to cards. These latter remain a joy forever, because always handy, while dependent less on skilful play than on Dame Fortune's favors bestowed in shuffling and deal.

The situation thus created is more serious than the one just considered. Cardplay in general certainly inclines to cardplay in the saloon; and, do what you will, *cards boys are going to play*. Positive restrictions on this point only alienate the youthful crowd. The most that can be done is to check the game very considerably by inducing its patrons to interest themselves in other forms of amusement.

The club that excludes cards suffers disastrous lack of membership; hence we advise a policy of toleration, if only to secure the following that is to be led into new fields of recreation. Gambling must, of course, be under severest ban, but legitimate play should be mercifully permitted in the interest of many boys ready to suffer expatriation out of loyalty to their favorite game.

There need be no fear that such liberality will increase the local contingent of card devotees. On the contrary, since a well equipped club actively weans boys from objectionable sports, less attention will be given to spades and diamonds when all of their young patrons flock to the rendezvous, and there learn to play at something else; but card games will not decrease as long as players, debarred from the amusement centre, are returned to former haunts, which offer scarcely any indoor diversion save this very one that ought to be checked.

While undertaking at once to permit and discourage cards, the writer has found great advantage in obliging members to carry their playing packs to and from the club; this arrangement saves trouble for attendants, while rendering the greater service of gently directing youthful visitors to safer amusements.

In the present instance chronic boyish heedlessness, for once, serves a purpose. Tell a lad that cards may not be used in the rooms, and he will become a deserter for the sake of enjoying them. On the

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other hand, effusively bid him to bring his own cards, for play, to the rooms, and half of the time, out of forgetfulness, he and his chums will arrive in empty-handed readiness for other pastimes. In this way, cards, even left idle at home, become contributory to the cultivation of amusements of better class. Sometimes they lead to such pursuits as music, light reading, etc., in other instances, by developing taste for gymnastics and general athletics, they place still stronger barriers to saloon frequentation.

We believe the foregoing arguments justify boyish use of billiards, pool and cards, even when associated religious influences are not at all considered. However, our position becomes immeasurably stronger when it is remembered that the games in question are of unspeakable additional value as attractions to a *Catholic* recreation centre, wherein religion and morality are actively cultivated.

It seems, then, a deplorable mistake that the best of indoor pastimes should be surrendered, with anathema, to the evil one, because he has power to set them up within the "wide gate," and on the "broad way that leadeth to destruction." Rather, let God's children reclaim what is really their own. Let them thwart the enemy by placing innocent amusements—for cheer and encouragement, for temporal support and spiritual gain—beside the "narrow gate," and along the "straight path that leadeth to life."

DE GAUDIIS PARADISI.

Attributed to Saint Augustine.

Ad perennis vitae fontem
Mens sitivit avida,
Claustra carnis praesto frangi
Clausa quaerit anima,
Gliscit, ambit, eluctatur
Exul frui patria.

Dum pressuris ac ærumnis
Se gemit obnoxium,
Quam amisit, dum deliquit,
Contemplatur gloriam,
Praesens malum auget boni
Perditi memoriam.

Nam quis promat summæ pacis
Quanta sit laetitia,
Ubi vivis margaritis
Surgunt ædificia,
Auro celsa micant tecta,
Radiant triclinia.

Solis gemmis pretiosis
Haec structura nectitur ;
Auro mundo, tanquam vitro,
Urbis via sternitur,
Abest limus, deest fimus,
Lues nulla cernitur.

THE JOYS OF PARADISE.

Translation.

For the fount of life eternal
Panteth the enamored soul,
From its bonds th' imprisoned spirit
Seeketh freedom of control,
Exiled here it turns and flutters,
Struggling for its native goal.

When 'neath trial and confusion,
Pressed by misery and pain,
It beholds its glory clouded,
By the breath of deadly bane,
Present evil but enhanceth
Memory of a perished gain.

Who can voice the joy surpassing
Of that endless peace supreme,
Where the living pearls of beauty
In the lofty dwellings gleam,
Where the spacious halls and mansions
With a golden glory stream?

Precious are the gems compacted
In that palace, stone on stone,
Purest gold like unto crystal
Is upon the highway strown
Free of dust and spotless ever,
For no darkening stain is known.

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Hiems horrens, æstas torrens
Illic numquam æviunt,
Flos perpetuus rosarum
Ver agit perpetuum,
Cadent lilia, rubescit
Crocus, sudat balsamum.

Blighting Winter, burning Summer
There no longer hold their sway,
Spring perpetual bright with roses,
Bloometh, knowing no decay:
Lilies glisten, crocus gleameth,
Balsam sendeth perfumed spray.

Virent prata, vernant sata,
Rivi mellis influunt,
Pigmentorum spirit odor,
Liquor et aromatum.
Pendent poma floridorum
Non lapsura nemorum.

Verdant are the springing meadows
And the honied rivers flow,
Odors breathe their sweet aroma
As the spicy breezes blow,
In the groves, with fruit unfailing,
Leafy boughs are bending low.

Non alternat luna vices,
Sol vel cursus siderum,
Agnus est felicis urbis
Lumen inocciduum,
Nox et tempus desunt ei,
Diem fert continuum.

There no fickle moon appeareth,
Nor do planets speed their way,
For the Lamb is light undying
Of that happy land alway,
Night and time are ever banished
For 'tis never ending day.

Nam et sancti quique velut
Sol praeclarus rutilant,
Post triumphum coronati
Mutuo coniubilant,
Et prostrati pugnas hostis
Iam securi numerant.

There the saints in light supernal
As a glorious sun-burst shine,
Crowned triumphant then, exulting
In an ecstacy divine,
They recount their glorious conquests
With the raging foe in line.

Omne labe defæcati
Carnis bella nesciunt,
Caro facta spiritalis
Et mens unum sentiunt,
Pace multa perfruentes
Scandalum non perferunt.

Free from stain, their battle over,
E'en the flesh is glorified;
Flesh transfigured, with the spirit,
Doth in harmony abide,
Peaceful with a holy stillness
Troubled by no sinful tide.

Mutabilibus exuti
Repetunt originem,
Et praesentem veritatis
Contemplantur speciem.
Hinc vitalem vivi fontis
Hauriunt dulcedinem.

Freed from weight of all mutation,
To their source they swiftly rise,
On the Face of Truth eternal
Gazing with enraptured eyes,
Thence to draw reviving sweetness
From the fount of Paradise.

Inde statum semper idem
Existendi capiunt,
Clari, vividi, jucundi
Nullis patent casibus,
Absunt morbi semper sanis,
Senectus juvenibus.

They rejoice in changeless being,
Glory in a steadfast will,
Lit with vivifying rapture,
Subject to no passing ill,
Sickness flying, health undying,
Though eternal, youthful still,

Hinc perenne tenent esse,
Nam transire transiit,
Inde virent, vigent, florent:
Corruptela corruit,
Immortalitatis vigor
Mortis jus absorbuit.

Thus they have perennial being,
For transition now is o'er,
Thus they flourish, bloom and flower,
Ne'er decaying, as of yore.
Strong with an immortal vigor,
Death is conquered evermore.

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Qui scientem cuncta sciunt
Quid nescire nequeunt,
Nam et pectoris arcana
Penetrant alterutrum
Unum volunt, unum nolunt,
Unitas et mentium.

Knowing Him who knoweth all things,
In all knowledge they delight,
E'en the secret of each bosom,
Charmeth now each ravished sight,
One in mind, in will, in spirit,
They in all of good unite.

Licet cuiquam sit diversum
Pro labore meritum,
Caritas hoc facit suum,
Quod dum amat alterum,
Proprium sit singulorum
Fit commune omnium.

"Star shall differ," for the glory
Is apportioned to the pain,
But in bond of sweet communion,
Charity doth so ordain,
That the treasure each possesseth
Shall enrich the common gain.

Ubi corpus, illic jure
Congregantur aquilae ;
Quo cum angelis et sanctae
Recreantur animæ,
Uno pane vivunt cives
Utriusque patriae.

To the body flock the eagles,
For the royal feast is spread,
Saints and Angels rest together,
On celestial bounty fed;
Citizens of earth and heaven,
Seek the one life-giving bread.

Avidi et semper pleni,
Quod habent desiderant,
Non satietas fastidit,
Neque fames cruciat,
Inhiantes semper edunt
Et edentes inhiant.

Famished yet restored with plenty,
What they have they yet desire,
Sated, yet they languish never,
Nor doth hunger ever tire.
Ever longing they are feasting,
Yet to feast they still aspire.

Novas semper melodias,
Vox meloda concrepat,
Et in jubilum prolata,
Mulcent aures organa,
Digna per quem sunt victores
Regi dant praeconia.

Songs of melody enchanting
Their melodious voices raise,
String and psaltery are mingled
With the jubilee of lays,
Offering to the King eternal
Homage of the victor's praise.

Felix cœli quæ praesentem
Regem cernit anima,
Et sub sede spectat alta
Orbis volvi machinam
Solem, lunam et globosa
Cum planetis sidera !

Happy soul to whom the vision
Of the Heavenly King is known,
Who hath seen the vast creation
Circling 'neath His lofty throne,
Sun and moon and sphery splendor
In their varied beauty shown.

Christe, palma bellatorum,
Hoc in municipium
Introduc me post solutum
Militare cingulum,
Fac consortem me donetur
Beatorum civium !

Thou, O Christ, the palm of battle,
Lead me to Thy land of rest,
When I shall have loosed the sword-belt,
Cast the buckler from my breast,
Make me sharer in the guerdon
Thou bestowest on the blest.

Probes vires inexhausto
Laboranti prælio ;
Nec quietem post procinctum
Deneges emerito,
Teque merear potiri
Sine fine præmio.

Prove the valor of Thy warrior
When the din of war is rife,
But refuse not sweet refreshment
To the victor after strife,
Be Thyself my prize eternal,
Thou, my everlasting life.

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THE ANNUNCIATION.

ST. LUKE explains this mystery in the first chapter of his Gospel.

And in the sixth month [after the birth of John the Baptist], the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee called Nazareth. To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, and the virgin's name was Mary.

And the Angel being come in, said unto her: Hail full of grace: The Lord is with thee: Blessed art thou among women.

Who having heard, was troubled at the saying, and thought with herself what manner of salutation this should be.

And the Angel said to her: Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus:

He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the most High, and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David his father: and he shall reign in the house of Jacob forever. And of his kingdom there shall be no end.

And Mary said to the Angel: How shall this be done because I know not man?

And the Angel answering said to her: The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the most High shall overshadow thee, and therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God.

And behold thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren: Because no word shall be impossible with God.

And Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word, and the Angel departed from her.

The mystery, known as the Annunciation, is, therefore, the Incarnation of the Son of God. The Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, the Eternal Word of the Father, His Only Begotten Son, born of Him before all ages, was made flesh in the womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary, assuming our human nature in its integrity, a body and soul, real and in all things endowed like ours, and made it truly His own, uniting it so closely to His divine nature, without, however, confounding the two, that it could be truly called His own body, and the Virgin Mother of whom He was born the Mother of God.

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EDITORIAL.

INDIVIDUALISM VS. UNITY.

"Meanwhile Rome remains calm and undisturbed, logically rejecting the individualism that a persecuting Protestantism first scorned and then embraced," are Dr. De Costa's own words, as reported in the daily papers of December 12. Which means that the Catholic Church *logically* rejects selfishness in every form in which it can manifest itself, whether it be in the form of private judgment or in the excessive attachment to one's own will to the oversight, and often to the positive injury, of others. *Logically* is not the word here, though it does express part of the fact; the Church rejects individualism instinctively, as the source of every breach of God's great law of love, and as the cause of disunion among the members of Christ. The right of the individual she protects, and she promotes in every way the personal development of each of her subjects; indeed, the more one submits to her laws and ordinances, the more completely is the individual character preserved and perfected. It is not individuality that she seeks to suppress, but individualism, or the selfishness which aims at imposing one's views on others, and at making them contribute to one's own advancement without due regard to the common welfare and progress. Protestantism, which is individualism in the extreme, may well regret having embraced a principle, which has produced so many hopelessly divided sects, and even within each sect such hopeless disunion among ministers and members.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"They never descend to sensationalism; institutional methods are not popular with them. They insist upon parish limits, and compel their people to respect them. They require all attendants upon their churches to give. They invest the Mass with a sacredness that no Catholic thinks of disregarding. They exalt the altar and bring the confessional into the foreground, and by a system carefully articulated and consistently put into practice, they keep their adherents closely tied to the church and carry on a successful propaganda among Protestants." So spoke a Moderator of a Presbyterian Assembly, quoted by Dr. De Costa, in his tirade against Protestantism in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, Sunday evening, December 12. And the Presbyterian Moderator says much that is true, and discerns very well, from a natural point of view, some of the causes of the vitality of our holy religion. This is precisely the trouble. These well meaning men either do not understand what is meant by a supernatural religion, or they deal with all religious belief as if it were of purely human origin. Still we may hope that either they, or others prompted by their utterances, will be led to investigate the truly divine origin and character of a church whose mere external discipline excites such admiration.

THE CATHOLIC'S BEST ARGUMENT.

Apparently, Dr. De Costa is right, because Protestants cannot agree on anything, even on the fact that their at-

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tempt to make a religion is a failure. The Rev. F. D. Luddington, of Shelton Baptist Church, Derby, Connecticut, contradicted the New York divine, and said so many outrageous things against the Catholic Church that his own congregation rose up against him, and his resignation is now before the Board of Trustees of his church. Pending the acceptance of his resignation, the poor man has been burned in effigy in various parts of Derby, Shelton and Ansonia, as the New York *Herald* of January 4, reports. The people in these cities know too well the virtue of the Catholic women in their communities to tolerate Mr. Luddington's slanderous reflections on their virtue, as reported in the local newspaper, the *Evening Sentinel* for December 19. Meantime, the two ministers are reported to be exchanging letters, and the newspapers hint that the Derby preacher may have to answer in a suit for slander. It is consoling to know that the people are so much better informed and fair-minded than their ministers, and that the Catholics of Connecticut generally command such respect. If heresy spreads, the ministers are to blame; the good lives of Catholics are the strongest proof of the divinity of our holy religion.

OUR SALVATION ARMY.

We shall not need our army chaplains much longer; some of our generals and colonels are ready to take their places. It simplifies things to combine in one and the same person, spiritual and civil authority It is edifying, indeed, to see our army officers so deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of their men, but we do not understand why officers only should feel inspired, or take upon themselves the religious advancement of the troops. Since this vocation is usually considered to come from above, why should not some of the men preach to their officers? Since there is question of providing religious instruction and ministry not only for the army, but also for the benighted Porto Ricans, Cubans and Filipinos, at present under our care, may it not be that our private soldiers will be needed and that they will suffice to evangelize the natives in their respective territories? It would be so economical and effective in every way to have religion preached by the men whom we send to police the islands.

NOT TOO BAD FOR USE.

It seems that after all the monks in the Philippines were not so bad, and, according to the New York *Herald*, "one of the most well informed [sic] men in Spain," says that all they did was to make the islands a "monastic colony, the enormous profits of which went to Rome and into the hands of chiefs of various orders which exploited the archipelago." The Universities in Manila "distributed every year a great quantity of diplomas to the natives, who thus regarded themselves as young literary men." . . . The monks filled the empty heads of the Tagalos with the theory of Roman law and the philosophy of St. Augustine and St. Thomas. Masonic lodges and Spanish liberal democratic newspapers quickly transformed this kind of learning into revolutionary aspirations and protests against an insupportable theocratic domination." That was all; and since they constitute a power in the country, they could be utilized, "but their sphere of action, he thought, should be limited to purely religious and moral functions." As if it were not a religious function to teach, and to fill the empty-headed Tagalos with the philosophy of St. Augustine and St. Thomas. With all this lofty knowledge, and with the inner light and lectures of the lodge-room, which, we presume, will also be utilized, why concern ourselves about the highly cultivated Filipino, unless, indeed, we mean to profit by his knowledge of Roman law, and his readings in the Doctors of the Church, as we hope to profit by the material products of his native soil?

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CAPTIVE TURNED CONQUEROR.

The most well informed Spaniard who spoke with the correspondent was not altogether wrong in his tribute to the high grade of education given by the monks in Manila, but he expressed himself as ignorantly on this point as on every other. The *Independent*, in an editorial on "The Educational Outlook," in its issue of December 29, pays the following tribute to the higher education in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, which is quite remarkable after all we have been hearing the past year about Spanish ignorance and dread of civilization generally.

"It is important," the *Independent* says, "at this moment in our national life to emphasize the claims of higher education. We have had much to do with training inferior peoples, but in our new possessions we encounter an unfamiliar class. For ages they have been in contact with a civilization in which higher education has been honored and fostered. The leaders in all the conquered islands, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, are familiar with, and many of them are formed upon, the humanities; they have intellectual standards by which to measure us. Moreover, we shall come in touch with foreign diplomats in respect to matters that have to be settled by historical precedent rather than upon a broad basis of principle. Knowledge, comprehensive and minute, must supplement the natural aptitudes which have heretofore been the chief reliance of our diplomacy."

So the new territories, which we shall in all likelihood annex as colonies, under the pretext of civilizing them, will force and help us to improve our own civilization. It is a hopeful sign that we are so far emerging from the conceit of ignorance as to admit that we have much to learn from our elders.

ONLY ONE INSTANCE.

The Rev. T. J. Earley, of St. Peter's Church of the Borough of Richmond, New York, has succeeded in having a public school teacher reprimanded and punished for making remarks and criticisms in her class of history which were both untrue and prejudicial to the Catholic Church. Even had she escaped punishment, Father Earley would have succeeded in showing how defective and dangerous is any school system which engages teachers who neither know nor respect a doctrine which is at least as important as the branch of a science they are employed to teach. Father Earley has also succeeded in convincing a number of Catholic parents that they cannot send their children to the public schools without taking extraordinary precautions to preserve them from shipwreck in their faith, and he has put clearly on record another instance of the abuses in our much-cherished school system, which even some pastors, who persist in praising it, will do well to examine.

A FIELD FOR FADDISTS.

If we cannot appreciate the benefits of educating our children in Catholic schools, and the importance of helping pastors to make these as good as we desire to see them, we should at least take the trouble to know something of the defects in the public school system, which commonly receives such indiscriminate praise. A Western educator has lately shown the weak points of the system as applied in the Empire City, and though some members of our school board resent his attack, they are painfully aware that the Mayor of the city has the same opinion of many of their methods as their Western critic. The sensible superintendents and teachers of our public schools are raising an outcry against educational fads. That the abuse is prevalent in more than one city we can judge from the repeated charges of our local newspapers, which are well summarized in the editorial of the *Independent* quoted above:

"One of the chief causes for alarm in respect to the public schools is the tendency to make them an experimental

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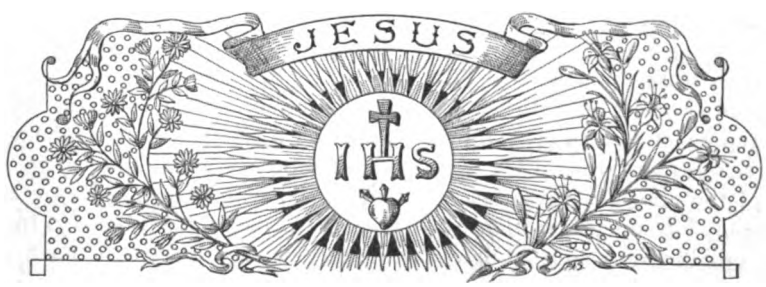
field for faddists. Unfortunately, even superintendents are found in this class, and may sacrifice the interest of a whole generation in the pursuit of crude fantasies, psychological, sociological or what-not."

NOT UNWELCOME.

The Superintendent of Education in the State of New York says that nuns employed as teachers in public schools must give up their religious garb or go. By this decision some few parishes will lose the support they have been deriving from the towns of which they form part, but they will gain by having the nuns free to give their children a thoroughly Catholic education, without constant hindrance and annoyance from officials of the city and State. As there is no election in sight the decision is not likely to be reversed. The nuns will surely not regret it, but rejoice that it has at length been announced, along with the principles laid down by Mr. Skinner in explanation of his views. We have seen this system of conducting some of our parochial schools at work in various places, and whatever may be said of its advantages, when Catholic lay teachers are employed, it is always both humiliating and oppressive for sisters, preventing them from giving the full course of instruction for which they are instituted, and submitting them to countless annoyances from people who cannot be expected to appreciate the modesty and reserve of religious women. The decision will not be welcome to the pastors, who must now seek to support their schools by collections from their parishioners ; but they have at least the satisfaction of knowing how vainly they look to politicians for State aid for our schools, and no doubt, they will recognize in this as in other instances the advantages of the union of Church and State, against which so many declaim, while at heart they long for it.

TO PURIFY THE NEWSPAPERS.

"To announce a murder or a suicide, to allow a few lines for the circumstances of time, of place and of persons, to seek the motives and the causes of such an odious act with a view to showing the shame and ignominy thereof, constitutes the honest use of a liberty which nobody thinks of contesting with you." So writes Archbishop Bruchési of Montreal, to the newspaper editors of that city. Were he addressing his letter to our own journalists, he would add what seems so obvious to everyone but them, viz., that they should report only what they have reason to believe true, and leave out all invention, conjecture, and ill-founded report. Our yellow journalists will consider the Archbishop as very simple-minded and innocent to address such an appeal to men who act on their principles ; but apparently he has reason to hope for a respectful hearing from the Montreal editors, and it is possible that they will at least publish less revolting illustrations and less sensational details in their reports of crimes which His Grace well describes as a sort of diabolical attack on the imagination of the readers.



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The third national congress of French Catholics was held at Paris from November 27 to December 4. The best Catholic orators of France spoke in turn on various subjects interesting for the welfare of religion and society. We notice the following points in particular:

The work of teaching catechism to children by volunteer instructors was highly praised and strongly recommended. To make it more efficient, it was suggested to award certificates to such teachers as should have qualified themselves by an examination in Christian Doctrine. It seems that similar diplomas are already given by the Catholic Institute of Paris, and that they are greatly appreciated by the zealous catechists of the capital.

Father Lemius, superior of the chaplains of Montmartre, called the attention of the congress to a plan of his, aiming at nothing less than the creating in every parish of France of groups of "Men of the Sacred Heart." They are to be the right-hand of priests and pastors in all their works and enterprises. They will at the same time form an immense army, with the banner of the Sacred Heart as their standard, and will group themselves around the national Basilica to promote the speedy consecration of France to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The ever-increasing popularity of clerical schools in France, and the consequent disrepute of government institutions, have once more aroused the spiteful anger of the atheistic legislators. A socialist deputy introduced a motion in the Chamber, prohibiting religious congregations and members of the regular clergy from taking part in educational work. Urgency was asked for the proposal, but the demand was rejected by 303 votes against 149. Urgency was likewise refused for another motion to give the university a monopoly of education.

Mgr. Laborde, Bishop of Blois, is one of the latest victims of religious persecution, as it now prevails in France. Whilst making his episcopal visitation in a small village of his diocese, he was seen crossing the short distance from the presbytery to the church, attired in rochet and cape. Immediately the law stepped in, and the bishop was found guilty of attempt at procession, and condemned to the maximum penalty, a fine of five francs.

The next Eucharistic Congress is to be held at Lourdes. It will open on August 6th.

An interesting feature of the Exposition recently held at Turin, was the presence of a number of missionaries from various parts of the globe, accompanied by natives from those countries, and exhibiting important collections of ethnographical curiosities. Before returning to their several missions, both the missionaries and their charges had an audience at the Vatican, and were most kindly received by our Holy Father, Leo XIII. In the motley and picturesque gathering there were nine Arab children, fourteen Chinese Christians, seven Bedouins, sixteen Hindoo women and native nuns, twenty-six Copts of Upper Egypt, thirty-three Abyssinians, eight Bolivian Indians, and five Brazilian Indians. Each group was in turn led before the Pope, and had

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the honor of kissing his hand and of receiving his blessing. The Pope appeared greatly moved at this manifestation of the great progress made by Catholicity of late years in the wildest and most distant regions of the world.

The question, Of what good are religious?—was thus answered lately at one of the sittings of the Paris Congress, by the Very Rev. Pere Le Dore, Superior of the Eudists. "Preparations are being made," he said, "for selling this month in the name of the law, the premises of certain religious communities. Men thus turned out are not so helpless as women. Yet not one of these women is inclined to falter in her resolve. When our country is invaded and an army of 120,000 sent to defend it, the loss of 20,000 soldiers is reckoned of small account as the price of victory. And so let it be with our nuns. Let 20,000 of them perish, if necessary. They are ready." The orator said that he could affirm without exaggeration that in several communities the religious had already asked what hymn they should sing in going to prison or to the scaffold, in order that by practice they might become perfect in it.

He proceeded to point out that beside the 180,000 religious whom it is a question of putting outside the reach of the law in the matter of their rights, there is a much vaster array of human beings dependent on these religious for all the necessities of life. He alluded to the pupils of the colleges, convents and orphanages, whom they taught, and to the inmates of homes, asylums and hospitals whom they tended, housed and fed, these making in all with the benefactors and those benefited the sum total of upwards of 2,500,000 persons in France at the present time. Alluding to the institution of the Bon Pasteur of Père Eudes, he showed 7,000 religious to be employed in connection with it at the work of reclaiming fallen women.

"This is what religious communities are good for!" he exclaimed in ringing accents and with a tone that communicated his energy and conviction to those who heard him. Alluding to the work of foreign missions, he showed how missionary priests were to be foremost in the great work of winning to Christianity the twelve hundred million souls of the as yet unconverted races of the globe. "This is what religious are good for!" he again exclaimed. Coming to the contemplative orders, he said: "But there is still greater work being done by religious than any we have been enumerating. Members of the active orders speak before men, but their work would be of little profit were not the angels to pray for them before God. Carmelite, Ursuline, Carthusian and other contemplative orders serve as precious lightning conductors to the world. Destroy the contemplative orders of prayer and penance and the fabric around would quickly crumble."

In connection with the foregoing just and indignant protest against the iniquitous proceedings of the French Government our readers will remember that not long ago a law was passed in France imposing such heavy taxes upon religious orders that the payment of them was impossible if the orders were to continue in existence. Under the disguise of a tax it was nothing else than a law for the suppression of religious communities. Justice demands that taxes for the public good should be distributed proportionately over the whole population. A tax laid upon one class of the people for the benefit of other classes is manifestly unjust. No one is obliged to obey a law manifestly unjust. And hence of 180,000 religious in France, 120,000 refuse to pay this suicidal tax.

The twenty-seventh Annual Report of the Apostolic School at Turnhout, Belgium, furnishes striking evidence of the assistance rendered by it to the Foreign Missions. Conformable to the motto of its founder that their work was

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to be accomplished without noise, the Report is silent as to much of the good effected by its former pupils, but a few extracts from their letters home, testify to their career of usefulness on the Missions.

At a Secret Consistory held in the Vatican, on November 28, the Holy Father appointed Mgr. Ephraem Rahmani to be Patriarch of Antioch.

The Pope has addressed a letter to the Franciscan Order urging renewed zeal for higher studies, and apostolic work among the masses. He hopes that the Third Order of St. Francis, intended for people living in the world, will greatly increase in membership. When we recall all that the Church has done to promote the honor of St. Francis of Assisi, and the welfare of the great Order which he founded, it is amusing to hear a "learned" critic in a recent periodical telling us that St. Francis had a "dread of dogma" and that he believed in "the annihilation of creed and cult"—in other words St. Francis was not a Catholic. Later on we are told that "the famous economic aphorism of Proudhon, 'Property is theft,' an unconscious echo of Brissot de Warville's 'Wealth is theft,'" was almost anticipated by the creed of St. Francis and his followers—in other words, St. Francis was a Socialist. After this we shall not be surprised to hear that Washington was King of England or that Luther was Pope of Rome.

Renewed life and vigor have come to the Baltimore *Mirror*, the official organ of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, with the advent of its new editor, Rev. M. O'Keefe. In his salutatory editorial he declares that one of the objects dearest to his heart will be to uphold Christian education, and particularly parochial schools. He quotes in this connection the strong language of the Pastoral issued by the last Plenary Council of Baltimore, and signed in his own name and in the name of all the Fathers by Cardinal Gibbons, who, as Apostolic Delegate, presided over the Council. Father O'Keefe is Superintendent of Parochial Schools for the Archdiocese of Baltimore, a position for which he is well qualified, having devoted himself to the cause of Catholic education for the space of eleven years.

Mgr. Rubics, Bishop of Kaschau, in a recent pastoral, deplores the decline of Catholicity in Hungary—that land once so thoroughly Catholic. The cause is State education Speaking of the youth the Bishop says: "When this precious treasure of the nation, they who are destined to rule the country in the future, step out into life at the close of their studies, very few will be recognized as the children of Catholic parents." As the University of Pesth has almost entirely lost its Catholic character, and the two other universities are non-sectarian, that is to say, infidel, Mgr. Rubics proposes to establish a new university which shall be thoroughly Catholic, under the invocation of St. Stephen, Hungary's famous monarch. The Bishop promises to subscribe for this purpose 200 florins a year as long as he lives.

When President Grant inaugurated his "Peace Policy" according to which the various Indian tribes were arbitrarily apportioned among the different religious denominations without regard to the rights of conscience, the arrangement was made that each denomination should appoint its own teachers for Indian schools, and these teachers should receive their salaries from the government and be placed on its pay-rolls as if they were government officials. But as this arrangement seemed to many too much like a union of Church and State, it was after a time abolished and the system of contract schools was introduced. Under this system the religious denomination built and equipped its own Indian schools and was paid *per capita* for the support and tuition of the children who attended

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them. At first this arrangement was satisfactory to all, but when it was seen that the Catholics, having the largest number of schools and the largest number of pupils, received the largest share of the public money, there arose a great outcry from those who had hitherto favored the contract school system, and the result was that in 1897 Congress declared it to be "the settled policy of the government to hereafter make no appropriation whatever for education in any sectarian school," and proceeded to cut down the appropriations for Catholic Indian schools by twenty per cent. of the allotment for 1895.

Thus the government has undertaken to force non-sectarian schools upon the Indians. Those who have lived among them can testify that such schools so far from improving them only make them worse than they were before.

And now it is proposed to compel the Indians to send their children to those schools whether they like it or not. And without waiting for the law the Indian Commissioners as far back as 1896 issued a declaration that Indian parents have no right to designate which school their children shall attend, and Indian agents to-day claim the right to enter an Indian home, seize the child by force, carry him off to whatever school they please, and punish the parents for harboring their own child. Surely this is persecution of the most atrocious character. It would be less cruel to burn mother and child at the stake than to tear the child from the mother and force it to receive an "education" which, without a miracle of grace, must result in the ruin of its faith and morals, and most likely its everlasting misery.

Why should the government pay for the education of the Indians? First, because they are unable to educate themselves. Secondly, because they are "Wards of the Nation" and the government has undertaken to provide for their welfare. Why should the government support denominational schools? Because without religion it is impossible to civilize. The government is not asked to pay for the religion that is taught, but it *should* pay for everything else that is taught.

In the name of all the Archbishops of the United States, Cardinal Gibbons has addressed a petition to Congress in favor of retaining the contract school system. He asks that the whole subject be investigated by a committee of Congress and the result given to the world in a public report, "and not kept as a secret of State concealed in the files of any department or office."

On the same day that Lord Kitchener proposed the founding of a college in the heart of Africa, Mr. Hope proposed the founding of a Catholic University in Ireland. The first request has been granted, the second, thus far refused. The religion of the Mussulmans is to be scrupulously respected, the religion of the Catholics is to be scorned. What Mahometan Africa desires, is to be cheerfully conceded, what Catholic Ireland demands, is to be contemned. We are not surprised then to learn that Lord Emly has left the Unionist party in disgust, declaring that as a Catholic he can no longer subscribe to the anti-Catholic attitude of what he calls "the most offensively anti-Catholic government of modern times."



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DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

Annual Reports

Under the heading "Apostleship at Home and Abroad," Directors will note an abstract from the Reports of two Local Centres which have been published as supplements of our Almanac and Calendar. One of them, St. Aloysius Centre, Washington, D. C., with 381 active Promoters, reports the distribution of 84,481 *Leaflets* during the year, 60,000 Communions of Reparation, and 3,230 Reports handed in at the Promoters' Councils. The Director of this Centre has written his views on the benefits of an Annual Report as follows:

DEAR FATHER:—The 500 Sacred Heart Almanacs arrived safely. The Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer in this Centre are very much pleased to see our local report printed under one cover with your Almanac and Calendar.

"Printer's ink is nowadays a very great power to help on organization. The list of Promoters in clear type with addresses attached is of incalculable service. I am convinced that it would benefit the work of the League immensely if every Centre would publish an annual report. Local Directors could then exchange reports and thus see at a glance what is being done for the glory of the Sacred Heart in every Centre.

"Now, the cheapest way to print a report is to accept your terms."

It will be observed that both these reports lay special stress on the part that men take in League work in these Centres. In St. Aloysius' Centre, Washington, D. C., the services every third Friday evening are chiefly for them; and in St. Francis Xavier's Centre, New York, they occupy places in the middle aisle on the first Friday evenings, and make the nocturnal adoration during the Forty Hours Exposition and on Holy Thursday. Their interest in the League was enlisted by young men, who as Promoters canvassed the parish a year ago to make sure that every parishioner was enrolled in the League, and the five hundred or more men, that they discovered were not active members, have since become more faithful and zealous.

Promoters' Triduum.

We recommend to Local Directors the triduum of instructions for Promoters, as described in the letter of the Diocesan Director of the Apostleship in San Francisco. Though such an invitation comes most properly from the Diocesan Director, still there are many cities and towns distant from a Diocesan Director, in which Promoters might very properly be assembled in one or other of the churches to hear special instructions from one or several Local Directors. Such triduums might be held before some feast day, or before the first Friday, so that the Promoters might conclude the exercises by Holy Communion.

Please Notice.

The Apostleship of Prayer is civilly incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, under the title of the "Apostleship of Prayer." Directors may communicate with us under this title, sure that one of the Fathers, whose names are given in the Annual Almanac and in the Catholic Directory, will give their letters personal attention. They will do us a favor by letting us know of Post Office clerks and others who are not satisfied with this title, for registered letters and money orders.

The League Director for February will contain the continuation of the subject taken up in the January number, why pray for all men? Last month the answer was: Because God wishes the

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salvation of all, and calls on all to pray for it. This latter point will be developed in the February number; the usual summary of the General Intention; some practical hints and some questions and answers, together with a refutation of a strange error regarding images or pictures of the Sacred Heart, will complete the number.

To Promoters.

1. St. Francis de Sales' feast is transferred this year from January 27, to February 3, and the indulgence granted to Promoters on his feast may be gained on this day.

2. The two days before Lent, February 13 and 14, are days for special reparation, since so many people make the Carnival of those days a time for licentiousness and of grievous insult to God. Promoters should strive to multiply the Communions of Reparation received on the Sundays previous and following.

3. Lent begins on February 15, just as the Promoters' Councils begin, and they should make it from the very start a time of special prayer and zeal for the Associates, taking care to repair the past by more than usual fidelity to the practices of the League, and the duties they have assumed for the benefit of others.

4. Thanksgivings are published almost verbatim as they come to us, without discrimination on our part as to the senders or the locality whence they come. We must, however, insist on having them signed. A priest opens the letters, so that no one need hesitate to give us this evidence that the thanksgiving is sent us in good faith. If we give preference to any, it is to those that are expressed with the greatest simplicity and that recount favors obtained through our special practices.

Apostleship Abroad and at Home.

England.—Seldom has the trite expression "Much in Little" had fuller meaning than when applied to the Annual Almanac, issued for the Associates of the Apostleship by the Rev. Editor of the English *Messenger*. The whole booklet is brimful of interest and of hints, suggestions, and advices which, if carried out, would make the perfect Apostle according to the model set before us by the founder of our Apostleship, Father Ramière. Its six stories are all well told, and the virtues proposed for each day of the year are eminently practical and within the power of every Associate. What, however, we most admire is the Promoters' Corner, a short instruction, averaging some twenty lines, placed at the foot of the Calender for each month. The Promoters' Cross, the necessity of having the Handbook at their fingers' ends to do effective work, a personal, enthusiastic love of our Lord, the Sacred Heart as the Centre around which everything revolves in the Apostleship, the value of the Morning Offering, the purpose of the *Messenger*, are some of the subjects treated, and this with a freshness and succinctness which invite reading. The year's progress is thus summed up: Forty-four Diplomas of Aggregation have been sent to new Centres. Seven hundred and thirty-three have received Promoters' Diplomas, 40,000 Certificates of Admission and 123,750 Monthly *Leaflets* have been issued, and the number of *Messenger* subscribers has reached 37,000. A reprint of "*Messenger* Stories" at the low price of twopence is announced as a feature of the League publications for 1899.

France.— The French Almanac is more elaborate than the English, especially in point of copious illustrations. There is a peculiar charm and naiveté about its many short stories. Its opening page, greeting the Grand Army of

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those who pray under the banner of the Sacred Heart, has truly a military ring. Its keynote is found in the following forceful quotation from Donoso Cortes; "I believe that those who *pray* do more for the world than those who fight, and that if the world is going from bad to worse, it is because there are more battles than prayers. If we could penetrate the secrets of God and of history, I hold as certain that we would be seized with admiration for the prodigious effects of prayers, even in human affairs. My conviction on this point is so strong that I believe that if there were a single hour or a single day on which no prayer ascended from earth to heaven, that day and that hour would be the last day and the last hour of the world." An item of practical interest and weight as coming from the Moderator General of the Apostleship is the announcement that the total number of Local Centres throughout the world is 56,592, representing a membership of upwards of 20,000,000 souls.

CALIFORNIA—The following letter of the Very Rev. Diocesan Director for San Francisco, may suggest the possibility and advisability of a similar reunion of Promoters, especially in large cities. It may be here remarked that there is no State in the Union where the Apostleship of Prayer is better organized, has more numerous Associates in proportion to the Catholic population, and gives so many signs of spiritual activity, than California.

ST. IGNATIUS' CHURCH,
SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 12, 1898.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER:

I have arranged a Triduum for all the Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart in the city and its immediate neighborhood, to be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, the 3d, 4th and 5th of January, and to be concluded with a solemn Renewal of Consecration, on the Feast of the Epiphany, January 6.

You will, I am sure, agree with me as to the great profit to be gained from gathering all our Promoters together for this renewal of spirit. That those of your Centre may receive the necessary cards of admission, I beg you to be good enough to request your Secretary to call upon me for them; or to send me a list of the Promoters' names and addresses, that I may send them to each by mail; or to direct your Promoters to apply individually to me for them, as may be most convenient.

Should you desire to attend any of the exercises yourself, you will be most welcome; and I most earnestly invite you to be present in the Sanctuary at the closing ceremonies on the Feast of the Epiphany.

Your servant in Christ,
J. P. FRIEDEN, S.J.,
Diocesan Director.

COLORADO.—REV. DEAR FATHER, P. C. Your note of October 6, in regard to Diplomas of Aggregation to the Apostleship, after many meanderings, reached me yesterday. Thanks for kindly interest manifested in my work. Wish I had one of your men to help me; there is a whole empire out here to evangelize, Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, Western Texas, Western Kansas and Western Nebraska. Many souls are lost to the faith in this vast territory. Missions have never been given save in a few of the very largest centres of population and there is not a town of even 500 people that would not yield a sufficiency of fruit to gladden a missionary's heart. The poor people are good-hearted, but become negligent and incredulous through ignorance. It is astonishing how they brighten up and get interested when the great truths of Holy Church are made plain to them. A large percentage of the Catholics are Irish, and you know it is very hard to knock all the faith out of an Irishman's heart. I tell them this, and quote Moore: "You may break, you may shatter the vase as you will, but the

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scent of the roses will hang round it still." You should see the tears glisten for a moment in the eyes of some brawny miner who had not been to confession since he left the "Auld dart," and then he hangs his head in shame and sorrow, but he will be sure to turn up for confession. Some weeks ago I was giving a mission in a town on the other side of the Range. A manager of a mine invited me to hold a service or two at his "camp," almost at "timber line." So I went. The "Bunkhouse" was put in order, and some seventy-five persons assembled. Started the Rosary. No response. So I turned towards them, and said "My God, boys, is it possible that you have forgotten the Hail Mary which your good old Irish mothers taught you in the old land?" "No, father, no, father, go on." And after that the responses were loud enough to deafen you. The service lasted two hours, then confessions, Mass at four o'clock in the morning, to accommodate both the "Dayshift" and "Nightshift," as the crews are called. When all was over, a delegate approached me. "Father," said he, "the boys is very sorry ye didn't come round pay day—this is all we have now—they is awful glad ye came anyhow. Shure we didn't think there was any God up in these hills."

I have given ten missions, and established nine Local League Centres this Fall. The work is hard, but there is a world of good in it. The League takes like hot cakes when explained. I always introduce it with a talk on the personal attractions of our Lord—the workman of Nazareth and nature's only gentleman. Protestants, or rather agnostics, for they have no faith at all, come in crowds to hear "the big talker up at the Catholic Church," and they persist in coming night after night, even though I roast them for their immorality and want of faith. Many of them want to join the League; let us hope that the Sacred Heart will be mindful of their good desires.

NEW YORK, ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CENTRE.—The special edition of the Apostleship Almanac prepared by this Centre furnishes us with many interesting and instructive details of the work accomplished by Promoters and Associates. One hundred and seventy-five new Promoters received their crosses and diplomas during the past year, despite the fact that the parish is not a growing one, and the already large number of Promoters. For this increase, not merely of number, but also of fervor and zeal, several causes are assigned. First there was the careful attention given to the Promoters by the Rev. Local Director, and his insistence on fidelity to the duties of their office. A second cause was the facilities afforded by setting apart and furnishing an office for the use of the Secretary and other assistants. This office was found useful, not only as a store-room for League supplies, the new card registers, and all report and account books, but also as a reception room for those who have any business connected with the Apostleship, that needed the Director's or Secretary's attention. A third, and perhaps the most potent factor in this increase, was the new impulse given to the zeal by the approved Promoters, and the need thereby created of a number of others to help them in the additional fields of labor opened to their energies. A striking evidence of this was the house to house canvass of the parish made by some of the most active men Promoters. Their apostolic work was blessed beyond the most sanguine expectations. In two weeks they had registered five hundred men, almost all of whom agreed not merely to observe the three degrees, but also to give one or more hour's time watching before the Blessed Sacrament during the nocturnal adoration of the Forty Hours, and to attend the First Friday evening services. This canvass revealed a fact of great importance, namely, that some of these men had never even heard of the League, while others who had long ago

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given their names for membership, had never received the essentially necessary certificates of admission, or their monthly leaflets. This discovery shows how there is always work to be done, even in well-organized Centres, and serves as as admirable illustration of one leading principle of our Apostleship, that Promoters must not wait for people to come to them, but go out to them, to lead them to the Church and an active and devout attendance at her services. A fourth cause was found in the beauty and attractiveness of the First Friday services, and the solemnity and preparation attending the semi-annual Reception of Promoters. A great increase in the circulation of the MESSENGER, work in the hospitals and on the Islands, organized adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, are other evidences of the activity of this Centre. The Deaf Mute Associates have twenty Promoters from among their own number, and thirty regular Adorers. The League in the Parish School has been rendered more efficient by the establishment of the Apostleship of Study. Out of eight hundred and forty pupils, one hundred and seventy qualified themselves for the decorations by their faithful performance of all the devout practices recommended, especially the daily offering to the Sacred Heart of Jesus of an hour of study, an hour of silence and an hour of recreation. A full list of Promoters and another list of deceased Promoters and Associates, give completeness to this sixteen page report, and make us cherish the hope that other Centres may imitate their example by annually setting forth the history of the League in their respective parishes.

WASHINGTON, D. C., ST. ALOYSIUS' CENTRE.—A sixteen-page supplement, printed and bound in with the regular Apostleship Almanac, constitutes the Special Edition issued by this flourishing Centre. Here, again, the success of a house to house canvass for Associates is a marked feature of the year's work, an increase of 1,200 Associates being the immediate result. There are 381 active Promoters, of whom ninety received their Crosses and Diplomas during the first year. Forty-nine others are filling their term of six months' probation; nine who were formerly active have resumed work; thirteen resigned either because they entered convents or for other reasons; death deprived us of four faithful Promoters and 121 Associates, while the names of five Promoters have been erased from the Register, owing to remissness in duty. Eighty-four thousand, four hundred and eighty-one *Leaflets* were distributed during the year, and 60,000 Communions of Reparation offered. Three thousand, two hundred and thirty-six Monthly Reports have been handed in by Promoters, and 5,500 Badges distributed. A steady increase in the use of the Intention Blanks, and the Treasury of Good Works, has been noted, an effect due, in part, to the handsome new "Sacred Heart Casket" placed in a prominent position in the church. A "Roll of Honor," containing the names of those Promoters who, during the year, never failed to hand in their reports before the fourth Sunday of the month, was read at two of the Promoters' Meetings, and then hung up in a conspicuous place in the League office. The third Friday night of each month is called the Men's League Night. On that occasion, the middle aisle is reserved for men, and their deep voices lend an additional charm to the congregational singing, which is now a striking feature of all public services in this Centre. The practical and energetic Local Director notes with pleasure an increase in the number of subscriptions to the MESSENGER, the great means, as he says, to keep alive the true spirit of the Apostleship, and he declares he shall not rest satisfied until every Band subscribes for at least one copy. His short chat with Promoters which closes the report, is full of valuable suggestions and clearly-enunciated practical principles.

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FROM OUR MAIL BAG.—"I am in receipt of the first number of the MESSENGER for 1899, and to-day I received the beautiful picture you sent as a premium to my address. I feel now that I was never so rich in all my life. My sincere thanks for both, and I will save up every cent I can, in order to be able to continue my subscription for the MESSENGER for many years to come."

"With this find subscription for another year. I could not do without the MESSENGER."

"I have recommended the MESSENGER all I could, but not as much as it deserves, for I do not believe we have in the English language anything like or equal to your MESSENGER. May God prosper it!"

"Enclosed find subscription to the MESSENGER for 1899. Would have renewed it sooner, but being a working girl and only paid once a month, I did not have the means to do so sooner. I am very much pleased with the MESSENGER, and being a member of the League of the Sacred Heart, I hope to continue taking it as long as God spares me and gives me the means to do so."

"Thanks for your kind offer to send me MESSENGER free next year. I confess that I would have missed it very much, had I been obliged to do without it. A friend has been sending me hers, but it reaches me late in the month. I glance at it and mail it to my niece who lives nine miles from a church. She has gathered the few Catholics around her, and after unceasing effort a priest has been appointed, who comes twice a month to say Mass. Every Sunday she reads the devotions and some suitable selections to the people in the little hall, and she and her children lead the singing of hymns, and teach catechism. This good woman is married to a non-Catholic. When she has read the MESSENGER, she forwards it to my nephew, who went a year ago to a mining district in northern California. Many Catholics are scattered over the mountains, and for miles reading matter goes from hand to hand, returning honorably to the owner, only to go forth again."

"Hoping for the unlimited success which your efforts deserve, I beg to assure you that an inestimable amount of practical good in the parish, is always the result of the presence of the Apostleship."

A STRANGE ERROR.—"While the Church," says the *Catholic Columbian* "approves the devotion to the Sacred Heart, she only tolerates pictures or images of the Heart alone or of Christ with His Heart exposed. Such representations will be gradually withdrawn and the scapular of the Sacred Heart now bears only an image of Christ."

This is wrong. The Church has repeatedly approved of such images by granting Indulgences at various times for the use of scapulars or badges bearing the image of the Heart alone, and for prayers before pictures of the Christ exposing His Heart, and the Sacred Congregation of Rites has decided that such Indulgences could not be gained unless the Heart appears on the picture. The dates of these decrees are given in the *League Director* for February.

The Sacred Heart scapular still bears the image of the Heart of Jesus alone, and so also does our Badge; if we have added on one side the figure of Christ exposing His Heart, it is because we wish to make our Badge a perfect expression of the spirit and practices of our League, by representing Christ pleading for us and showing us His Heart in order to suggest the love and devotion with which He prays for us, and would have us pray for others.

OBITUARY.

Ellen Handibean, St. Aloysius Centre, Washington, D. C.; Patrick Lally, St. Ann's Centre, St. Louis, Mo.; Nicholas Martin, St. Patrick's Centre, O'Neill, Nebraska.

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IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 1,075,899.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes., v. 18.)

Special Thanksgivings. — GARDINER, N. Y.—"Please announce in the MESSENGER, that I attribute my recovery from a severe attack of influenza to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord. I promise, therefore, to say a Mass, for the intentions of the League, on the first Friday of each month during the coming year of 1899. I asked for this favor when my illness was most critical."

"I wish to offer a public thanksgiving for the safe return of my husband from the Santiago campaign. Though not a Catholic, he wore a medal of the Sacred Heart, also a Badge, and a medal of Our Lady of Victory. His regiment was under fire from noon, July 1, until July 3, when the flag of truce went up. Its members occupied a position nearer the Spanish lines than any other regiment, and here it remained in the trenches until July 17, without once being relieved. The rifle pit of my husband's company was penetrated by a Spanish shell, which exploded, injuring no one, though the cap of the shell, weighing many pounds, fell in his own rifle pit, immediately in rear of his company. Neither was he ill a single day in Cuba. For these great favors I wish to return a special and fervent thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart."

WASHINGTON, D.C.—"Being obliged to go to a hospital to undergo a serious operation, I placed myself under the protection of the Sacred Heart, and felt great confidence in the prayers of the League Considering my age and weak condition, doctors and nurses thought I got on remarkably well, better than many others who appeared to have much in their favor. One night, in particular, I suffered severely. I knew nothing could be done to relieve me, and I tried hard to be patient. I had my Promoter's Cross, Badge and a relic of Blessed Margaret Mary fastened together, aud I suddenly remembered having heard that it was proper to make use of these articles. I placed them just over the terrible pain, begging the Sacred Heart through the virtues attached to them, and the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary, to ease my suffering. In a few moments the pain was gone, and I fell into a comfortable sleep."

WASHINGTON, D.C.—"Since January of last year, my brother had been out of employment, trying all the while, both in Washington and other cities, for something to do, but all his own efforts and those of friends seemed of no avail. Still he never lost faith in the prayers of the League. On the First Friday of October, the intention was read out at our regular League meeting, and a novena begun to St. Joseph, with a promise of publication in the MESSENGER, and a Mass for the poor souls in honor of the Sacred Heart. That same month, from a most unexpected source, he was helped into a position here in this city."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"About a month ago, some articles were lost, and in consequence I was in danger of being retired from my position. I prayed to the Sacred Heart and promised to go to Holy Communion and to have favor, if granted, published in the MESSENGER. I had searched everywhere, but could not find the lost articles. On Monday morning, when I came in, I found them where I am sure that I had looked before, in full view. I received Holy Communion, and hope that you will publish this, so that I may fulfil my promise."

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ASHTABULA, OHIO.— "We wish to return special thanks to the Sacred Heart for the cure of a child sick with a fever. The little one grew worse rapidly from the beginning of her sickness, and almost from the beginning her mind wandered. A Badge was pinned on the child's clothing, a Mass promised in honor of the Sacred Heart, and promise of publication if the child were cured. Almost immediately the child grew better, and in about three days after, the little one was able to be up and play about the house. Her cure was certainly wonderful, and with grateful hearts we offer this for publication."

CALIENTE, CAL.—"I wish to return thanks to Blessed Margaret Mary for recovery of health, when very much depressed at the prospect of being obliged to give up work. In a short time I picked up wonderfully."

WATERBURY, CT.—"Would you allow me space in the MESSENGER to thank the Most Sacred Heart for obtaining the grace of a happy death for my husband? He had seen the priest several times, but refused to go to confession or Communion, though he knew his end was fast approaching. Almost discouraged, I promised the Sacred Heart that I would have it published in the MESSENGER if he received the Sacraments, which he did, several times, before death came."

Spiritual Favors through the Sacred Heart.—Two conversions to the faith; a return to religious duties; a deliverance from temptation; reform of two persons addicted to drink; reconciliation of two brothers and two sisters who had been at enmity for years. A wife and her non-Catholic husband were about to obtain a divorce on account of suspicions and misunderstanding. The wife was asked by a Promoter to wear a Badge of the Sacred Heart, that the separation might be avoided. She consented. The difficulty was happily settled, and the divorce suit dropped. The wife is convinced that all is due to the Sacred Heart. The return to his duty of a neglectful Catholic; the grace to make a good confession; preservation of virtue amid grave danger; the conversion of an only brother; peace of mind and patience for several persons; the good work done by the Promoters in my parish.

Temporal Favors.—Success of four surgical operations; good positions for three; recovery of a child from malignant scarlet fever; successful examination; unexpected sale of some property, after promise of publication and a novena of communions; a brother's restoration to health; the cure of a severe cold; abatement of a high fever; recovery of health; receipt of an important letter; means of livelihood for several persons; settlement of a lawsuit; unexpected success in business; recovery of a mother and daughter from a contagious disease; recovery of a husband from serious bone trouble; cure of rheumatism; recovery from an injury which threatened a serious operation; rapid convalescence after an attack of pleurisy; employment through a novena to Blessed Margaret Mary; the return of a nephew who had been missing for nearly eighteen months; cure of headaches and nervous trouble; a good position; recovery from severe attack of appendicitis.

Favors Ascribed to Application of Badge or Promoter's Cross. — Escape from threatened appendicitis; relief from pains in the side; cure of sore eyes in the case of two; cure of earache; stopping of hemorrhage of the lungs; relief from rheumatism of the back; checking of a severe cold which threatened to lead to consumption; cure of a swollen leg; subsiding of a swelling on the face; cure of sore throat; relief from severe pain in the limbs; recovery from cramps; cure of bronchial troubles.

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THE·READER·

It has been often said and cannot be too often repeated that reading is for the mind what food is for the body. Just as the strongest constitution must needs succumb to the effects of unwholesome diet, so the sturdiest soul will sicken and die from the effects of unwholesome reading. The enemy of mankind was quick to seize upon the press for the ruin of souls, but it can also be made one of the mightiest means for their salvation.

* * *

We have reason to rejoice at the great increase of Catholic literature during the past decade of years. In every department Catholic authors are coming to the front. We must not, however, make the mistake of thinking that because an author is a Catholic, therefore everything in his book is commendable, nor allow ourselves to imbibe the poison of a book which caters to the popular taste at the expense of principle and even sometimes of purity. Still, of good literature by Catholic authors there is now an abundance. Every taste can be gratified, every condition of life find something to suit its needs.

* * *

College students will derive both benefit and entertainment from a little book recently published by Rev. John F. Quirk, S.J., late Professor of Rhetoric at St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y. This work contains a eulogy on Bl. Edmund Campion, S.J., together with the martyr's *Homo Academicus*, a Latin oration delivered at Douay. There is an English translation by Father Quirk. As a boy Edmund Campion, a pupil of the Blue-Coat school, was chosen among all the school-boys of London to address Queen Mary upon her entrance into that city. The little orator was then only thirteen years of age. At sixteen he entered St. John's College, Oxford. Here his brilliant talents and especially his gift of eloquence soon made him famous. When Queen Elizabeth visited Oxford he took the principal part in a Latin disputation held in her presence. He delivered the funeral oration over Amy Robsart, whose tragic death is told in Scott's Kenilworth. He became the model and hero of university students. He was the leader of the fashion not only in literary style, but even in dress and manners. He was the favorite of Elizabeth, of Cecil, and of Leicester. Cecil called him one of England's diamonds. Who could then have predicted that this dashing young student, this spoiled child of fortune, would end his life upon the scaffold?

Hitherto he had remained faithful to the Catholic faith. But in a moment of weakness, yielding to temptation, he allowed himself to be made a deacon of the new religion which Elizabeth was forcing upon the English people. Repenting of his sin, he resolved to devote himself to the service of God. He left Oxford in 1569 and after a short stay in Ireland passed over to the Continent. He entered the Society of Jesus, returned to England as a missionary, and became the most famous champion there of the persecuted religion. Proscribed, hunted, but always feared, he was at last taken and finished his life a glorious martyr for the Faith.

Next to St. John's College where Campion studied there stands a massive and noble-looking building, though of modest

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proportions. It was there in Campion's time and had been there for centuries before. As you enter the door the first thing you see is a statue of the martyr in his Jesuit dress, and you know that you are in Campion Hall, where the young Jesuit students of Oxford are preparing themselves to follow in the footsteps of their great patron. The *Homo Academicus* puts before us an ideal college student, such as all students should strive to become. Father Quirk is to be congratulated on bringing it within reach of our Catholic young men.

* * *

Lovers of fiction will be charmed by *Westchester*, a tale of the Revolution, by Henry Austin Adams, M. A., the well-known lecturer and editor, and two books of stories by Maurice Francis Egan. We need not make any remarks on these books. The names of their authors are a sufficient commendation.

* * *

The Apostleship of Prayer in England is working hard for the sailors. It has published a Sailors' Hymn Book and a series of Letters to Catholic Seamen by the Rev. John G. Gretton, S.J. These letters are short but solid, well-written and impressive. The following extract will serve as a specimen of the style :

"Eternity is not made up of years and centuries, like time. No amount of time could ever make up eternity, just as no amount of the restless ocean could make up the immovable rock. Time and eternity differ much more than sea and land. Time is always moving and changing, filled with our countless thoughts, words and actions. Eternity knows no movement, no change. *It is one unchangeable, everlasting, infinite Now.* It has no yesterday and no to-morrow. It is foolish, therefore, to imagine, as some do, who have not the faith, that *after an immense time* the soul will change its mind and return to God. After ages and ages of time, eternity has not moved by the fraction of a second from its beginning, for it is an everlasting existence."

* * *

In far greater need of help than the sailors are the pagans and the slaves of Africa. *The Life of Cardinal Lavigerie*, by Rev. J. G. Beane, tells of the immense labors and glorious success, not however unmixed with great trials, of one man—the Apostle of a Continent. To give an idea of what he accomplished it will be sufficient to state that before his death there were 100,000 Catholic Africans in Uganda alone, where his first missionaries had found not one.

* * *

A bright and interesting little book is Father O'Conor's *Sacred Scenes and Mysteries*. It contains accounts of such places as Paray-le-Monial, Oostacker, the home of St. John Berchmans, with short articles on devotional subjects such as the Childhood of Mary, St. Ursula, the Guardian Angels, etc. The volume closes with a hymn and several poems, composed by the author. There are numerous half-tone illustrations taken from the works of great masters. It is a book that can be taken up at any time in moments of weariness, when one is in search of spiritual recreation and refreshment.

* * *

The Columbian Guard designates an important booklet, by Rev. M. P. Heffernan of St. Anthony's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and is descriptive of a happily named boy's society which he has organized on military lines.

The pamphlet contains very earnest and eloquent appeals for increased attention to Juniors, besides offering a constitution for their government. Father Heffernan's practical, literary contribution emphasizes the charity-duty of priests who are successfully engaged in boy care : let them, for the benefit of others, publish their experiences, expedients, etc. Guide books of this kind would provide inquiring beginners with

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large choice of methods, and therefore cannot be too numerous.

By the way, the above booklet should enlighten Mr. B. Paul Neuman, who, in the very interesting *Fortnightly Review* article, "Take care of the Boys," makes no exception for Catholic priests when declaring that clergymen are incompetent to organize and care for the junior male growth of cities.

A writer, so experienced in men and things, should know that heresy's blight of sterility does not afflict the Mother Church. Here, for example, is a Brooklyn priest modestly unfolding methods that bring him *hundreds* of young followers. Many of the same vocation, who are silent, have like success; and others still might enjoy it if they would. Perhaps new workers will be formed by the booklet now considered. It is intended for private circulation only, and can be had on application to the author.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS,
New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

Mariæ Corolla. A Wreath for our Lady. By Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P. (Benjamin D. Hill). Pages, 201. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25.

H. L. KILNER & CO.
Philadelphia.

Prince Ragnal and other holiday verses. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Pages, 40. 12 mo. Cloth.

In a Brazilian Forest and Three Brave Boys. By Maurice Francis Egan. Pages, 219. 12 mo. Cloth.

The Leopard of Lancianus and other stories. By Maurice Francis Egan. Pages, 229. 12 mo. Cloth.

B. HERDER,
St. Louis, Mo.

Westchester. A Tale of the Revolution. By Henry Austin Adams, M. A. Pages, 264. 12 mo. Cloth.

Lasca, and other stories. By Mary F. Nixon. Pages 190. 12 mo. Cloth.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
London.

Christian Argument. By J. Herbert Williams, M. A. Pages, 111. 12 mo. Cloth.

MESSENGER OFFICE,
Wimbledon, England.

The Catholic Sailors' Hymn Book. Edited by F. M. De Zulueta, S.J. Pages, 33. 12 mo. Cloth.

Letters to Catholic Seamen, on Christian Doctrine, I to VIII. By Rev. John George Gretton, S.J. Paper, 4 pages each.

APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER,
New York.

A Patron for Scholars. Eulogy on the Blessed Edmund Campion, S.J., with his oration on "The Model College Student." By Rev. John F. Quirk, S.J. Pages, 81. 12 mo. Cloth and paper

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.,
New York.

Sacred Scenes and Mysteries. By Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S.J. Pages, 138. 12 mo. Cloth. $1 00.

THE CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE,
New York.

The Voice of the Good Shepherd. Does it Live? and Where? By the Rev. Edmund Hill, C.P. Pages, 24. Paper.

ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS,
Boston, Mass.

Impressions and Opinions By Walter Leckey. Pages, 180. 12 mo. Paper, 50 cts.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, December 1 to 31, 1898.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Cleveland	Defiance, Ohio	St John's . . . Church	Dec. 22.
Denver	Fruita, Colo	St. Malachy's "	Dec. 6.
"	Grand Junction, Colo	St. Joseph's "	Dec. 6.
Dubuque	Dubuque, Ia	St. Ambrose's "	Dec. 9.
"	Fairbank, Ia	Immaculate Conception . . . Convent	Dec. 16.
*Erie	Titusville, Pa	St. Walburga's . . . Church	Nov. 5.
Fargo	Minot, N. Dak	St. Leo's "	Dec. 21.
*Galveston	Mexia, Tex	St. Mary's "	Nov. 12.
Indian Territory	Hennessy, Okla. Terr'y	St. Joseph's "	Dec. 6.
La Crosse	Tomah, Wis	St. Mary's "	Dec. 29.
*Milwaukee	Jefferson, Wis	St. Laurenz' "	Dec. 10.
New York	Mt. Vernon, N. Y	St. Joseph's . . . Academy	Dec. 8.
Pittsburg	Millvale, Pa	St. Ann's . . . Church	Dec. 21.
"	Pitcairn, Pa	St. Michael's "	Dec 21.
"	Wilmerding, Pa	St. Aloysius' "	Dec. 21.
Portland	South Brewer, Me	St. Teresa's "	Dec. 6.
Providence	Warren R. I	St. Mary s "	Dec. 22.
"	North Attleboro, Mass	St. Mary's "	Dec. 25.
*St. Louis	Florissant, Mo	Sacred Heart "	Dec. 10.
*St Paul	New Allm, Min	Holy Trinity "	Nov. 1.
San Francisco	Oakland, Cal	St. Joseph's . . . School	Dec. 8.
Wichita	Wichita, Kans	St. Aloysius' . . . Pro-Cathedral	Nov. 4.

Aggregations, 22: churches, 19: schools, 2; convent, 1; *German-speaking Centres.

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PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued from December 1 to 30, 1898.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Alton	Newton, Ill.	St. Thomas' Church	2
Baltimore	Washington, D. C.	St. Aloysius' "	22
Boston	Brighton, Mass.	St. Columbkille's "	71
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Nativity "	7
Brownsville	Goliad, Texas.	St. Mary's "	5
"	San Patricio, Tex	St. Patrick's "	7
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	Holy Angel's "	15
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Vincent's "	14
"	" "	Our Lady of Sorrows' "	4
Cleveland	Delphos, Ohio.	St. John the Evangelist's "	3
Columbus	Ironton, Ohio	St. Lawrence's "	5
"	Steubenville, Ohio	St. Peter's "	7
Dallas	Dallas, Texas	Sacred Heart "	5
Dubuque	Dubuque, Iowa.	St. Patrick's "	6
Fort Wayne	Collegeville, Ind	St. Joseph's College	18
"	Tipton, Ind.	St. Joseph's Convent	1
Galveston	Houston, Tex	St. Joseph's Church	4
Green Bay	Green Bay, Wis	St. Patrick's "	10
"	Oconto, Wis.	St. Joseph's "	2
Harrisburg	Shamokin, Pa.	St. Edward's "	12
Hartford	Hartford, Conn..	St. Joseph's Cathedral	14
"	E. Hartford, Conn	St. Mary's Church	20
"	Norwalk, Conn..	"	5
Kansas City	Monett, Mo	St. Lawrence's "	4
Leavenworth	Pao a, Kans.	Holy Family "	2
Louisville	Louisville, Ky	Assumption Cathedral	3
Milwaukee	Milwaukee, Wis	Holy Rosary Church	5
Nesqually	Spokane, Wash.	Our Lady of Lourdes' "	1
Newark	Jersey City, N. J	St Mary's "	41
"	Paterson, N. J.	Franciscan Monastery	5
"	" "	St Joseph's Church	3
New Orleans	New Orleans, La	St. Alphonsus' "	19
"	" "	St. Bonaface's "	3
New York	New York City, N. Y.	St. Ambrose's "	22
"	" "	St. Ann's "	15
"	" "	St. Patrick's Cathedral	42
"	" "	St. Paul's Church	3
"	" "	St. Stephen's "	6
Oregon City	Portland, Ore..	St. Mary's Academy	11
Peoria	Streator, Ill..	Immaculate Conception Church	2
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Columba's "	4
"	" "	St. Joseph's Convent	6
"	" "	St. Joseph's. Church	18
"	" "	St. Kyran's. "	23
Pittsburg	Glenfield, Pa	St. Mary's "	1
"	Rochester, Pa.	St. Cecelia's "	4
Providence	Elmhurst, R. I	Sacred Heart Academy	1
Sacramento	Nevada, Cal.	St. Canice's Church	8
St. Augustine	Fernandina, Fla	St. Michael's "	2
St. Louis	Florissant, Mo	St Ferdinand's "	7
"	St. Louis, "	St. Francis Xavier's "	1
"	" "	St. Mary's and St. Joseph's. "	28
San Francisco	San Francisco, Cal	St. Francis of Assium's "	4
"	" " "	St. Ignatius's. "	36
"	" " "	St. Peter's "	13
"	Vallejo, Cal	St. Vincent Ferrer's. "	10
Scranton	Scranton, Pa	Holy Cross "	21
Sioux Falls	Emmet, So Dak.	St. Joseph's "	3
Springfield	Worcester, Mass	Notre Dame. "	8
Vincennes	Clinton, Ind.	St. Patrick's "	4
"	Evansville Ind.	Holy Trinity "	3
"	Indianapolis, Ind.	Good Shepherd. Convent	3

Total Number of Receptions, 62. Total Number of Diplomas issued, 654.

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CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, FEBRUARY, 1899.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **Priests in Parishes.**

1	*W.*	St. Ignatius, Bp.M. (107).—Pr.	All for Jesus.	1,075,899 thanksgivings.
2	*Th.*	Purification B.V.M.—H.H., A.C., A.I.	Care of Children.	77,286 for those in affliction.
3	*F.*	**First Friday.**—St. Francis de Sales, Bp.C.D. (1622).—St. Blaise, Bp.M. (316).—1st D., A.C., Pr.	Amiability.	83,041 for the sick, infirm.
4	*S.*	St. Andrew Corsini, Bp.C. (O.C., 1373).	Compunction.	67,830 for dead associates.
5	**S.**	**Sexagesima.**—St. Philip of Jesus (O.F.M., 1597).	Constancy.	56,850 for Local Centres.
6	*M.*	St. Titus, Bp.C. (94).—St. Dorothy, V.M. (304).	Union with Christ.	66,823 for Directors.
7	*T.*	St. Romuald, Ab.C. (1207).	Penance.	95,943 for Promoters.
8	*W.*	St. John de Matha, C.F. (Trinitarians, 1213)	Charity.	215,540 for the departed.
9	*Th.*	St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bp.C.D. (444).—St. Apollonia V.M. (249).—H.H.	Reading good books.	166,730 for perseverance.
10	*F.*	St. Scholastica, V. (O.S.B., 543).	Trust in God	162,696 for young persons.
11	*S.*	Seven Servites, FF. CC. (1233).	Love of our Lady.	47,128 for 1st Communions.
12	**S.**	**Quinquagesima.**—St. Eulalia, V.M. (304).	Self-Immolation.	95,968 for parents.
13	*M.*	St. Raymond, C. (O.P., 1275).—St. Catharine de Ricci, V. (O.S.D., 1590).—Pr.	Prayer for the dead.	104,017 for families.
14	*T.*	St. Valentine, M. (306).	Kindness.	52,065 for reconciliations.
15	*W.*	Ash Wednesday. ✠	Mortification.	107,245 for work, means.
16	*Th.*	St. Onesimus, Bp.M. (95).—H.H.	Liberty of spirit.	192,167 clergy, religious.
17	*F.*	Holy Passion.—St. Fintan, Ab.C. (560). ✠	Self-denial	41,711 seminarists, novices.
18	*S.*	SS. Paul, John and James, MM. (S.J., 1597)	Zeal for souls	52,966 for vocations.
19	**S.**	**1st in Lent.**—St. Conrad of Placentia, C. (1351).—C.R.	Resistance to evil.	124,037 for parishes, schools.
20	*M.*	St. John the Almoner, Bp.C.	Compassion.	51,699 for superiors.
21	*T.*	St. Ephrem, C.	Humility.	53,167 for missions, retreats.
22	*W.*	Ember Day.—St. Peter's Chair at Antioch. ✠	Loyalty to the Church.	49,715 for societies, works.
23	*Th.*	St. Peter Damian, Bp.C.D.—H.H.	Faith.	203,080 for conversions.
24	*F.*	Ember Day.—St. Matthias, Ap.—A.I. ✠	Obeying vocation.	334,860 for sinners.
25	*S.*	Ember Day.—Holy Crown of Thorns. ✠	Resignation.	76,147 for the intemperate.
26	**S.**	**2d in Lent.**—St. Porphyry, Bp.C. (420).	Horror of superstition.	388,789 for spiritual and temporal favors.
27	*M.*	St. Brigid, V. (Patroness of Ireland, 523).	Imitation of Mary.	114,161 for special, various.
28	*T.*	St. Joseph of Leonissa, C. (1612).	Devotion to crucifix.	For MESSENGER Readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship*, (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.—*Holy Hour*); A. I., B. I.—*Apostolic, Bridgettine Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity	4,210,161	11. Masses heard	296,121
2. Beads	1,173,344	12. Mortifications	332,099
3. Way of the Cross	61,375	13. Works of Mercy	1,471,876
4. Holy Communions	45,960	14. Works of Zeal	1,317,553
5. Spiritual Communions	1,131,789	15. Prayers	3,163,760
6. Examens of Conscience	400,484	16. Kindly Conversation	2,130,482
7. Hours of Labor	2,633,593	17. Sufferings, Afflictions	34,851
8. Hours of Silence	1,954,209	18. Self-conquest	1,733,011
9. Pious Reading	67,615	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	324,268
10. Masses read	6,380	20. Various Good Works	2,354,202
	Total,	23,273,173.	

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXIV. MARCH, 1899. NO. 3.

A HOLIDAY EXCURSION TO THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

By Paul Mattern, S.J.

HOLY Scripture has immortalized the Cedars of Lebanon. In more than thirty passages it exhibits them to us as types and figures of all that is lofty, strong, majestic, enduring. King Solomon not only used their precious wood in the building of the temple and of his palaces, but so multiplied them in his kingdom that "they were as common as sycamores which grow on the plains." At the present day the cedars have almost entirely disappeared from the land which was once their favorite home. A single grove of them still stands in the heart of the Lebanon mountains, and thither we must go if we would learn what manner of trees they were that received such eulogies in the Bible. It is but natural that this small relic of the immense cedar forests of former ages should be the object of a great deal of attention and interest on the part of travellers in Syria and Palestine. Many of them go to see it every year, nor have any been heard to regret the fatigue of the journey. It was my good fortune last year to be one of a party of students who made a trip to the cedars during the Summer vacation. Some of the notes and scenes collected on our tour I here offer to the readers of the MESSENGER, supplementing them here and there by a word of information concerning the country where the cedars grow and the people who live in it.

The tourist who sets out from the city of Beyrouth to visit the cedars has a choice between two roads. The first winds along the seashore in a northerly direction at the foot of Lebanon. A carriage more or less comfortable takes him around St. George's Bay, through Djebail (ancient Byblos), and brings him, after an eight hours' drive, to Batroun, a village on the seashore about twelve miles south of Tripoli. The inconveniences of this road are the violent jolting of the carriage, the clouds of fine

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OUR LADY OF DELIVERANCE, BIKFAIA, MOUNT LEBANON.

white dust that almost choke you, and the tropical heat of the Summer sun, particularly oppressive in the plain. The railroad, which is now in course of construction, will remedy these evils to a great extent. From Batroun there remains a fourteen or fifteen hours' ride on horseback up the slope of Lebanon, and you will have reached your wished-for goal, the cedars. The second road, which is the one our party chose, is not so short and easy, but much more attractive and picturesque. It also follows the Lebanon chain from south to north, not at its foot, however, but as close as possible to the summit.

A vacation trip in Syria, especially when the party is numerous, is by no means an easy undertaking. In whatever direction you go you will have to cross deserts where nothing but water can be obtained. Meat, vegetables, fruit are luxuries unknown in our mountains. Even bread can be procured only in the larger villages, and not always there. You must carry with you whatever you need on your trip. This includes a tent to shelter you during the night, for it is useless to look for sleeping accommodation in the dwellings of the natives. The people are for the greater part extremely poor, and live in a kind of cellar or vault without windows, where comfort and cleanliness are very conspicuous by their absence. Nor will the tent alone afford sufficient protection from the cold, which at night is very severe on the mountains. A good supply of heavy clothes, blankets, etc., is absolutely necessary. Add to all this a system of roads as primitive and wretched as your imagination can picture, and you will have some idea of the difficulties to be overcome during an excursion to the cedars of Lebanon.

Our enthusiasm, however, was not to be dampened by drawbacks such as these, and on August 8 we set out from our countryhouse at Raifoun, as eager and lighthearted a band of excursionists as ever climbed a mountain. We were followed by a caravan of seven mules and donkeys, heavily laden with provisions for the journey, and entrusted to the care of three "moukres" or native drivers.

It might be well before proceeding further, to introduce to my readers the mule-driver of Lebanon. He is the indispensable companion of every traveller in these regions, and in many respects an interesting character. Picture to yourselves an individual of powerful and well-proportioned frame, swarthy countenance, heavy mustache and mischievous eye. His head is wrapped in a turban, his shoulders are clothed in a vest curiously embroidered and glorying in all the colors of the rainbow. His wrist is prominently tattooed with a heart, a cross, a sword, or some such figure. A wide linen cincture in whose folds his knife, purse and valuables are stored, encircles his waist and holds up breeches, remarkable for their ample proportions. His feet are encased in flat, heelless slippers, or babooshes, garnished with large nails. At the "moukre's" side may always be found his donkey or mule. It is his

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friend, the companion of his journeys, his only means of livelihood. He shows the tenderest solicitude for his beasts, talks to them, sympathizes with them, lends them his own thoughts and feelings, boasts of their achievements, of their blood and lineage. It is unfortunate that the good qualities of our Syrian "moukre" are offset by grave defects. His passion for money makes him often dishonest, unfaithful to his word, and a grumbler. He is entirely unscrupulous where there is question of extorting money from strangers, and it is the part of wisdom not to expose oneself to his exactions by paying too soon the price stipulated for his services.



THE CEDARS OF LEBANON—CEDAR GROVE IN WINTER.

Looking only at the bright side of our "moukre's" character, we start on our journey at the early hour of three o'clock A.M. For a long time the faint glimmer of the stars alone points out our way, and more than once do we slip on the loose stones, and stray to the right and left of the narrow path. But the soft beauty of an oriental night, and the fragrant freshness of morning, banish from our mind all thought of these small mishaps. We feel our hearts drawn heavenwards in pious meditation, and hymns of praise burst from our lips which the mountain echoes repeat and prolong. Our "moukres," not to be outdone, begin, in melancholy, nasal tones, a series of improvised chants or modulated recitations, of which it is difficult to form an idea if one has never heard them. The passers-by, the country, the impressions of the moment, joyful or sad, are the ordinary subjects of these chants, the plaintive, weeping strain being always predominant. I could not help reflecting that the prophet Jeremias, weeping amid the ruins of Jerusalem, must have uttered his lamentations somewhat after the same fashion.

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OUR LADY OF CONSOLATION, TANAIL, MOUNT LEBANON.

To get to the cedars from Raifoun, we follow the mountain chain of Lebanon from south to north, keeping as near as possible to the summit where the road is shorter and more picturesque. The view during the entire trip is one of unsurpassed grandeur and magnificence. On the west stretches the sea bordered by a necklace of villages, gardens and plantations, and dotted with white sails and smoking steamers; on the east we are almost throughout confronted by enormous rocks, literally suspended over our heads.

After a walk of seven hours, we made our first halt at Afka. Afka lies at the bottom of an amphitheatre formed by gigantic rocks, which on three sides rise perpendicular to a height of one thousand two hundred feet. Here the river Adonis of mythological fame has its source; a Grecian temple in ruins still attests the ancient worship. On this river the cedars destined for King Solomon were floated down to Byblos or Djebail, whence the Giblians transported them to Jaffa and Jerusalem. The water comes out of a deep recess in the rocky wall, sixty-five feet high and as many wide, and forms several cataracts until it reaches a level bed. Into this recess open several dark caves which are dangerous to enter, as they branch out into numberless narrow passages, and are intersected by steep precipices. Among the Mohammedan sect of the Metualik, this spot possesses a sort of religious character even to this day. The chief object of their superstitious worship, is an old walnut tree overshadowing the ruins of the temple. Hundreds of silk rags, shreds of handkerchiefs, robes, tarbooches or Turkish caps, etc., are hanging on the branches, the Metualik's offerings to the spirit residing in the tree.

The shady spot on the river-bank where we had seated ourselves, was soon invaded by a multitude of goats and donkeys, and by a party of Bedouins whose looks did not inspire us with much confidence. Two of their number, wearing wide, flowing mantles, and mounted on magnificent mares, had espied us from afar, and insisted on keeping us company. Aware of the thieving propensities of the race, we gave them a cold welcome, and kept a watchful eye on our baggage, which they scrutinized with more than friendly curiosity. At three o'clock P. M., we resumed our journey. At six o'clock we had reached Akoura, where we were to spend the night.

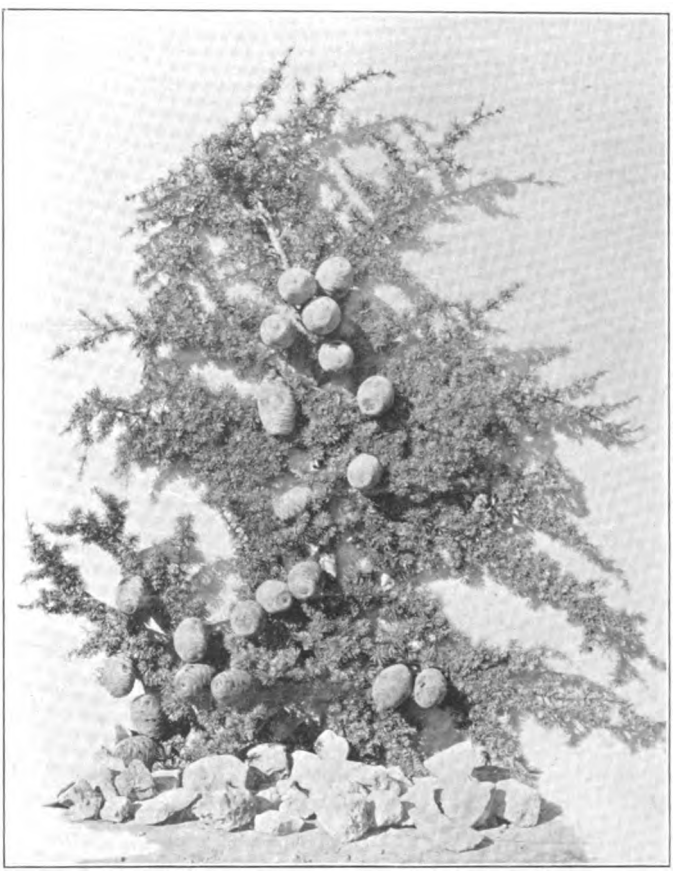
Our arrival threw the whole village into commotion. The people came out in crowds to gaze at us, and to offer us their services. A young man led us to a place in his field where we might encamp for the night. The village being built on the slope of a steep mountain, it was not easy to find the ten yards of level ground which we needed to pitch our tent. We finally succeed, our host overwhelming us in the meanwhile with compliments and protestations of friendship, and promising to supply us with water, eggs, milk, etc.

At sunset, we witnessed a very beautiful spectacle. As the sun was disappearing below the sea, his parting rays clothed the whole mountain in golden glory. A group of harvesters were returning from the fields, chanting their monotonous refrains, and driving before them their beasts of burden, laden with sheaves.

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There reigned an almost religious silence, broken only by the bells on the necks of the animals, the plaintive song of their masters, and the ringing of the Angelus bell in the distance. As night approached, the villagers who had crowded round about us, returned to their homes. One good old woman lingered behind, and timidly approached us to get our blessing. When we promised that we would remember her at Mass the next day, her gratitude was touching to behold. With hands raised towards heaven, she thanked us in most feeling terms, and withdrew repeating with fervent emotion: O Mary, O Mary!

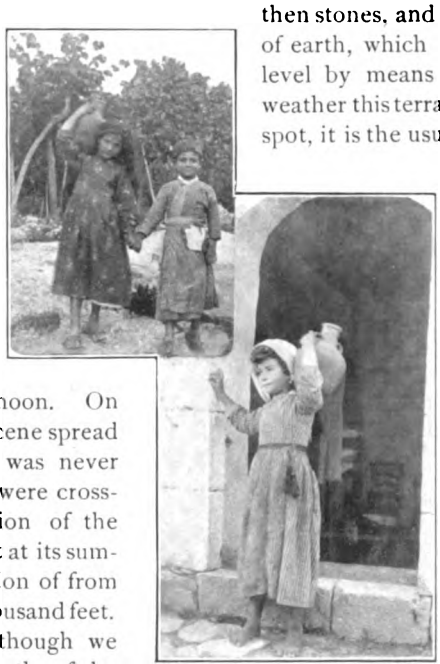
It was late when we retired to rest. I do not say to sleep, for, I believe, none of us slept that night. We were not yet accustomed to camping out. The ground was much harder than we had calculated. The tent was rather small for so many of us, and it was bitterly cold at four thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. The lay-brother who accompanied us, had thought it best to sleep outside the tent, close to our baggage. But soon shivering and half frozen, he was obliged to join us within. After a little while, loud cries of "Thief! Robber! Help!" were heard from without. We get up, hurry out of the tent, and find one of our "moukres" struggling with a native whom he had caught in the act of ransacking our provisions. On investigation, we discover him to be the very same young man, who, a few hours



CEDAR BRANCH AND CONES.

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before, had brought us into his field, and had been so lavish in protestations of devotedness to us. In vain did he entreat our "moukres" to release him and not to betray him. Our men remained deaf to his cringing supplications. After this incident, there could be no question of sleep and peaceful dreams for the remainder of the night. At 2.30 A. M., Reverend Father Rector, under whose guidance we were, said Mass for us in the tent, which made quite an attractive chapel with its many-colored oriental embroideries. After breakfast we set out on our second day's journey, leaving our drivers to follow in our rear.



YOUNG WATER CARRIERS.

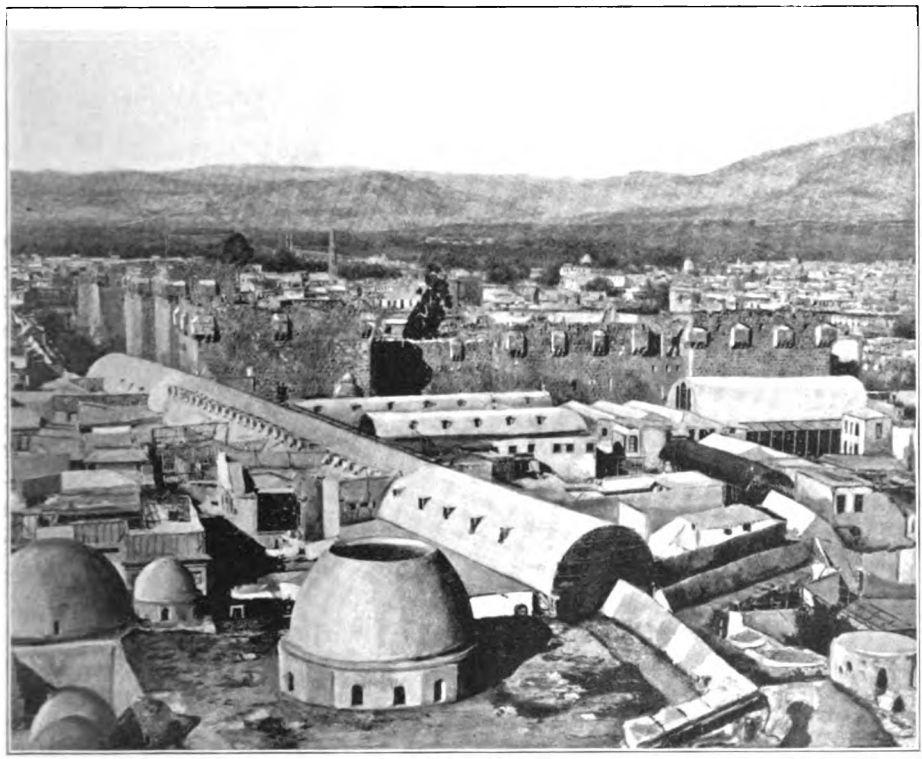
This second day of our trip was peculiarly tiresome, because of our failure to get a much-needed rest, and of the great distance we had to cover before noon. On the other hand, the scene spread out before our eyes, was never more beautiful. We were crossing the greater portion of the Lebanon chain almost at its summit, *i. e.*, at an elevation of from five thousand to six thousand feet. On these heights, though we are in the hottest month of the year, the coolness of the atmosphere during the morning hours is almost that of midwinter, whilst on the peaks nearby, the snow lies many inches thick, and springs of icy water gush forth on every side. As the day advances the Summer sun resumes his sway, and sends his rays down upon us with intense fierceness. The rocks add to our discomfort by pouring out upon us, as we pass by, volumes of accumulated heat.

Far below us, stand among the rocks a number of small villages with terraced or flat-roofed houses of the most rudimentary architecture. These houses consist of four walls, built with stones more or less symmetrical, without lime or cement, often not more than six feet high, and having for their only opening a miserable wooden door. Windows are altogether wanting. In Winter, when the door has to be kept shut, the inmates live for months in complete darkness. The terraced or flat roof is of no less primitive construction. Rough wooden beams are brought from the mountains and laid horizontally on the walls. Layers of branches are placed upon the beams, then stones, and finally a large quantity of earth, which is made compact and level by means of a roller. In dry weather this terrace is a pleasant enough spot, it is the usual evening rendezvous for the family. Many households spend the whole Summer there under a tent of leaves and branches. It is quite a different story after a period of heavy rains. The water, little by little, soaks into the earth which covers the terrace, and unchecked by the stones, branches and beams, floods the house within. Everybody now hastens to repair the damage, and to level and roll the earth again. In some of the larger villages, where there are persons who have made a little fortune in foreign countries, especially in America, tile roofs and windows begin to make their appearance ; it is a sign of great wealth as understood in these regions.

Towards noon we reached Hasroun, a small village in a valley overshadowed by the lofty crests on which the cedars grow. We were exhausted by heat and fatigue, and to make matters worse, we had to wait for our provisions, the drivers

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and their beasts being far behind. Happily we had done most of our tramping for the day. A short walk of two hours would bring us to Becharreh, where we had hopes of spending a more quiet and restful night. We now leisurely followed the valley of the Kadisha, commonly called Valley of the Saints, from the many monks who made it their home in days gone by. We were struck with amazement and awe, as we looked down from our dizzy height into the yawning gulf below, where a foaming torrent roared in its narrow bed between walls of rock. We looked in vain for a place to cross it. A bridge less than one hundred feet in length would save the traveller a turn of six or seven leagues. But bridges are unknown in Lebanon.



THE FORTRESS OF DAMASCUS.

The inhabitants of this neighborhood are all Maronites, a race deeply attached to their religion. The fact that they have kept the true faith in the midst of so many temptations to deny it, is owing in part to the example of the many holy hermits who lived and prayed near them. A legend says that each morning the incense burnt during Mass, formed a dense cloud rising from the valley towards heaven. A few hermits may still be found in Lebanon. Five years ago I visited a small hermitage at some distance from Hasroun. Two solitaries were living in it, who spent their time in prayer and manual labor. Their solitude presented nothing appalling ; they were accessible to strangers and chatted pleasantly with them. Their food was brought to them daily from the neighboring convent of Kashaya.

At last we reached the important village of Becharreh, situated among vineyards, orange and mulberry groves. Here we enjoyed the generous hospitality of a Carmelite monk, who was just then the only inmate of his convent.

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He placed the whole house with everything in it at our disposal, and gave us a welcome opportunity of repairing the losses of the previous night.

The following day was one of rest and enjoyment, the reward of past fatigue and hardships. A two hours walk from Becharreh brought us to the cedars, the end and object of our excursion, and we had the pleasure of spending the whole day in their delightful shade.

The cedars grow on a semi-circular plateau, which is bounded towards the east by Mount Makmel and the peaks adjacent to it, and overlooks on the west the rugged valley of the Kadisha. The grove occupies three or four irregular knolls. It covers a comparatively small area, not extending more than four hundred yards in any direction. A wall six feet high surrounds the grove, and protects it from the destructive tooth of the goats. In this wall there are four openings without doors. Let us enter through one of them. A feeling of awe and reverence seizes upon us as we walk for the first time under these trees famous for their associations. The number of cedars that may be said to date back to Solomon's time is exceedingly small. There are at most six or seven of them. These giants measure from thirty to fifty feet in circumference, and spread out their mighty branches in a radius of seventy feet. The other cedars, some three hundred in number, are of more recent birth, though they too can boast of a good old age. They are all large, tall and beautiful, and for size and thickness are incomparably superior to all other trees in Asia Minor.

The cedar grove is entrusted to the care of a guardian who lives on the spot. Anything like damage and injury to the tree is severely punished. A short time ago, a native was caught in the act of cutting a thick branch from one of the cedars. He was punished with several months of imprisonment, and a fine of two thousand francs, an enormous sum for this country. But for a substantial tip or "backsheesh," here as elsewhere in the East, much may be done that would otherwise be unlawful. The truth is that the care taken of the cedars is quite inadequate to ward off the dangers which threaten their existence and welfare. Among the most formidable enemies of the cedars are thunderstorms. Almost all the larger trees have repeatedly been struck by lightning, and are more or less scarred by it. Many of the older trees are barely able to support the weight of their branches, and would be greatly benefited by a prop of masonry, which no one thinks of giving them. From time immemorial, visitors have made it a practice to cut and carve their names and various inscriptions into the venerable trunks of the cedars. Many names may



AT THE WELL.

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BEDOUIN ENCAMPMENT AT JERICHO.

here be read that have long been forgotten among men. A few there were of more illustrious personages. I deciphered the name of Lamartine among others. The cones of the cedars are in great demand as souvenirs, and are now very difficult to find. The dry branches that fall from the trees are used by visitors for cooking purposes, or are worked into small trinkets which are carried away as souvenirs.

In the midst of the cedar grove stands a squalid little store, and a chapel no less miserable, where Mass is celebrated once a year on the feast of the Transfiguration, which a popular legend claims to have taken place here. This feast attracts crowds of visitors to the cedars. During the Summer months visitors may always be found here in greater or less numbers, their tents being pitched in various parts of the grove. Many people come from the immediate neighborhood to spend a holiday or two in the cool and shady spot. Others come from Beyrouth or from Tripoli to escape the heat of the plain for a week or two. Finally, there are the strangers, tourists from England, France, Germany and America. A more motley and interesting camping-ground it were not easy to imagine. The scene is enlivened by the songs of a multitude of birds, and by the bright colors and delicate finery of innumerable insects, especially butterflies. What a pity there is not a spring of clear, cold water in or near the cedar grove! Water is brought from a considerable distance, and must be bought.

Even the most skeptical of tourists must admit that the cedars well deserve the praise and admiration of which, from remotest antiquity, they have been the object. They rise from the earth in matchless beauty, symmetry and proportion, and seem to enshrine the majesty

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of all the centuries that have rolled over their heads. The crossing and interlocking of their branches form a network which no art of man could venture to imitate. One fancies himself standing in a vast Gothic cathedral consecrated to religious worship. With what fervor and relish we meditate on the passages of Holy Scripture, which these hallowed trees call to our memory, and which only now we are able to understand in their full meaning! "The just shall grow up like the Cedar of Libanus. The form of the Beloved is as of Libanus, excellent as the Cedars—I will plant in the wilderness the Cedar, and the myrtle and the olive-tree.—The voice of the Lord breaketh the Cedars," etc. Of this voice of the Lord we heard a gentle whisper when the evening breeze from the sea played among the branches. What a terrible spectacle it must be, when the storm rages in its fury!

We had seen the cedars. It now remained for us to return to Raifoun, however reluctant we might be to leave so enchanting a spot. Early the next morning we were on our way; but instead of descending, we still continued to ascend the mountain of the cedars, on the side facing Mount Makmel. The magnificent view from the summit justified this additional exertion. There are the cedars at our feet, rising in solitary glory like an oasis in the desert. Not a trace of vegetation and life is to be seen in the neighborhood, only rocks, barren and desolate rocks, on every side. But let us raise our eyes beyond our immediate surroundings. From Mount Makmel in the east with its dazzling crown of perpetual snow, to the blue Mediterranean on the west, the panorama is such as to fill the soul with wonder and delight. We survey the whole chain of the Anti-Libanus, crowned at its southern extremity by Mount Hermon, which like a sentinel overlooks Nazareth, Lake Tiberias, Damascus, Palmyra and the desert. Between Lebanon and Anti-Libanus stretches the immense plain of Bekaa, better known as Coele-Syria, one of the granaries of the Roman empire. Our view extends as far as Baalbeck (ancient Heliopolis), famous for its Greek and Roman ruins, the mountains of Horns, and the residence and orphanage of our missionaries at Tanail. And to think that all this is but the merest shadow of the "glory of Libanus" as sung by Solomon and the prophets!

After taking a "Kneipp" in the snow which covered the ground, and saying a last farewell to the mountain peaks and the cedars of Lebanon, we began descending the eastern slope of the mountain chain into the plain of Bekaa. It was not an easy task. The path was very precipitous, and it was only after hours of cautious sliding and clambering that we finally reached the open plain, at the bottom of which stretches Lake Yamouni. Cheer up, weary travellers! Behold the village close at hand! A few minutes more, and we shall be there! Alas! we have been the victims of an optical illusion. It was only after a walk of four hours in the burning plain that we reached our halting place.

The village of Yamouni is chiefly inhabited by Metualik, the Maronites forming only about one-fourth of the population. We saw the parish priest, who proved himself a most amiable gentleman. The village had nothing to arouse our interest. There was not a tree in sight to offer us the least bit of shade, nor was there the slightest breeze to cool the atmosphere. We made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow amid the ruins of an old Grecian temple. Lake Yamouni is, as far as I know, the only lake of Lebanon. At ordinary times it covers an area of at least five miles in circumference, but in Winter it spreads over twice this space. At the time of our visit there was but little water in the lake, which looked rather like a swamp, exhaling noxious vapors. We had no desire to prolong our stay among the inhospitable Metualik, and, in spite of the heat, we

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determined to return to Afka with the least possible delay. It meant a march of five hours, first up and then down the whole chain of Lebanon. Had we been less tired, we might have lingered to contemplate some very interesting scenes on our way, such as a camp of Bedouins with its black tents of goat and camel skin, caravans of camels loaded with wheat, and an exceedingly curious oriental threshing floor. Threshing machines and even flails are unknown in this region. The thresher, armed with a pointed stick, seats himself lazily on a kind of platform made of two or three simple boards provided with large nails bent inward, or smooth stones of small size. An ox or a cow is hitched on to this primitive farmer's implement and draws it together with its occupant in a circle around the threshing floor over the ears of wheat. The animal is left free to eat at will, the biblical tradition being still in honor: Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out thy corn on the floor (Deuter. 25, 4).



AN OLD PEASANT OF LEBANON.

We spent the night at Afka, and early the next morning we set out, not to stop again until our villa at Raifoun was reached. Our excursion to the cedars had been happily and successfully accomplished. "Praise the Lord, ye mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars!" (Ps. 148, v. 9.)

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MINISTERS' MONEY.

By John J. O'Shea.

THE strident clangor of an auctioneer's bell, excited cries, and a rush of small boys and street idlers toward a particular spot on the main thoroughfare, as to a common focus, attracted the attention of a well dressed traveller, who had been "killing time" in the early hours by looking at the quaint old shops and the contents of their many-paned bow-windows.

Instantly the stranger was changed from a leisurely lounger into a very energetic pacemaker. Interest was in his face, celerity in his gait ; he seemed to move as if on springs.

Reaching the spot which formed the centre of disturbance, he pushed his way through the swarm of ragged children and unkempt men and women who formed the crowd. They formed a ring around a rude cart or float, attached to which was a gaunt, rib-protruding, scorbutic-skinned steed, whose shaggy hide and gnarled knees denoted a style of living and keep based on the most rigid principles of economy.

Standing on the float was one of those awkward-looking archaic mangling machines which reminded one of the rack and similar contrivances of torture, and which were often very little inferior to the rack, in the arduous toil they entailed to the poor, ill-fed washerwoman who operated the heavy ramshackle structures.

Close to the truck and its load stood a remarkable trio. One was a tall, thin, poorly-garbed woman, whose pale face denoted suffering and poverty, but whose eyes flashed determination and anger. Next to her stood a policeman, grasping one of the long hardwood truncheons whose weight and efficiency have been so often tried on the heads of an Irish populace ; and close to this guardian of the peace stood a burly, stunted, red-faced man, dressed in a suit of shabby black, and laboring, evidently, under a condition of violent nervous excitement.

The background of this picture was furnished by a dingy house with a large office window on the ground floor. Above the window was a signboard with the legend, "Peter Barnekill, Auctioneer." On a tattered wire screen covering the lower part of the office window was also inserted, "P. Barnekill, collector of church dues."

Much loud altercation and a jangle of juvenile yells and cries raged around the spot as the stranger came on the scene. The stocky, red-faced man was vociferating and gesticulating, mopping his face between pauses with a red bandanna handkerchief.

"Stand back, you noisy rapscallions," he cried, shaking a walking stick at the foremost urchins. "Constable, I call upon you to put that woman away and keep back this mob. I must sell this property here in the street, since it is to big to be taken into the shop. Here you Dennis," addressing the bellman standing at the shop door, "ring that bell and keep it up till I get some buyers around."

"Sorra a one in all the town you'll get to bid for it," broke in the woman, bitterly. "There's no decent man or woman that 'ud buy the one thing that a poor widow has to earn her bread by. An' more nor that, I tell you you're acting conthrary to law, Misther Barneykill, in taking what people work with. So mind you now, I'm warnin' you," she added, with the sharp crescendo of increasing anger.

"Ould Barneykill is breakin' the law !" shouted several outside urchins, dancing wildly up and down the sidewalk. "Hurroo ! He'll be put into jail !"

"Constable, do your duty—I call up-

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on you," cried the obnoxious individual, growing more and more trepident and exasperated. "I must auction this property right away."

"What *is* that lumber, anyhow, and what do you want to sell it for?" queried the new-comer coolly, addressing the exasperated functionary.

"It is a mangle," he replied, tartly, "and I am selling it for church dues which this woman refuses to pay."

"A mangle!" echoed the stranger, with a grimace of unmistakable surprise. "It is more like a mud-scow or a dredger. And what in thunder do you mean by church dues?"

"Taxes to support parsons and their wives, sir," broke in the woman, with fierce vehemence. "Askin' Catholics to pay for the support of soupers an' paupers, that aren't ministers of God at all. What 'ud *you* do, sir," she unexpectedly queried, "if they wanted you to pay for a religion you didn't believe in?"

Somewhat surprised at this personal appeal, the stranger, changing his manner from that of eager curiosity into a sort of bantering *sangfroid*, replied:

"Well, I should say, since the law gives him power to seize your chattels, give unto seizer what belongs to seizer."

He smiled sardonically at his own wit. But nobody else relished it. The woman turned on him indignantly. Lowly though she was, perhaps illiterate, she was quick-witted enough to perceive the mistaken wit of the saying:

"You're no betther nor a haythen," she said, with scornful emphasis, "to try to twist the words of our blessed Lord Himself in such a way. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Perceiving that he had made a mistake, the stranger hastened to correct it. "Excuse me," he said, "I meant no offence,—only you and I look at things differently. I respect the principles of every religion, although I may now and then crack a joke. Now, tell me how much is the mangle impounded for?"

"Five shillings, sir," replied the woman, somewhat mollified by these assurances.

"Well, here's the money, and let him take the thing back."

"No, sir, thank you," she answered proudly. "That's not the way true Catholics look at ministers' money. They'd die rather than pay a penny of it. Let him try to sell my mangle if he likes, but I'm very greatly mistaken if he'll get one to buy it in all the town."

A look of blank astonishment had succeeded the smile of amusement which the stranger's countenance had previously worn. He stepped back, evidently at a loss as to his immediate course in speech or action, and as he did so, a sort of hush fell upon the little crowd, and the outside ones fell back to make way for a sweet-faced, gentle-looking young gentleman, wearing the garb of the Established Church.

"Make room for Mr. Jellett, God bless him!" was the cry from several pairs of lips, as the young man endeavored to get near the centre of the commotion.

"What have you been doing, Barnekill?" he queried, surveying the group and taking in every detail of the situation at a glance. "Ah, I see—another of those questionable transactions which bring disgrace to the door of the Church. Is this your property, good woman?" he added, pointing to the crazy-looking machine and addressing the recalcitrant owner.

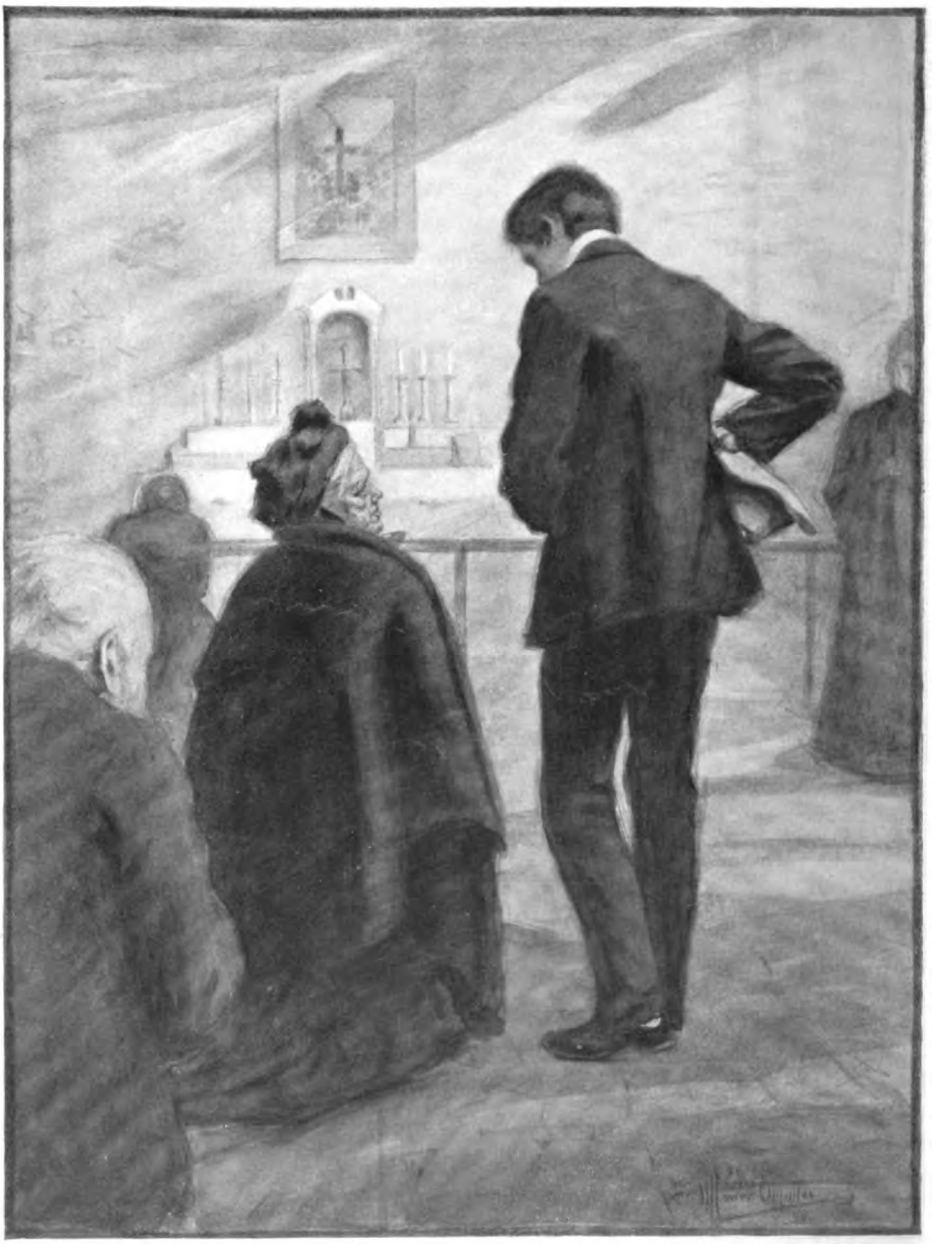
"Yes, sir," she replied, courtesying respectfully.

"And I presume you earn your living by it?"

"Yes, sir, and support my three orphan children."

"Barnekill, have this taken back instantly to where you got it," said the young clergyman, with more sternness in his tone than one would think he could be capable of imparting. "You ought to know well that you are not allowed to levy distraint upon tools or trade implements which working people require for

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"O GOD, BE MERCIFUL TO ME A SINNER."

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their handicrafts; and you, officer," addressing the policeman, "should be aware that such distress was unlawful, and have warned him against it rather than lend it the sanction of the law."

Ephraim Bullitt—for this was the stranger's name—made his way back to the Victoria Hotel in a frame of mind altogether different from any he had ever known before. He never had encountered any one in his own country that did not accept conditions as they were found, and try to exact the best terms that could be got from a disadvantageous position. But here was a poor woman—almost the poorest of the poor—flying in the face of Providence, as he thought—though he did not believe very much in Providence in worldly affairs—by risking ruin and beggary rather than make a sacrifice of principle.

Physically Ephraim Bullitt had much to recommend him. He had that air of distinction which in ante-bellum days characterized many American gentlemen, before certain tendencies in costume and certain mannerisms made the type remarkable and unmistakeable. A quality of refinement and good breeding was his predominating characteristic, notwithstanding that his speech occasionally exhibited that tendency toward brusqueness and caustic pleasantry which later became the almost general affectation in the United States. His face was clever and intellectual, and naturally he was gifted with that generosity of heart which in the case of the average American gentleman belies the impression of "canniness" in practical matters which he leaves upon those unaccustomed to his genuine ways. The son of a prosperous Boston merchant, he had had the advantages of a Harvard education, and naturally everybody thought he would have succeeded to the headship of the firm when his father should have been compelled in due course to retire from that position, by reason of age or inability to sustain the continued pressure of a business life. But this expectation was doomed to disappointment. His father had died quite unexpectedly, and when his affairs were analyzed, it was found that he was by no means so wealthy as people thought. The result was that only a very moderate income remained for his widow and only son, and so many tangled things remained to be unwound in his business that Ephraim Bullitt felt in no wise inclined to step into his shoes. He preferred rather to strike out for himself, in a career which had much more of attractiveness for him—that of an engineer—inasmuch as he had gained much distinction in it in his college days. These were the times when the railway system was being introduced into Ireland, and it was in this field that Ephraim Bullitt was beginning to find scope for his talents when we find him getting his first initiation into the workings of the Irish ecclesiastical system, as by law established, and the profound attachment of the disinherited class to that older system which had survived every device of cunning and cruelty to eradicate it.

The deeper problems of life had never given him much thought. His bringing-up had hardly been of a character to make them stir within him. If agnosticism, such as we know it to-day, had not exactly set in, the principle of universalism, combined with the naturalism of Emerson, had shed a subtle poison over a multitude of minds. Indifference to doctrine, where religion was held as an academical abstraction, was a prevalent characteristic; while in many quarters a detestation of Catholicism was secretly cherished where it could not openly be avowed. It could hardly be said that Ephraim Bullitt was tainted by such an ignoble fanaticism, but he was not free from prejudices against a system which he found to be the object of almost universal contempt because of the humble character of its adherents, as they were then found, for the most part, in the United States. He had never taken the trouble to examine the system, but here he found himself in a country where it was the religion of the mass of the people,

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and many things came under his observation that caused some stirring of hidden depths within him. He had seen these people worshipping in their furtively built and poorly furnished churches, and this was a revelation in simple piety to him. He had heard their pastor stirring their devotion by those sympathetic methods which are known only to a priesthood and a flock united by the bonds of long-suffering, and this, too, had set him a-thinking. But it was not until to-day that he had witnessed any practical proof of that intensity of attachment of the people to their ancient faith of which he had often heard. He was simply amazed ; a new intellectual atmosphere was revealed to him, as a sea of light through an April cloud-rift, when the sun is struggling through a mountain of vapor.

Going to his quarters at the hotel, he packed his valise and departed for the post-office whence the mail coaches and the long Bianconi cars started. Taking a seat in one of the latter as the more comfortable and the better adapted to sight-seeing, he entered on a twenty miles' drive to a town-land in which it was proposed to begin a new branch of the railroad on which he had been operating since his arrival.

Yet he had to own to himself that it was not business merely that caused him to patronize Bianconi's posting system. Only a couple of miles from his stopping place—a place which he hardly dared trust himself to spell because it contained seven syllables in print on the ordnance map, and appeared to be utterly unpronounceable— lay Woolcroft Manse, the home of one very dear to him. Katherine Lentaigne was the daughter of his dead mother's dearest friend, and he knew well that it was that mother's wish that if ever he took a wife he should seek her there at Woolcroft Manse. Now Katherine Lentaigne, like himself, was an orphan, and although it was a score of years since the wish was last expressed, even while the ashen impress of death was being stamped upon the beloved parent's brow, the injunction was not forgotten.

Once he had seen the girl, but this was in his boyhood. He remembered her dimly as a shy and beautiful being, timid as a fawn, and altogether different from the self-possessed and by no means bashful girls who formed his early friends and playmates at home. She had been on a visit with her mother to their old home in Boston, and had captivated everybody in the household by her sweet "wild Irish" ways, as they called them, and her intensely affectionate disposition. A nature which was so keenly sensitive to suffering of any kind as to burst into tears at the sight of any creature in physical pain, or on hearing a story of human sorrow, and yet which could change as if by magic to a mood of ecstatic gaiety, filling the house with delicious notes of innocent laughter like the outpouring of a morning-gladdened wildwood songster. All this he only dimly remembered, but the film of years lent all the more charm to the recollection.

Katherine Lentaigne was the daughter —the only child—of a clergyman of the Established Church. Her father, a member of an old Huguenot family long settled in Ireland, had for many years been the rector of one of the best benefices in the South. His private resources were also so considerable as to enable him to live irrespective altogether of his ecclesiastical income. At his death his daughter found herself the mistress of ten thousand pounds in her own right. She resided with her uncle and guardian, Stephen De Lacy, at Woolcroft Manse. He was a deputy-lieutenant, the chairman of the poor-law board, the master of the hounds, and the great magnate of the district.

As foreman of the grand jury, it was necessary for Ephraim Bullitt to meet and speak with Stephen De Lacy before taking any steps towards the construction of the projected new line of the iron road. Grand juries play the autocratic part in all such undertakings ; it is theirs

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to order and the rate-payers' to foot the bill. This was the immediate reason of his journey to Woolcroft Manse, yet he would hardly avow even to himself, that it was the more powerful one. The American attribute of curiosity was his. He was very curious to ascertain now that he was in Katherine Lentaigne's country, how far she was the Katherine Lentaigne of his earlier days, and if so, curious as to contingent matters.

After driving an hour and a half over a road bordering the beautiful valley of the Lee, the car came to a halt at a wretched looking wayside inn, where the horses usually stopped to get baited and watered. On a bluff overlooking the river a couple of hundred yards off, stood a half ruined church. A motley crowd of worshippers knelt outside the porch, filling the yard and the plot of grass before the building, while the open door showed a dense throng within. Most of those who knelt or prostrated themselves outside were garbed in tattered and oddly patched apologies for raiment; a very large proportion of the people were barefooted. Some were very old men, with silvery hair and toil-embrowned hands, in which they devoutly fingered rosaries, many were mere girls whose comely forms and fresh young faces could not be altogether concealed by the poor attire in which they showed for the most part —though here and there a more fortunate colleen might be seen with a gay kerchief tied around her head or a bright-hooded cloak, serving a similar office in a more conventional way. Many older women whose attitude bespoke the most rapt devotion mingled with the throng; while in a corner of the yard a group of youngsters, too immature to take part in the celebration, stood with hushed voices and childish awe depicted in innocent faces, ranged against the low and crumbling wall which ran around the structure.

Ephraim Bullitt had never been in the rural districts of the country before, and the strange but not unpicturesque scene filled him with curiosity. He asked the driver, below whom he sat, immediately, the name of the building and the meaning of the crowd.

"That's Carrigmore Chapel, sir, an' this is Lady Day. They're having High Mass there to-day an' a sermon. That's why they're so late an' so big a crowd. They come in from every place 'ithin ten miles, sir."

"What degraded superstition!—just fit for such a filthy pack!" exclaimed an exquisite who was sitting on the opposite seat. "'Tis easy to see why Carlyle speaks of human swine."

A long drab overcoat of fine cloth enveloped the person of the speaker. He was gloved and gartered for a journey in best style, a smart derby hat of the newest fashion was perched on his carefully groomed chestnut locks. His face was pink and sensual looking; a blond mustache decorated his upper lip. As he surveyed the devotional scene, a look of the most intense contempt and amazement was conveyed in a scornful eye and a superciliously curling lip.

"They're poor, sir, but they're not degraded," retorted the driver with spirit. "They're worshippin' God according to their own way—an' 'tis little else they're left in the world, but the right to do that same."

Ephraim Bullitt was glad that the Jehu had the manfulness to reply to the insult of the supercilious passenger. He was almost tempted to add to its severity, but he remembered his own experience in the morning, and conscience-stricken, he refrained. "Why is the church in such a ruinous state?" he asked the driver.

"Sure, sir, the roof was blown off it the night of the big wind," he replied, "an' 'tis a miracle it wasn't blown down altogether, when so many places more wind-proof nor that was shwept away out an' out."

"And why don't they put a roof on it now, and repair it?" queried the American.

"Sure the people are that poor, sir, the priests hasn't the heart to ask 'em.

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There's as much of the roof left you see, as covers the altar, an' that's all they care about."

"Who owns the ground? The man who gets the rent ought to do something for decency's sake," remarked Bullitt.

"Is it old Hedges, sir? He's the landlord, an' he'd rather help to pull down a chapel than build one or keep one in repair. Truth, he's a bitther pill, an' no mistake."

Having a few minutes to spare ere the car started anew, Ephraim Bullitt got down and walked toward the church. Mass was over, and the people were dispersing. He entered the building and looked around in amazement. Never had he seen anything like this for a place consecrated to religion. The earthen floor was worn into hollows, owing to the softening of the clay from the constant rains beating down on it, and the people kneeling on damp earth. There were no seats of any kind, save near the altar, where a couple of chairs stood inside the sanctuary railing. A set of miserable stations of the cross formed the only adornment of the rough dashed walls. The altar itself was a poor and rather tawdry-looking structure, with a painting of the crucifixion, certainly not the work of one of the old masters, surmounting it. About half the roof remained at this end of the building, and the bare rafters, which had withstood the fury of the "big wind," by reason of the strength of the central beam, supported a few slates at the sides. A more forlorn-looking temple of worship it would be impossible to imagine. Before the sanctuary railing a few old men and women still devoutly knelt. Never had the visitor beheld such intensity of prayer as the faces and postures of these humble devotees reflected. He could not, for the life of him, help saying in an undertone to one of the women as he passed: "I wish I were as good a Christian as you, my good woman" The reply he elicited was unexpected. Looking up at him, not with a smile, as he anticipated, but with eyes full of tears and an expression of profound humility, the poor woman said quiveringly: "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

It was the first time in his life that Ephraim Bullitt felt a thrill of real religious sympathy. The rare occasions on which he had gone to church in his own land revealed to him nothing whatever of the soul of religion. He had seen well-dressed people sitting in comfortable pews, placidly listening to stereotyped exhortations or semi-political admonitions; he had seen the young looking around for admiration of their fine raiment or giggling furtively at male admirers on the opposite side. Now he comprehended what the Saviour had in his mind when he spoke the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. Involuntarily he dropped on his knees. He knew nothing of Catholic prayer, else he would have prayed. But he thought that a tribute of reverence for the spirit of the place which could call forth such truth and sincerity of homage to God was the least he could offer.

As he climbed to the seat on the car a few seconds afterwards, he heard his supercilious fellow-traveller inquiring of the driver how far was Woolcroft Manse from the wayside station whither he (Bullitt) was bound. This astonished him not a little, but he kept his surprise to himself, for he was learning the value of prudent reserve in travelling.

His surprise was all the greater when, on alighting at his destination, he found a handsome carriage and pair waiting, and a gentleman, florid, pompous-looking and loud-voiced, advancing to meet the haughty stranger. "Welcome, Sir Aubrey," he said, bowing and lifting his hat with *empressement;* "I knew you from your picture. I am Mr. Stephen DeLacy. I cannot tell you how deeply I feel the honor of your visit. I hope you are not fatigued from your long ride. Woolcroft Manse is but a few minutes' drive from here."

It was not an opportune moment for Ephraim Bullitt to introduce himself, he

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instantly concluded. Whether it was so or not, he did not care to do so just then. He was not at home with persons of such importance as he found here. He waited until the carriage drove off, and then, mounting one of the jaunting cars ranged alongside the station, started off alone for Woolcraft Manse.

The car had not proceeded more than half a mile when it was suddenly brought to a halt at the sharp angle of a bisecting road by the advance of a compact body of military police, marching with that heavy and ominous rhythm of footbeat whose meaning the Irish peasant only too well knows. Beside the officers at the head of the squad rode a man in civilian garb, and a couple of rough-looking men, carrying ropes and a halter, marched along with the military.

"What does all this mean?" inquired the traveller as the troop proceeded to form a cordon about a comfortable-looking farmhouse which stood a little distance off the road.

"The tithes, sir. They're goin' to make a seizure on Bat Farrell's stock. He never pays tithes on principle, sir, because, as he says, it is to support ministers of a religion that he doesn't believe in. But whisht! there's goin' to be some throuble!"

As he spoke there suddenly arose an angry shout from a score of men who had been concealed in a barn beside the house. With an infuriated yell they rushed toward the men who had come to make the seizure. One of these had thrown the halter on the neck of a horse grazing in a field, and the other was leading off a cow.

The civilian on horseback galloped toward the excited crowd. He had pulled a piece of paper from his pocket and was reading it aloud as he dashed forward. It did not stop the onrush of the shouting peasants. Some of them were armed with scythes, some with flails, some with bill hooks.

Then high above the din rang out the stern command, "Ready, present, fire!" A deafening volley pealed from a score of rifles, and the rush of the peasants was stayed. Half a dozen of their number lay prone upon the grass.

So far from terrifying the defenders, the sight seemed to madden them beyond all control. With a yell of irresistible passion, they sprang forward again and made toward the bailiffs, who were struggling with their prizes at the entrance to the paddock where they had seized them.

Again the word of command was being spoken, when it was arrested ere the fatal word was uttered. There was a vision, as Ephraim Bullitt thought—an apparition, that seemed miraculous, of a beautiful figure in white, flying on a fleet steed over the low fence that separated the paddock from the farmland. Like a flash it shot in between the furious peasants and the levelled muskets, and, with uplifted, imploring hands, seemed to forbid the further bloodshed that was about to ensue.

"For God's sake, do not fire," she cried to the officer as she dashed along the line of levelled weapons; "I will get these foolish people to desist." Then, wheeling around with the speed of the wind, she rode toward the little crowd of peasants, and, by voice and gesticulation, urged them back toward the barn. "For shame, men!" she cried. "Are you all mad, that you would throw your lives away—and all for nothing? Think of your wives and mothers and children. Get away as fast as you can. Oh! do, for the love of God and His Blessed Mother. There will be no seizure, I promise you. I'll see to that."

Her amazing daring, her passionate appeal, the profound sympathy of her sweet tones, acted like a magician's spell upon all the actors in that tense and petrifying scene. A hush fell upon every one. The peasants were instantly changed from uncontrollable frenzied beings into reasonable and submissive creatures. They turned and moved off toward the house. Then the girl faced

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about in the other direction. The constabulary had grounded their rifles and stood awaiting orders.

"Will you please call off your men, Mr. Sheriff," said the young lady, "and let this cruel work cease. I will pay the bill, whatever it is."

The officer bowed. A squad of men were sent forward to see what was to be done for those who had fallen. Two were past all help, the others were borne into the house to await surgical help.

All this had occupied but a few minutes. Ephraim Bullitt could hardly realize its force and meaning for the moment, so stunning and unexpected was the swift-wrought tragedy. Here was war, actual war, in a land professedly in a condition of peace.

"Does this sort of business often happen?" he asked the driver. "Almost every week, sir," answered the man. "All over the country the farmers are risin' up against the tithe, an' sometimes the parsons go round themselves with cocked pistols to seize the people's pigs and cattle."

"And it is not often, I guess, that there is anybody like that young lady to interfere. Do you know who she is?"

"That's Miss Kate Lentaigne, sir—God bless her! She's the good angel of these parts, sir—always has the kind word an' the helpin' hand whenever there's sickness and sorrow. Only for her, I tell you"—sinking his voice almost to a whisper—"we'd have many a murther."

Kate Lentaigne! And so the girl of his boyhood's dreams—the sweet wild fawn whom his mother wished to be the wife of his manhood—was the daring peacemaker, the intrepid protector of the downtrodden, in a land torn and disorganized with internal trouble. Who could ever dream that a heart so dauntless—a pity so utterly regardless of danger—could be found in such a shy and shrinking girl's bosom? Domestic danger—peril to those of one's own household, in whom affection was centered—had often, he knew, made women brave deadly peril. But here was a different case. Pity for the wronged, sympathy for the weak, sublime, undiscriminating charity, nerved the heart of woman until it became that of the lion leavened with the tenderness of the angel.

Such was the woman to whom Stephen De Lacy hoped to attract the rich Yorkshire baronet, Sir Aubrey Chillington, and thus form a connection for which he had long been secretly sighing. The better class of Irish families in his locality were fast lapsing into beggary under the false economic system of the country and their own improvident habits. Pauperism was slowly but surely inundating the whole country; a flight to England was the only hope he saw for social salvation for himself and his household.

"Will she remember me, I wonder," thought Ephraim Bullitt to himself, as the car rattled along its way after the actors in the scene of seizure had all dispersed. "If dear old mother could only have seen her to-day."

When Sir Aubrey Chillington met Miss Lentaigne at dinner he never could have suspected that anything unusual had quickened her pulses only a very brief while previously. Ephraim Bullitt was one of the party—although his visit was not very agreeable to Mr. De Lacy just then. Still he could not possibly help asking him to dinner, in view of the business on which he came and his social standing. Miss Lentaigne had not forgotten him, but she was now the stately young lady, whose air and speech were that of the most exquisite elegance.

"This is a land of transformation," he said mentally, when he beheld the marvellous change from what he had seen earlier in the day. "Shakespeare has nothing like it in his 'Tempest.'"

A rumor had reached the Manse that an encounter had taken place that afternoon between the sheriff's party and the peasantry, but nothing more definite than that two men had been killed and several more wounded. Ephraim Bullitt had instinctively forborne from making

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any reference to what he had seen. He marvelled at himself why he did so restrain his feelings ; only he felt somehow that to Katherine Lentaigne it would be just then distasteful.

"I wonder why the Government does not institute martial law," said Sir Aubrey Chillington, twisting his flaxen mustache and frowning savagely when the rumors was referred to. "I think the dirty *canaille* who make this trouble should be mowed by shrapnel and grape-shot."

"It is precisely because such views were acted on in the past," retorted Miss Lentaigne, "that there is trouble. You perhaps do not know what martial law has meant in Ireland else you, an English gentleman, would hardly care to recommend it as a remedy for governmental blundering."

"I must confess I do not," replied the baronet. "My knowledge of the country is not altogether in proportion to the interest it presently possesses for me. But I think the elementary duty of any people is submission."

"And you a descendant of one of the signers of Magna Charta!" The girl broke out into a peal of silver laughter, in which she was joined heartily by Ephraim Bullitt. The baronet's pink face grew magenta-color, and his light blue eyes glinted angrily.

"Oh, there is a difference," he said, evidently at a loss for some argumentative reply. "You can hardly say that English barons were on a par with Irish peasants."

"It is not a question of peasants or princes," answered Katherine, "it is only one of principle. Authority not founded on the assent of the governed is tyranny."

Stephen De Lacy tried to laugh at his niece's impetuosity, and his aristocratic guest made an awkward attempt at following his example. He was fascinated with this beautiful but severe antagonist, but her principles shocked him.

One lovely moonlight night, a month afterward, the American drove up to the half-ruined chapel at Carrigmore. A veiled figure was waiting for him in the shadow of the porch.

"You have come to me, Kate," he said. "Blessed be God for this. I hardly dared hope for such a happiness."

"Yes," she replied, "I had no alternative but to write to you, I have been so persecuted by my uncle and his guest. What fate could be worse than to be bound to such an ignorant piece of proud flesh? I remembered you telling me about this ruined chapel, and a strange fancy took possession of me to see it and to meet you here."

"Never to part," he interrupted. "You mentioned about your money being tied up until you are twenty-one. Well, you need not trouble. It is 'minister's money,' as it is called, and neither you nor I might be the better of it. Every shilling of it is dyed red. I do not want it, neither shall you. So we will, if you please, deed it to the good priest here to build a decent church for God's worship, and then we shall be happy. I have arranged with him for an interview to-night, and, perhaps, he will know how you and I can begin to study what there is in the faith of these poor people to make them cling to it so passionately as they seem to do."

"I have been studying it for some time," she replied, "and I think I have a clue to it. It is the spirit of love and sacrifice--the heart of true religion."

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THE ANNUNCIATION.

By Francis de S. Howle, S.J.

AT eve, a lovely maiden knelt,
Absorbed in sweetest prayer;
When lo, before her trembling, stood
A prince of beauty rare.

His diadem with jewels flashed,
Like silver stars at play;
His garment, like the driven snow,
Where falls the silver ray.

Within his hand, a flower fair—
It bloomed in fields of light—
He offered it unto the maid,
Fairer in Heaven's sight.

As lilies, when appears the sun,
Their petals chaste unfold,
So Mary's heart, when Gabriel spoke,
Revealed its wealth of gold.

"Behold the hand-maid of the Lord!"
The lovely maiden said;
Folding her arms upon her breast,
She bowed her modest head.

Then sped the princely messenger,
Unto the great, white throne,
But Jesus came—sweet mystery!
To make her flesh His own.

* * * * *

Hail, lovely maid of Galilee,
That pleased the Angel's eye,
Whose beauty won the love of God,
And drew thy Son from high.

Behold thy beauty, ever more,
The object of our love,
Like magnet, draws the souls of men,
From earth to things above.

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SOME UNKNOWN ARTISTS.

By H. D.

CICERO, in his oration in favor of the poet Archias, speaking of the *Belles Lettres*, gives expression to sentiments strikingly applicable to painting. "They nourish us in our youth," he says, "and invigorate our old age," and where has the child learned better the story of divine love than from the picture of the crucifixion, and where has man so well learned the lesson of patient endurance as at the foot of the crucifix? "They embellish the most fortunate situation, and console us under disasters and afflictions;" has the consideration of the painting of the "Heart which has so loved men," brought no consolation to any reader of these words? "They accompany us," Cicero continues, "night and day in our journeys, and in our retreat from the world, and even when our minds are not disposed to profit by their instruction, we ought still to hold them in just admiration, finding that, to those who possess them, they afford the most delightful gratification."

There have been minds not disposed to profit by the instruction of the fine arts, and not disposed to allow others to possess them. For though it is now almost universally admitted that their cultivation has produced a blessed influence on the civilization of society throughout the different ages of the world, they have been opposed bitterly by ignorance and fanaticism, and more than once exposed to entire destruction.

In the revolt against the Church in the sixteenth century, we find the Protestants of the continent of Europe destroying the paintings, sculptures, and statues of the great masters, wherever they could lay hands on them. It was the same in England. While the portrait of Cromwell was permitted to be made for the veneration of his subjects, such representations of holiness and sanctity as remained from the days of Elizabeth, the Puritans made away with. As late as the time of George III., we hear that monarch appealing to the bishops of his church to allow Benjamin West to paint a picture for his private chapel, and their hesitating acquiescence, with the proviso that they be permitted to choose the subject. And a few years ago, what a tempest was raised when "certain statues" were placed in the Protestant Cathedral of London. At best it can be said, that Protestantism has ceased to hate art, and tolerates it where she is no longer strong.

This cannot be said, and indeed it has not been said, of the Church. She has ever been the benign and fostering mother of the Sciences, of Letters, and of Art. Travel through Europe and the British Isles, and everywhere you find monuments of architecture, the artist's and the sculptor's skill, wrought under the inspiration of that divine Mother. And when States have sought to enrich and beautify their capitals, they have solicited the Catholic hand to employ itself, or they have borrowed the designs made by the child of Faith. Visit any town throughout the world where there are Catholics who have cast off the swaddling clothes of poverty and oppression, and there under the cross, pointing skyward, you will find all that that city can boast of in preeminence of beauty, excellence, and glory.

This is true, absolutely and indisputably, of the Church; but it is of one body of men in the Church, the Society of Jesus, that this attempt at an essay would speak, slightly and almost perfunctorily, to the regret of the writer, for space is limited.

Mrs. Jameson, who has written much on art, and often well, and who ought to have known better, says, "the Jesuits have no art." Now it has been admitted, directly or indirectly, by

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the greatest authorities in art, Lanzi, Kugler, Waagen, Ratti, Bermudez and others, and even by Spooner, who has no love for Jesuits, that, though there may have been artists who have excelled those produced by the Society of Jesus (in two departments, as we shall see, they have excelled all others), yet few have contributed by example so much to the progress of art, as the Jesuits. The truth of this is attested by the splendid edifices they have erected in every quarter of the globe visited by the "Black Robe," and in a thousand other artistic ventures they have planned and executed that cannot be so much as touched upon here. Their magnificent folios of copper-plate engravings; their exquisite books of emblems, their etchings, all these will have to be passed by, and even their artistic efforts in North and South America can but be glanced at, with a somewhat closer look at their work in China.

In the picturesque city of Trent, the capital of the Italian Tyrol, most famous for the great council held there, within sight of the citadel of Dos Trento on the banks of the Adige, was born Andrea Pozzo in the year 1642. His father was a silk manufacturer, and like most of the Tyrolese, a devout Catholic, as was also his mother. While still a boy at school, Andrea in a remarkable manner exhibited his skill in drawing. He had often been reproved by his parents and his teacher for neglecting his pen for his pencil, and one day having entirely neglected his exercise, he was detained in the school-room, while his master went to dinner. He was a bright boy and got through his exercise in a very short time, and then proceeded to a window to occupy himself in sketching what he could see outside. Across the way from the school house, was the counting-room of a merchant, and to this, Andrea was attracted by the appearance of a man seated at a table. He made a drawing of this man, placed it between the leaves of his book, and thought no more of it, till one day the man presented himself at his father's house. Andrea was in trouble that day, and his father spoke of his delinquencies, which consisted mainly, as before stated, in neglecting one occupation for another. He was always making drawings of some one, the father complained, and he would not be surprised if he made one of the stranger. Then Andrea spoke up, not rudely but quite humbly as if it was a sin he were confessing, that he had made one already. Astonished, the visitor asked to know the circumstances, and when they were related, and when he had viewed the sketch which still lay in the book where Andrea had placed it, he drew the father aside and remonstrated with him on the course he pursued with the boy. The gentleman was a great person of the town whose opinion was much respected by Andrea's father, who in the end consented to the boy's being placed with an artist.

Two artists of his native town taught him the elements of painting, and then he was sent to Milan to study. There for a long time he persevered in the study of the works of the best masters, and aided by the strength of his own genius, he made such rapid progress as to be considered an artist of great promise. He was then in his twentieth year, and of an exceedingly lively disposition, which he had heretofore controlled by the assiduous study of his beloved art. He was to find, however, that science without God would by no means preserve him in temptation; for, falling into vicious company, he little by little acquired dissolute habits, and ended by giving up study. In his twenty-second year he became disgusted with the life he led, and finally resolved to cut loose from temptation, and again pursue the object which had brought him to Milan. In following up this resolution, he entered a church of the Jesuits to view a celebrated painting that adorned its sanctuary. A retreat or mission was going on in the church, and he leaned against a pillar to listen to the discourse of the preacher. Affected by the words of the

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Jesuit on penance, he forgot what had brought him to the church, and, the discourse ended, joined a concourse of penitents about a confessional. From that moment Pozzo lived a blameless and holy life. He conceived not only a horror for sin, but for the world in which he had fallen, resolved to abandon it, and applied for admission to the Society of Jesus. He was told to wait, and on returning was again told to have patience. He was asked how he employed his time. In prayer, he replied. Labor is prayer, he was answered. In obedience to this mandate, he endeavored to return to his studies, but his heart was out of the world. Finally, to his great joy, when he had reached the age of twenty-three, he was admitted to his probation in the Society.

At first, when in the Society, Pozzo wished to give up painting. He wished to preach such sermons as the one which had brought him out of the misery of sin to the happiness of the love of God. He was reminded that a painting had brought him to the church, and the parable of the talents was given him to read and apply. You will preach by your pictures, was promised him. To further this prophecy, his Superior placed him under the instruction of Ludovico Scaramuccia, "by whose precepts he acquired," as Spooner says, "a grand and magnificent style of composition." He was afterwards sent to Rome and Venice, "always improving," according to Lanzi, "in design and color." At Rome he studied, in particular, Raphael, and it was there that he acquired a profound knowledge of architecture and perspective, in which last, it is unanimously admitted, he has excelled all other artists.

Padre Pozzo painted both in oil and fresco, and executed many works at Rome, Genoa, Turin, and other places, and these paintings gained him the reputation of being the ablest artist of his time. Lanzi, Ratti and Spooner, these in particular, and others, say of his pictures that they are composed in a grand style, the figures elegantly designed, the coloring rich and harmonious, and the whole enriched with noble edifices, or fine perspectives. "Few artists have equalled him," says Lanzi, "in architecture, and none in perspective, the principles of which he perfectly understood, and on which he has published an elaborate treatise, magnificently embellished with drawings by himself."

Among his best works in oil are a St. Francis Borgia, in the Church of the Gesu at Rome, the Three Kings offering their gifts in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, and four pictures from the life of Christ, in the Church of the Congregazione de' Mercanti, at Genoa. Lanzi considers that these pictures are executed in his best manner, and that "he surpassed Rubens in those beautiful and playful lights which seem to irradiate the composition."

While still a young man, Padre Pozzo was invited to Vienna by the Emperor Leopold I., and there he executed many admired works, and painted noble portraits of that monarch and the Archduke Joseph, for he excelled not only in historical paintings and landscapes, but in portraits as well. His portraits, say Winckelmann and Lanzi, are soft and powerful, but natural in expression, and to his sitters he imparted all the dignity they possessed without impairing the likeness.

But Pozzo was most eminent and distinguished above others in fresco, in which he acquired such wonderful facility of operating that Ciro Ferri, himself a great painter, says that while "the horses of other painters move at a slow pace, those of Pozzo are always on the gallop. Yet he does not despatch his work too hastily, nor until he is satisfied with his performance."

The ceiling of the Church of St. Ignatius at Rome is regarded as the ablest production of his time, not only for its ingenuity and copiousness of composition, and brilliancy of coloring, but for its animated freedom of execution.

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An interesting anecdote is related of one of Padre Pozzo's frescoes. While he was stationed at Genoa his painting-room was on a corridor, and elevated some steps above the floor. On the walls of the corridor facing his apartments, he painted the lintels and threshold of an open door looking out apparently on a broad street that extended to a point on the horizon. A young artist much opposed to the Society and a disbeliever in Padre Pozzo's famous perspectives, visited him in his studio. He endeavored to irritate Padre Pozzo by his criticisms, and was answered mildly. This gentleness only exasperated him, and in a hurry to get away from the presence of the hated Jesuit, he started down the studio steps, and made for the mock street. Seeing the direction he took, Padre Pozzo shouted after him, but unheeding, the young man rushed for the open air with such force as to be almost knocked down by the deceptive street. For this the youth abused the Jesuit, but when he saw Padre Pozzo set to work to eliminate the street that such accidents might not again occur, he apologized for his temper and afterwards became one of the stoutest proclaimers of the Jesuit's fame.

Padre Pozzo found no scholars while in Genoa. According to Lanzi, it was Bologna more than any other place that supplied him with pupils. Of those he trained, the ones who became the most famous, are Colonna, Aldornachini, and the two brothers Haffner, Henry and Anthony. The latter wished to enter the Society of Jesus, but by the advice of Padre Pozzo, who saw he had no vocation for the life of a Jesuit, he became a member of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri in Genoa.

Padre Pozzo also gained great distinction as an architect. Among his works is the altar of St. Ignatius in the Gesu at Rome, and the altar of St. Aloysius in the church of St. Ignatius in the same city. The former is said to be the handsomest and richest altar in all Europe. Both altars are unique in design and gave rise to a school called the Pozzoesque, the disciples of which have, however, deteriorated much from their master.

Padre Pozzo died in 1709, at Venice, whither he had gone to execute some work for the Society. His portrait, painted by himself, is now in the Florentine gallery. He is represented as in the act of frescoing the dome of a church. In stature he was of medium height, and was possessed of a striking countenance, with black eyes full of life and energy. He was muscular, had remarkably fine hands, and is said to have been very handsome in his younger days.

Before proceeding to one who was a sculptor in the Society, it would perhaps be well to remark that Andrea Pozzo is not to be confounded with P. del Pozzo, the architect of the splendid college of the Jesuits at Cuenca, Spain, or with Giovanni Pozzi, who painted a group of angels in the Roman Gesu, and who has been styled the Guido of his day.

The opposition which painting has received from those not of the household of Faith, has been more than doubled by that shown to statuary. From the early days of the Church down to the present time, the venom of embittered and jaundiced souls has been spent upon this noblest art. All that could be imagined by minds narrowed by narrowing creeds, has been said against sculpture, and even the Word of God has been twisted to do service in the ignoble work of the destruction of piously and beautifully conceived incentives to the worship of the one God. Just as the Church has been a mother to painting, so too has she preserved the art of correct statuary from perishing from the face of the earth, going so far as to have her councils voice her thought in this regard. And, to come to our next point, everywhere the churches and the colleges of the Jesuits testify, that they have not been lax in their efforts to ennoble sculpture, the sublimest of the arts. They themselves have labored with the chisel, and

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among their laborers was the one about to be written of.

He was no little one, this distinguished Spainish sculptor, unless to be deemed the peer of Michael Angelo is to be small. Yet with all his greatness, scarcely anything is known of Hernando Domingo Beltrand before he entered the Society of Jesus. Were it not for his art, his biography might be written, for all the world knows of him, in the following lines: Born at Vittoria, in Biscay, about 1500, died in the Imperial College at Madrid, at a very advanced age, in 1590. It is possible that there may be matter concerning the life of this pre-eminent artist that has been preserved by the Society, but the present writer here takes occasion to say that he has scrupulously avoided Jesuit testimony about the men written of in these pages, and in many instances has called in bitter opponents of the Society to be his witnesses. He would have gone so far as to exclude the testimony of the pupils of the Jesuits, were it not for the fact that from the rise of the Society to the time of its eclipse in the latter part of the last century, it is difficult to find on the Continent of Europe, where art flourished, any writer in any profession who was not a graduate of a Jesuit college. It should however be said that all the pupils of the Jesuits have not loved the Society: Judas was a pupil of our Lord; Pombal was a pupil of the Jesuits.

The contradictory and almost irreconcilable accounts of Beltrand's early life may be dismissed as mere conjecture, though it is proper to say that all agree in declaring him to have been a man of extraordinary piety. Davidson says he was a "bigoted Papist, but a divine artist." We may accept Davidson's attempted antithesis by putting it thus: He was a devout Catholic and a divine artist. To what age he had reached when he entered the Society is not known, but up to that time he had made no name for himself as a sculptor. He was still a novice when his superior discovered his aptitude for art and decided on sending him to Rome to pursue his studies. There he became so skilful that Palamino Velasco, a noted painter and authority on art, did not hesitate to place him above the most famous artists of his time. He formed himself by studying Michael Angelo, and Spooner says: "Many life-size statues of Christ, executed by Beltrand, are worthy of being attributed to the illustrious master he had chosen."

Before the above-mentioned statues had been wrought, Beltrand was recalled to Spain and stationed at the Imperial College of Madrid, then in the possession of the Society, there to pursue his art. He was occupied for some time by order of the king in adorning the Escurial, and there afterwards were placed many of his statues of Christ. Others decorate the Imperial College, the royal chapel at Madrid and the high altar of the College of Alcalà de Herarez. Of these statues of Christ it is almost impossible to write in moderate terms. Bermudez patriotically declares them to be superior to anything that Italy has produced, while Velasco, more temperately and in terms that agree with the statements of the greatest authorities, writes that "his best statues equal the finest of Michael Angelo."

In one of these statues called The Blessing, Beltrand appears to have surpassed himself. Our Lord is represented as standing on a grassy mound, his arms upraised and the palms of his hands extended in Eastern style, in benediction. The feet of the statue press the grass, and "each blade springs up about them, separate, delicate, and exquisitely life-like." The figure of Christ is "refined almost to a feminine gracefulness, and at the same time is powerful and of a grandeur unexcelled, if ever rivalled." "The face," says Velasco, "is of angelic innocence with a dignity unparalleled. The eyes look up in appeal to the Heavenly Father, and the lips are parted in speech."

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Beltrand's statues of Christ are very numerous, and our Lord was almost his only subject. No two are alike, though all have the same cast of countenance, varying with age, the most nobly beautiful it is said ever depicted by man. These statues form a series in which our Lord is represented as a babe in the arms of His Blessed Mother, as a child in the workshop of St. Joseph, instructing in the Temple, as a youth in the house at Nazareth, and lastly in the various circumstances of His manhood related in the gospel, ending with an Ascension, in which the figure of our Lord "appears visibly and buoyantly to rise in air above the cloud that barely touches the tip of one of His feet."

The first of Spain's great sculptors, Beltrand to this day ranks with her very greatest. As an architect he achieved fame in his designs for various portions of the Escurial, for that of the Madrid chapel and for several altars in the churches of the Society. After the expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain, many of his works passed into private hands and have been lost.

A Protestant writer, the Right Reverend William Ingraham Kip, has truly written: "There is no page of history more touching and romantic than that which records the labors and sufferings of the Jesuit missionaries." There is no portion of the world that has not been hallowed by their footsteps; from the frozen shores of the Frigid Zone to the jungles of South American forests; from Russian snows to the spice lands of the East; from Tunisian barbarism to the heart of Abyssinia's pseudo-Christianity, and to the torrid coasts of Malabar, the tireless members of the Society of Jesus have made their way. In one hand they bore the Cross of Salvation, bidding to the happiness of heaven, in the other the blessings of civilization and enlightenment. And everywhere they worked for art, making it as it was intended to be, an instrument for the greater glory of God. We read of Father Rasle, among the savage Abenakis, that "he took extraordinary pains to ornament and embellish his church, being persuaded that external show which produced an effect on the senses animated devotion, and inspired profound veneration for our holy mysteries. As he knew a little of painting, and understood the art of turning, it was decorated with many works which he had himself executed." Father Rasle in this was a type of his brethren in the Society, but no further pause can be here made to recount their introduction of the arts to savage and barbarous peoples, for remaining space but allows me to follow the footsteps of the Jesuit Attiret to China.

A blockaded country, not uncivilized, confident in its superiority to all "outside barbarians," China was an impassable land for ordinary men to enter; but those extraordinary men, the Jesuits, passed its boundaries, gained the veneration and confidence of an emperor and people insufferably puffed up with self-conceit, became the teachers of the nobles and people, were looked up to as the true men of learning in the empire, favored above all others at the imperial courts, astronomers and mathematicians to his "Celestial Majesty," and were fast bringing the nation to Christianity, when the machinations of their European enemies prevailed, and the Chinese missions of the Society of Jesus were crushed.

Before this last mentioned event took place, the French Jesuits at Pekin, who had already accomplished so much for the arts and sciences in China, sent word to France in 1736, that a painter was needed by them. The one selected for this mission was already celebrated, and known in the history of art as Frère Attiret.

Jean Denis Attiret was born in 1702, in the Franche-Compté, at Dôle. His father was an artist with a small local reputation, and it was from him that he received his first instruction in art. In 1722, the Marquis de Broissia became interested in young Attiret, and sent him

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to Rome, where he completed his studies. On his return from Rome in 1730, Attiret settled at Lyons, and there attracted some notice by several pictures he painted, particularly one of the Purification. He was of a frank, open disposition, fond of company, but of a humble nature, disliking much to be praised, and assiduous in frequenting the sacraments. Always drawn to the religious life as it is practised by the Jesuits, he applied for admission to the Society, and after a short delay, was admitted to his probation. His novitiate was made at Avignon, and while in the house of the Society at that place he painted, besides other works, four pictures for the Avignon Cathedral that made his name famous in France.

He was still in the novitiate when his Superiors, in 1737, decided to send him to the Chinese Mission, Frère Attiret was overjoyed at the idea, and soon after his arrival at Pekin, presented the Emperor Keen-Loong with a picture executed by him of the Epiphany, or Adoration of the Three Kings. The painting so pleased the monarch, that he ordered it to be hung up in his palace, and moreover, expressed his intention of entirely engrossing the time of Attiret upon works according to his taste.

The first work Keen-Loong assigned to Attiret was the restoring, in distemper, a painting on one of the walls of the palace This work, though an extraordinary honor to Attiret as a foreigner, was, on account of the ceremonies of the palace, an exceedingly tedious and annoying task. Yet, notwithstanding his difficulties, he completed the picture entirely to the satisfaction of the Emperor, but not at all to that of Chinese artists. They became very jealous of him, took every occasion to criticise him, and knowing his dislike for water-colors, were careful that he should be allowed to use no others.

Attiret was now in high favor at the court, and had so many commissions from the Emperor as well as from the nobles, that to facilitate their execution he employed Chinese artists. He made all the designs and executed the figures and other chief objects, especially the carnations or flesh tints, but finding that the Chinese painters executed landscapes, and even animals, with great facility, he often gave them this part of the work to do. This recognition of their skill, together with his agreeable disposition that would not be offended by their persecutions, made him a great favorite with the painters, and enabled him to establish a drawing school the influence of which is still felt in Chinese art. Many an object of Chinese production, admired in America and Europe, owes much of its beauty to the fine principles inculcated by the Jesuit Attiret.

Between 1753 and 1760 the Emperor obtained several victories over the Tartars in distant provinces of the northwest of the empire. In 1754, Frère Attiret was ordered to follow the imperial troops, that he might, by his paintings, immortalize the victories on the scene of their occurrence. He made accurate drawings of triumphs, processions and festivals, and from these he painted pictures, which, with portraits of the Emperor, so pleased the monarch that he created Attiret a mandarin with all the appointments of a great noble. Frère Attiret was overwhelmed with mortification, and declined the dignity in spite of the Emperor's commands and to the astonishment of the Chinese painters, who wondered at the humility of the son of St. Ignatius, who could bear quietly the insults they had poured upon him in his early career, but who could not bear, without opposition, the high honors their monarch would have lavished on him.

No pains were spared to render the historical paintings of Attiret complete. Amiot says that many officers who distinguished themselves travelled even eight hundred leagues to sit for their portraits. Some of these pictures were preserved in the palace and shown only by permission of the Emperor. Sixteen of them, or similar drawings, says

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Spooner, were sent to Paris to be engraved at the Emperor's expense. The prints were on a mammoth scale, and are extremely scarce, for they were sent with the plates to China as soon as printed, a few impressions only being reserved for the royal family of France and for the Library of Paris.

Together with the vast work Attiret accomplished for the Emperor and the nobles, he made many fine paintings of Sacred History for the Chinese churches of the Society and for the converted princes and nobles of the empire. Whether his religious pictures painted in Chinese excelled those in the Cathedral at Avignon, it is not possible to know, as means have never been given for a comparison between them. He excelled in portraits and figures, and was pre-eminent in color. He worked with great care and with equal facility. It is said that the painting of his which he preferred was the Adoration in the imperial palace at Pekin.

Frère Attiret was in the sixty-sixth year of his age when his death occurred at Pekin in 1768. He was lamented throughout China, and the Emperor ordered him a sumptuous funeral, he himself contributing two hundred ounces of silver, a large sum of money at that time, toward the expenses of the burial of one whom he had delighted to honor in life and thus sought to honor in death.

(To be continued.)

A CAPTIVE EAGLE.

By Rev. Michael Watson, S.J.

WITH drooping crest and sad, lack-lustre eye,
An eagle many a day in bonds hath lain.
'Tis merry Springtime now; he yearns again
To sail on broad wings through the golden sky.
O, for his native crags—his heart beats high—
Whence he had often watched the surging main!
With kindling glance he sudden rends his chain,
And soars and screams, drunk with new liberty.

There is a secret hunger of the heart,
Which spurns coarse joys and craves the pure and true.
The soul—when thrall to sense—becomes gross clay:
But if bright Heaven, a God-sent vision, dart
Into her ken, her youth she'll swift renew,
She'll burst her bonds and soar from earth away!

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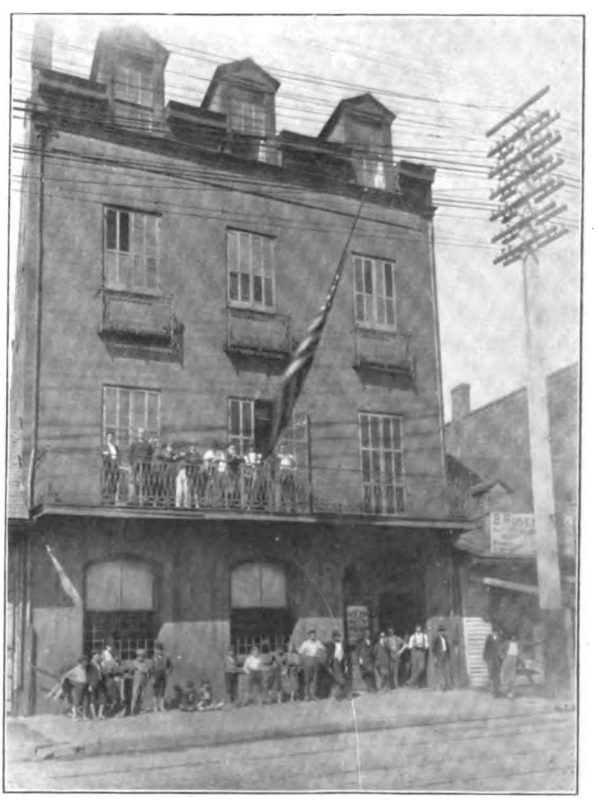
A NEWSBOYS' HOME.

In New Orleans, Louisiana.

By Rev. A. C. Porta, S.J.

OF all the many creatures we see around us endowed with the power of locomotion, there is none whose nature is so little known as the barefooted, flitting, noisy, ubiquitous newsboy. To the casual observer he is a compound of cat and monkey, with a strong admixture of quicksilver. In the opinion of many the newsboy has no father, no mother, no brothers, no sisters, no cousins, no friends, no particular home; hence he is commonly styled "Arab." Alas! the want of a home and the lack of friends are but too often sad and undeniable facts. Fortunately for the newsboy of New Orleans, some people were more than casual observers. They saw in the nondescript newsvender a being endowed with an immortal soul; they saw beneath his scanty rags a heart and mind capable of being cultivated and trained to the practice of Christian virtue; they saw in him a child, and, therefore, dear to the Sacred Heart of our Lord. Hence, concluded they, the newsboy should have a "home."

Among all the many charitable institutions of which New Orleans may be justly proud, there are few more deserving, more productive of moral and physical good than the newsboys' home. It is not merely philanthropic; it is essentially charitable. And in these days of much-vaunted "brotherhood of man," in this age of free lunches, free baths, free libraries, free schools and many other free things, in these days when public lectures and magazine articles abound in the most nauseous sentimentality, the most vapid platitudes and the vaguest generalities about altruism, it is of the utmost importance to distinguish between philanthropy and Christian charity. The former consists in loving man for man's sake alone; the latter consists in loving God above all things and our neighbor as ourselves in God and for God only. Charity is disinterested, universal, supernatural love of our fellow-men, dwelling in the heart and sanctified by divine grace. Philanthropy is natural, selfish love, circum-



NEWSBOYS' HOME, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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THE NEWSBOY.

scribed by time, place and persons. It is nothing but a system of reform more or less beneficial. Charity is lasting and proof against time and the changes brought about by each succeeding year. Philanthropy is ephemeral, for, like all other forms of sentimental love, it dies out as quickly as it springs up. Philanthropy may do a great deal for the bodily comfort of poor suffering humanity, but it cannot do anything for the good of their immortal souls, because it is not founded on true Christian charity. Despite the most advanced ideas, despite the most varied schemes, despite the most judicious and the best concerted plans of philanthropists, the moral disease of the poor will still remain and the sore become more and more mortified and gangrened unless the practice of Christian virtue enter into the system of reform and alleviation. With regard to destitute and homeless children, philanthropy may do much toward the intellectual development of the mind, but it can never replace a mother's love; the purest supernatural charity alone can effect this. Again, charity alone can wrestle successfully with vice, stay its progress and rescue from its grasp these poor little ones of Christ whom the world despises. From what has been said, it follows that to be truly efficacious the practical love we bear our suffering or destitute fellow men must be raised to a supernatural level by the Christian charity of the Gospel.

But to come back to our little mercurial newsboy. Some three or four years ago, said Father X., I happened one day to be "walking down Canal Street," when I heard a clear piping voice shouting: "Ev'-nin' p-y-perrr. All 'bout de mur-derr." With the intention of buying the paper, I turned around and beckoned to the owner of the high-pitched voice—a hatless, shoeless, one-suspendered little midget of a boy. He ran up to me and said in a most apologetic tone:

"'Xcuse me, Fawder, dere ain't be no murder. I wasn't hollerin' fer you, Fawder. I wouldn't fool no priest fer nothin', me."

"And why do you shout 'All about the murder,' then?" I asked.

"Oh!" he answered with a smile on his thin lips and a twinkle in his roguish eye: "I'm dead sure, Fawder, dere's been some murder somewheres, and it's somewheres in dis paper. So yer see, Fawder, it ain't 'xactly no lie wot I holler. It's only ter sell ter dem folkses as buy only a paper when ye holler murder or fire, or shootin'. Take a paper fer nothin', Fawder?"

"Thank you, my boy. And now, tell me, how do you know I am a Father?"

"Oh, dat's easy 'nuff. Foyst, I can tell by yer collar, den by yer face, den by yer clothes, and den by yer walk, and now by yer talk. And den yer see, Fawder, I belongs to der Newsboys' Home, and lots of priestes comes dere. I can tell a bishop, too. He— Paper, sir?"

"No," answered gruffly an old man to whom the innocent question was put.

"Now dat guy ain't no priest, Fawder, sure. Yer never hears no priest talk like

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dat to no newsboy; dey's got more manners dan dat, yer bet."

"And what is your name?"

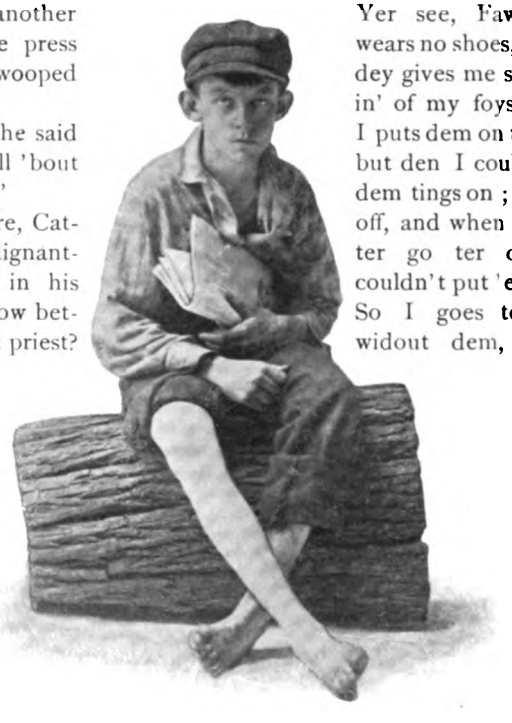
"My true name is Tommy. But den dey never calls me dat; dey calls me 'Seven Colors,' on 'count of my hair, see? All de gang has got nicknames Dere's Boozy, Sheeny, Frenchy, Dutch, Stale Bread, All Night, Warm Gravy, Big-foot Pete, Whisky, Shake 'Em-Up, and oder names like dat, yer know. Dey ain't wot yer mout call nice names, but den, yer know, dey all means somethin' wot a feller is or does."

At this juncture, another junior member of the press appeared, or rather swooped down on the scene:

"Paper, cap'n?" he said addressing me. "All 'bout de fight. Paper, sir?"

"Git away from here, Catfish," said Tommy indignantly, his eyes dancing in his head. "Don't yer know better dan tryin' t' bluff a priest? Some of dem fellers, Fawder, ain't wurf sweepin' up; no dey ain't. But den dis feller can't help it; yer see, he don't belong t' de home, he's a reg'lar tramp, he is. Dere ain't no use puttin' him in jail, because he steals there, and he won't work in de workhouse. He don't go to no school; he don't know his letters, he don't know no prayers, he don't know nuthin' 'bout his religion; 'n fact he don't know de difference b'tween a prayer-beads and a ham-sandwich, he don't."

"Yer know wot you is, Seven," blurted out the new-comer, who had listened with a meditative face to Tommy's denunciations."



TIRED OUT.

"I'm a gentleman from way back, if yer wanter know," replied Tommy, throwing back his head and striking his chest. "I'm a perfeck gentleman, me, and a Catholic, and I don't care who knows it."

"Dat feller's a fake, Fawder. He wants t' make out he's a good Catholic, but he ain't. When he makes his first communion last year, he never wears no shoes. Mebbe 'tain't true, eh? Now don't lie 'bout it," he added triumphantly.

"Dat's true, Fawder," replied Tommy in a most sorrowful tone of voice. "But den, yer see, I couldn't help it, fer true. Yer see, Fawder, I never wears no shoes, and de Sisters dey gives me shoes de mornin' of my foyst communion. I puts dem on ter go ter Mass, but den I couldn't pray with dem tings on; so I yanks 'em off, and when de time comes ter go ter communion, I couldn't put 'em on no more. So I goes ter communion widout dem, but den I keeps on my stock'ns. Some crazy fellers says dat I busted my assolution. Den I axed de Sisters, and dey larfed and says 't wasn't even a venal sin, 'twasn't."

"Of course it was not, Tommy," I put in laughing. "And I am sure you made a good first communion."

"And now I'm makin' de nine Fridays, Fawder," Tommy went on.

"Oh, you don't need croak," interposed another newsvender, who had joined us during Tommy's recital of his First Communion episode. "We's all makin' de nine Fridays at de Home."

"And did I say you didn't?" replied

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Tommy, his lips curling with utter contempt. "Dat's de feller, Fawder, wot axed de Chaplain after confession: Fawder, yer tinks I passed? He tinks 'twas a kinder examination, and he was afeard he'd be 'squalified like a jockey wot's not allowed ter ride in de races. 'Tain't true, mebbe, eh?"

"Anyways, I don't sass de Sisters like *you* do. Remember wot de chaplain told you de other day."

To dispel the lowering cloud, I asked the irate speaker:

"So you have a chaplain at the 'Home.'"

"Yer bet we have; and he's a mighty nice man, too."

"A nice man!" exclaimed Tommy. "He's not a man; he's a priest. Dat fellow, Fawder—"

In order to establish peace, I interposed again: "So the Newsboys' Home is a Catholic institution?"

"I should say it is," answered Tommy, evidently astonished at my question. "Yer see we never eats no meat on Friday, we goes to Mass every Sunday, and we blesses ourselves with holy water wot's near de door when we goes in and out of de Home, and den yer see here's my scapulers and all dem medals. We all wears all we can get of 'em, and here's my prayer beads."

"And what is that piece of rag tied to your beads? Are they broken?" I asked.

"Oh, no, Fawder, dey ain't broke. Yer see I says dem beads when I goes to bed. Now, sometimes when I'm dead tired and I sees dat I'm goin' ter sleep, I quick tie dat dere piece o' rag, so next day I knows 'xactly where I quits sayin' 'em. Dat's right, ain't it, Fawder."

For an answer, I smiled.

"And who has charge of the Home?" I asked.

"Sisters," replied Tommy. "And I tells you, Fawder, dey's de best wimmens in Noo Orleans, even if dey don't take no foolin' from none of us. Dey're only four of 'em, but I tells yer dey're worser dan twenty cops, when dey gets mad."

"Dey never gets mad," protested Boozy.

"Ah, go awn, you. De Fawder knowed wot I means. He ain't like yer."

"Well, boys, you have interested me so much in your Home, that I'm anxious to see it. Is it far from here?"

"No, Fawder," replied Tommy. "It ain't far, only a few blocks from here. I'll take you dere, Fawder, Now, yer fellows skip. De Fawder mout'n't care to be seen walkin wid you. People mout think he knowed you. Now, skip, oderwise I'll—"

Before he had time to formulate his threat, his companions were already out of hearing distance.

On our way to the Home, my young cicerone kicked two tin cans, made faces to a Chinaman and stopped before a junk-shop to shout, "Susbenders! Two for a nickel, four fer a time. Dey nefer shrinks, dey nefer stretges. De more lonker you vear dem, de more lonker dey gets."

After a few minutes' walk, Tommy stopped before a four-story brick building and said to me: "Fawder, dis is de home, Yer see de name on dem big panes ot glass: Noosboys' Home." He then opened the door and ushered me into a spacious hallway whose handsomely papered walls were adorned with pious pictures, photographic groups of newsboys and life-size crayon portraits of friends and benefactors of the "Home."

"Here's de holy water, Fawder," said Tommy, dipping all the fingers of his right hand into a shell-like stoup and crossing himself. "I goes gets de Sister up stairs," he added, and then disappeared.

There were in the hall some twelve or fifteen little urchins squatted on the floor, while five others were sitting on a long bench.

"What are you doing here?" I asked one of them. "We was listenin' ter de 'Spasm Band,' Fawder," he answered,

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pointing at the boys on the bench. "Spasm Band!" I exclaimed. "And what is that?" "Oh! it's dem fellers wot has got instrooments made wid soap and cigar boxes, and a mouf harmonica and a tamboureen, and was givin' us a concert."

At my request, and for my special benefit, the members of the 'Spasm Band' performed several pieces on their quaint, home-made instruments. Their execution was most pleasing to the eye, if not tuneful to the ear, each performer being animated with a total disregard of his fellow artists' playing. The leader conducted the complex and difficult music with a broom handle and without score. When asked why he had been made leader of the band, he answered, "Because I don't know no moosic and I can't play no instrooment."

"'Xcept de knife and fork," supplemented one of the artists.

After the concert, the Chaplain and one of the Sisters conducted me through the building, kindly answering my numerous questions, and cheerfully explaining everything of interest.

We first visited the chapel, which is on the ground floor. Its beautifully carved and gilded altars, its many statues, its sweet toned organ and devotional stations of the cross would do credit to many a convent chapel. Every Sunday Mass is



SOME OF THE INMATES.

celebrated at eleven A. M., during which the boys sing hymns. "Their singing," said the Chaplain, "is never very artistic, but it is always *healthy and robust.*" A great many of the boys visit the Blessed Sacrament in the morning and at night, and even in the course of the day.

Next, we visited the gymnasium, which is large, airy, and well equipped. Some of the boys were called in by the Sister, and the hall was soon in a state of athletic confusion. Some vaulted, others

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I'M A GENTLEMAN, ME.

tumbled, some swung on the flying trapeze, while others revolved on the horizontal bar at a reckless speed. "I believe with our Chaplain," remarked the Sister, laughing, "that each newsboy has two guardian angels, one for the body and the other for the soul."

Our next visit was to the kitchen. Everything was most scrupulously clean; and a most delicious steam from the hot oven betrayed the presence of roast beef. Adjacent to the kitchen is the dining-room, the scene of many a successful onslaught. Here, as in the kitchen, everything is faultlessly neat and clean. Going up a flight of stairs, we came to the class-rooms, three in number, and capable of accommodating one hundred boys. Every night at seven P. M. three of the Sisters teach such of the New Orleans boys as wish to attend school. The regular attendance is very large, averaging from seventy to eighty boys. These little waifs whose parents are either too poor, too ignorant, or even too vicious to take proper care of them, are taught not only the three R's, but also and especially their religion and the practice of Christian virtue. On the third floor are the dormitories, five in number. They are well ventilated, and the snow-white beds are each provided with a mosquito-bar.

The order of the day at the "Home" is as follows:

7.00 A.M. — Rising, except Sunday, when they get up at two o'clock, to sell the morning papers. After dressing, a ceremony lasting about two minutes, the boys go down to the bath-room, where there ensues a very perfunctory ablution. Then they retire to the gymnasium, where they wait for breakfast, whiling away the time in chattering, laughing and teasing each other.

7.30—Breakfast, during which mountains of white bread and hills of fresh butter are demolished and engulfed in rivers of black coffee or tea. Those who indulge in the latter beverage are styled "old maids."

8.00—Other ablutions, thorough and vigorous, under the supervision and with the help of the Sisters.

8.15—"Tug-of-war," otherwise "putting on shoes and stockings," preparatory to leaving for parochial school. However, by a special dispensation, the majority of the boys are allowed to carry their shoes in their hands or dangling from their shoulders in going to or returning from school. The amount of time consumed in covering the distance (four blocks) from the "Home" to the parochial school, is a variable quantity, depending altogether on the more or less promising contents of the waste-paper boxes on the *banquettes* and on the number of pickaninnies met on the way, and whom they are bound to salute in a pugilistic fashion. Of course the appearance of the ambulance, the police patrol wagon or a fire engine will carry them off in headlong pursuit, to the great indignation of their teachers, and the sad disappointment of the parish school children who are very fond of the little newsboys, at least during school hours.

9.00—School, taught by the Sisters of Mercy, or Newsboys' Sisters, as they are sometimes called in New Orleans.

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11.30.—End of school for newsboys. Return to the "Home." The amount of time spent in travelling the distance never exceeds five minutes. Arrived at the Home, they put aside all superfluities of attire, such as hats, collars, neckties, and then go to the gymnasium, there to await the hour of dinner. The time is generally spent in discussing the events that have transpired in the school-room.

12.00.—Dinner. This meal consists of two dishes of meat, two of vegetables and one plate of dessert, all being measured out as accurately as the laws of mathematics and the most approved canons of dietetics will allow. Of course, appetite, the best sauce for food, is never wanting at the "Home." "It is a most amusing sight," said the chaplain to me, "to watch the boys eat. They throw into that matter-of-fact action as much fervor, excitement, noise and knife-brandishing as if they were a band of dynamiters plotting and discussing the blood-curdling details of a huge conspiracy."

1.00 P.M.—The boys go to Bank Alley, near Newspaper Row, to wait for the two o'clock edition of the evening papers. At 3.30 P.M. they return for the four o'clock edition, and they sell until 7.30.

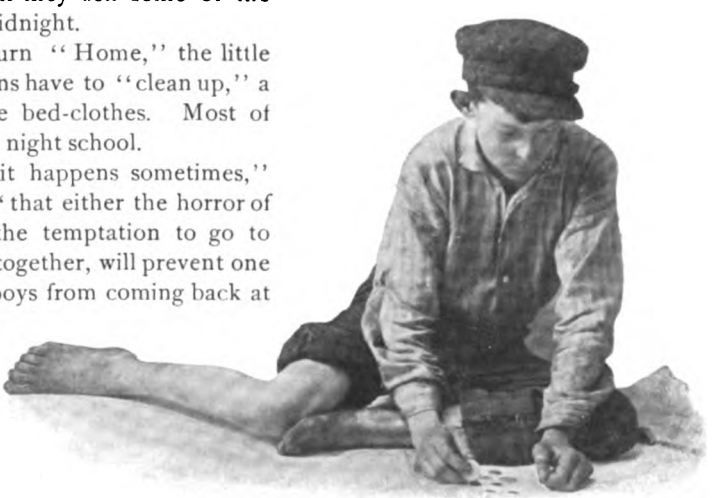
7.30.—"Home, sweet Home," except on Fridays, when they sell some of the weeklies until midnight.

On their return "Home," the little barefooted urchins have to "clean up," a concession to the bed-clothes. Most of them attend the night school.

"Of course, it happens sometimes," the Sister said, "that either the horror of night school or the temptation to go to a show, or both together, will prevent one or two of the boys from coming back at night, in which case they sleep in the 'Alley' or in some doorway."

"In the old 'Home,'" the chaplain said, "the difficulty of getting into the house after time, was easily solved. There stood in front of a dormitory window on the third floor, a telegraph-pole not more than eight feet distant from the wall. The young scamps had calculated that, by cutting a notch in the pole, on a level with the window, a plank could be shoved out from the dormitory to rest upon it, over which, like sparrows on a branch of a tree, they could make their entrance into the house. To make the notch, to find a plank, was not difficult for their gifts of invention and appropriation." What dim ideas of ghostliness some passers-by must have had in seeing the nightly procession "*walk the plank.*" "To this day," the chaplain went on, "good Mrs. Kelly, the matron of the 'Old Home,' cannot understand how the little rascals could ever get into the house after she had bolted the doors, and fastened the *lower* windows. She knew the boys were not evil spirits; their appetite clearly demonstrated that they were not ghosts, and she had very strong reasons to suspect that they were not angels. And yet they got in some how or other."

Now, would any of my pious readers believe that in such boys as those there could exist a delicacy of feeling, a tenderness of heart, a spirit of self-sacrifice and



MONEY COUNTING.

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devotion, as will be proved by the following facts lately come to our knowledge? They would hardly be believed of one of your "goody-goody" boys, a mother's darling and a sister's pride.

On a cold dark and dreary Winter's morn, as one of the Sisters was opening the door of the Home, she saw in a corner of the vestibule something black and shapeless. Thinking it was a bundle of clothes placed there by some charitable person, she stooped to pick it up. As she did so the bundle suddenly started into life and resolved itself into two ragged unkempt boys.

"Yer see, Sister, you'se not 'customed to stay up durin' o' der night like we-uns, 'xcept when we'se sick, and den yer work hard nuff fer us fellers durin' o' der day widout us wakin' yer up durin' o' der night."

"We could have crep' in troo one o' dem dere Chapel winders," came from the other half of the bundle, "but den when we chinned 'bout dat, we comes ter tink dat 'twouldn't be 'spectable ter der Blessed Sacrament; so we gets inter dat dere corner like kittens and we goes ter sleep. I won't stay out late no more, not me! I comes back ter der 'Home'



CHAPEL IN THE NEWSBOYS' HOME.

"Good-mornin', Sister. Don't be scared. It's only me and Jimmy," said a trembling voice. "Yer see, Sister, me and him stays out late las' night and when we comes ter der 'Home' we finds der door locked, so we rolls ourselves up togeder so's ter keep warm, and we goes ter sleep. Gee! but 'twas cold, and little Jimmy dere snorin' and talkin' all der time."

"And why did you not ring the bell?" the Sister asked.

"B'cause we was afraid ter wake up the Sisters," answered the same voice. at der regl'ar time, yer betcher life, I doos."

"Me too," put in the first speaker. "It don't pay ter sleep like dat. I shake so much wid the cold I taut I'd fall ter pieces, fer true."

On being told that one of the Sisters was dangerously ill, eight of the little fellows who slept in a dormitory just over the room occupied by the patient, held a conference and one of them was made "boss peeler" with full power of "knockin' der head off of der fust feller wot wouldn't behave hisself." Henceforth,

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there were to be "no more pillar-fights, no talkin', no foolin', no nuthin' over der Sister's head."

On the same occasion, one of the boys who had just returned to the Home after an absence of six months, during which time he had not approached the Sacraments, went to Confession and Holy Communion "'ter make der sick Sister feel good." For the same intention another boy who was sick, "gave up smokin' fer a whole day!"

In 1878–79, efforts were made by the Young Men's Christian Association of New Orleans to establish a Newsboys' Home. But, as the boys were nearly all Catholics, the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, assembled in a special session, October 1, 1879, resolved to take this good work to themselves. A rather dilapidated house in Bank Alley, among the newspaper offices, was rented, and a night-school opened. The Sisters of Mercy powerfully seconded the efforts of the noble Vincentians. They not only taught in the night school, but they went in search of the little fellows, sometimes following them even to their gambling-haunts. Even the wildest boys, those who had been the terror of the streets, could not long resist the ingenious and indefatigable charity of their benefactresses, and they soon entertained for them sentiments of the greatest affection, gratitude and veneration.

In 1890, thanks to the proverbial generosity of the people of New Orleans, the Home was transferred to its present comfortable quarters and the entire management placed in the hands of the Sisters.

The old boys of the Home, as well as the present generation, are living monuments of the good work done by this noble institution. Left to himself, without religion, the average newsboy is a little savage. He knows not the restraint of education and of human respect. He is coarse, deceitful and above all ungrateful. But the hand of religion transforms him into a new being. Under its magic spell, the little savage becomes as gentle as he was coarse, his natural tendency to deceive is changed into candor, his ingratitude into unbounded attachment. This is plainly visible in the conduct as well as in the looks of the little newsvenders. "I can always tell whether a newsboy belongs to the Home or not," said an influential gentleman of New Orleans. "It is true that the Home boy may not always differ sensibly from the others in point of mischievousness, but to me, he always looks as though he had a good, solicitous mother to take care of him."

All honor then to the noble-minded members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society who, in the midst of their many labors in the cause of the poor and suffering, have not forgotten the little newsboy. Honor and thanks to the charitable people of New Orleans who have contributed and still contribute so much towards the success of the Home. The names of many are unknown to men, but the Recording Angel has written them in letters of gold in the Book of Life wherein they are kept most faithfully by Him who has promised a reward for a cup of water given in His name. All honor to the good Sisters of Mercy who have always displayed in the management of the Home that spirit of self-sacrifice which they have imbibed from the wounds of their Divine Master, and that charity enkindled by the zealous flames of His most Sacred Heart. May the good God for whom they toil and suffer be "their protector and their reward exceeding great."



SLEEPING IN THE ALLEY.

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A DIVINE VOCATION.

By Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S.J.

DOWN into life reached the hand of God.
It touched a maiden, fair unto eyes of men.
But dearer far was she to God's own heart,
Who claimed her life from earth, to be espoused
Unto His only Son forever more.
Bright were her eyes, and in responsive laugh
Laughed her sweet lips with radiance of Heaven.
About her brow, that seemed angelic fair,
Were hung the golden locks with self-taught grace.

Of life she dreamed, its gifts and pleasures sweet,
When on those days there came a thought from Heaven :
"Above this life alluring me, can I not rise,
And seek for something nobler far, and good,
For that which would be nearer God and great ?
Ah me ! is such a life too high for me ?
If I could only consecrate myself,
And give my life to God—how dear the joy :
And how, all this I've known, would worthless be ! "

And, when 'twas given to her to understand,
Her heart could of its dross be purified,
There came a flood of lightsome, holy joy
That filled her soul with gratitude and love,
And made her seem one of another world.

At such a change the evil spirits raged.
This might not be, for from this single soul
Too much of glory would to Heaven rise,
And, therefore, should the work be quickly checked.
When lo : into that Heav'n-born peace and light,
There rushed the malice dire of fiercest hell.
Temptations came—"the world was fair indeed : "
"Its pleasures beckoned, and its hopes were near,
Its trials and its sorrows seemed afar."

But even in the sadness and the gloom,
This soul beheld the guiding hand of God,
It saw a test of faith and loyalty,
It knew that Heaven had let the darkness come
To strengthen faith and hope in future years.
There came, from God's own love, a force divine,
A courage that would e'er unconquered be,
A strong resolve to fight and struggle on,
Even unto death, against all earthly foes,

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Or tempters' wiles, or darkness, or despair,
Above all human love, delusions, joys,
Though countless as the sands upon the shore.

The storm, at last, was passing swift away,
The soul awoke beneath God's smiling face,
To taste the joy, its blessed choice had brought.
Ah me ! what joy was like that joy of hers ?
The world would fain have wrecked a life like that.
She spurned its love, and turned her heart away.
She heard the promise of the King of Kings,
The nuptials royal, this life's hundredfold,
With life eternal and its joys in store.
And this, exchanged for life's short days on earth
That she had given back unto her Lord.

And then, before her mind there did unfold
A vision glorious of that day to be,
When she enthroned sat, a virgin fair,
The spouse of Him who was the King of Kings.
And round about was Heaven's mighty host
'Mid splendor of eternal paradise.
In that vast scene of Heaven's domain
She there beheld her spouse and Sovereign Lord,
His Blessed Mother, crowned Queen of all,
And there, too, saw that saint, to whom
The prayers had come, that upward sought their way,
Blest Anthony, who laid them at His Master's feet.

At this fair sight her soul was filled with peace,
And in her joy and love, she cried aloud
"Dear Lord ! for Thee and for one draught
Of this sweet happiness with Thee, my Lord,
I'll bear the trials of life, its pain and grief,
Its moments drear, and heartbreaks, all alone,
Its disappointments and its sorrows all,
For all my life, however dark and lone,
However bitter, sad, and weary it may be,
For soon, at last, will come the dawning day,
That day unbroken, when a peace and rest
And joy untold for an eternity
I then shall know, and all the past be past,
And I shall rest forever on my Saviour's breast."

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THE OLD MISSION CHURCH AT TADOUSAC, QUEBEC.

By Thomas O'Hagan, Ph.D.

TADOUSAC, at the confluence of the Saguenay and St. Lawrence, is one of the most historic spots in Canada. It was here in this corner of the earth where the French founded their first establishments on Canadian soil. From this centre, too, went forth the first missionary Jesuit Fathers whose task and labor it was to convert and civilize the regions of the Saguenay and the mysterious North. One after the other, says a writer, the waters of this bay have been visited by the adventurous embarkations of Cartier, the discoverer, the swift light barks of the Basque and Breton *flibustiers*, the ships of Chavin, Pontgravé and Champlain. This was the first port entered by the French colonists before their arrival at the rock of Quebec, and it was from here that Druillettes, Dablon and Albanel set out for the distant shores of Lake Mistassius and Hudson Bay.

Historians are not agreed as to where the first mass was celebrated in Canada, but tradition says that it was on the spot where now stands the village of Tadousac, and Louis Frechette, the French Canadian poet laureate of Canada, in his *Légende d'un Peuple*, thus refers to the eventful scene. I give the translation :

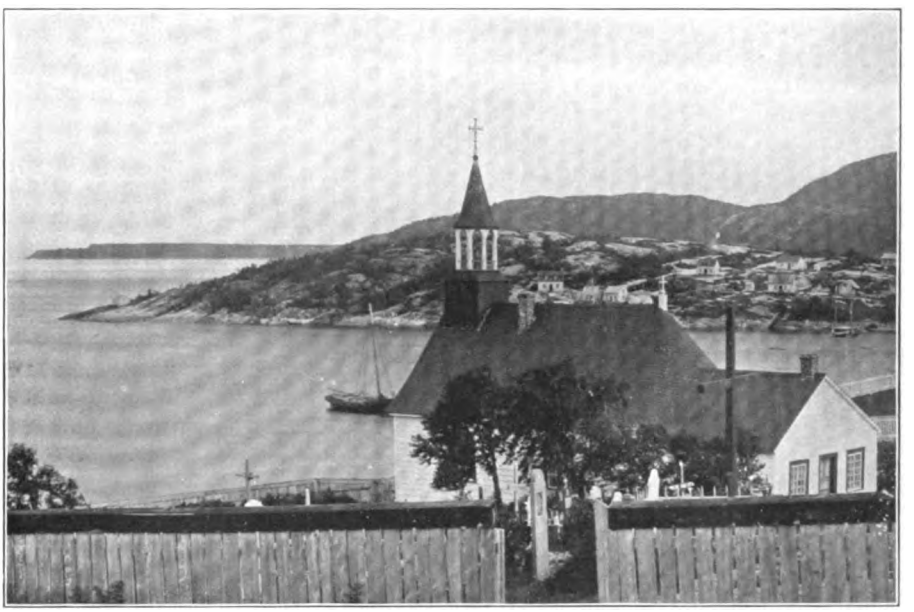
"And there beneath the cool green shade,
The parish temple rears its head
On that same favor'd spot, 'tis said,
Where on the altar, years ago,
The Saviour's precious blood did flow.
When to the sound of pious song
Borne by the echoes far along,
The mountains with their rounded crest
Stretching afar from East to West;
By Breton priest, with whiten'd hair,
The sacrifice was offered there,
Whilst 'mid the scenes so wild and new
Knelt Cartier and his hardy crew.
They who had come to win the land
Are gathered on the rocky strand,
Far from their native shores, or dear,
Encircled by the mountain drear;
I think I see them kneeling there,
Their heads are bow'd, their foreheads bare,
Their clothes still stiff with ocean spray,
Yet fervently these Bretons pray,
Offering to Him now dwelling there
The holocaust of praise and pray'r."

The history of the mission of Tadousac covers nearly three centuries. When Champlain landed here on May 25, 1615, he brought with him four Recollet religious—Fathers Jean Dolbeau, Denis Jamay, Joseph le Caron and a lay-brother, Pacifique Duplessis. These Fathers were afterwards distributed and placed in different parts of the colony. Father Jamay remaining at Quebec, whence he served Three Rivers, Father le Caron going to the Huron Country on Georgian Bay, and Father Dolbeau to Tadousac to instruct the Montagnais and other Indian tribes as far as the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In a few years the Recollets were replaced by the Jesuits whom they had summoned to their assistance. The history of the Jesuit mission at Tadousac is inlaid with the deepest interest. These soldiers of the cross in the early days of Canadian life and civilization did a work for the Church on the lower St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay which will immortalize their name and memory in the pages of Canadian history.

The great apostle of these pioneers of Christianity and civilization was Father Jean-Baptiste de la Brosse. "His name resounds everywhere — in the depths of Lake St. John, on the lonely shores of Labrador, in the flourishing villages bor-

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dering the river from Cacouna to the distant confines of Saspesia and New Brunswick he is still spoken of. The fisherman, taking up his nets, the woodman returning fatigued with his day's toil, the mother beside her child's cradle, the hunter during the long evening, halts during his hunting excursions—to relate wonderful things of the good Father. They all invoke him as a Saint in time of misfortune, or when the storm is raging on the waters. By the bedside of the sick the old women often recommend medicaments, the use of which had been taught to their forefathers by the beloved and popular Apostle."



OLD MISSION CHURCH AT TADOUSAC, QUEBEC, MISSION FOUNDED IN 1615; CHURCH BUILT IN 1747.

Tradition has preserved all the details of this great and saintly missionary's last moments, the circumstances of which were indeed of a nature to strike every one:

"On the eve of his death Father de la Brosse appeared to be in perfect health. He was a large, robust, white-haired old man, with an ascetic-looking face and inspired speech.

"During all the day he had been fulfilling the duties of his ministry, confessing, baptizing and praying, as usual, in the Tadousac chapel.

"At night-fall he went to take a few hours' recreation at the house of one of the officers of the post. He was as gay and agreeable as ever; he even played a few games of cards with his hosts. Towards nine o'clock he prepared to leave.

"After having said good evening to every one he was silent for a moment, and then in a solemn tone said:

"'My friends, I bid you farewell, farewell until eternity, for you will not again see me in life. This very evening at midnight *I shall be a corpse.* At that very hour you will hear my chapel bell ring; it will announce my death. If you do not believe it, you can come and ascertain the fact for yourselves. But I ask of you not to touch my body. To-morrow you will go to Ile aux Coudres to fetch Father Compain to enshroud me and perform the rites of sepulture. You will find him waiting at the end of that island. Do not fear to embark whatever may be the weather. I answer for the safety of those who set out on this journey.'"

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Tradition says that at twelve o'clock the chapel-bell tolled, and when those who had heard the poor Father's remarkable prediction hastened to the chapel, they found Father de la Brosse stretched motionless on the ground, his face bowed down on his clasped hands which rested on the lowest altar step. The great and good and saintly missionary was dead.

The legend of Father de la Brosse's death has been beautifully embodied in verse by Professor Caven of the Prince of Wales' College, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. His poem is entitled "The Bell of Death—A Legend of Tadousac and Ile aux Coudres:"

Fierce blew the strong south-eastern gale,
The sea in mountains rolled,
A starless sky hung wildly tossed,
The midnight hour had tolled.

Is that a sea—is this an hour,
With sky so wildly black,
To launch a bark so frail as that,
Ye men of Tadousac?

Strong though your arms, brave though your hearts,
As arms and hearts can be,
That tiny skiff can never live
In such a storm-swept sea.

When Saguenay's dark waters roll
To swell St. Lawrence tide,
Down to the beach that stormy night
Four stalwart fishers stride.

On through the surf the frail boat speeds,
And see before her prow,
The giant waves sink down and crouch
As if in homage low.

Calm as the surface of a lake
Sunk deep mid wooded hills,
The track spreads out before the boat,
The sail a fair breeze fills,

While all around the angry waves
Bear high their foamy scalps,
And frowning hang like toppling crags
O'er passes through the Alps.

Who stilled the waves on Galilee
Makes smooth that narrow track,
'Tis faith that makes your hearts so bold,
Ye men of Tadousac!

Fierce blows the strong south-eastern gale
Around the lowly pile
Where dwells the lonely missioner
Of Coudres' grassy isle.

His psalms are read—his beads are said;
And by the lamp's pale beam,
He studious culls from sainted page
Sweet flowers on which to dream.

But see, he starts! Strange accents come
Forth from the flying rack;
Funeral rites await your care,
Haste on to Tadousac!

And from the church's lowly spire
Tolled forth the passing bell,
And far upon the tempest's wing
Was borne the funeral knell.

That night along St. Lawrence tide,
From every church's tower,
The bells rang forth a requiem
Swung by some unseen power.

* * * * *

The storm has lulled and morning's light
Pierces the shifting mists,
That hang like shattered regiments
Around the mountain crests.

From brief repose, the anxious priest
Forth on his mission speeds
O'er pathless plains, by hazel brake
Where the lone bittern breeds.

At length upon the eastern shore
Ended his weary track,
Where wait the hardy fishermen,
The men from Tadousac.

"Heaven bless you," cried the holy man,
"I know your high behest,
God's friend and yours and mine has gone
To claim his well-earned rest."

Unmoor the boat; spread out the sail,
And o'er a peaceful track,

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Again in eager flight the boat
Shoots home to Tadousac.

Before the altar where so oft
He broke the Holy Bread,
Clasping the well-worn crucifix,
The priest of God lay dead.

It was a solemn sight, they say,
To see the cold, calm face
Upturned beneath the sanctuary light,
Within that holy place.

Happy La Brosse ! to find for Judge
Him, whom from realms above
Thy voice had called to dwell with men,
A prisoner of love.

The primitive Tadousac church which stands to-day little altered, was built in 1747 when Monseigneur de Pontbriant was Bishop of Quebec, and is therefore one of the oldest mission churches in Canada, or perhaps indeed in America. According to Father Coquart's journal, this good Jesuit Father blessed the site on May 16, 1747, and hammered in the first peg. The Intendant Hocquart made a gift to Father Coquart of the planks, shingles and nails used in the construction of the sanctuary, and accordingly Father Coquart, desiring to acknowledge this munificence, undertook for himself and his successors that Mass should be said on St. Anne's day for Monsieur Hocquart's intention as long as the church existed. In this old mission church is the same bell which summoned the Indians to worship a century before, and which, after being miraculously saved during the conflagration of 1661, has outlived all the vicissitudes of the times.

This mission church or old chapel served as a parish church for the inhabitants of Tadousac until 1885. On Christmas day of that year, Mass was celebrated for the first time in a large church built of stone, hard by the humble edifice erected nearly a century and a half before, by the Jesuit Father Coquart. Since that period, as the historian of this old mission writes: "It is but once a year, on St. Anne's day, that the priest ascends the steps of the old altar, before which so many generations have knelt, and where the praises of God have been sung in the dialects of all the tribes to the north and south of the Lower St. Lawrence.

"On St. Anne's day, the whole parish flock to the rustic sanctuary, to assist at the Mass, which is said by the Jesuit's successors for the intention of Intendant Hocquart, in fulfillment of the promise made nearly a century and a half previously by Father Coquart. The congregation throngs around the edifice, the door of which is left open to enable them to see the priest at the altar. And on the blue waves of the river the fishermen who are entering the port respectfully uncover their heads on hearing the silvery sounds of the king's bell."



INTERIOR OF MISSION CHURCH, TADOUSAC.

The pious pilgrim or inquiring tourist will also find in this venerable chapel at Tadousac relics and paintings which have been carefully treasured and preserved. Among the paintings is one—"A Presentation of Mary in the Temple"—signed with the name of Beauvais and bears date 1747. Three little pictures representing "Our Lord," the "Blessed Virgin," and

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"St. Charles Borromeo," were given to the missionary, Father Maurice, by the Jesuit Father Duplessis. Another of this church's treasures is an "Infant Jesus" in wax, said to have been presented by Louis XIV. On the altar are two reliquaries bearing the date of 1749, and the relics of St. Clement and St. Prudentia are exposed in them.

In the choir of the sanctuary is this inscription :

D. O. M. À La Memoire du R. P. J. B. de la Brosse, dernier missionaire Jésuite de Tadousac, Mort en odeur de Sainteté à l' age de 58 ans, Inhumé, dans la chapelle de Tadousac le 12 Avril 1782.

To the memory of the Rev. Father Jean Baptiste de la Brosse, last Jesuit missionary of Tadousac, who died in the odor of sanctity at the age of 58 years, and was buried in the chapel of Tadousac April 12, 1782.

To the rear of this historic little church is the old parish cemetery, "God's Acre," where those who, in many years agone, knelt in reverent prayer within its humble walls, now lie wrapped in the dark draperies of the tomb. "*Ici Repose*" and "*Ci-get*" meet the eye of pilgrim and tourist on every side, as he moves among the cross-crowned graves, where the Angel of Death sentinels the white-robed armies of Eternity.

Tadousac is but a village, yet its century-dowered history illumines the pages of our Canadian Past with a splendor born of the genius of Catholic heroism and faith.

THE ANNALS OF THE AUGUSTINIANS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

THE annals of the Missions established by the Augustinian Fathers in the Philippine Archipelago, are closely interwoven with the history of that numerous group of beautiful and fertile islands; for, indeed, the story of the dawn and the growth of civilization among the natives of that rich colony of Spain, is the story of the introduction of the gospel and of zealous missionary work, for both of which those various tribes are indebted to the Fathers of the Order of St. Augustine. Among these pioneers in that field of apostolic toil, history mentions, as the moving spirit, the very soul of the conquest, both spiritual and temporal, of those islands, the celebrated Augustinian, Father Andrew Urdaneta.

The Philippine Archipelago was discovered by the renowned Portuguese navigator, Hernando de Magallanes, though the glory of his famous voyage and its splendid results belong to Spain; for it was Charles V. who fitted out the fleet which Portugal had declined to furnish. The intrepid sailor set out accordingly from the port of San Lucas, on September 20, 1519, to sail around the globe; in November, 1520, he passed through the strait which bears his name (Magellan), and in March, 1521, discovered the archipelago to which he gave the name of San Lázaro, a name which was afterwards changed to Philippine, in honor of Prince Philip, under whom, as Philip II. of Spain, the conquest of this group of islands was finally achieved.

The expedition which sailed, by order of Philip II., from New Spain, now Mexico, in 1564, under Miguel López de Legazpi, carried along with it the Augustinian Father, Andrew de Urdaneta, who was accompanied by four other religious of his order. Father Urdaneta was commissioned by the king as "Protector of the Indians," according to the custom of the Spanish sovereign, whose expeditions to newly discovered countries were accompanied by religious

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sent to Christianize the natives and to protect them from the cruelty or rapacity of the adventurers whom it is hardly possible to eliminate from undertakings of this kind.

On the 27th of April, of the following year, Legazpi's fleet, which bore to the natives of the Philippines the gifts of the faith, of enlightenment, and the benefits of civilized life, cast anchor before the island of Cebú, and made a treaty with the chief or king of the tribe. But the treachery of this chief, Túpas, brought on an engagement in which the Spaniards were victorious. They remained in possession of the island, and finding, in an abandoned dwelling, a devout image of the Infant Jesus, probably left by one of the followers of Magallanes, they built a little chapel in which the image is still honored by the natives, and Father Urdaneta there offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, with great solemnity. And this was the beginning of Christianity and civilization in the Philippines.

The kind and conciliatory conduct of Legazpi and Urdaneta and the prudent policy they adopted in dealing with the natives, soon won over the whole population of Cebú God so blessed their instructions that they soon had the happiness of baptizing a niece of King Túpas. She had been in service in the household of the Governor, Legazpi, where she learned to know the Christian religion and earnestly asked for baptism. At the same time three boys were baptized, one of them a son of this niece of Túpas. These were the first fruits of the abundant harvest that followed. Some time after this, Túpas himself was baptized with a splendor of ceremonial which became his royal dignity, and with him were regenerated his son and many of the principal men of those islands. Meanwhile a treaty of peace was made with Túpas, the Indians declaring themselves vassals of the King of Spain, and promising a regular tribute from the yearly yield of their fields.

The little band of zealous missionaries soon extended their peaceful conquests to the islands of Iloilo and Panay, setting up their primitive habitation in the shades of the virgin forests, in the midst of savage tribes, with no other arms or defence than the word of God and their unwavering faith in His promises and protection. Thus the islands of the archipelago were gradually Christianized, the natives were formed into civilized communities, churches were built and officials appointed for the maintenance of order, and in 1571 the city of Manila, on the island of Luzon, the largest of the group, was founded and became the metropolis of the whole Christian colony. This typical Catholic conquest was rapid, solid and lasting; and, though hostile writers have delighted in condemning, with more or less exaggeration, the conduct of the Spanish conquests in America, not one has been able to point out any flaw, even in the least details, in the conquest of the Philippines. It was the glorious achievement of apostolic zeal, of the patient toil, the mildness, the gentleness and perseverance of the religious, aided by the kindness and singular prudence of Legazpi and his immediate successors.

Now that the islands of the archipelago had received the Gospel, it was necessary to organize the work of the missionaries and to give to the converted natives some sort of political status and regular life; for it would have been of little advantage to have taught them the truths of Christianity if they were left to run wild in their woods and forests. Accordingly it was determined to establish regular fixed stations for the missionaries, which should be marked by the erection of convents, or of churches with parochial residences attached to them, as central points, in the most suitable parts of the archipelago. Around these were to be grouped the dwellings of the Christian natives, so disposed as to form a village properly laid out; as the number of missionaries and converts increased, new centres were to be formed. In accord-

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ance with this plan, each convent or parish church would represent a civilized settlement or municipality, and this sort of common life would draw very close the bonds that united the missionaries and their flocks. And so it turned out, as long experience has proved.

These civilized communities were styled by the Augustinian Missionaries, *doctrinas*, in contradistinction to the active missions among the roving savages, which they called "*Missiones vivas.*" Both kinds of work the Fathers carried on successfully, and both were already wonderfully fruitful when missionaries of other orders came into the field to share their glorious labors. About the number of the convents and other institutions established by the Augustinian Fathers and about the number of their missions and their converts, nothing need be said here. These details will be found, very fully drawn out, in the MESSENGER for last month, pp. 150-152. But it will be quite to the purpose of this sketch to point out the solicitude and the zeal which the Order of St. Augustine has always manifested for these distant missions which were founded and cultivated by their brave and patient toil.

Even in the first months of the occupation of this newly acquired territory we find Father Urdaneta, and, not long after, his successor, Father Herrera, at the court of Spain to urge the sending of more missionaries. These diligent advocates of the missions were followed by others until finally a new office was created with the new name of Commissary, whose duty it was to visit the various Augustinian convents in the Peninsula and to gather from them the religious who felt themselves called to such a life and who were deemed strong and vigorous enough to undergo the hardships of such a ministry. Though the needs of the convents and the general work of the Order at home necessarily limited the number of these fervent recruits, yet a goodly number went forth to fill up the ranks of the valiant missionaries and to carry on successfully the apostolic work which became a splendid trophy of Catholicism and a bright jewel in the crown of Castile.

From the time of the first landing of Father Urdaneta and his four companions, in 1565, until the year 1864, ninety-four expeditions were sent out, the bands of missionaries varying in numbers, the total number amounting to one thousand nine hundred and fifteen. Meanwhile help was brought to the struggling missions by the successive arrivals of Franciscans, Recoletos, or discalced Augustinians, Dominicans and Jesuits. All these religious working together in fraternal union, secured the permanence and effectiveness of the mission and extended its influence and its benefits to all the islands of the archipelago.

Some idea of the work undertaken and of the results achieved may be gained by a glance at the condition of natives of the Philippines at the time when Father Urdaneta first raised the standard of the cross in those islands.

In religion they were idolaters of the worst kind. They worshipped the heavenly bodies, animals and plants. The *tigmamanuquin*, a blue bird, was one of their principal divinities. They held the crow to be lord of the land, and the caiman or alligator was believed to be lord of the waters. They prostrated themselves in adoration before a certain kind of rock which they believed to be a transformed caiman. A belief in wizards and witches, and various superstitions connected with the hooting of the owl and the sight of a serpent, completed their notions in matters of religion.

Politically, the Filipinos were divided into many tribes, whose chief occupation was the constant carrying on of wars against one another, the victors always enslaving the vanquished. So numerous were the slaves, that in many tribes they outnumbered the freemen, and the lives of all slaves were at the mercy of their masters, who could murder them when and for what reason he pleased.

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Wives were no better off, for they were simply acquired by purchase and were accounted as slaves. They had no idea of matrimony, and polygamy was common; nor was there any idea of morality among them, so that their daughters, like their wives, were a marketable commodity.

Their ignorance was absolute. They had no knowledge of their own history and they could give no account of their beliefs or even their language, nor had they any words to express universal ideas of anything that they could not see or touch. As for their morals, timidity, a propensity to lie on all occasions, gambling and the most brutal sensuality were their chief characteristics.

The result of the missions established among these people was a complete transformation of those who became converts to Christianity. This was the work of Father Urdaneta and his companions and their successors, and it is one of the most splendid triumphs of the Church's work of evangelization. It is worth while to quote on this point the witness of a writer who is not to be suspected of undue bias in favor of the Church or of its religious orders. In his *Nouvelle Géographie Universelle* (1875), Jean-Jacques-Elisée Reclus, an avowed free thinker, ultra-liberal and anarchist, has this to say of the condition of the Philippines after the teaching and influence of the friars had borne its legitimate fruit:

"The Filipinos are among the most civilized people of the far East. They were civilized by the friars.

"Though they may not be quite equal, in what concerns trade, industry and other such matters, to the natives of Java, yet in other respects they are superior to them, for they are not helots kept by their masters in a state of inferiority without hope of redemption. Whilst the Dutch owners live as if they belonged to another world far above their slaves and subjects, and differ from them so entirely in dress, names and religion that the slaves look upon these conquerers as another race of men, the Spaniards have drawn the natives to them and won their affection. The Spaniards who have raised the moral level of the Filipinos are the friars.

"The great majority of the natives learn to read and write Spanish. . . . European culture has gradually drawn the Filipinos into the sphere of its influence without having reduced them, as many other races have been brought, to slavery, or having cast them into the depths of misery. It is the priest, the friar, rather than the troops and cannons, that secure to Spain the peaceful submission of the natives."

This is the witness borne by a great traveller and no friend of the monks, and the same has been written by those who have visited the Philippines at any time in the long period of four hundred years, during which they have been under the dominion of Spain, represented chiefly by the religious, who have always been their pastors. Delightful, indeed, and most consoling were the relations of the travellers and observers about the Filipinos until unprincipled and unscrupulous Spaniards came out to sow the seeds of anti-Catholic ideas and to deceive the simple people of those islands by misrepresentations and calumnies against the religious. During those four centuries there was undisturbed peace, moral and material, in all the civilized and Catholic portion of the archipelago, and the natives never once dreamed of such a thing as an uprising or revolution, for they knew no grievance that called for such a measure.

The reason of this perfect peace and contentment is easily found in the manner of life to which the Christian natives were trained by their missionaries. At the daily Mass all the boys and girls of each parish were present, and many of their elders came, too, from devotion. The children, after Mass, sang the prayers of the Rosary in alternate choirs. Then they went to school, where they

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were taught reading, writing and arithmetic besides their prayers and the rules of politeness and the principles of a virtuous life. There was hardly a dwelling in which there were not, with night prayers, the recital of the Rosary and the Litany and the singing of the *Salve Regina*. On Sunday all the people, old and young, recited the prayers and the Christian doctrine, and during the Mass the *Gloria*, *Credo* and the other parts of the liturgy were sung. These devotions and others during the day and regular instructions by the Fathers went on during the whole year in every community of Christian natives. Moreover, the Fathers devoted themselves with untiring energy to the formation of their converts not only in piety, but in all that could raise them to a high intellectual and moral standard of life and conduct. This may be gathered from the account of the various institutions founded and directed by them, as described in the February MESSENGER, already referred to.

This religious and moral education formed the foundation on which the religious built up the material prosperity of their flock. When the Spaniards came to them, they were so ignorant of even the most primitive modes of agriculture, that they often suffered from famine, though their soil is wondrously fertile; they knew no industrial arts, and whatever traffic they had was carried on by barter in a rude way, for they had no idea of counting.

The Fathers began immediately to supply these wants. They devoted themselves to the study of the flora and fauna for both scientific and practical use. They brought over from Europe horses and cattle, unknown till then in the islands, and all manner of tools and agricultural implements. Their own convent gardens, orchards and plantations served as model farms. In a short time the natives acquired a taste for farming and industries of various kinds, and soon the resources of the islands were opened up, a flourishing commerce grew apace, and the whole face of the country was renewed.

For centuries this admirable work of the religious went on, and the natives, a happy and prosperous people, looked up to them for guidance and instruction in all that tended to improve their condition, in both the spiritual and temporal order. And this continued so long as the religious were allowed to exercise their influence over their people without hindrance. But the time came when of late a spirit of discontent and of restlessness, and impatience of order and good government was introduced among the once contented and happy Filipinos. The causes of this change are not far to seek. In the selection of government officials the home government has not continued to exercise the care that formerly secured conscientious management of civil affairs, and the colonies have become the prey of avaricious and unscrupulous fortune-hunters and adventurers. Full freedom has been allowed to the secret societies and agents of revolutionary movements to carry on their nefarious propaganda and to spread abroad hatred of the Church, of religious orders and of all the restraints of regular order. Those disturbers of peace have found that the religious were the natural and consistent defenders of the natives against those who sought to mislead and to rob them, and they have declared war against the religious, attacking them with the favorite weapons of the secret societies and revolutionists, an unscrupulous press, calumny and bribery. They have spread abroad an entirely false opinion of the work and the influence of the religious in the Philippines, and have succeeded in misleading some of the native Christians themselves, who, with the impulsiveness natural to Oriental races, have been easily driven from peaceful obedience into revolution, from sincere love and esteem into violent hatred. Thus the beautiful scene of peace, order, and prosperity, which had been brought about

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by the beneficent influence of Catholic civilization, is fast disappearing under the curse of that destructive power which has ruined other fair provinces of what was once Christendom. Whatever may become of the results achieved by Catholicity in the Philippines, it will always be true that until what are called modern ideas and modern civilization entered into these islands, the civilized communities existing there presented an ideal picture of virtue, content, happiness and prosperity. And this was the work of the calumniated religious whom it is now sought to expel from the scene of their splendid Catholic apostolate.

REVIVING TWO FRENCH PARISHES.

By J. W. Clarkson.

"THERE are parishes, here and there in France, with pastors and all the outward organization and framework of Christian communities; but the pastors have very little to do, and the frame is empty; everything like religious life is seemingly extinct." (1) That this extinction is more apparent than real, that under the ashes of indifference some particles of the old religious fervor of the country are always slumbering, only waiting until the simple devotion and energy of some enterprising priest shall fan them into a blaze, we are having many a striking example at the present day.

For forty-seven years, the six hundred inhabitants of the parish of Vieille-Loye, in the Department of Jura, had the same curé. He was a pious priest, but enfeebled by his disheartening surroundings as much as by old age. He died in sadness and isolation. Whatever points of contact there might have been between himself and his people in the beginning of his ministry, he lost all touch with them toward the end. There was very little anti-religious sentiment among them, however; but this very absence of passion was, perhaps, more vexatious than an active display of hatred would have been. You may battle with impiety, you may refute it, but when the situation before you is one of downright unconcern, the case is entirely altered; it is harder to have a discussion with those who keep out of your way than with those who are quite willing to accept your challenge; people who never speak together have few chances of coming to an understanding. This was the state of affairs at Vieille-Loye; it seemed as if between pastor and parishioners there was an impassable barrier of silence. But the eye of God is vigilant, and sooner or later, crosses all barriers; a new life was about to begin for the parish of Vieille-Loye, and in October, 1890, the distinguished bishop of Saint Claude laid his hand on the instrument that was to regenerate its people.

This instrument was a young priest who believed that the moral condition of men has sometimes a close connection with their physical condition, and that hunger and misery are evil counsellors. But before entering upon the marvellous work accomplished by the Abbé Tervaux, it will not be uninteresting to dwell a little on the evils he had to combat at the beginning of his ministry.

Except among some of the women, there were absolutely no religious practices of any kind whatever. The church, on which there was a debt of four hundred and twenty dollars, was almost in ruins, there were great gaps in the ceilings, so that when a shower came down on the roof, buckets had to be employed to catch the rain, while the altar was in

(1) Goyan. "Autour du Catholicisme Social."

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such a dilapidated and wormeaten condition that it was hardly fit for its purpose.

But this poverty was only one of the many difficulties the new Curé had to encounter. Vieille-Loye is a forest village. The houses are scattered, and all at a considerable distance from one another. The principle industry is glass-making, and the foundry, with the occupations that feed it, keep the workmen at almost uninterrupted toil of the most exhausting character during the whole twenty-four hours.

At certain seasons, gangs of woodcutters start forth after midnight for the woods, to be relieved by other gangs the following afternoon. So that it was nearly impossible for the Curé to get a considerable number of persons together for any purpose. Then, the diversity of trades had created a very singular diversity of castes. The carters did not think much of the glass-workers, and the wood-cutters were eyed askance by both. In fact, the exhausting condition of their various tasks and their absolute want of leisure left the workmen little time for the cultivation of brotherly relations. On Sundays and on a few festivals, perhaps a hundred or more would take a holiday; but, even at the first communion of a son or a daughter—an occasion of high rejoicing in France for the most indifferent parent—the workman could not always get permission to leave off for the day. These painful economic necessities were a more serious obstacle in the way of the new pastor than even the traditional lukewarmness of his flock.

The announcement of his arrival and the attendant religious ceremonies, which had almost the interest of a novelty, drew nearly all the women of the village to the church. They were easily captured by the zeal and eloquence of their new pastor. An archconfraternity, coming down from time immemorial, that had existed among them in a somewhat dormant condition, was quickened into energetic life, and as they were now determined to attend church regularly and did not care to have to open their umbrellas in the sacred building whenever it rained, they forced the mayor to restore the roof and make all other necessary repairs.

But it was the men, especially the young folk, that the Curé of Vieille-Loye wanted to get at. In his hunt after them he employed all means, physical and intellectual. He opened classes for adults, in which he had not much success: he had seldom more than fifteen pupils present, and even those had to be divided into sections: those who knew nothing, those who were barely acquainted with the four rules of arithmetic, and those who could solve a few problems. The Curé appointed different hours for the different classes; still the attendance was very irregular, for his pupils had to earn their daily bread, and that necessity was paramount, so, when his success, small as it was, induced the commune and the state teachers to attempt a similar work, he abandoned his position as professor. He did not care to enter into competition with official functionaries without any adequate cause.

For that matter, it was the material interest of his parishoners that most engaged the attention of the Curé for a time. He was in no hurry. He was examining the ground; meanwhile, what he had done and was doing had won respect for the man, if not reverence for the priest. So, at the end of eighteen months of his ministry, he invited five of his neighbors, who were rather well disposed to the soutane, although anything but remarkable for religious fervor, to meet him at the presbytery.

"You pay pretty high for your groceries here, don't you?" he said in substance. "You know that your three storekeepers have agreed to keep up a certain scale of prices. As you have to buy on credit, you must sign notes, and even sometimes mortgage your little patches of land, and, for this reason, you are the victims not only of a sort of commercial monopoly,

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but to some extent, of a money monopoly as well. With five men and the help of God, I have a remedy in view and I answer for the future. I have got the women to return to their duty, but I must have the men, too ; if I don't get them, in God's name, what business have I here? Well, I am going to turn my attention to your material interests, but to deal in groceries for the sake of the groceries is not exactly my trade ; I want to make good Catholics of you, first of all ; and, over and above that, with your coöperation, to better our miserable condition."

After a few days' reflection, the five workmen assured him on the following Sunday, that they would be the men he wanted, would attend divine service, unless absolutely prevented, and would fulfil their Easter duties. This was how the Curé of Vieille-Loye became a grocer.

A cupboard in the presbytery was the first grocery store. The humble character of the warehouse was in harmony with the poverty of the stock in trade. A share in the new coöperative association cost ten dollars, but as few of the modest capitalists could advance more than a dollar of it at a time, and as the Curé himself was not yet a millionaire, it was not without some terror that they ventured on gathering thirty dollars worth of merchandise into the cupboard. Then there was another difficulty. It was intended at first that the presbytery should be a sort of emporium, a distributing centre, and not a warehouse. But lack of money hindered these honest people from buying in large parcels, and so it was decided to make up the goods in little packages of half a pound each, which would be on a level with their pockets and their needs, and the rice, coffee, and other such provisions were weighed, wrapped up and retailed in the presbytery.

This original enterprise added greatly to the gayety of the enemies of religion in the little village. The freethinkers and the three grocers, enlightened men of progress every one of them, made merry over the Curé's grotesque commercial enterprise to their heart's content, and it must be confessed it had its comical side. But it lasted in spite of the ridicule, became more ambitious, doubled, trebled, quadrupled its purchases; then it was not long until persecution took the place of mockery. For some time, however, the little coöperative association was not much interfered with. But, unfortunately, the novel hardihood of such an undertaking was well calculated to alarm as well as to astonish drowsy village councils and mayors who thought that decent people should move along regular and conventional paths. Besides, there were dark hints whispered by some advanced patriots. What if a can of petroleum were dropped in the presbytery some fine night, not only blowing up the Curé, which would, though distressing, be endurable, but also destroying a valuable piece of commercial property? The municipal administration, which was still uncertain about the schemes and intentions of the Curé and a little suspicious of them also, gave him notice that this coöperative affair of his must clear out of the presbytery at once.

The exodus of the association's wares in quest of a new cupboard was made on a handbarrow. Two of the Curé's parishioners offered to house them, and at a salary of two hundred francs, they became his assistants. After this, the sales and purchases largely increased, and, although the coöperative association held firmly to the Catholic character it had at its origin, it was a benefit to the whole country, even to those who kept aloof from it under the dread that it concealed some deep designs of "clericalism," for the rival grocers were eventually compelled to lower their prices.

Soon, however, the association made a formidable discovery: when its shareholders and customers entered the opposition stores in quest of articles which it could not supply, they were received not only with coolness but with insult.

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It was compelled, therefore, to augment and vary its stock; in fact, it soon began to sell everything that a country district could require. The very necessity of the case forced it to look out for premises suitable to its rapidly growing needs; and so, the young association came quickly to its third period, when it was to have a home of its own.

The village of Vieille-Loye has now another house, almost the largest in the place, and the entire ground-floor is occupied by the stores of the coöperative association. The gables of a building erected by a priest proudly front the principal street of a parish to-day, where some seven years ago the existence of a priest was almost ignored.

The next thing for the Curé to do was to assure the survival and permanence of his work. A "*conseil de fondation*" was legally constituted to meet this necessity; it consists of three eminent personages strangers to the locality, the Marquis de Froissard and Messrs. Caron and Milcent. To defend the shareholders against administrative or fiscal annoyances should the occasion arise, and to keep alive the spirit of the association in the event of the Curé's disappearance, is the function of this council; it has moreover, a two-fold right, involving a two-fold responsibility, without its consent the association cannot borrow, and without its consent it cannot dissolve. In this way the council provides a barrier both against the impulse that might lead the shareholders to incur dangerous liabilities and the selfish calculations that might some time or other, induce them to dissolve the association and divide its capital among themselves. Thus safeguarded, the coöperative association of Vieille-Loye has confidence in itself and inspires confidence in the public; it does an annual business of about ten thousand dollars, and keeps from three thousand to four thousand dollars worth of merchandise in stock from day to day, and the price of provisions is now one-third less on an average, than when it was founded, over the whole district.

Not content with cheapening the price of articles of food for his flock, the Curé also took measures to cheapen the price of medicine and medical attendance. He created the Medical Association of Vieille-Loye, which has at present nearly four hundred members. It would take us too long to enter into the details of this admirable organization, which is now in full working order. We must content ourselves with saying that it enables every man, woman and child in the parish to obtain medicine and the best professional care at rates that press hardly on no one.

When the Winter is severe, which is usually the case in the Jura, and the school-children cannot very well go home to dinner, the Curé transforms his presbytery into a canteen. On Monday the scholars bring each a huge loaf and a certain quantity of wine, which are to last during the week. A quarter of an hour before class begins, they cut slices from their loaves and put them in their bowls. The Curé's housekeeper knows from the number of bowls that have slices how many little guests she is to have at dinner at noon. The repast ordinarily consists of soup, rice, potatoes, bread, and wine. The Curé, who furnishes most of the materials for the banquet, charges his boarders a cent and a half a meal.

The Abbé Tervaux is a banker as well as a grocer. He has established a "*caisse rurale*," on a plan that has been put in operation now with great success in Italy as well as in France. The young people deposit their savings even when only a few cents, in the hands of the Curé, who allows interest on any sum however small, at two per cent. He retains the amount entrusted to him until it exceeds two dollars, then he places it in the "*caisse rurale.*"

These different institutions are very closely connected and yet are perfectly independent of one another. The possibility is contemplated of some conjuncture arising when they would be

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mutually helpful ; but the rule is that each should live its own life. Some day or other, for example, the reserved funds of the coöperative association may be of the greatest value in advancing the prosperity of the "*caisse rurale*," but the "*caisse rurale*" ought always to be in a situation to carry on its own business without any external aid whatever. Still, all these organizations have one objective aim to which they converge : that of satisfying the most varied wants of the community and assuring, under the direction of the Curé, a prosperous vitality to a parish that had been so long an apathetic and almost soulless organization.

The parochial organization of Vieille-Loye now relies solely on the union of hearts and hands among the parishioners for the successful carrying out of its plans. There is a pervading feeling that everyone must take a share in the general work, must make sacrifices, if necessary, and that no one is too young or too insignificant to fancy his coöperation useless. The Curé has few resources, he cannot have a children's choir, for the boys must go to work at a very early age in the foundry or in the woods ; neither can he afford a sacristan. But he has remedied all these deficiencies by his success in imbuing his people with the feeling that they form a community and that the parish must not only live for them but by them. The older girls teach the younger ones their catechism, and the younger, the little children, who in their turn, sweep and clean the church on Saturdays. The municipal council has generously supplied the latter with stoves, and all the inhabitants, even those not yet persuaded to attend Mass, are anxious to supply wood and coal ; in fine, the place of a choir has been supplied by all the faithful, who now sing the liturgical responses and canticles with considerable taste and feeling.

The Curé's ambition is constantly planning some new work that will meet the wants of every age and class. Last year, he built a story above the coöperative stores, which he has divided into a dormitory and work room. He has introduced a number of beds for the sick and the aged into the dormitory. In the workshop orphan girls and others are taught cookery, sewing and other domestic arts. "It is my conviction," said the Curé to M. Goyan, from whose suggestive and admirable work "*Autour du Catholicisme social*," we have borrowed most of the details in this article, "that those who have not edified the parish by their life should be led to edify it by their death. A parish ought to piously preserve within its boundaries, as testimonials of the past and promises of the future, those whom age or adversity leads back to God, and moreover, sending away our orphans, our sick and old people to asylums in the big city, weakens, if it does not destroy, the sense of their responsibility in the other parishioners."

Thus the entire life of the district has come to centre in the little presbytery of Vieille-Loye, and, in a parish which some six years ago seemed absolutely dead, three fourths of the men and women and nearly all the young people of both sexes fulfilled their Easter duty last year.

What one priest has done in the East another has accomplished in the North with even more signal and gratifying results. Less than twenty years ago, Montligeon was but an obscure Norman village, quite unconscious that God intended it to play a great part in religious France and even in the Catholic world. It contained six hundred and sixty inhabitants, Catholics of a sort, indeed of a very middling sort, pinched and disheartened by the bitterness of their material condition. The weavers, who for generations had been celebrated for the excellence of their linens among the housewives of the province, were ruined by the introduction of machinery in 1871. Their pastor, a saintly man who shared his small salary with them, preached resignation. But the workmen who were living in enforced idleness and whose children had not enough to eat, could

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not be got to see that resignation was a remedy. The Abbé Buguet, appointed Curé of Montligeon, in 1878, was pretty much of their way of thinking also, and he undertook the task of finding another. His success at first was not calculated to encourage him. He set the women at lace-making and the men at weaving jerseys, but in neither case, did the result meet his hopes. The inevitable machine was on his track. Then he tried glove making with better fortune: for nearly four years, every woman and girl could earn from twenty to thirty cents a day, not much, though they were doing better than their husbands and brothers, who were glad to get employment at from fifteen to eighteen cents at wood-cutting. But the invading machine seemed to be on the watch for every industry that was taking root in Montligeon, it made its appearance in 1885, and turned out gloves at such a cheap rate that the Abbé's improvised glove makers surrendered in despair. Their customers went elsewhere, but, luckily for them, heir Curè remained.

It is sometimes said, in high aristocratic Catholic circles in France, that all these new fangled movements among the clergy, all this devotion to social improvements, will have the effect of turning them away from their essential mission, the salvation of souls. But this prejudice hardly deserves a refutation. Facts prove the contrary, and the Abbé Buguet is an instance in point. This tradesman priest had been in the habit of celebrating Mass every Monday for those poor souls in purgatory who are friendless, who have nobody left to pray for them. Having that perfect trust in God and distrust of himself which marks all the priestly founders of great institutions, he was accustomed to say: "On earth you cannot always be sure that you are doing good, but by taking an interest in purgatory, you are quite sure you are doing it." And the hold he had on the supernatural domain consoled him every Monday for the disappointments he experienced in trying to get a grip of his parish.

But, in the long run, purgatory supplied him with something better than consolation, and was the starting point of that earthly conquest of which he was dreaming. He wished that others should share in the special devotion he had for those forsaken souls, and the idea came to him of establishing a printing-press and getting the living to labor in order to win sympathy for the dead from their fellowmen. This would be the connecting link which should bind the two devotions that had each its share in his priestly heart: love of his flock, who needed the word of God, but who also needed bread, and love of the forsaken souls, who needed the word of man as a mediatory power with God.

On the 3d of October, 1884, the "Association of the Chapelle-Montligeon for the Deliverance of the Forsaken Souls of Purgatory" was founded with the approbation of the Bishop of Siez. The payment of a sou a year and of five francs for life entitles a member to all the spiritual privileges of the association. In October, 1896, its register contained the names of six million, three hundred and fourteen thousand, three hundred and sixteen associates.

The little printing-press of Montligeon was the instrument of this marvellous diffusion. Its work in the beginning was of a very humble character. The Curé was his own compositor, aided by one of the choir boys. Between them they brought out little modest bulletins of four pages, timid but winged messengers that flew to the four corners of the world. And then, the work went on growing, growing until its originator was himself almost confounded: "I have never been able to understand it," he relates. Like all the priestly founders of great works, like our own Father Drumgoole, for instance, who could never be brought to believe he counted for anything in the magnificent institutions he reared for the poor children of New York, he was simply amazed at

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this great success, refusing to believe that his coöperation had anything to do with it.

But this success rendered an extension of the work more and more necessary. Every nation in Europe demanded that the "*Bulletin de l'Œuvre Expiatoire*" should be translated into its language. The result was that Montligeon has become a mystic Babel to which the different idioms of Christendom, Spanish, Italian, English, Flemish, German, etc., have flocked in turn. The Curé showed himself equally fitted to meet prosperity and adversity. After his repeated failures, he had cherished the hope that the "*Œuvre Expiatoire*" would, with its printing-press, give employment to some of his parishioners, and now there were not arms enough in the parish to supply its needs. Montligeon became a centre of attraction for all the surrounding region. The remembrance of the dead had fructified that ungrateful soil, itself half dead, and, by virtue of that very remembrance, it had been transformed into a land of life.

The first workshop which the Abbé had opened with twenty workmen, is now inhabited by nuns. The present one is a vast building, begun in 1893, in which nearly two hundred workmen and workwomen are employed. The old village presbytery is still existing, a memorial of the time when the people had nothing to do, and their Curé very little either; it is entirely dwarfed and eclipsed by the "chaplain's house," in which six chaplains and an auxiliary priest share the anxieties and labors of this immense work. The secretary's office alone resembles the cabinet of a State minister; every day, on an average, he receives more than five hundred letters from all quarters of the world, and it is the mission of his under-secretaries of different nationalities, to open and answer them. But the little altar of our Lady, at the foot of which the Abbé Buguet used to pray alone for the souls in pain, is unanimously hailed as the corner-stone of this vast laboratory of divine graces, which received and answered in 1896 requests for one hundred and thirty-five thousand masses.

The light that radiated from that little altar has restored work and bread and prosperity. The common laborers have found employment as well as the printers. They have been set building nearly half a hundred workmen's cottages, in which an artisan and his family can find comfortable quarters at a rent of from ten to sixteen dollars a year. They are now engaged in digging the foundations of the basilica of the *Œuvre Expiatoire*, which will tower above the village. "When you ramble along the streets of Montligeon," says M. Goyan, "you encounter strange discords: the old, tumbledown huts, no longer inhabited, that seem to wish to sink, shamefaced, under the ground, and the gay, white little cottages, proud to stand in the sunlight. It is a symbol and a contrast; the social action of its priest has rejuvenated the village, and when, every evening, you witness the crowds of workmen wending their way to the church to join in the evening's devotions, you are witnessing a symbol also. Misery had drawn away these people from God; honest, remunerative toil has restored them to Him, and, among most of them, the social action of the priest has cast off the old man and put on the new. As a reward for having fixed his thoughts on the invisible realities of purgatory, the Abbé Buguet has been the agency that has caused the most astonishing of revivals to germinate and flourish around him."

But the Abbé Buguet has done more, he has stirred up other agencies into a holy and beneficent rivalry with his own. This once obscure little Norman village has now become the centre for the defence of the faith. Other printing-offices have been opened, from which issue forth books, pamphlets, magazines and reviews, all devoted to the propagation of Catholic truth. "*Quinzaine*," one of the oldest supporters of the Church in Europe, had its cradle here, and still has

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its principal branch office in Montligeon, so that, thanks to the Abbé Buguet, the population of the village is associated with the defence of the Church militant as well as with the relief of the Church suffering.

The work done by the Abbé Tervaux and the Abbé Buguet might be parallelled in other quarters of France, and such work is an important factor in the religious renovation that is now changing the face of the country.

TWO PORTO RICAN MISSIONARIES.

IT is a fact not widely known that Porto Rico was for a time the scene of the apostolic labors of Blessed Charles Spinola and Jerome de Angelis, two of the Japanese martyrs, beatified by Pius IX. in 1867. They had left Lisbon together with other Jesuits for Goa on April 10, 1596, but storms and adverse winds had driven the ship so far out of its course, and inflicted such heavy damage, that they were obliged to put in at one of the Brazilian ports to make necessary repairs. Here they remained about a year during which our two zealous apostles were untiring in their efforts for the conversion of the natives, and it was with deep regret that they heard the captain announce that owing to the unseaworthiness of his vessel, he must return to Portugal instead of continuing the journey to the far East. However, they had not proceeded far on their homeward track, when a terrible tropical storm arose. A large part of the cargo had to be thrown overboard, and hoisting a small sail, for three days they ran along at a terrific pace, completely at the mercy of the wind. When calm weather returned, they found themselves in the neighborhood of Porto Rico, where they shortly after effected a landing. There was nothing left to be done but to abandon their now useless vessel, and await in patience the sighting of some passing ship that would carry them to Europe.

The delay lasted two full months, but the time was not spent idly by Spinola and de Angelis. They traversed every accessible part of the island, preaching, hearing, and rendering both spiritual and temporal assistance to its benighted inhabitants. No mountain was too high or steep to check their ardor. Hunger, cold, thirst, and suffering were their portion, while not unfrequently for want of shelter, they had to pass the night in the open air, subject to the drenching rain which brought so much discomfort and sickness to our soldiers. A hundred times their lives were endangered by the presence of wild animals, and the rushing waters of swollen streams.

At this time the population was divided in the proportion of four negroes to one white men. The majority of the negroes worked as slaves on sugar plantations owned and managed by Spanish settlers. Then as now San Juan was the capital where resided the principal civil, military and ecclesiastical authorities.

The missionaries were received by the Bishop and Governor with all the consideration due to their religious character, but they only availed themselves of this kind reception to ask permission to labor in the work of the Gospel. Their lodging was the hospital, and their food such as was furnished them by the charity of the faithful. The better known life of St. Peter Claver has made us acquainted with the evils that beset the path of the enslaved native, and it is enough to say that Porto Rico was on a smaller scale another Carthagena. Blessed Charles Spinola thus describes the state of affairs on his arrival: "The indifference of the whites and the ignorance of the blacks have multiplied crime. It was a special design of Divine Providence that sent us

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here to wrest a multitude of souls from hell."

Their first mission was in the city of San Juan. They adopted the simplest form of preaching, and taught catechism not only in the church but in the streets as well, wherever they could gather a few hearers. They were especially successful among the soldiers stationed in the barracks of the city and its neighborhood, and in this they were helped very much by the good example and influence of the pious Spanish Governor. Their confessionals were besieged by crowds of penitents, but not content with this, they went out to seek the lost sheep, visiting the slaves on the various sugar plantations, and in the miserable hovels which formed their dwellings. But the city was too restricted a field for the zeal of a Spinola and de Angelis, and so with the permission and blessing of their Superior they started to evangelize the country and mountain districts.

The first town visited was called Cramo. The inhabitants received them as angels sent from heaven. The parish priest was sick, and an open field was therefore open to them. Whites and blacks flocked in from miles around, and for ten days, put up with every kind of privation to have the happiness of hearing the word of God and of putting their conscience in order. Instruction on the essential Christian doctrines, especially what relates to the worthy reception of the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, formed the chief topics of their preaching. Many made general confessions of their whole life, and by acts of restitution and reconciliation with their enemies, attested the solid character of their repentance and conversion. As with all ignorant and semi-civilized people, superstition had struck deep roots in the minds and hearts of the Porto Ricans. To eradicate once for all this abuse, our missionaries made them destroy the objects to which their superstitious practices were attached, and to substitute in their place practices of truly Catholic devotion, veneration for pictures and images, indulgenced prayers, the use of holy water, etc. More than this, they inspired the people of the town with such zeal for the house of God and the splendor of divine worship, that they hastened to roof over their half ruined church, to provide it with suitable altar-plate and vestments, and to establish a permanent source of revenue from which its current expenses might be met. The parting between the missioners and their regenerated or reformed Christians was most touching, and tears and sobs choked their expressions of gratitude for the graces that had come to them through the passing visit of the two future martyrs.

A mission at Bucanas was attended by the same gratifying results, numerous confessions, the reconciliation of many enemies, and a return to the practices of a devout Christian life. It is here to be remarked that the methods pursued in these missions had nothing sensational in them or akin to our modern revival. All mere outbursts of momentary fervor were checked rather than encouraged. The missioners knew that they must lay broad and deep the foundations of the spiritual edifice they were raising in the souls of their hearers, that it might resist the storms of temptation and passion, when, through the absence or unworthiness of the master workman, there would be no one present to prop the crumbling walls, and the grace of the sacraments would flow but at rare intervals into their needy souls. Hence, besides the sermons, exhortations, confessions and communions given by the Blessed Charles Spinola, there were frequent simple, familiar instructions in Christian doctrine. This office was committed to Blessed Jerome de Angelis, who was not a priest, and his untiring patience and his words full of the unction of the Holy Spirit, drew around him persons of every age and rank. "A true son of St. Ignatius and early formed in his school," says Father Joseph Broeckaert, S.J., the author of the life of Blessed Charles

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Spinola, "our young missionary had made a profound study of the Spiritual Exercises, making them the basis of his missions or retreats. Faithful to the spirit of his holy master, his instructions were a perfect chain, but he did not adapt them to a given text, or make them a uniform or unvarying theme; he had learned from the book of St. Ignatius to modify his course and instructions according to the requirements of his hearers. Neither a slave to routine, nor an innovator, and vigorously wielding his spiritual arms,—such was, in his eyes, a true missionary, and such he showed himself from the outset. His hearers were ignorant, and to some extent devoid of intelligence; they differed in tastes and manners as much as they did in race and condition. Hence he divided them into groups, gave much time to elementary instruction, and insisted on a small number of fundamental truths. He thus averted the danger of those great movements which injure when they fail, and he rendered the impression, to some extent, irresistible."

This was the ordinary mode of procedure of our prudent missionaries, but with that wonderful power of adaptation characteristic of all great apostles from the time of St. Paul down to our own, they swerved on one occasion a little from their usual plan, and resorted to one of those vivid demonstrations that set a whole community in motion. This was at a mission in the district known to the Spaniards as New Salamanca, where a more cultivated and reserved class of people made up the congregation. The exercises opened in the usual calm style of Blessed Charles, but as he proceeded, he tells us, he felt himself impelled by an invisible power, and his thoughts and most effective arguments came to him suddenly and without effort. The effect on his hearers was electrical. Women returned to the ways of modesty and simplicity; men to piety and the practice of the severest penance. At the sight of such great fervor, the holy missionaries resolved to give full vent to their own feelings and those of the people. It was announced that there would be a solemn torchlight procession on the night of St. Barnabas' day, in order to implore of God pardon for their sins and perseverance in their good resolutions. And then occurred one of those scenes which seem so strange to men of the present day, but which were not uncommon in the ages of faith and sturdy Christian mortification.

The procession was composed of all the able-bodied portion of the people. Almost all the men came barefooted, and provided with scourges; some women, veiled to avoid recognition, followed the whole way on their knees, while others filled the air with their cries and lamentations. With these affecting sights and sounds were intermingled from time to time, the voices of children chanting in a mournful tone, "Mercy, Lord Jesus, mercy." The emotion grew more intense, and it overpowered all, the missionaries as well as the people. On re-entering the church, Blessed Charles turned to address a prayer of supplication to Jesus crucified, but his voice was drowned in tears. The people replied by sobs, by protestations of fidelity, by renewed scourgings, till dawn brought to a close this remarkable manifestation of sincere penitence.

But this was not a mere outburst of exaggerated fervor, and the lasting fruits of the mission were not unworthy of the extraordinary demonstration that had accompanied it. Towards the close of the mission, which lasted a whole month, those who returned to the tribunal of Penance had but venial faults with which to accuse themselves. To persevere thus, till death, seemed now easy, and they promised to do so provided some one came once a year to remind them of the truths of salvation. But alas! it was beyond the power of our two missionaries to give any assurance of such provision, and news of the arrival of a fleet of seven vessels bound for Lisbon

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brought to a close their Porto Rican Apostolate.

We cannot follow them in all their subsequent journeyings and misfortunes. Suffice it to say that the vessel, after a brave resistance on the part of the soldiers and sailors, was captured by an English privateer, and all on board brought prisoners to London. Here the two Jesuits, contrary to all expectations, were kindly received, and means were offered them to return to Italy. These they refused, as their hearts were still set on the Japanese mission, and they accordingly set out for Lisbon, which they reached in the disguise of sailors, after a sea voyage of fourteen months. At the beginning of the year 1600, they again set sail for Goa, and after stopping for a time at Malacca and Macao, they finally arrived at Nangasacki, their original destination, in the Spring of 1602. Their journey had thus lasted six years, and the hardships they had endured and the zeal they had exercised during all these weary months, were a fitting preparation for their apostolic labors in Japan itself and the glorious martyrdom with which these labors were crowned.

In the case of the Blessed Jerome there is a special circumstance which evidences his high perfection in the difficult virtue of humility. By some inexplicable mistake, on his first arrival in Lisbon, he was taken by local superiors to be a lay brother of the Society, and not, as he really was, a scholastic upon whom Holy Orders should have been conferred before his departure for the Indies. A word, a reference to the records so carefully preserved in religious orders with regard to the age, qualifications, aptitudes of their members, would have been sufficient to correct the error, but this word he left in his humility unspoken. So it came to pass that it was only after his Brazilian and Porto Rican missions and his London imprisonment, on his return to Lisbon that the mistake was discovered. As the Fathers of the Community gathered around the Blessed Charles Spinola, were congratulating him on the virtue and mental gifts of his young lay brother companion, he made known to them de Angelis' real grade in the Society, and the talent and zeal with which he adorned it. It is needless to add that the Blessed Jerome was at once raised to the priesthood. It may be of interest to note, for those who like to trace the influence exercised through intercourse or example by one holy soul upon another, that Blessed Charles Spinola's spiritual director at Lecce was the Blessed Bernardine Realini, and his fellow-student in the Society at Naples, St. Aloysius Gonzaga. Blessed Charles himself was the chosen patron and model of our own Father Isaac Jogues in his missionary career.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

By P. J. Coleman.

SET her forth to the nation's ken, grimed with the cannon's breath,
She who went with the nation's men into the valley of death,
She who down to the smoke and guns went like the bride of Christ,
Keeping there with the nation's sons Charity's holy tryst.

Saintly and sweet and fair to see, womanhood's queenliest queen,
Crowned with the gems of purity, modest and mild of mien—
Leaders and lords of the nation's ranks, men of the slaying sword,
Have office and pay and the nation's thanks, but she hath never a word.

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She who knelt in the battle's hell, calm 'mid the raging strife,
Bending low where our heroes fell, stanching their ebbing life,
Whispering texts of peace and love, comforting words of light,
Pointing the way to heaven above to the spirit plumed for flight.

She who watched in the fever ship close by the bed of pain,
Cooling the stricken soldier's lips, soothing the tortured brain—
Praise for the men she went to save, but never a word for her,
Never a word for the woman brave—love's merciful minister!

Ribbons and honors of senates and kings, medal and bar and cross,
What are they all but worthless things? what are they all but dross?
Time shall dim them and rust shall wear. She like an angel stands,
The proudest badge that she hath to bear, the crucifix in her hands.

They are sordid things that are bought and sold and measured by yard and scale,
They are vulgar things that are weighed by gold and bartered at price and sale;
Could love be had in the market place, then love were love no more,
But a thing of traffic, the bargain base of chaffering shop and store.

God calleth a man His cause to aid in strenuous hours of need;
The heart of the coward shrinks dismayed, but the hero's heart doth bleed.
We give him a golden gaud for meed, or a star on his breast to shine;
Does the medal repay the hero's deed? Nay, for the deed was divine.

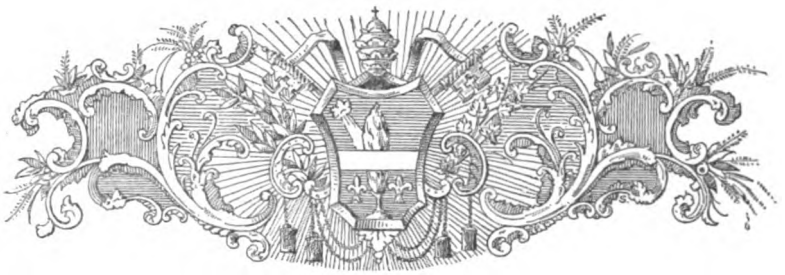
Honor and truth are things above the value of merchandise;
Justice and mercy and faith and love, they cannot be bought for price.
Love giveth and seeketh no reward, it taketh no heed of loss—
She gave her love for the love of the Lord who died for man on the Cross.

"An' ye do it unto the least of these ye do it to Me," He said,
And the maiden rose from her life of ease and went where the Master led.
Into the flame of the lurid guns hastened the bride of Christ,
Keeping there with the nation's sons Charity's noble tryst.

Triumphs and trophies shall fade and fall, wither like worthless things;
One deed of mercy outshineth all the pageant and pomp of kings.
Down in the battery's blazing hell, calm 'mid the raging strife,
Lo! she knelt where our heroes fell, stanching their ebbing life.

Set her forth to the nation's ken, grimed with the cannon's breath—
She who went with the nation's men into the valley of death.
Leaders and lords have honors to wear——She like an angel stands,
The proudest badge that she hath to bear, the crucifix in her hands.

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For Souls in Affliction.

General Intention for March, 1899.

Recommended to our prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

THE proper prayer to make for souls in affliction is that God should come to their relief either by removing the cause of their sorrow, or what is better still, help them to suffer it with true Christian patience and courage. Indeed, since suffering is the common lot of our humanity, it is futile on our part to pray that we may escape entirely, but, since our nature rebels against it and sinks in despair under its weight, we must call on God to enable us to meet and support it bravely. We need His supporting arm even when all seems well with us. How much more we must lean on it when suffering comes to make us sensible of our infirmity!

The subject is not an agreeable one, but it is of all subjects the most useful and salutary, to know how to relieve, or better endure our sufferings, and turn them to our advantage, and what may sound paradoxical, even to our happiness.

To many the very name of suffering is odious, and they close their ears to it just as they avert their gaze from the sight of it. The mere apprehension or imagination of some possible affliction often causes them more intense grief than the affliction itself. They strive to convince themselves that the miseries that try our race need not and should not exist, they speculate as to their cause and invent silly theories to show how they might be lessened and entirely avoided. They do not realize that in stopping one cause of affliction, they are only opening others, as when to ease some physical pain they resort to unlawful practices and bring on moral disorder and all the suffering that follows in its train. They pretend that the enumerations and descriptions of human sorrows are exaggerated and end by deluding themselves with the belief that by cultivating the principles of the epicurean they can lead a calm, passionless, undisturbed, impassible and unregretful existence, or at least, like the stoic, balance sorrow with joy, and find for every human affliction some human remedy or recompense.

It is the attempt to give expression to these theories that may be aptly termed the world's philosophy of pain. Its first principle is: suffering is the only evil of our humanity. Its maxims are: avoid suffering above all things; get rid of it at any cost; do nothing for others that may cause you to suffer, but do not spare others when you need relief; indulge in any human gratification that can dull mind or sense to pain; better no life at all than a life spent in affliction without prospect of relief or recompense. And so suicides multiply daily, and the newspapers tell how coolly and cunningly they make away with themselves. And who

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will reckon the number of moral suicides who have fallen into despair in the vain effort to escape from suffering, and live on from day to day as it were, lifeless, without energy, without courage, without patience, a burden to themselves and those about them!

The world's philosophy of pain is crude and ineffectual, but still it influences our press, as is evident from our books and newspapers, and our systems of philanthropy, so many of which aim at relieving suffering without conceiving that in most cases it is more practical to make the afflicted endure it than to seek relief from it. A material age, moreover, makes no account of spiritual afflictions. Health, home, and enough to wear, are its essentials for happiness, and its remedies for human distress. Money and all the resources of human ingenuity are devoted to discovering new treatment of disease, and to providing shelter and comfort for the body. Buildings are erected to harbor all the various forms of human misery, and a gay world is only too glad to support them if only they will keep the spectacle of suffering from its eyes. For many of our Samaritans the outward appearances of suffering are more distressing than the internal grief, and they are superficial enough to imagine that they can finally cure all human ills by offering the needed assistance without removing the cause.

It is not fair to complain of any degree of human charity which is based on any worthy motive, and we must applaud every honest attempt to relieve human suffering; but we must condemn the false theories which make our afflictions wholly unendurable when they cannot be relieved. There can be no true philosophy of pain save that which Christ taught by example more than by word. Human theories cannot inspire us even with courage enough to admit the truth that our lot is necessarily one of suffering in body and soul. It seems strange that we should have to repeat this or need any proof of it, born as we are with a cry of pain on our lips and destined to die, after a lifelong experience in suffering of one kind or another, either with a sigh of relief that the end has at last come, or of grief that we must go down to the grave without ever having tasted even life's innocent pleasures unalloyed with pain. It requires the courage born of faith to admit the very simplest fact in the true philosophy of pain, that we are all doomed to suffer, everywhere and at all times, in body and soul; and it is only the wisdom born of faith that can keep us from rebelling against this fact and make us appreciate how good it is for us to endure our sufferings, and how easy it is to turn them to our benefit and even to our happiness.

In his admirable work on "The Apostleship of Suffering," Father Lyonnard includes in the term suffering: "Whatever sad and painful events are appointed unto man to endure in the course of his mortal life. Thus, illness, reverse of fortune, loss of property and relations, the unfaithfulness of friends, domestic griefs, public calamities and national visitations, persecutions, the difficulties inseparable from the pursuit of virtue, the practice of Christian mortification, desolation, sadness, our last agony, our death, in a word, all those troubles which wring so many deep sighs from the heart of man, and such bitter tears from his eyes, this is what we call *suffering*."

The category is long enough and the vocabulary required to express all the degrees and variations of each of these forms of suffering is most extensive, and unfortunately very familiar to every human being. Men commonly love to dwell with a morbid interest on their bodily ailments and spiritual afflictions, and those persons generally suffer most who nurse their grief in silence and seek no commiseration from others. Whether communicative or not, each one has a sad story to tell; no one can hope to escape; relieved from one suffering, we are immediately confronted by another. How

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oolish it is to deny the existence or the necessity of suffering! How vain to hope to endure it simply because we must do so, or because others suffer as well as ourselves!

How ridiculous to look for comfort in the false notion that we suffer only what we have brought upon ourselves, as if we are not often tried by sufferings that others cause us without blame on our part!

Sufferings come to us from God, not that He delights in our pain, but because our patient, and sometimes our heroic endurance of pain is very pleasing to Him; and it pleases Him because it is the perfect service which more than any other expiates our sins. When all is well with us, it costs us nothing to profess our belief in God; when suffering comes, our imaginations are disturbed, our minds are darkened and our wills enfeebled; nature rebels, and is tempted, with holy Job, to cry out and to impute injustice to its Creator, and even to blaspheme Him. To submit to God's will in suffering, is, therefore, the most perfect acknowledgment we can give of His right to rule us as He pleases, and above all, of His right to exact from us some reparation for our sins. In our present state of trial, and of reparation for sins, original and actual, affliction of spirit, or contrition, as it is called, should be the habitual disposition of our souls, and if this is sincere, we should cheerfully embrace every affliction that God sends us, to try the truth of our professions that we shall willingly bear the punishments we have deserved for our sins, and undergo any suffering, even death itself, rather than displease Him by grievous sin.

Besides expiating our sins, suffering prevents us from committing sin, from adding sin to sin. Not only does it keep us remote from dangerous occasions, but it chastens our thoughts and our violent passions, and above all it humbles our pride, the root of every sin. Moreover it detaches us from earth and its false and fleeting joys and makes us long for heaven where all is true and solid. It makes us compassionate and less selfish. We are more disposed to sympathize with others and relieve their sufferings, when we have experienced them ourselves. Finally, suffering makes us like Christ, who has suffered for us even unto death. He is the pattern shown to us on the Mount, raised aloft on the Cross, whom "it behooved to suffer," that He might enter into His glory, and make the way by which we should follow, so that if we should be partakers with Him in sorrow, we may also, by virtue of His sorrows, be sharers in His joy. For His sufferings were undergone not only for an example, but for our salvation; His blood was the price of our redemption.

This is the only way of regarding suffering which is worthy of a Christian and of a disciple of Jesus Crucified. "The peculiar characteristic of the Gospel dispensation," observes Bossuet, as quoted by Father Lyonnard, "is the necessity of bearing the Cross. The Cross is the true trial of faith, the only sure foundation of our hope, the perfection of charity; in a word, it is the path to heaven. Jesus Christ died upon the Cross; He bore His Cross all His life long; it is by the way of the Cross He bids us follow Him, and He offers us eternal life on this condition alone. . . . There is great truth in the words of St. Cyprian, 'Sufferings are the wings with which I take my flight to heaven.'" The sufferings of a Christian are rightly termed the Cross, for all others must suffer as well as he; nay, his very enemies and persecutors really suffer more, and without relief or hope, but he alone cheerfully accepts suffering as the chastisement for sin and its acceptable expiation, the lot of his Master and the one way of salvation.

By an infinite condescension on the part of Jesus Christ we can unite our slightest suffering with His passion and death; nay, only in virtue of this union can our sufferings be accept-

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able to His Eternal Father, or His sufferings be salutary for us. This is the Christian philosophy of pain: We fill up by our sufferings those things which are wanting in the sufferings of Christ in the flesh. Mean as our afflictions may seem, despised and outcast as they may render us in the eyes of men, they are still the affliction of the members of Christ, and as it were the continuation or supplement of His own sufferings. This is the spirit in which we should accept them, and pray that all human beings should learn to accept them. What an immense consolation would this spirit on our part be to Christ our Lord; what an endless comfort to ourselves. How tenderly and sympathetically it would unite us with Him in purpose and in sentiment *and fill up the things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ!* How bold and how incredible unless He had condescended to accept our poor sufferings and unite them with his own. Every day we offer our prayers, works and *sufferings;* every day we pray for those *in affliction*, and daily so many millions are suffering keenly and in need of our prayers, the dying, the sick, the needy, the crippled, the troubled in spirit, the persecuted, the souls in anguish and despair. And they may not all be released from their sufferings; but all may be aided to endure them. And all can be taught to suffer for Christ's sake, and in union with Him, to their own great consolation and to His glory and the good of so many souls.

JESSIE.

A Memory.

By E. McAuliffe.

"There is mourning on earth, let the angels rejoice,
To welcome among them this new seraph voice;
And in praise of their Queen, their golden harps tune,
Who gave to the prayer of her earth-weary one
Not the glimpse that she asked in the vision of night,
But the fulness, the bliss of the regions of light!"

SHE was altogether the most beautiful little creature I had ever seen. Her form was perfect symmetry, her movements the very poetry of motion, her face the embodiment of purity and innocence; delicately tinted cheeks, soft and round as an infant's, a pert little nose, and a tiny mouth whose smiles were constantly revealing the pearls inside the coral gates. Her eyes were of the deepest blue, shaded by long dark lashes; and her abundant hair, the golden hue that Titian loved to depict.

I had left my New York home to seek a much needed rest and quiet, in a convent in a distant city; it was there I met the subject of my sketch. She told me her history at our first meeting; tired of waiting for the slow process of the doctor's cure, she came to the convent to make a *novena* to the Saint whose relic was enshrined there, and through whose intercession many miracles had been wrought. She had persuaded her Protestant husband to allow her to come, as she knew that her cough would be cured in no other way, and the good husband brought her, and left her with the heavenly-looking nuns. Their little home was dismantled, all the pretty furniture sent to the storage warehouse, and her baby-boy, her treasure, was cared for by her husband's parents, who lived in a small town at the distance of an hour's railway journey from the convent.

She was full of hope, and plans for the

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future ; she chatted away with the most charming *naiveté* ; nothing could give an idea of the animation of her manners or the mobility of expression in her sweet face.

" Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Then every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast."

Once, when she was speaking so confidently of being cured, I said, "You know you must submit yourself entirely to the will of God, and be satisfied with whatever He appoints for you ;" and she replied : "Oh, I *will* be satisfied, I *will* submit to God's will in everything; only *I want to be cured*, you know." She said it in such a way, as though she could not believe it possible that God could refuse to grant her request.

She was so young, and so fond of life, and all the sweets of life ; her gaiety was irrepressible, a well-spring of fun was perpetually bubbling up within her. When she would be well, her husband, she told me, was going to get her a wheel; her sister had one, and why shouldn't she ?

Jessie's parents were well-to-do business people, in a large city in the northern part of the State. Her father had been dead some years, but her mother carried on the business ; she was a bright woman, bright and hard as the gold she loved so much. When her daughters had had as much schooling as she thought necessary, she insisted on their going to business, as she would not have them leading idle lives, and squandering the money that she had toiled to make. Jessie learned telegraphy, and her mother got her a position in the best hotel in her native city, and there she sat in a glass-case, a vision of beauty.

Now it chanced one day a tall, handsome youth, who was a guest at the hotel, came to the telegraph office. He was a commercial traveller, not much older than herself, and the first glance of Jessie's blue eyes made him her captive. He was not slow in telling her the state of the case, and she promptly said: "You must come and see Mamma." So he called and saw Mamma in her elegant home, and asked permission to cultivate the affections of the little girl. Mamma's answer was a very decided "no;" the child was too young, and, besides, she would never consent to her marrying a Protestant. He persisted in his attentions, and, without Mamma's consent, they were married. I asked her if she was very much in love with him on such a slight acquaintance, and she said: "Oh, no, but it was such fun to be married before my older sisters, and he is so good and kind that it was not long until I adored him." Then, about the cough, I said: "How did you get that cough ?" She laughed gaily, as at some pleasant recollection, and said: "I'll tell you. When we were first married I used to travel everywhere with my husband, and once we were in Buffalo in the Winter, when the snow covered everything, and nothing was talked of but tobogganing at Niagara Falls, so we made up a party and went to Niagara. It was not far from Buffalo; and how lovely the snow was! Oh! how glad I am that I had that toboggan-slide; you couldn't imagine anything more delightful. But, after sliding down, we had to walk up through the deep snow, and I didn't mind it at the time, but when we got home my feet were cold and damp, and I have been coughing ever since. But I am glad I had the slide; it was lovely." I remember one day her husband brought a carriage to take her to his mother's to see her boy. It was a bright sunny day. The snow lay deep on all the roads; in front of the convent it was knee-deep. When Jessie went down, instead of using the carriage step she plunged into the snow and ran around to the other side and got in there, waving her hand at me where I stood in the window watching, and laughing merrily at the disapproval in my face. When her novena was fin-

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ished her cough was not cured; the Heavenly Father had something better in store for her. She was not in the least discouraged, but decided to begin another and yet another.

She came about Christmas-time, and after the holidays her husband had to leave her, to make a business trip to distant States. He returned at the end of two months, and it was painful to witness his agony when he saw the ravages which the dread disease had made in his beautiful wife in that short period. Not that her beauty was in the least impaired, but she was weaker and much wasted, the hectic on her cheek was more intense, her eye burned with a more dazzling brilliancy. It was plain to the eyes of love that the end was near. Her life in the convent was a life of perfect happiness, surrounded by the ministering angels who watched and tended her, who vied with each other in caring for her; it was an atmosphere of purest love, a foretaste of what awaited her beyond.

Day by day she grew more ethereal. She spent hours before the Blessed Sacrament; she frequently approached the Holy Table, but still the hope of recovery was strong in her bosom. "In the Summer," she would say, "when I am well, we will take a furnished cottage at Round Lake, and I will have my baby; and then, you know, his play won't make my head ache, for I will be well."

When March came there were several consultations among the sisters as to who could tell her the dreadful *fiat*. Everyone shrank from the task, they all loved her so much, it seemed too cruel to snatch away the hope that buoyed her up. The good chaplain took it on himself, and we were in a state of breathless anxiety to know how she would take it. Her illness had never depressed her spirits, there was no gloom or sadness about it, she was always a sunbeam, and the holiness of her surroundings, the daily and hourly converse with those angelic beings who devote their lives to the care of souls, had so permeated her whole being, that, unknown to herself, she was ready. She received her sentence as a new joy. When I saw her she was radiant, smiling as of old, but now the smile had something of heaven in its beam. She spoke no more of toboggan slides, or wheels; she remembered them no more; God had wonderfully prepared her for Himself. Her words were: "I am going to Jesus! I am going to Jesus!" She never looked back to earth, her march was forward. She told me that her husband had promised to bring up their boy a Catholic, and to seek instruction himself in the doctrine of the Church, and so her happiness was complete.

One evening I was called to her room; it was for a farewell. She was propped up with pillows, looking lovelier than ever, her husband sat on the edge of the bed, and was just handing her a tiny cup of coffee. "Is it sweet enough, darling?" he said; "Love, it is delicious," she answered. She looked from him to me, smiling as usual. Her face was now ecstatic, and addressing me by name, she repeated: "I am going to Jesus! What will I ask for you?" With a great effort controlling my emotion, I gave her my request, and soon withdrew, praising the Good Shepherd who so tenderly handled this delicate lamb.

Mother Superior and several of the sisters remained up all night watching and praying with her. When morning dawned:

"A spirit unfettered had winged its glad flight
To bask in the sunshine of heavenly light."
"Weep not for her! She is an angel now,

* * * * * * *

Victorious over death, to her appear
The vista'd joys of Heaven's eternal year:
Weep not for her!" (*Noctes Ambrosianæ.*)

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AN OLD FALLACY.

DR. Welldon, an Anglican bishop from Calcutta, whose name by no means accords with his reasoning, has been raising again the oft-repeated cry about the superiority of Protestant countries, and his remarks have called forth a discussion in the columns of the *Spectator*. This is one of the shallowest arguments ever brought against the Church. Stripped of the rhetorical drapery in which it usually disguises itself, it may be plainly stated as follows: Protestant countries prosper and Catholic countries do not; therefore, Protestantism is the true religion.

This argument is false in fact and false in principle.

If we call a country Catholic when the majority of its people are Catholic, Protestant when the majority of its people are Protestant, etc., then of the six great Powers of Europe at the present time three are Catholic (Austria, France and Italy), one is Catholic in all but obedience to the Pope (Russia), and only two are Protestant (England and Germany). The greatest power in Europe at the present moment is not England, but Russia, and England frankly confesses her inability to cope with Russia without the aid of an ally. As for Germany, one-third of the Empire, and that, too, the most prosperous portion of it, is Catholic. The German Empire is simply a confederation of States loosely held together, and if the Catholic States were to drop out to-morrow, Germany would at once fall from the proud position she occupies. The United States professes a vague and undetermined Christianity, while the majority of its people are unbaptized, doubt or deny the divinity of Christ, scarcely believe in the existence of God, in a word may be properly classed with such pagans as Cicero and multitudes of others who had no more faith in the false gods of their fellow countrymen than we have. There is no more prosperous country in the world today than Belgium. There the arts, manufactures, commerce, mining and agriculture, all flourish, education is up to the highest standard, poverty is rare, pauperism is unknown. And Belgium is a thoroughly Catholic country.

But, it is urged, Italy, Austria, France, and we may add Spain, seem to be on the verge of revolution and disruption, while there is no such danger in England. There certainly *is* such danger in Germany. There socialism is gaining strength every day, and the government is forced to acknowledge that there is no power able to resist it, except the Catholic Church. So Dr. Welldon's great argument reduces to a hurrah for England against the world, and even then it rests on the shifting sands of political prophecy. Catholic countries are sure to perish, England is going to rule the world. Therefore, Protestantism is the true religion.

Now, if we turn to Englishmen themselves and ask them whether their country is a Protestant one, we hear a very large portion of the National Church shouting at the top of their voices, that their religion is not Protestant—never was Protestant—is only a branch of the Catholic Church. But turning a deaf ear to those protestations and granting that England is as Protestant as Protestant can be, we should like to inquire, if we have not as good a right to prophesy as Dr. Welldon and his associates. Now history tells us that Austria, Italy, France and Spain have more than once passed through revolutions and periods of humiliation, and have emerged from them prosperous and triumphant. They are not dead but diseased. They were great and glorious when they listened to the counsels of the Church. And when they shall have purged away the leprosy of atheism and liberalism, which is the cause of their present evils, they will be

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great and glorious once more. Are there no Protestant countries that have declined? Is Sweden what it was when Gustavus Adolphus swept like a whirlwind upon the German Empire, or when Charles XII. dazzled Europe with his brilliant victories? Is Holland what it was, when it ruled New York and South Africa besides all its Eastern Colonies, when it defeated the Spaniards at the height of their power and disputed the empire of the seas with England herself?

So much for the facts. Now what is the principle underlying this precious argument? Here it is in one sentence: That is the true religion, which can boast that the nations professing it hold the supremacy in worldly prosperity. Now at the time when Christ came upon earth and for three centuries afterwards, the Roman Empire held sovereign sway over the whole civilized world. And it so happened that, owing to the moral corruption which had long been preying upon its vitals, this great Empire began to decay just about the time when the Emperors embraced Christianity. The Roman pagans did not fail to avail themselves of our modern Protestant argument. "The Empire," they said, "was prosperous when it worshipped the gods; now that it has become Christian, it is a wreck. Therefore Christianity cannot be the true religion." These were the men whom St. Augustine refutes in his work called *The City of God.* The next great power to appear on the scene was the Empire of Mahomet, or if we confine ourselves to Christendom, it was the Empire of Charlemagne, which, under the name of the German Empire, continued all through the Middle Ages, to consider itself the right arm of the Catholic Church, its monarchs receiving their crown from the Pope himself. In Luther's day its Emperor, Charles V., united under his sway, Holland, Belgium and Spain, with the immense colonies she then possessed. Next comes the Spanish supremacy under Philip II. Next, the French under Louis XIV., and it was only after the fall of Napoleon in the present century that England might hope to be looked upon as the first nation in Europe. England's claim to supremacy has never been undisputed. It is far from being undisputed to-day.

To sum up, according to this pious principle, the true religion must have been heathenism in the time of our Lord, Mahometanism at least up to the reign of Charlemagne, Catholicity in the days of Luther and the two succeeding centuries. Protestantism it never could have been because no Protestant nation has ever held undisputed preëminence over the others. At present we should be hesitating between the Russian Orthodox Schism and the Anglican City of Confusion, and finally, if America, pursuing her policy of expansion, should become the dominant power in the world, the true religion would be that professed by the great majority of Americans—that is to say, no religion at all.

The *Spectator* remarks in reviewing the discussion: "Pagans steeped to the lips in evil doctrines grow as rich under British protection as Englishmen themselves. Is it the truth of their faith that makes the Parsees one of the most prosperous of communities, or is it their own energy and industry and love of acquiring cash? It seems to us that a religion is degraded, not elevated, when we try it by a test, the logical conclusion of which is that the Apostles ought to have developed into Ministers of State. . . . Does the Protestant accumulate faster than the Jew, or conquer more rapidly than Alexander, Napoleon, or Pizarro?"

If any of our readers would like to go further into this question we would recommend to them the excellent work of the Paulist Father, Rev. Alfred Young, entitled *Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared.*

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EDITORIAL.

FAITH ABOVE REASON.

From Protestant pulpit and secular magazine we have heard all manner of complaint about the failure of the sects to inculcate religious doctrine or principle. From many of them we have heard tributes to certain familiar tenets of our own, such as our veneration of the Blessed Virgin and the necessity of a religious ritual, which not long since were commonly denounced by them as idolatrous. From some we have had the satisfaction to hear our characteristic marks, such as our unity and Catholicity, recommended if not admitted, and our claim to have a divinely-appointed teaching body supported and contrasted with the futile endeavors of sects and so-called churches which are striving to replace their outworn biblical catechisms by doctrinal primers, and to maintain a court of appeals to settle disputed questions. It is common even for some Catholics to express surprise that so many intelligent men should admit so much and not embrace all we believe. If correct perception and even strong conviction were enough, no well-educated mind could honestly reject our doctrines. But something more is needed: correctness of perception and strength of conviction are only human helps to faith, either by disposing us to believe or by confirming our belief. Faith is a divinely-infused virtue, by which our intellect is enabled to grasp truth altogether above its natural powers; human knowledge may dispose us to accept it, but even knowledge may often beget, or at least exist with, other dispositions and habits that make us reject it.

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

Bishop Spaulding's address on "Woman and Higher Education," delivered a few weeks ago in Washington for the benefit of the new Trinity College, is a remarkable and powerful utterance which cannot be too highly commended. Its close logical reasoning, profound and varied knowledge and erudition, and the literary form into which these are cast, make of it the strongest plea for the higher education of woman that has been yet made in this country. Incidentally, it will go far towards removing the prejudice which may exist against this upward movement. Bishop Spaulding's "New Woman" is not the faddish, ungentle, dogmatic and affected creature which we are wont to fancy as the resultant of the combined forces of higher education, but one whose womanly qualities of heart are to remain unimpaired, while her powers of mind, strengthened and developed, will enable her to fulfill, in a nobler and more efficient way, her duties as wife and mother. That our Sisterhoods are competent to encompass this double end, the bishop seems to have no doubt. "Of the education they give to girls, it is not necessary to speak in praise. Their success in cultivating the virtues which are a woman's glory, lacking which no degree of mental culture can make her beneficent and de-

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lightful, puremindedness, modesty, patience, piety, reverence, gentleness, amiability and helpfulness, is conceded by friend and foe. On this foundation must we build if we would raise woman's mind to the ethereal heights of intellectual truth and splendor, without the loss of her heart of goodness and love. It is from this foundation that Trinity College shall rise." Did space permit, or were it not already in the hands of many of our readers through the intelligent editing of our Catholic weeklies, we would give Bishop Spaulding's lecture in full. We most earnestly recommend its reading to all who are interested in higher education, whether for men or women, since many of the principles it lays down are equally applicable to the education and educators of either sex.

THE CHURCH AND THE INDIAN.

Lower as distinguished from higher education, is the theme of another Western bishop, and Bishop McGolrick's words on what Catholic priests and sisters have done and are still doing in his diocese for the poorest and neediest of God's children, the Indians, should find an echo in every honest heart. "The Nation's Wards,"—what a misnomer the title has become,—are by legislative enactment to be brought up without religion, because a majority of our national representatives would rather see, as the Bishop puts it, the Indian damned than that he should be saved by Catholic influence. And yet, as Senator Vest of Missouri has more than once declared, "the only schools that have ever done the Indian any good are those conducted by the religious." Proof evident of this is to be found in the statistics concerning the Chippewa Indians in the diocese of Duluth. Out of a total of 10,416, 5,755 are Catholics, 4,196 pagans and 465 Protestants. The priests among them speak and write the Chippewa language, and the children in the sisters' schools are well-instructed in Christian doctrine, leading pious, even holy lives, and not likely to suffer by comparison with well-educated white people. Bishop McGolrick's remedy for existing evils is to place the reservations under the management of army officers graduated from West Point, who, he bears testimony, are men free from the taint of bigotry and prejudice, and above taking advantage of the weakness and ignorance of the red man.

A UNIVERSITY FOR IRISH CATHOLICS.

A Catholic University for Ireland after long years of waiting and parliamentary debate, seems now about to become an existing reality. Cablegrams to the daily press announce that Mr. Balfour has introduced a bill to this effect, and although we have not yet learned on this side of the ocean just what are its provisions, or whether it is wholly acceptable to the Irish Members, it is fair to conclude that it will be free from the objectionable features of previous legislation. Mr. Balfour has more than once put himself on record as favoring this tardy act of justice, and we call to mind in this connection his remarkable utterance about this time last year, that "it filled him with dismay that Parliament should tamely acquiesce in a condition of things which practically and substantially deprives two-thirds of the population of Ireland of higher educational advantages."

NOT STRICTLY A CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

What Mr. Balfour has stated in general terms, the learned and eloquent Bishop of Limerick, a foe, as he declares himself, to glittering generalities, has set down in precise figures in the January number of *The Nineteenth Century*. "Making all due allowance for our poverty," he writes, "and our consequent inability to maintain our youth in large numbers at a University, there can be no question that the one hundred Catholic students of Trinity College, who are the only members of our Church who receive a University education in any true sense, are an altogether insufficient re-

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presentation of nearly four millions of Catholics." This much for the justice of their claim, and he goes on to point out how moderate and how far short of what they might rightly ask are the demands of the Irish Catholics. There is to be no State endowment of religion, no public funds will be applied to denominational purposes, a majority of the Governing Board may be laymen, and the advantages of the new university will be open to all irrespective of religious belief. To quote the Bishop of Limerick, an institution constituted under such conditions "cannot be regarded as a Catholic University in any true sense of the name. And for us Irish Catholics it is only too painfully clear how far we have been driven by the exactions of our religious opponents from the attainment of our own ideals. In a Catholic University the authority of the Pope would be supreme, and would reach directly or indirectly to every part of its organization, and guide and inform its operations." The demand is, then, for "the establishment by a Protestant Parliament of a University for teaching secular knowledge on such conditions as will render it at least tolerable for Catholics. We simply ask that it shall have a Catholic atmosphere, and not be positively offensive to our belief and sentiments. For this reason the very name Catholic University is rather inaccurate. A University for Catholics is a much more correct description of what we now seek."

THE REAL NEED OF IT.

But are the youth of Ireland prepared to avail themselves of the advantages of a University education? This question is answered by the London *Spectator* with a most emphatic affirmative. In a letter from Mr. Edmund Dease on Lord Beaconsfield and University Education in Ireland, to which is appended an editorial note of approbation, the writer quotes the great Conservative leader's admission of the justice of Ireland's claims and his prophecy that the day would come when Government would endow an Irish Catholic University. He then calls attention to the great success recently achieved by University College, Dublin, under the charge of the Jesuits, which has taken first place in the annual conferring of degrees and honors last last October. The measure and extent of this success may be judged from the subjoined comparative table, and is further enhanced by the fact that the closest competitor to the Jesuit institution is the richly Government-endowed Queen's College, Belfast, and that University College has no such endowment.

1897-1898.	Honors and Exhibitions		Scholarships	Studentships	Fellowships	TOTAL
	1st Class	2d Class				
University College, Dublin ..	13	4	3	1	1	22
Queen's College, Belfast.....	14	6	1	1	1	23
Queen's College, Galway.....	..	3	..	1	..	4
Queen's College, Cork.....	..	2	1	..	..	3
Victoria College, Belfast.....	..	4	..	..	..	4
Clonliffe College.....	..	4	..	..	..	4
Loreto College, Dublin.....	2	..	..	..	..	2
St. Mary's College, Dublin...	..	..	1	..	..	1

We now give the results of the combined Summer and Autumn examinations in so far as represented by the Honors, Exhibitions, and other prizes :—

University College, Dublin ..	35	37	3	1	1	77
Queen's College, Belfast.....	25	37	1	1	1	65
Alexandra College	13	25	..	..	..	38
St. Mary's College, Dublin ...	13	7	1	..	..	21
Loreto College, Dublin	6	10	..	..	..	16
Queen's College, Galway	4	9	..	1	..	14
Blackrock College.....	2	7	..	..	..	9
Magee College.....	3	4	..	..	..	7
Clonliffe College	..	4	..	..	..	4
Victoria College, Belfast.....	..	4	..	..	..	4
Campbell College, Belfast	..	3	..	..	..	3
Queen's College, Cork.....	..	2	1	..	..	3
Rockwell College	..	2	1	..	..	3
St. Colman's College, Newry..	1	1	..	..	..	2

It will be seen by these figures that, as regards the first prizes of the University—the Fellowships and Studentships—University College, Dublin, and Queen's College, Belfast, hold equal rank. As regards the other distinctions, University College is beyond all its competitors. The complete list of the University Honors, show that University College has succeeded in winning five out of the seven First-class Exhibitions awarded at the B.A. examinations, that it holds first and second places in mathemati-

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cal science, first and second places in ancient classics, first place in history and political economy, and first place in modern literature.

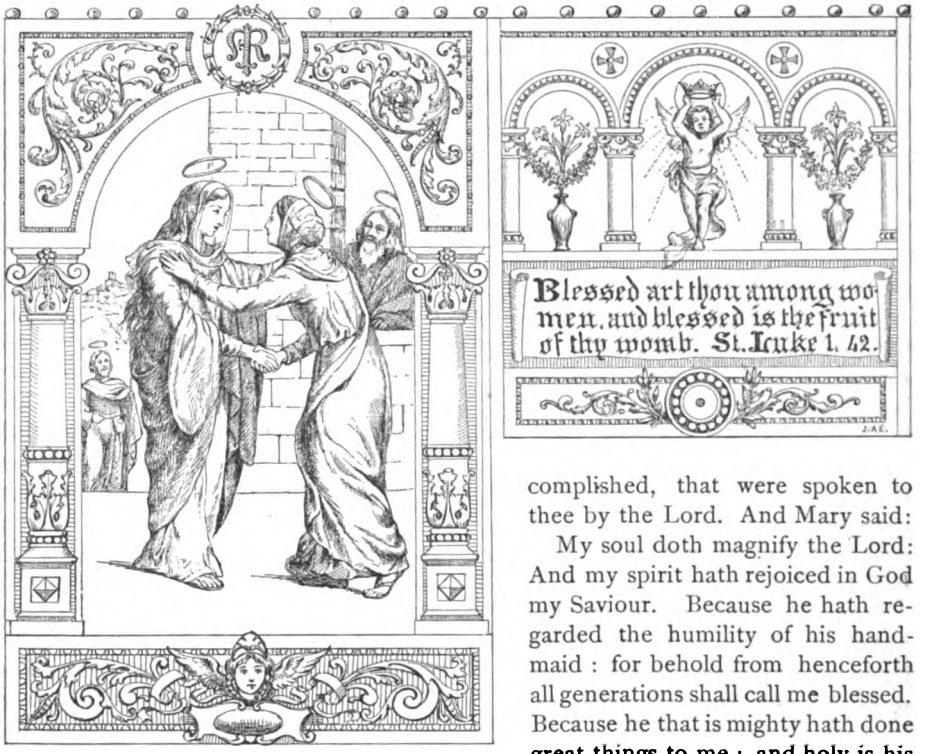
PETITION OF CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND.

A most gratifying and encouraging feature of the movement now on foot is the hearty and unanimous coöperation of the Catholics of England as voiced by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and the other English bishops. A petition to the Marquis of Salisbury has been issued in their name to be read in all the Catholic churches of the land and signed by all the prominent members of their respective congregations. The letter of Cardinal Vaughan which accompanies it is a short but masterly presentation of the case, and its concluding words should remain forever memorable. "While many enlightened and leading English Protestants are fully prepared to grant the educational claims made for Ireland, it would be strange indeed if any lukewarmness could be found among the Catholics of England in forwarding such a cause. We are too closely united by ties of affection and blood with the ancient Irish Church, which has maintained the faith untarnished through centuries of untold suffering, not to be deeply interested in everything that concerns its welfare."

DIVORCE IN FRANCE.

Side by side with the undoubted Catholic revival now making such progress in France, an evidence of which is furnished by the able article in the present MESSENGER, there still remains grave cause for fear in the ever growing laxity in the matter of the marriage bond. The *Figaro* and the *Univers* of Paris furnish statistics which are truly startling with regard to the increase in the number of judicial divorces throughout France and especially in Paris. In the year 1897 no less than 7,460 divorces were granted by the courts as against 2,950 in 1886. The intervening decade of years is marked by a steady and constant increase, and it is to be borne in mind that the term divorce is here employed in contradiction to a legal separation, and that no account is taken of divorces or separations by private mutual agreement. In Paris alone the percentage is one divorce for every fifteen married couples. But it is not merely the number but the celerity and facility with which such divorces are granted that should fill all honest people with alarm. The 4th Chamber of the Tribunal of the Seine which is charged with the hearing of all matrimonial and accident cases—a significant combination—in a session lasting only four hours granted 294 divorces, or in other words, at the rate of a divorce in less than a minute. All these divorces are given gratis, and the steps leading up to them are taken with an expedition that distances the most rapid motion of our Western divorce mills. The complaining party makes known his grievance to a police captain, who delegates one of his subalterns to make inquiries among the neighboring gossips, who quite naturally tell whatever comes in their heads. His report is then presented to the court to be signed, and all is over. A family has been broken up. The man makes his way to a public house, the woman often to haunts of misery, if not of sin, and the children, if any, God only knows where, ultimately perhaps to the prison, or to grow up to imitate the bad example set them by their parents. It is consoling, however, to note that the evil has not yet spread to the mountain districts where Catholic faith and Catholic traditions are still preserved. In this same year, 1897, fourteen departments together had not more than twenty divorces to record. The "Department de la Lozère" in particular, with a record of 842 marriages celebrated, had only one divorce.

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THE VISITATION.

OUR Blessed Lady having heard from the angel Gabriel how her cousin St. Elizabeth had become a mother in her old age, set out at once to visit and assist her. According to St. Luke: "And Mary rising up in those days went unto the hill country with haste into a city of Juda:

And she entered into the house of Zachary and saluted Elizabeth.

And it came to pass that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the infant leaped in her womb, and Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost.

And she cried out with a loud voice, and said: Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.

And whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me?

For behold as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy.

And blessed art thou that hast believed because those things shall be accomplished, that were spoken to thee by the Lord. And Mary said:

My soul doth magnify the Lord: And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Because he hath regarded the humility of his handmaid: for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. Because he that is mighty hath done great things to me; and holy is his name. And his mercy is from generation unto generation to them that fear him.

He hath showed might in his arm: he hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble.

He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent away empty. He hath received Israel his servant, being mindful of his mercy.

As he spoke to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed forever.

And Mary abode with her about three months, and she returned to her own house."

In this mystery, at the coming of the Son of God and at the voice of His mother, the infant St. John is cleansed from original sin and sanctified before his birth. Elizabeth repeats the words of Gabriel and teaches us how to pay homage to the Mother of God. And Mary pours forth her sublime canticle of thanksgiving for the Incarnation.

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The feast of the Holy Name, January 15, was the occasion of a grand public demonstration to honor and praise that name "at which every knee should bend," by the Catholics of Albany. It was held in the Leland Opera House of that city, and the resolutions adopted will make themselves felt in the state capital and beyond. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested, and many useful and practical suggestions were made by the different speakers. The exercises appropriately closed by the entire audience joining in singing the hymn, "Holy God we praise Thy Name."

The organization of the Solemn Homage with which, at the wish of the Pope, it is proposed to celebrate throughout the world the close of the present and the opening of the next century, is being rapidly pushed forward under the energetic direction of Cardinal Jacobini. Our own country is not behind others in the work of immediate preparation. The Bishop of Brooklyn has ordered missions to be given in all the churches of his diocese, and there comes to us from San Francisco a most valuable pamphlet entitled, "Suggestions as to the Manner of Preparing for the Solemn Homage to be Paid to Our Lord Jesus Christ." Pastors who have not yet formulated definite plans in this connection, could not do better than read this little book. It is compiled by a zealous Director of the Apostleship of Prayer, Rev. H. J. Woods, S.J., to whom Archbishop Riordan has entrusted the charge of the Homage for the Archdiocese of San Francisco. The importance of the work, practical suggestions for carrying it on in churches, societies, colleges and schools, the manner of joining in a spiritual pilgrimage to the Holy Land, etc., are some of the headings of its pregnant chapters and paragraphs, while an appendix with a list of sermons suitable for the Sundays of Preparation, and public prayers for these same Sundays, make of this pamphlet in some sense a Handbook of the Solemn Homage. The suggestions for the guidance of societies are especially good, and we take pleasure in giving them in full :

Every Sodality or Society connected with any church, should give in its formal adhesion to the work to the person authorized to receive it, to be forwarded to the International Committee. It then becomes the duty of such Sodality or Society to have its own work permeated with this spirit of preparation. Thus, *Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin* will strive after regularity of attendance at meetings and Communions ; a solid devotion to Christ the King and to Mary the Mother of the King ; and directors will make it a point to foster this. *Christian Doctrine Societies* should labor to imbue children with an intense personal love of Christ and of the Church His Spouse, which He purchased with His precious Blood. *Reading Circles and Literary Societies* should direct their studies to the foundation and growth of Christ's Kingdom, its conflicts, its victories, its heroes, its rulers. *Young Men's Societies* should learn to look upon themselves as constituting a special corps in the army of their King, and as such, demand a most strict observance of rules and regulations, especially as regards the frequenting of the Sacraments. *Chari-*

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table Societies should seek to grow in faith, setting before their eyes the King they serve, who will one day receive them with the gracious words: "Whatsoever you have done to the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto me." (Matt. xxv. 40.) Sodalities and other societies of a sufficiently spiritual character, or a division of each, if their numbers are too large, should attend the services of preparation under the leadership of their officers, wearing their distinguishing ribbons or badges.

Fathers Jutz and de Ascheberg, two priests connected with the Jesuit Church of Holy Trinity, Boston, have recently received decorations from the German Emperor, in recognition of the spiritual aid rendered the soldiers of the Empire during the late Franco-Prussian war. The only good Indian is the dead Indian, is the remark attributed to one of our frontiermen. It would seem that the only good Jesuit is the dead or absent Jesuit, in the mind of this German ruler, who, while quite happy to honor and defend members of the Order in China or America, has not yet allowed them to return to their native land to exercise the ministry which he so highly praises.

"Judaism" would seem to be a strange subject for an Advent course of sermons in a city just then in the throes of a fierce struggle between Semitic and anti-Semitic parties, and yet it was the one chosen by Père Courbe, S.J., for his course in the Madeleine, Paris, and handled by him with consummate skill and eloquence. All the glories of Israel, its providential mission before the coming of our Saviour, its providential mission now as the witness to all ages and countries of the authenticity of the inspired writings, were vividly portrayed, but not a word in the conferences tended to incite to racial or religious antagonism. That the Jews were at the bottom of the present war against the Church of France, he rather charged than denied, but this danger was to be met, not by hatred and violence, but by following our Lord's injunction "to beware of the leaven of the Pharisees" by keeping outside the sphere of Jewish influence.

The French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has conferred a prize of 15,000 francs, upon Sister Augustine of Saint Andrew, the Superioress-General of the Little Sisters of the Poor. M. Arthur Desjardins, in announcing the award, paid a high tribute to the Sisters. There are 4,470 members of this order and they take care of 39,000 old people in 273 homes. Old age and poverty are the requisites for admission into these homes. When once admitted the inmates received are supplied by the Sisters with food, clothing, shelter, medicine and receive all the tender care that an aged father could receive from a devoted daughter. M. Desjardins well observes: "It is a terrible task; they die young in this order."

Now that all eyes are turned towards the Soudan by the brilliant victory of Lord Kitchener and the proposed non-sectarian memorial college at Khartoum, Cardinal Vaughan takes occasion of the annual collection for the African missions to point out the special obligations entailed on English Catholics in behalf of the reconquered territory. Many circumstances concur to facilitate the work of converting the natives. The Mohammedan Arabs, the most inveterate foes of Christianity, have been largely reduced in number by the ravages of war, and access may be now more easily had to the better disposed negro tribes. The slave trade, too, a second great obstacle to the spread of the Gospel, is destined soon to fall, while the loyalty shown during the late struggle by the converts of Bishop Hanlon and his priests in Uganda, promises well for the perseverance in faith and civilization of these African tribes when once converted.

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The opposition in England marshalled by Sir William Harcourt has succeeded in forcing the Anglican Bishops to come out against the "Catholic practices" which of late have been so freely and frequently introduced into the Church of England service. But, as the *Tablet* proves in an able leader, the victory of the Low Church is not decisive; "the permanent causes of all such cleavage and crises in the Anglican body are root-issues, which are essentially dogmatic, and these are and remain untouched by mere regulations of ritual. No one who has ever given a serious thought to the question will convince himself that the mere pruning of certain excesses in ritualistic services will save the Church of England from being dogmatically rent in twain by those who believe in the Mass and those who abhor it—by those who treasure the sacerdotal powers of the ministry as a blessing of unutterable mercy and those who detest it as a blasphemous usurpation." The anomaly of the situation that has been created is that, although certain ritualistic practices have been proscribed, Ritualist ministers are still free to preach, without let or hindrance, the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, the sacrifice of the Mass, in a word, the whole system of doctrine upon which these practices are based. At most, the effect of the pronouncement of the Anglican bishops is to crush out all hope of reunion with the Greek and Russian Churches, and to widen the already impassable gulf between Anglicanism and Eastern Christianity, a result that furnishes grounds for hopefulness rather than discouragement to those who are praying and laboring for the return of England to the fold of Catholic unity.

The Anglican Bishop of Gibraltar, who claims some sort of jurisdiction over the whole Mediterranean shore, returned lately from an Eastern tour, during which he distributed to the schismatic bishops of the East a Latin and Greek translation of the resolutions taken in the Lambeth conferences. He does not conceal his satisfaction at having seen the Patriarch of Constantinople and exchanged photographs with him.

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul in the City of New York, has established a Free Employment Bureau at its office, No. 2 Lafayette Place. The Bureau is under competent management and its work is thoroughly systematic. It will endeavor to find employment for such deserving men and boys as may be referred to it by the different local conferences, or as may present themselves at its office. All applications will be carefully investigated, and no one will be recommended to a position of trust and confidence who is not well vouched for. All those needing help, especially unskilled labor, are urgently solicited to patronize the Bureau.

Leo XIII. has shown in many ways his anxious solicitude for the conversion of England. Three separate Pontifical documents have given the strongest expression to his wish and hope that she return to her ancestral faith, while they at the same time pointed out the means through which alone this grace was to be secured, and the path that was to be followed in their return by the Church's erring sons. But in the setting-up and endowment, at his own expense, of St. Bede's College, Rome, the Pope has given a still more convincing and practical proof of his affection towards the English people. "Many, we rejoice to proclaim," he writes in the *motu proprio* by which he promulgates and sanctions the constitution and rules of the new college, "have hastened to the proffered embrace of this Mother (the Church) but among such, those are deserving special mention whose good will and loyalty to the Faith are the more to be admired, because having enjoyed public esteem as ministers of religion, they have not hesitated to forfeit their temporal goods by professing the Catholic faith."

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To provide these clerical converts a means of studying for the priesthood is the primary object of the new college, although it may also receive English priests desirous of pursuing further studies in Rome. The building they are to occupy is the restored and renovated wing of the English College with a story to the main building now being added by the Pope. The Papal endowment amounts to $80,000. Its administration is wisely placed in the hands of the Archbishop of Westminster so as to be beyond the grasp of the rapacious Italian government.

"The House of Providence" is the name of a new institution in Rome under the superintendence of the Very Rev. William Whitmee, Superior-General of the Pallotine Fathers, to care for the outcast children of that city. That there is urgent need of just such an undertaking may be inferred from the account given of one of the secular asylums which was supposed to fill this want. "During the year 1895 and '96, eight hundred and fifty-six infants were consigned to it, while in the December of 1896 there were but three survivors. Put out to nurse to the first comer, entrusted sometimes in batches of four or five to one woman, without any inquiry as to character or capacity, some were starved, some were poisoned, some doubtless allowed to perish from sheer neglect." The care of the Sisters in charge who also belong to the Pallotine Congregation, will not be restricted to the infancy of these outcasts, but will extend to training and educating them for the work of life.

The *Rosary Magazine* for January publishes in full an English translation of the recent Apostolic Constitution of our Holy Father, the Pope, on the Laws, Rights and Privileges of the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary. It is a document of great interest to every Catholic who honors Mary by the practice of this of all devotions to her the most widespread, and it is not to be doubted that its publication will prove an important aid to the zealous efforts of the sons of St. Dominic, who, as the Holy Father says, hold as their inheritance all that belongs to this devotion of the Rosary. Therefore, it is only the Master-General of the Dominicans who has the right of erecting Rosary Sodalities. Hereafter no sodality can enjoy any of the benefits, privileges and indulgences with which the Roman Pontiffs have enriched the lawful and true Confraternity of the Rosary, unless a diploma of institution be obtained from the Master-General, or in certain specified circumstances, from his Vicar, and existing sodalities, without these letters-patent of the Master-General, must, within the space of one year, obtain them. In the interval, however, till the arrival of said diploma, they are by Apostolic concession to be considered as sanctioned and lawful, and participating in all benefits and indulgences. This Pontifical letter also directs needed attention to the fact, that this devotion does not merely consist in vocal recitation of a certain number of Our Fathers and Hail Marys, but that this recitation must be accompanied by meditation on the mysteries of our Redemption in the order commonly in use, that the indulgences may be gained. The true form of the Rosary beads must be used, so that they should always be composed of either five, ten or fifteen decades. Other beads, no matter how highly indulgenced, should not be called by the name of "Rosary."

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DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

Lent is a proper time for reorganizing all church societies, and especially the one which has for its object the cultivation of one of the chief Lenten practices, prayer. At no time of the year are people better disposed, and pastors will find many opportunities for explaining to them the aim and practices of the Apostleship of Prayer, for selecting Promoters, and giving the Association a new life and vigor.

We fear that Directors are not as exacting as they should be with their Promoters in requiring from them not only the list of petitions handed in by their members, but the thanksgivings reported now and then. At least we notice that even Centres which are punctual in sending us their intentions, but rarely report any thanksgivings. Directors should require such reports regularly, and read them at the public services as well as send them to us. It may be comforting for Associates to hear their petitions recommended at the public services and to know they are sent to us to be recommended to the prayers of the entire Association; but it inspires great confidence to hear that prayers are granted now and then. For us a Director's signature is the best warrant for the correctness and sincerity of these reports. Since they are often of a private nature the writers send them anonymously, and we have not the means of knowing the senders which Directors have.

The true character of the Apostleship of Prayer appears to its best advantage in such solemn ceremonies as its Diocesan Director in Manila organized at the opening of this year to express the sentiments of the people there and in the Philippines generally, on the occasion of the opening of the new era in that archipelago. The full program of these ceremonies is given under the heading, "Apostleship at Home and Abroad."

Our Diocesan Directors in this country would do well to imitate him, as some of them have done on less momentous occasions: the Solemn Homage which we are called upon to offer to Almighty God at the end of the century affords a good opportunity for this, and the program for this Homage, proposed for the archdiocese of San Francisco, which will be found at the head of our "Interests of the Heart of Jesus," may well serve them as a guide.

The Novena of Grace in honor of St. Francis Xavier begins March 4 and ends March 12. Our Directors know the importance of this novena, and, since St. Francis Xavier is the patron of the Apostleship, many of them encourage their Promoters and Associates to make it. Leaflets containing the explanation and prayers of this novena are issued at our office.

A new Leaflet has just been issued by us, giving the Litany of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in Latin and English, in the form lately approved by the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

To Promoters.

1. The Cross and Diploma are surely very desirable rewards, but it would be unworthy of any candidate for the Promoter's office to make the usual six months' probation merely to obtain them and then give up the work entirely or perform it in a careless way. The very fact that these rewards are so desirable should, when they are received, only encourage Promoters to still greater

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efforts of zeal and increase their gratitude. Besides the privileges attached to them, suppose that those who hold them fulfill the conditions required, and some Directors stipulate when conferring them that none but active Promoters shall wear or hold the Promoter's Cross, since it is not an ornament, but a pious emblem or badge of this privileged office.

2. Secretaries of Local Centres and Promoters generally are somewhat remiss in reporting for our obituary column the names of Promoters lately deceased. As we profess to pray so earnestly for the living, we should not forget the departed, at least those who, when alive, have taken such active part in our league of prayers.

The Apostleship at Home and Abroad.

Denver, Colorado, Sacred Heart College.—We place in this column the following letter sent us as a thanksgiving, because while it tells of two great favors through the Badge, it is even more impressive and interesting as a practical proof of devotion to the Sacred Heart in a College Centre :

Reverend and Dear Father :

Toward the close of October last, a boarding student of this college had to be removed to one of the hospitals in consequence of typhoid fever.

There he lay dangerously ill for several days, the best medical skill doing but little for him. At length the physicians pronounced his case hopeless. "Medicine," they said, "could do nothing."

Late one evening he became worse, and death being thought near, the last Sacraments were administered. Fully conscious of his danger, the boy expressed a wish that Rev. Father Pantanella be summoned to his bedside. As it was Thursday, the students resolved to plead for their companion's recovery by a general Communion on the morrow, in honor of the Sacred Heart. This they did with great and touching devotion.

Rev. Father Pantanella having pinned above the boy's breast a Badge bade him place all his trust in the Sacred Heart. Next day, the boy had a long and quiet sleep, and from that time the fever left him and improvement continued. He is now with his rejoicing parents, who feel deeply and sincerely grateful to the Sacred Heart.

Shortly after the above, another pupil of the College was taken very seriously ill of a complicated internal disease. The physicians held out little hope of recovery. They thought of an operation as the only means of saving his life ; but considering the very weak state to which the patient was reduced, they candidly told him that it would be extremely dangerous.

Nevertheless he determined to undergo the operation, and a day was appointed, before which our students offered several Holy Communions, and prayed fervently for its success. He, himself, applied a Badge. Then a sudden change for the better was observed, and the youth so recovered that the operation was deemed unnecessary. He is in perfect health, and another favored one lovingly acknowledges the tender mercy of the Sacred Heart.

The Fathers promised publication, if their prayers were successful. Hence this letter.

St. Patrick's Centre, Chicago, Ill.— "During the last year the League in our parish has prospered beyond all expectations and our zealous director has reason to believe that the Sacred Heart has looked with pleasure upon his endeavors and blessed his work. We have, at present, about eighty Promoters who are faithful to their duties and who show that they realize the responsibilities of their position. On the fourth Friday the Promoters have a meeting which opens with Benediction, after which they re-

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ceive their leaflets and make their reports. The Rev. Father Burke of Evanston gave a 'Triduum,' for the League in our parish, which ended on the Feast of Epiphany with a Solemn Reception of twenty-four new Promoters. The devotions each evening consisted of the Rosary, sermon, hymn and Benediction. The subjects of the sermon were: 'What the Sacred Heart of Jesus Is,' 'What the Sacred Heart of Jesus Demands,' and 'What the Sacred Heart of Jesus Gives.'

"The services were well attended and we hope soon to see the fruits of those three evenings of prayer given to Him who has promised that through devotion to His Sacred Heart 'Tepid souls shall grow fervent.'

"As the day on which the 'Triduum' closed was the First Friday, all the members of the League were requested, as usual, to go to Holy Communion; it is thought that about eight hundred of our congregation approached the Holy Table on that day, which was to us, the Gentiles, twice blessed, as the anniversary of our receiving the little Infant as our Lord and King, and also as the day on which we, as members of the League, love to show special devotion to His Most Sacred Heart."

DENVER, COLORADO, REDEMPTORIST CHURCH.—"Acting in accordance with the hint given in the *League Director*, we divided the parish into districts, and appointed a Promoter for each district. The result has been most gratifying. In a parish of 175 families, the membership of the Apostleship has increased from 160 to 500, and we have every reason to believe that it will be the means of arousing a spirit of devotion. The following remarkable conversion through the instrumentality of the League has afforded us great consolation and encouragement. One of the Promoters in canvassing her district offered a *Leaflet* to a person who had not been to church for years. She accepted the *Leaflet* with a promise to use it, and now Divine Grace has moved her to a complete change of life. She has taken all three degrees, and gone to Confession, and since that time has been leading the life of a practical Catholic."

BUFFALO, N. Y., ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.—The Annual Report of the Apostleship shows splendid results. From time of aggregation, January, 1897, to the opening of present year, 2,093 Associates have been registered. During 1898, 133 were Associates of the 3d Degree, 557 of the 2d, and only eighty-two were satisfied with merely making the Morning Offering. One hundred and sixty-four Associates passed from the 1st to 2d Degree, and 109 from the 1st or 2d to the 3d Degree. The total number of Promoters who have received Cross and Diploma is seventy-three, with a waiting list of twenty-four aspirants to this honor.

SOME EDIFYING LETTERS.

A favor and its grateful acknowledgment:

REVEREND DEAR SIR:

In the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART for January, page 85, I notice that some of your former subscribers are unable to continue subscription for year 1899. As it would be a great pity to deprive them of the pleasure and instructions which the MESSENGER will furnish, I wish to pay for one such subscription, some other reader may do so for the others. Inclosed please find money order for two dollars, for which you will please continue sending MESSENGER to the person who lost his position after keeping it for twenty-eight years, and send him the kind regards of a friend of the Sacred Heart. SACERDOS.

DEAR FRIEND:—Your letter of the 26th was duly received, in which you informed me of the generous kindness of "a clerical friend" in my behalf in remitting to you the subscription price for one year of the MESSENGER, to be forwarded to my address. It was a great surprise as well as a pleasure. The pleas-

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ure will be equally shared by others as well as by myself, for, after reading them myself, I scatter the blessings of my Catholic literature amoug certain poor bedridden and forsaken people in whom I am especially interested, and one of the sharpest pangs I experienced in giving up my Catholic publications was the deprivation my beneficiaries would suffer in consequence.

I have a very sincere convert in the wilds of New Hampshire, seven miles from the nearest church, also a poor old woman in this city, who became a convert many years ago, and, in consequence, underwent all sorts of persecutions from her husband. I remember many a time seeing her walk straight up the middle aisle to the very altar (no other place would satisfy her) after Mass had commenced, with nothing but a handkerchief on her head, as her husband had hidden her bonnet in order to keep her from going to church. Her husband died many years ago, but she has persevered patiently and steadfastly all these many years, poor and friendless. Then I have another old lady, bedridden, to whom I sent the MESSENGER for a year, and then her daughter subscribed for it herself last year. One more sharer in my "good thing" is a poor gentlewoman who, with her daughter, was forced by adverse fortune to find a refuge in the poorhouse, and I like to do all I can to smooth their dreary path. So, you see, I am not the only one who gains by the gentleman's generosity.

I should like to learn to whom we are indebted, that I may express my thanks and appreciation. If he does not desire to be known, then please convey my message for me, assuring him of my sincere prayers.

A NON-CATHOLIC AND THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

SOCIETY OF APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, 27-29 W. SIXTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK:

A short time ago, in an unexpected way, I came in possession of an old copy of the MESSENGER, dated December, 1894, which explained the origin and work of the Society of the Apostleship of Prayer.

I read many testimonials of persons who have been benefited by the prayers of the Society. Being troubled with a trial which God in His wisdom has seen fit to burden me with, I came to the conclusion, after reading the journal, to write and request the prayers of its members, thinking they will prove salutary to me, even though I am not a Catholic, but am sure an interested friend of the Church. I ask prayer so that I will be able to be patient in this trial; also that I will be led into the belief of the true faith. Am dissatisfied and unsettled. Have been studying the doctrines of the Catholic Church for over a year. On account of hindrances cannot state my desire or intentions, nor can I obtain instruction but in secret.

On account of the above-mentioned obstacles, I will omit giving my name, as it is customary for you to publish letters.

Sincerely, A FRIEND.

THE SPIRIT OF GOOD FRIDAY.

The following invitation and answer were found after death, among the papers of Mr. Thomas Slevin, a well known Catholic of California. The answer represents so well the spirit which should animate every good Catholic during Lent, and more especially during Holy Week, that we are grateful for the permission to make it public.

SAN FRANCISCO—U. S. COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEY. March 26, 1891.

MY DEAR DR. SLEVIN:

Capt. Jas. M. McDonald begs me to present his compliments to you and hopes that you and I will join him at lunch at the Bohemian Club to-morrow, Friday, at one P. M.

Please send me an answer early in the morning at this office, or this evening at my house, 2221 Washington St.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE DAVIDSON.

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2413 SACRAMENTO ST.
March 26, '91.

PROF. GEO. DAVIDSON,
2221 Washington St.

PROFESSOR :

I have your note of this date with Capt. McDonald's kind invitation to meet you at lunch with him to-morrow. I regret very much that I cannot accept on account of to-morrow being Good Friday, the day on which the Catholic Church is wont to mourn and sorrow and its children to do penance and deny themselves. Hoping you will appreciate the sentiment which prompts me to deprive myself of a great pleasure and asking you to convey my regrets to Capt. McDonald,

I am yours respectfully,
THOMAS E. SLEVIN.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.—A solemn Triduum of expiation, thanksgiving and impetration, with an additional day devoted to prayer for the repose of the souls of those who fell in the late war, was celebrated under the auspices of the Apostleship of Prayer in the Jesuit Church at Manila. The days set apart for this special service were December 30 and 31, and January 1 and 2. We give the address of the Central Council and the programme of the religious exercises, as indicative of the truly Catholic spirit of our Associates in these distant islands of the Pacific.

The Central Council of the Apostleship of Prayer in Manila to the Associates of all our Centres in the Capital :

After the calamities we have just undergone, we are all sighing for the blessings of a speedy and lasting peace. And notwithstanding that the first faint rays of this so beneficent star are glimmering from afar, we are still weighed down by the circumstances of our surroundings. What significance has this fact for a good Catholic ? That the divine indignation is still resting heavy upon us, because we have not made suitable reparation for God's outraged rights. To make satisfaction, which is at once an imperative as well as a sacred duty, by striving to placate God's justice and to draw down upon us His mercy, this is the purpose of the Central Council. The Catholic Religion, which we profess, embraces, without distinction, of race or political party, all men who are bound together in unity of faith and sentiment ; to all, therefore, even those who are not Associates of any Centre, the Central Council extends an invitation to join in these exercises, provided only they are animated by a spirit of faith and zeal for the public weal.

The devotions by which it is proposed to carry out this plan, will take place in the Church of St. Ignatius, the Head Centre of Devotion to the Sacred Heart in the archipelago, and the order of the exercises will be found in the subjoined programme.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1898.

DAY OF EXPIATION.

This day is to be dedicated to acknowledging, with a contrite and humble spirit, that all the misfortunes we are suffering are a chastisement of God for our personal sins and those of our country. This Christian acknowledgment, accompanied by sorrow and hatred of sin, should be the fruit of the day and the character that ought to inform all of its pious exercises.

A. M. Mass, Sermon and General Communion at 6 o'clock. During the Mass singing of hymns to the accompaniment of organ and piano.

P. M. At 6 o'clock, after Mozart's *O Salutaris* has been sung at the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and public prayers recited, Rivera's Praises of the Holy Trinity will be sung with full orchestral accompaniment. An appropriate sermon will be preached by Father Antonio Rossell, S. J., Eslava's *Miserere* will follow, the function to close with a Profession of Faith, music by C. Candi.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 31, END OF YEAR 1898.

DAY OF THANKSGIVING.

This day is to be devoted to recalling the benefits received from God during the present year. The Lord has afflicted us with great misfortunes, but we must confess that it is the chastisement of a father, and not unaccompanied by many favors for such of us as have survived these tribulations. Therefore, a hymn of grateful love and thanksgiving for the blessings received from God's hand, should be the affectionate sentiment uppermost in the hearts of all during the day.

The religious exercises will be the same, morning and evening, as yesterday, with the substitution of Miné's *Ave Verum* and Garcia's Praises of the Holy Trinity. The sermon will be preached by Rev. Father José Algué, S.J. After the sermon, Doyague's *Te Deum* will be solemnly chanted in thanksgiving for all the favors received from the Lord.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 1, 1899.

DAY OF IMPETRATION.

The end of this day's devotions is to merit from the divine goodness that He pour forth upon us and all we have His consoling and beneficent mercy, by shortening the present time of probation and suffering, and by causing soon to dawn the day of peace and prosperity so sorely needed both for the individual and the State. Humble and fervent supplications rising up from the very depths of our souls, to draw down from heaven this great gift, will be the fruit and the characteristic feature of the day's solemnities.

A. M. General Communion as on preceding days. At 8 o'clock Solemn High Mass in presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Torres' *Missa Cantata*, which won first prize at the Eucharistic Congress of Venice in 1893, will be sung with organ and full orchestral accompaniment. Rev. Father Louis Viza, S.J., will preach the panegyric on the Holy Name, the titular feast of the Society of Jesus. The Blessed Sacrament will remain exposed all day.

P. M. At 5 o'clock Rossini's *Charity* and the five *Visits to the Blessed Sacrament*, will be followed by a sermon on the special character of the day's devotions by Rev. Pio Pi, S.J. Lambillotte's *In Nomine Jesu* will be then sung, after which there will be a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament through some of the streets of the city. On returning to the church, a profession of Catholic faith will be read, and an act of consecration to the Sacred Heart. The service will end with the singing of Gounod's *Te Deum*.

MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1899.

On this last day, we shall offer up our pious prayers in loving and profitable remembrance for the souls of all those who have fallen in the war, which has so overwhelmed us with grief.

For this so truly Christian intention, there will be general Communion at the 6 o'clock Mass. At 8.30, Solemn High Mass with organ and orchestra. The Mass will be Verdi's *Missa de Requie* with Olleta's *Libera me Domine*. All those who are related to the victims of the late deplorable calamity, are specially invited to be present at these services.

INDULGENCES.

His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop, Dr. Fr. Bernardino Nozaleda, has graciously granted an indulgence of eighty days to all who attend any of these pious exercises.

N. B. The good order of the procession is guaranteed by the military authorities of the army of occupation.

No one should take part in this procession who is not in sympathy with so solemn a manifestation of Catholic devotion.

Those who come to join in the procession should bring with them a wax candle, and occupy the places that shall be assigned them.

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OBITUARY.

Rt. Rev. William O'Hara, Scranton, Pa.; Rev. Andrew Rapp, S.J., Leonardtown, Md.; Brother Michael, Gethsemamani Abbey, Gethsemani, Ky.; Rev. Andrew J. Cunningham, St. Ann's Centre, Albany, N. Y.; Rev. E. J. Lawlor, Duluth, Minn.; Michael McGraw, St. Peter's Centre, Steubenville, Ohio; Catharine Carlin, St. Andrew's Centre, Nelsonville, Ohio; Ellen Crowley, St. Alphonsus' Centre, N. Y. City; Magdalen Twiggs, Our Lady of Good Counsel Centre, New Orleans, La.; Catharine Moore, Immaculate Conception Centre, Hannibal, Mo.; Mary Toner, Philadelphia, Pa.; Sister M. Liliosa, of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary; Rev. J. B. Quinlan, S.J., Sacred Heart Centre, Galveston, Texas; Catherine Walsh, St. Patrick's Centre, Thompsonville, Conn.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 86,942.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes., v. 18.)

Special Thanksgivings.—PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"Please return thanks through publication in the MESSENGER for a great favor granted through the Sacred Heart.

"Some years ago I was troubled with my eyes, and the doctor told me that I might become blind. As I was depending on my work for a living, I was in great distress. It was on the eve of the First Friday in June, so I had a Mass said for the souls in purgatory and offered my Communion through them to the Sacred Heart, and in less than two weeks I received an offer of a position to take charge of the place where I had been employed, and as it was for the most part brain work, my eyes were saved the strain and consequently I had no more trouble.

"What was most striking in this favor was that every one was very much surprised to see a Catholic given the position. With success, however, I grew careless in my devotions to the Sacred Heart, but our dear Lord did not forget me if in prosperity I neglected Him. He again allowed adversity to overtake me. I lost my position.

"The only thing I could do was to take up my old work again and my eyes at once began to trouble me. Things looked very dark when I turned to St. Anthony and promised to help his poor and also to have three Masses said for the souls in purgatory if he would obtain for me through the Sacred Heart a steady position. I also promised to make known the favor in the MESSENGER. I had hardly fulfilled my part of the promise, when my former employer sent for me and offered my old position again."

"I was asked to make a novena to the Sacred Heart to obtain two favors for a person who was seriously sick, that he might be restored to health and get the grace to receive the Sacraments from which he had been absent for a long time. I also offered three Communions for the same intentions. At the end of the novena his health was restored. He has gone to confession, and received Communion with heartfelt joy."

WASHINGTON, D. C.—"Please publish the following thanksgiving in the MESSENGER. Four years ago my sister received injuries of the spine in a collision of electric cars, caused by the carelessness of the motormen. For two years I tried every possible means to have her cured, but without success. When I appealed to the Electric Company for aid, having no money nor influence to go to law with such a powerful corporation, they would not consider the matter at all. I was compelled to sue. The case was in court two years, went through three dif-

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ferent courts and each time we won, though the county in which the case was tried is strongly prejudiced against Catholics. I attribute our success, as an answer to our continued prayers to the Sacred Heart, and return our eternal thanks."

PATERSON, N. J.—"A woman who had not been to her duties for many years was enrolled as an Associate of the Apostleship. She was asked to be faithful in making the Morning Offering and to wear the Badge. She complied with both requests, and she is now about to go to Confession and become reconciled to the Church."

"I wish to return thanks for many favors received, especially this one. My husband and I found it impossible to make our boy go to school. We tried many different schools, but he would run away for months at a time. I finally began the Fridays in honor of the Sacred Heart, and a novena to St. Jude. I had several Masses said, and promised publication in the MESSENGER. My request has been granted, and he now attends school regularly, and appears to like it. My fervent wish is that he may make a worthy First Communion in June."

"A gentleman wishes to return thanks and to call attention to the wonderful efficacy of prayers to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament for the benefit of the souls in purgatory. A favor embracing his whole well-being, temporal and spiritual, had been asked and begged for years; until completely worn out and with health very precarious, he thought his prayers would never be heard. With renewed hope, however, indulgenced prayers were begun on November 1, with the promise of publication and a life-long series of prayers and Masses, and an answer was asked for the 20th of the month. To the day was the prayer heard; and that too from a direction wholly unexpected and even beyond anything that had been asked, thus providing abundantly and more than generously, a settlement in life, and a peace of mind and soul that has already gone far to a renewal of health. In furtherance of the promise, and that others may be incited to renewed efforts for the poor souls, is this publication made."

"A member of a religious community who was several days ill, after receiving Holy Communion on the First Friday, asked our Lord a speedy recovery, in order to be able to attend to his duties and his prayer was almost instantly heard."

NEW YORK.—Please announce in the MESSENGER that thanks are returned for the sale of some property. Last August when this seemed hopeless, we placed the petition in the Sacred Heart, promising if it were granted to have it published in the MESSENGER, and to have Masses of thanksgiving offered for the souls in purgatory most devoted to this Divine Heart. On the first Friday of February our prayer was granted. With grateful hearts we offer this for publication.

Spiritual Favors through the Sacred Heart.—Removal of obstacles in the way of becoming a religious; perseverance of a novice who was wavering in her vocation; reconciliation between a brother and sister; reform of four persons who had been long given to intemperance; the conversion of two infidels; the abandonment of membership in a forbidden secret society; the return of six men to the practice of their religion.

Temporal Favors.—Safe return of five friends from the war; the sale of property to advantage; escape from serious accident by overturning of carriage; recovery from an attack of pleurisy; restoration to health after serious illness; unexpected receipt of a sum of money; a position of teacher; recovery of a child from rheumatism; success in securing a good position; relief from headaches; safe return from a journey; employment for three; success in examination for two.

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The study of history possesses a peculiar charm for many minds. A history by an author whom we can trust, which does not disdain the graces of literary elegance nor forget that the reader has a heart as well as a head, which makes us feel as if we were living amidst the scenes and events that are described, has all the fascination of a novel with the additional joy that the story is true. But the history of the Church is the most interesting of all histories. The Catholic sees therein how from the days of the Apostles his brethren held the same Faith, underwent the same trials, cherished the same hopes and aspirations as he does to-day. He sees too how the words of Christ are marvellously fulfilled. He beholds the Church always persecuted, always tempest-tossed, agitated by perils from without and perils from within—heresies, schisms, false brethren, scandalous clerics. Yet the Church comes forth triumphant from every trial. Leo XIII. teaches the same thing as Leo X. and Leo X. the same as Leo I. Kingdoms and empires crumble away but the Church remains always the same, always young and vigorous. We welcome, therefore, the two latest volumes of Dr. Reuben Parsons' Studies in Church History, which will well repay the reader for a careful persual.

* * *

It is the fashion nowadays to decry creed and dogma and to proclaim that it does not matter what you believe as long as you lead a good life. But the Catholic Church, wise from the experience of nineteen centuries, insists upon dogma first of all. And why? Because she knows well that without correct principles good morals are impossible. If there is no God to reward or punish in a future life, then it were absurd not to make the most of this life and it would be simple nonsense to put any further restraint on our passions than our own interests might make necessary. If Christ is not God, then there is no redemption and we must look to our own reason for the solution of moral problems. How easy it is for unaided reason to persuade itself that many things are lawful which Christianity abhors, those who have read the works of pagan and anti-Christian philosophers can testify. Hence the Church always takes alarm at the first appearance of false doctrine. And even when an ambiguous principle is put forth, she cannot rest until she has discriminated the harmless sense in which it may be understood from the poison of falsehood which lies hidden beneath it. Men may ask, what harm can come from a mere speculative theory? Incalculable harm may come and has come again and again. To take one instance out of many, the atheistic philosophers of the last century basked in the sunshine of a Catholic court. Lords and ladies delighted in the witty sallies of Voltaire and his associates. What harm could come of it? It was only the play of intellect. Alas! we know what came of it. Where are now the lords and ladies? And where is now the Catholic court? The Catholic religion still exists in that country, but it has had to wade through an ocean of blood. And the end is not yet. That is what error can bring about.

Catholic authors, therefore, should beware of hasty writing, especially in story

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books, because the reader, intent upon the plot, may imbibe mistaken notions without being aware of it. To mention a case in point, the Catholic American will no doubt enjoy a recent work entitled *Westchester, a tale of the Revolution*, the name of the author, so zealous in defending the Catholic religion, commending the book to his notice. He will judge for himself, without any suggestions from us, of the political principles advocated in the book, but perhaps in his eagerness to follow up the story he will not notice some strange expressions in the final speech of Squire Broadbent, which is evidently intended for the moral of the tale. The Squire is there made to say: "I think no limitation to the individual lawful, save those imposed by the existence and contiguity of other individuals." The worthy Squire forgot that man has duties to God and to himself, quite independent of the existence of other individuals. Had Adam no duties before Eve was created, even supposing there had been no prohibition to eat the forbidden fruit?

Immediately afterwards the Squire quite takes our breath away by saying: "I hold the land to be the property of the community, and private use (not ownership), alone permissible, and that again only so long as the community is paid full rental." And yet the Squire has owned land all his life, and continues after the above speech to the end of his days to hold a life lease on his lands, which had been confiscated by the American authorities, for which it is clear that he could not have paid full rental. We must, therefore, conclude that the Squire, speaking in a moment of great distress, did not mean what he said. Being a Catholic he could not have meant it because the right to private ownership in land has always been upheld by the doctrine and practice of the Catholic Church. This right, indeed, is in the order of nature antecedent to the very existence of the State. The State exists to protect the rights of families and individuals, not to destroy them, and one of those most sacred rights is the right of private ownership, even in land. The State may indeed claim the land of an individual in certain cases, for instance, to make roads, parks or military stations, etc., but in such cases it must purchase the land from the individual. Such has has always been the practice of Christian States. Such is the practice of our own government to the present day.

* * *

All kinds of schemes are now being devised to help the poor and unfortunate. But there is one class of unfortunates only too apt to be neglected, yet having most special claims upon our charity, first because they suffer more than any other class; secondly, because they are utterly helpless to relieve themselves; thirdly, because they are so good, being friends of God destined for heaven and absolutely incapable of doing wrong; fourthly, because no doubt many of them are our own friends and near relatives. These unfortunates are the souls in Purgatory. Devotion to the holy souls is daily on the increase. In order to assist them a religious congregation called "The Society of the Helpers of the Holy Souls" was established at Paris in 1856 by Eugénie Marie Joseph Smet, known in religion as Mother Mary of Providence. This holy and courageous woman began, as founders of religious orders generally do, with nothing but trust in Providence, but lived to see her Congregation rapidly spreading throughout the world. The motto of the Sisters is: Pray, suffer, work for the souls in Purgatory. Their work consists in the relief of the poor and the instruction of children in the Christian doctrine. Outside of this society persons of both sexes can become Honorary Members, Life Members, Benefactors or Promoters and as such share in the prayers and good works of the Sisters. We recommend those who wish to learn more about this Society to read the little work called *The Helpers of the Holy Souls* by Rev. Charles B. Gar-

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side, M.A., with a preface by Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer, S.J. It is published at the Convent of the Society, 114 E. 86th Street, New York.

* * *

Another saintly foundress of the present century was Mother Mary Teresa Dubouché, who began the Congregation of Expiatory Adoration in 1848 in that same city of Paris, the centre of so much good and so much evil. A short account of her life and labors has just been published by the London Catholic Truth Society, which continues to pour out its admirable tracts and booklets in defence of the faith. "The object of the Congregation of Expiatory Adoration," says the work just mentioned, "is to offer up continual reparation to God for all offenses committed against Him, especially blasphemies against His holy name, desecration of His holy day and irreverence against the Sacrament of His love. . . The principal means employed to attain this object is the perpetual exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, before which several of the Sisters are at all hours in adoration. Besides the devotions common to all religious communities, the Choir Sisters of the Expiatory Adoration devote three hours daily to meditation, one in the morning on the life and ministry of our Lord, one in the course of the day on His sacramental life, and one at night on His passion. They also daily recite the office of the Blessed Sacrament."

* * *

The most important American Catholic publication of the year is the magazine, *Historical Records and Studies*, published by the United States Catholic Historical Society. Volume I. Part I. for January, 1899, has just appeared. The form, print and entire make-up of the magazine leave nothing to be desired. This number contains a Register of the Clergy laboring in the Archdiocese of New York in early missionary times, by Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, D.D., an unpublished letter of Father Jogues, with fac-simile, an account of a French emigré colony in the United States from 1789 to 1793, by Prof. Charles George Herbermann, Ph.D., LL.D., the President of the Society, the earliest baptismal register of St. Peter's Church, New York City, by Rev. James H. McGean, and other interesting articles. The Salutatory invites all Catholics to contribute pamphlets, programmes of Catholic celebrations, portraits of distinguished Catholics or letters from them, anything in fact which may aid the future historian in tracing the progress of the Church in this country. All such memorials will be carefully preserved by the Society, and whatever is deemed of sufficient importance will be published in the *Records and Studies*.

* * *

A Corner of Spain, by Miriam Coles Harris, is a delightful book full of the quiet humor and pleasant bits of *mitis sapientiæ* which the author accustoms her readers to look for in her writings. At the time of her interesting visit to Spain she was a Protestant of the most protesting kind, yet nothing could be more intelligently sympathetic than her picture of the Catholic life of the country. Witness, for example, her description of the Bishop of Malaga, of whom "all the people of Malaga, foes of the Church as well as its friends, spoke in praise." Originally a marqués, the head of his family, and the inheritor of a large fortune, he gladly relinquished rank and possessions, suffering another to enjoy his houses and lands while he remained a humble, nameless priest, till his sanctity and marked ability raised him to a position among the princes of the Church. "I should judge," she says, "that the state his position called for was rather irksome to him, but as a true Spaniard he felt he ought to be punctilious in matters of etiquette. He was in spiritual affairs, however, at everybody's beck and call, just as if he were not a high dignitary. There was, in Malaga, no priest who could hear confessions in English, and only two who could hear them in French,

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and one of these two was the bishop. So all the straggling foreigners who came to Malaga climbed up the great bare palace stairs and rang his bell and asked to be shriven, just as if he had not been His Grace. He always had a patient, gentle expression, as if he said, 'Oh, don't mind; it's what I'm here for.' Orphanages, sisterhoods, all the myriad charities of the suffering city were under his care, and called him father, and were pretty exacting children sometimes, I have heard." The good man's spiritual sons seem to walk in his footsteps, as we learn from the following which the author calls "an early morning experience." "A young American girl, a Catholic, who did not understand Spanish, wanted to make her confession before going away on a journey. I am sure there was not much on her soul, she was so pure and sweet, only a little dust to be brushed away; but she wanted to go, *et que voulez vous?* The bishop was absent, and there was only one other priest in Malaga who knew French. So to him a young friend offered to lead her. It was a long way, and when they got to the church he was not at the altar, though it was his ordinary hour for saying Mass. They looked at the side altars; he was not at any of them. It was an inconceivable situation! The church was full, thought it was not a fête day: a 'blue Monday' if I remember right. They found a chair, and then the Spanish girl, with national vehemence, hurried to a lay brother and told him it was insupportable, the father *must* come. It was impossible, the brother said, he was in bed, he was threatened with pneumonia, he could not even say his Mass that day.

"'No matter,' she insisted with the cruelty of youth, 'go tell him the circumstances.' The morning was cold for Malaga, the great stone church was damp and chilly, and the priest was very delicate. He had probably been sent to the monastery in Malaga to preserve his very valuable life, for he was one of the best preachers in the order, and a most saintly man.

"The young American, meanwhile, was engrossed in her prayers and oblivious of what was going on. The monastery was on the other side of the street; presently the lay brother came back from it and said mournfully, 'He will come,' and the young Spaniard made her way through the worshippers and whispered to her kneeling friend with subdued triumph, 'He will come.'

"And after a quarter of an hour, he came. He was a tall, thin man, hollow-chested and stooping, with a very pale face, deep-set dark eyes, and a patient look that seemed to say like the bishop's, 'Oh, don't mind; it's what I'm here for.' We left Malaga the next day, and I never heard what that morning's chill did for him."

Very striking must the contrast have been when she visited her own church for early service on Sundays and High Days, and found that she constituted the entire congregation, and that not once but the whole Winter. No wonder it is gradually borne in upon her that "Protestantism is not making great strides in Malaga."

It's a delightful book to review; it's so full of quotable things, humorous and pathetic, but I must not spoil it for its numerous readers. One of the prettiest and most pathetic sketches from the book, "An Andalusian Cook," has already been given *in toto* recently in *Littell*, so I shall resist the temptation to give more than the following beautiful tribute to the charity of the Church. Referring to the national amusement, she says that the best and most devout Catholics do not go to bull fights, that only "the multitude, the careless, the go-as-near-to-perdition-as-you-can-and-be-saved multitude go, and will go till Spain ceases to be Spain and the world is made over." A priest attending one of these brutal scenes is, *ipse facto*, excommunicated. But one is always in attendance outside the ring to proffer spiritual assistance to the poor toreador, whose life, as the author observes, "may not have been as sinful as

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it looks to us, virtuous men and women of a more enlightened sphere . . . The Church, like a faithful mother whose wayward son roams nightly in forbidden ways, waits up for him and trims the waning lamp and says her prayers, and very often is rewarded by receiving him into her arms at the eleventh hour. Whatever other faults we may find with Rome, we cannot say that she is narrow in the limits that she sets to the eternal mercy. Not even the Universalists themselves, it seems to me, give wider hope."

The Messenger of St. Joseph, for the Homeless Boys of Philadelphia, published at St. Joseph's House, 727–733 Pine Street, in that city, tells of the good already accomplished, and the ardent desire of the Director, Rev. D. J. Fitzgibbon, C.S.SP., to extend the field of his labors. Any one who has visited this home must have felt at once that God's blessing rested upon it and must have witnessed something of the peace, the joy, and the innocence that once dwelt in Joseph's humble home at Nazareth.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS,
New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

A Pious Preparation for First Holy Communion. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Pages, 440. 32mo. Cloth, 75 cts.

Striving After Perfection. A treatise addressed especially to religious. Originally written in Latin. By Rev. Joseph Bayma, S.J. Cloth. Pages, 264. Price, $1.00.

FR. PUSTET & CO.,
New York and Cincinnati.

Studies in Church History. By Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D. Vols. 4 and 5. 8vo. Cloth.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
London, Eng.

Mother Mary Teresa Dubouché, Foundress of the Congregation of Expiatory Adoration. By Edith Renoulf. Pages. 24. 16mo. Paper, 1d.

Rosary Meditations. By the Rev. J. B. Bagshawe, D.D. Pages, 154. 16mo. Paper, 1s.

The Reformation at St. Martin's, Leicester. By Dudley Baxter, B.A. Pages, 24. 16mo. Paper, 1d.

What is Benediction? By the Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S.J. Pages, 16. 16mo. Paper, 1d.

The Art of Lying. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. Pages, 16. 16mo. Paper, 1d.

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"*I go straight to Christ.*" By the Rev. F. M. Zulueta, S.J. Pages, 16. 16mo. Paper, 1d.

The English Coronation Oath. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. Pages, 184. 16mo. Cloth, 1s.

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PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of January, 1899, from the 1st to the 31st (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Albany	Averill Park, N. Y.	St. Henry's Church	9
"	Troy, N. Y.	St. Lawrence's "	2
Baltimore	Frederick, Md	St. John's "	5
"	Leonardtown, Md.	St. Aloysius' "	6
"	Washington, D. C.	St. Augustine's "	4
Boston	Lowell, Mass.	St. Peter's "	24
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Transfiguration "	29
"	" "	Visitation "	2
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	Blessed Sacrament "	30
Chicago	Aurora, Ill.	Holy Angels' "	22
"	Chicago, Ill.	Immaculate Conception "	1
"	" "	St. Ignatius' College	33
"	" "	St. Patrick's Church	24
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O.	St. Peter's Cathedral	2
Cleveland	Grafton, O.	Immaculate Conception Church	4
Detroit	Detroit, Mich.	Sacred Heart (R. S. H.) Academy	2
"	Lansing, Mich.	St. Mary's Church	26
Fort Wayne	Notre Dame, Ind.	Notre Dame University	1
Green Bay	Steven's Point, Wis.	St. Stephen's Church	5
Louisville	New Haven, Ky.	St. Catharine's "	1
Milwaukee	Milwaukee, Wis.	Holy Rosary "	3
Mobile	Mobile, Ala.	St. Joseph's "	2
Nesqually	Vancouver, Wash.	St. James' Cathedral	16
Newark	Jersey City, N. J	St. Patrick's Church	2
New York	New York City, N. Y.	St. Andrews' "	6
"	" "	St. Catharine's "	8
"	" "	St. Ignatius's "	2
"	" "	Our Lady of Good Counsel "	2
"	Rosebank, N. Y.	St. Mary's "	1
"	Wappinger's Falls, N. Y.	St. Mary's "	4
Ogdensburg	Cape Vincent, N. Y.	St. Vincent's "	3
"	Lowville, N. Y.	St. Peter's "	6
"	Rosiére, N. Y.	St. Vincent's "	24
Oregon City	Astoria, Ore.	Holy Name Convent	2
"	Portland, Ore.	Immaculate Conception, Cathedral	8
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa.	Our Lady of Good Counsel Church	20
"	Villa Maria, Pa.	Villa Maria, Academy	2
Pittsburg	New Brighton, Pa.	St. Joseph's Church	2
"	Pittsburg, Pa.	Carmelite Monastery	4
"	Tyrone, Pa.	St. Mathew's Church	4
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Alphonsus (Rock) "	3
"	" "	Holy Innocents' "	8
"	" "	St. Leo's "	12
"	" "	St. Teresa's "	6
St. Paul	Morton, Minn	St. John's "	6
San Francisco	San Francisco, Cal	St. Rose's "	3
Santa Fe	Mora, New Mexico	St. Gertrude's "	3
Savannah	Macon, Ga.	St. Stanislaus' "	1
Scranton	Jermyn, Pa	St. Mary's "	14
Vincennes	Leopold, Ind.	St. Augustine's "	2

Total Number of Receptions, 50. Total Number of Diplomas issued, 411.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, January 1 to 31, 1899.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Belleville	Metang, Ill	Church	Jan. 4.
*Chicago	Aurora, Ill	St. Nicolaus' "	Jan. 6.
*Cincinnati	Reading, O	SS. Peter and Paul "	Jan. 20.
Erie	Oil City, Pa	St. Joseph's. "	Jan. 26.
"	St Mary's, Pa	Sacred Heart "	Jan. 7.
"	South Oil City, Pa	St. Stephen's "	Jan. 26.
Helena	Havre, Mont	St Thaddeus' "	Nov. 3.
Green Bay	Appleton, Wis	Sacred Heart "	Jan. 26.
* "	" "	" "	Jan. 1.
*Kansas City	Verona, Mo	St. John Nepomucene's "	Jan. 12.
La Crosse	Black River Falls, Wis	St. Joseph's "	Jan. 7.
* "	La Crosse, Wis	St. John Baptist's "	Jan. 16.
"	Roaring Creek, Wis	St. Malachy's "	Jan. 7.
Natchitoches	Campte, La	Nativity "	Jan. 4.
New York	Shrub Oak, N. Y.	St. John Evangelist's "	Jan. 18.
Oregon City	Salem, Ore	St. Joseph's "	Jan. 12.
Providence	Woonsocket, R. I.	Sacred Heart Academy	Jan. 4.
St. Louis	Troy, Mo	Sacred Heart Church	Jan. 18.

Aggregations, 18; churches, 17; school, 1; *German-speaking Centres.

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CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, MARCH, 1899.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **Souls in Affliction.**

1	*W.*	St. David, Bp.C.	✠	Zeal for the Faith.	86 942 thanksgivings.
2	*Th.*	St. Chad, Bp.C.—H.H.		Desire of Heaven.	46,218 for those in affliction.
3	*F.*	**First Friday.**—Holy Lance and Nails.—1st. D., A.C.	✠	Detachment.	76,773 for the sick, infirm.
4	*S.*	St. Casimir, C.		Love of chastity.	84,932 for dead associates.
5	**S.**	**3d in Lent.**—St. John Joseph of the Cross,C.		Christian sympathy.	11.792 for Local Centres.
6	*M.*	St. Coletta, V.		Fidelity to duty.	23,613 for Directors.
7	*T.*	St. Thomas Aquinas, C.D.		Truthfulness.	31,240 for Promoters.
8	*W.*	St. John of God, C.F.	✠	Charity.	103,733 for the departed.
9	*Th.*	St. Frances of Rome, W.—H.H.—Pr.		Devotion to Angels.	40,140 for perseverance.
10	*F.*	The Five Wounds.—The 40 Martyrs.	✠	Custody of the senses.	61,122 for young persons.
11	*S.*	St. Eulogius, M.		Spirit of sacrifice.	24,277 for 1st Communions.
12	**S.**	**4th in Lent.**—St. Peter, M.		Hope.	66,891 for parents.
13	*M.*	St. Gregory I., the Great, P.C.D.		Praise of God.	132.095 for families.
14	*T.*	St. Mathilda, W.		Patience.	15,346 for reconciliations.
15	*W.*	St. Longinus, M.	✠	Repentance.	24.442 for work, means.
16	*Th.*	St. Finian the Leper.—H.H.		Dread of sin.	33,811 for clergy.
17	*F.*	St. Patrick, Bp.C.	✠	Constancy in the Faith	95,072 for religious.
18	*S.*	St. Gabriel, Archangel.		Practice the Angelus.	18.054 seminarists, novices.
19	**S.**	**Passion Sunday.**—C.R.		Devotion to the Passion.	18,190 for vocations.
20	*M.*	St. Joseph, Spouse B.V.M.—Pr.,A.I.,A.C.		Sanctification of home	19,944 for parishes.
21	*T.*	St. Benedict, C.F.		Love of prayer.	19,960 for schools.
22	*W.*	St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Bp.C.D.	✠	Reverence for Pastors.	17,577 for superiors.
23	*Th.*	St. Victorian, M. (484).—H.H.		Trust in Christ.	13,782 for missions, retreats.
24	*F.*	Seven Dolors B.V.M.	✠	Compassion.	16,580 for societies, works.
25	*S.*	Annunciation B.V.M.—A.I.,A.C.		Humility.	74,209 for conversions.
26	**S.**	**Palm Sunday.**		Loyalty to Jesus.	64,634 for sinners.
27	*M.*	St. John, C.		Retirement.	24,629 for the intemperate.
28	*T.*	St. John Capistran, C.		Defence of the Faith.	123,264 for spiritual favors.
29	*W.*	SS. Jonas and Barachisus, MM.	✠	Fidelity.	223,430 for temporal favors.
30	*Th.*	Maundy Thursday.—H.H.,A.C.		Frequent Communion	445,070 for special, various.
31	*F.*	**Good Friday.**	✠	Sorrow for sin.	For MESSENGER Readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship.* (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.—*Holy Hour*); A. I., B. I.—*Apostolic, Bridgetline Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study.*

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Acts of Charity	3,456,842	11.	Masses heard	169,204
2.	Beads	708,229	12.	Mortifications	87,478
3.	Way of the Cross	178,507	13.	Works of Mercy	165,527
4.	Holy Communions	43,361	14.	Works of Zeal	21,703
5.	Spiritual Communions	128,390	15.	Prayers	1,562,975
6.	Examens of Conscience	344,799	16.	Kindly Conversation	1,644,981
7.	Hours of Labor	1,435,831	17.	Sufferings, Afflictions	53,115
8.	Hours of Silence	168,057	18.	Self-conquest	174,234
9.	Pious Reading	504,002	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	686,807
10.	Masses read	2,840	20.	Various Good Works	2,078,526
		Total, 8,215,401.			

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXIV. APRIL, 1899. NO. 4.

WITH ST. PAUL IN ROME.

By P. J. C.

I.

ST. PAUL THE GUEST OF AQUILA AND PRISCILLA, TWO OF ST. PETER'S CONVERTS, A.D. 54-57.

IN the sketch on St. Peter in Rome it was mentioned that among the earliest of his converts in that city were Aquila and his wife, Priscilla, Jews from Pontus, who lived on the Aventine, and that St. Peter received hospitality and is said to have first exercised the sacred ministry in their house. (1) They were of the artisan class, and followed the trade of tent-making. (Acts, 18, 3.) It is interesting to notice the many places in the New Testament where this pious couple is honorably mentioned: v. g:

A. D. 49, ACTS, 18, 2-3. When the Emperor Claudius drove the Jews out of Rome, Aquila and Priscilla were obliged to leave the city, and went to Corinth, where St. Paul was their guest while founding the First Church of Corinth, and worked with them at the trade of tent-making, and where, as in Rome, assemblies of the first Christians were held in their house. (1 Cor., 16, 19.)

A.D. 54. ACTS, 18, 18. They sail with St. Paul to Ephesus.

ACTS, 18, 19. The Apostle leaves them at Ephesus to instruct the new converts more fully in the faith.

ACTS, 18, 26. Even *Apollo*, one of the greatest of St. Paul's converts, and one of the most learned and eloquent of the first heralds of Christianity, sat as a disciple in the house of Aquila and Priscilla. "They expounded to him the way of the Lord more diligently."

(1) Close to St. Prisca. See MESSENGER, Nov. 1898.

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A.D. 57. 1 COR., 16, 19. They are still at Ephesus when St. Paul writes to the Corinthians, and he is a guest in their house.

1 COR., 16, 19. Their house is styled a *Church*.

ROM., 16, 4. They have exposed their lives to save his, and have earned the gratitude of all the Churches.

A.D. 58. ROM , 16, 3. They had returned to Rome to their house on the Aventine, when St. Paul wrote his epistle to the Romans. He salutes them first of all the faithful.

ROM., 16, 5. At Rome, as at Corinth, their house is styled a *Church*.

A.D. 65. 2 TIM., 4, 19. They had returned to Asia, when St. Paul wrote his second epistle to Timothy.

These passages give us an exalted idea of the devotion of this holy and privileged couple to the faith. Possibly his relations with them at Corinth and the information received from them may have increased the desire St. Paul expressed of coming to Rome (Rom., 1, 13-15), and of seeing the other disciples of St. Peter, whose faith he so highly extols.

Aquila and Priscilla are venerated as saints, and their feast is kept on July 8.

II.

EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS, EXPRESSING HIS DESIRE TO COME TO ROME. A.D. 58.

Though not the first of his epistles in order of time, it ranks first in the New Testament. 1, on account of the sublimity of the doctrine it contains; 2, because of the preëminence of Rome as St. Peter's see; 3, in veneration of that Church, which is the "Head of all the churches."

He had heard much from Aquila and Priscilla of the Roman Christians.

ROM., 1, 8. He extols their great faith, "which is spoken of in the whole world," the fruit of St. Peter's apostleship.

ROM., 1, 13, 15. He longs to come and see them, and share in the fruit of that apostleship. Rom., 15, 23.

ROM., 15, 24. He intends passing through Rome on his way to Spain.

ROM., 15, 20. He testifies that the Church of Rome was already well organized and (Rom., 1, 8) well grounded in the faith.

ROM., 16, 22. The letter was written by Tertius, to whom St. Paul dictated it, and (Rom., 16, 1-2) carried to Rome by *Phœbe*, deaconess of the Church of Cenchre, whom he recommends very warmly to the Romans because of her charity to him and many others of the faithful.

The Fathers of the Church distinctly tell us that he was inspired by God to go to Rome.

St. Athanasius (Apol. pro fuga) assures us that God had revealed to him that he should suffer martyrdom in Rome; whereupon, instead of flying, he hastened thither with great joy.

St. Augustine and others testify the same, and this foresight of his death may also be gathered from the assurance with which he speaks of it in his second epistle to Timothy.

It may be asked, why does St. Paul *omit St. Peter's name* in his epistle to the Romans? Several reasons may be given: 1. St. Peter may have been absent from Rome at the time on one of his apostolic "courses." 2. Prudence may have counselled silence as to St. Peter's whereabouts, because of Nero's wrath, excited by the conversion of members of the imperial household and by the discomfiture of Simon Magus. 3. In his epistle to the Hebrews, St. Paul does not mention St. James, Bishop of Jerusalem.

He refers, however to the faith already firmly planted in Rome by another (i. e. by St. Peter); says he had not come to

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Rome, because he was preaching to those *who had no one to preach to them;* says. moreover, that he will see them as he *passes by* on his way to Spain, showing that they had already an apostle to preach the Gospel to them, and that he was not destined to remain in Rome.

III.

TAKEN PRISONER TO ROME, ACCOMPANIED BY ST. LUKE. A.D. 60-61.

The circumstances of St. Paul's trial before Felix and Portius Festus, governors of Judea, of his appeal to the Emperor, of his appearance before Agrippa, and of his consignment to Julius, the centurion, to be taken prisoner to Rome, do not belong to the present sketch. They may be read in the Acts of the Apostles, chapters 26-27.

The vicissitudes of the voyage to Italy, the storm and disastrous shipwreck off the coast of Malta, and the occurrences during the three months' stay in the island, are fully described in Acts, chapters 27-28.

In the early Spring of A. D. 61, the centurion Julius, with St. Paul and many other prisoners, set sail for Rome in an Alexandrian vessel, named *Castor* and *Pollux*. They touched at Syracuse in Sicily, and at Reggio in Calabria, and finally disembarked at *Puzzuolo* (Puteoli), near Naples. The apostle was allowed to rest a few days at Puzzuolo, where there was already a Christian community. The journey thence to Rome, about one hundred miles, had to be made on foot.



APPIAN WAY, ALONG WHICH ST. PAUL WAS BROUGHT TO ROME.

Acts, 28, 15. The Christians of the Capital having received word of his coming, went out to meet him on the Via Appia, some as far as *Forum Appii*, forty-eight miles from the city, others as far as *Tres Tabernae* (now called Cisterna), twenty-two miles,—"whom when St. Paul saw, he gave thanks to God, and took courage."

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From *Ariccia* (Aricia), which according to Horace,(1) was the first station on the Via Appia, the Apostle would obtain his first view of the Eternal City. The natural features of the scene were the same as at the present day, the long stretch of the Campagna, enclosed by the Sabine mountains and Alban hills, with Mount Soracte in the distance. But the aspect of the city was very different. Augustus had "transformed it from a city of brick into a city of marble," and its confused mass of temples, arcades, porticoes, public buildings shone white in the morning light, and in the centre towered the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, with its gilded roof flashing in the sun. It was the city whose stupendous power and indomitable energy had subdued the world, and so, in the designs of God, had prepared the way for the spread of the Gospel.

Pliny (Hist. Nat. iii. c. 5.), says, "Rome was divinely chosen to make heaven itself more clear, to collect the scattered empires into one, to soften their manners, to unite by the intercourse of a common tongue the harsh, discordant languages of so many nations, and so to humanize mankind, in a word, to be the universal country of all the nations of the world."

Wherever the Roman eagles flew, there schools were opened, arts and sciences taught, laws and stable government established. The aqueducts, bridges, roads, temples, monuments of every kind with which the Romans covered Europe, are still the wonder of the world. The city which had thus carried civilization everywhere, was destined, in the words of the Fathers, to have the cross fixed on the diadem of its Emperors, and to carry the light and blessings of Christianity to the extremities of the earth.

St. Leo the Great (A.D. 440), speaks of Rome irradiated by the light of the Gospel, as raised to the height of glory, as destined to extend its sway more widely through the medium of the heavenly religion of Christ, than through that of earthly sovereignty.

Julius and his prisoners proceeded from *Ariccia* over the old pavement of the *Appian Way*, amid gardens, tombs and villa residences, and as they approached nearer the busy metropolis, the crowd of horsemen and foot passengers, soldiers and laborers, in various costumes and on various errands, became more and more confusing. They entered the city by the *Porta Capena* (*ad guttam jugiter manantem*), under the arch, which was perpetually dripping with the water of the aqueduct that passed over it. The gate has disappeared, but the site is still shown, not far from the modern S. Gregorio, on the Cœlian. The extremity of the Appian Way was marked at a later period by the arch of Constantine, and then the travellers passed beneath the vast ranges of palatial buildings on the Palatine, along the Via Sacra into the Forum, the heart of Rome and the point of convergence of all the roads from the Provinces. "Here Julius gave up his prisoner to Afranius Burrhus, the Prætorium Prefect, whose official duty it was to keep in custody all accused persons who were to be tried by the Emperor."(2)

IV.

TWO YEARS CAPTIVITY IN ROME—APOSTOLIC LABORS. A.D. 61-63.

Acts, 28, 16. "And when we were come to Rome, Paul was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him."

The Prefect, Afranius Burrhus, to whose charge St. Paul was now committed, was a man distinguished for wisdom, prudence and moderation, and an intimate friend of Seneca. His influence was great during the first years of Nero's reign, and it was owing to the sage counsels of Seneca and Burrhus that the brutish temper of the young emperor was for a time restrained. Seneca's tragic death occurred in A.D. 62. His re-

(1) Sat. I., 5.

(2) Conybeare and Howson.

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lations with St. Paul will be referred to later on.

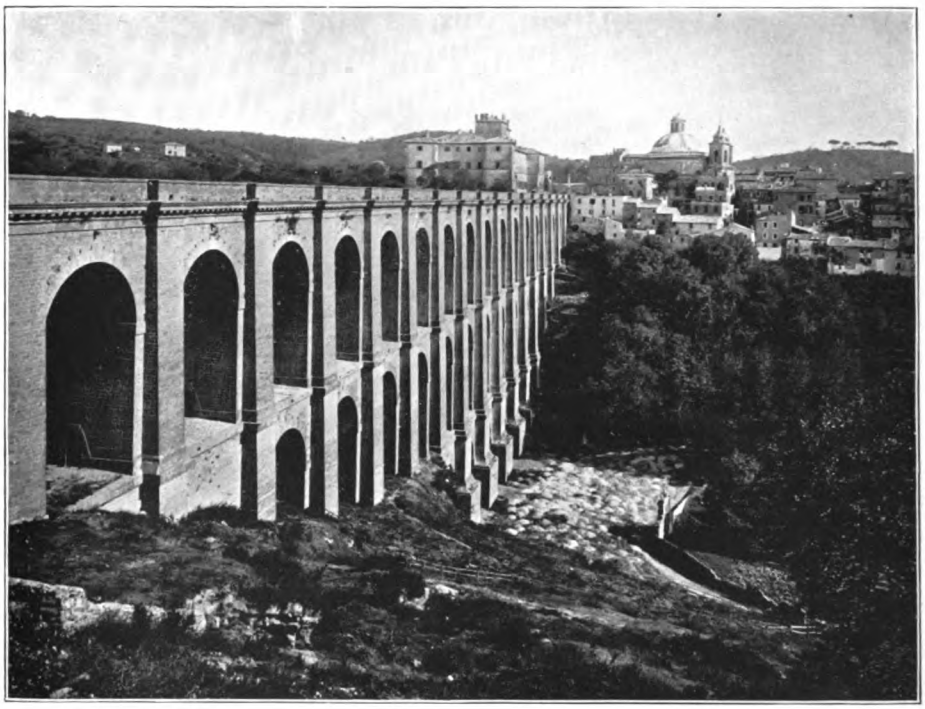
St. Paul was treated by Burrhus with great indulgence, and permitted to live in a house which he hired, only with a constant military guard to watch and accompany him, and always fettered with a chain, one end of which, according to the Roman custom, was fastened to the guard. The soldier thus in charge of the prisoner was probably changed every day. During his custody the Apostle was allowed to go whither he would, to preach freely, to receive visits, and to instruct those who resorted to him.

"As it was lawful for a Roman citizen to embrace the Jewish faith, and give up the religion of his fathers, he was equally at liberty to embrace the Christian faith, which was considered by the Pagans, a Jewish sect, not a new belief." (Lanciani.)

CHURCH OF S. MARIA IN VIA LATA (CORSO), THE PRISON OF ST. PAUL.

The Roman tradition is that the crypt of this church was the actual house in which St. Paul lived as a prisoner.

It is impressive to recall the events that took place within these vaults; it was here that he converted Onesimus; here that he received the alms of the Philippians, brought by Epaphroditus; here that he wrote several of his epistles; here that he preached the cross of Christ with glowing and startling eloquence, so that many of Rome's greatest geniuses went to listen to him and were deeply impressed by his words. (*La Gaurnerie. "Rome Chrétienne."*) The impression must have been deepened by the sight of the iron chains that fettered his venerable form, and the presence of the rough soldier, who stood always at his side.



ARICCIA, ON THE APPIAN WAY WHERE ST. PAUL FIRST CAUGHT SIGHT OF ROME.

Here, too, it is thought, St. Luke wrote the Acts of the Apostles. A spring of water is shown as the one where the Apostle baptized his disciples.

COMPANIONS IN HIS CAPTIVITY.

Around the great Apostle gradually

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gathered many of his disciples, to console him in his captivity and help him in his apostolic work.

1. *St. Luke*, the physician (*medicus charissimus*, Col. 4, 14), his well beloved disciple and fellow traveller.

2. *Onesiphorus* of Ephesus, who was not ashamed of his chain. 2. Tim. 1, 14.

3. *Epaphras* of Colossæ, "my fellow prisoner." Philem, 23.

4. *Timothy*, his beloved son in the faith. (*sicut patri filius*. Phil. 2, 22.)

5. *Hermas*, to whom an angel is said to have appeared under the form of a shepherd, and revealed the mysteries of the Christian law.

6. *Aristarchus*, one of the Apostle's fellow travellers :

Marcus, formerly repudiated by the Apostle, but now obediently ministering to him.

Demas, who afterwards fell away, allured by worldly ambition. 2. Tim. 4, 9.

7. *Epaphroditus*, who brought him the gifts from the Philippians.

8. *Onesimus*, the fugitive slave of Philemon, who came repentant to St. Paul, and was converted to the Christian faith.

Among those who resorted to hear him, were courtiers from the Emperor's palace, members too of the Imperial family, philosophers of every school of thought, soldiers of the Prætorian guard, Jewish rabbis, and gentiles of every class.

Nor did he merely wait for them to come to listen to him ; he went forth accompanied by his military guard into the public squares of Rome, dragging with him the "infamy" of his chains, impelled by his zeal to win souls to Christ. He passed through the *Forum*, amid the busy throng of soldiers, magistrates, merchants and tradesmen, despised by some, insulted by others, especially by the Jews, gazed at with mysterious wonder by the gentiles, who had heard of his wonderful eloquence, and of the fierce opposition it had evoked on the part of his fellow countrymen. He ascended the *Palatine* to preach the great mystery of salvation under the marble porticoes and in the gilded courts where sensuality and vice of the worst kind held sovereign sway. Even within the palace of Nero, where the very atmosphere was full of poisonous exhalations, his "bonds were made manifest," (Phil. 1, 13.) and souls were saved. St. John Chrysostom (Hom. 46 in Act) tells us that the Apostle converted among others a favorite courtesan of Nero, and induced her to reform her life and to forsake the court ; also that a cup bearer of the Emperor was among his converts.

Among the military converts of the Prætorian Guard were *Saints Nereus and Achilleus*, though some believe them to have been previously converted by St. Peter. (Allard "*Persécutions de l' Eglise*, 1. p. 35.) and this is the commoner opinion. (1)

The Palatine, the cradle of Rome, which at the time of the Apostle was the residence of imperial grandeur and crowded with palaces, temples, porticoes, libraries and noble mansions, described by Claudian as the glory of Rome and the admiration of the world, is now little more than a mass of shapeless and scattered ruins. Its treasures of art have been carried off to enrich the museums of Rome, Paris, and London. It will be referred to again later on.

V.

CONFERENCE WITH THE JEWS. (AT S. MARIA IN VIA LATA) A.D. 61.

ACTS, 28, 17. On reaching Rome, St. Paul's first effort was for the salvation

(1) The more illustrious of St. Peter's Roman converts were :

St. Flavius Clemens, consul and martyr, cousin of the Emperor Domitian ;

St. Flavia Domitilla, the elder, niece to the Emperor Domitian ;

St. Flavia Domitilla, the younger, grand niece of the same Emperor ;

SS. Nereus and *Achilleus*, officers in the service of Flavia Domitilla ;

Plantilla, *St. Petronilla*, *St. Pudens* and all his family, etc.

Among *St. Paul's* converts were, probably, *Pomponia Græcina*, *Manilius Acilius*, the consul, the Acilii Glabriones family, etc.

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KEY.

A.—Mamertime Prison, some 6 or 7 yards to the left of this spot.
B.—Site of Temple of Concord.
C.—Temple of Vespasian.
D.—Arch of Septimus Severus.
E.—Curia Hostilia, then Julia, or Roman Senate House (now Church of S. Adriano).
F.—Via Sacra.
G.—Site of Basilica Æmilia and Temple of Janus—not yet excavated.
H.—Temple of Antoninus and Faustina (now Church of S. Lorenzo in Miranda).
J.—Temple of Romulus and Almæ Urbis (now Church of SS.Cosmas and Damian).
K.—The centre of Rome. Milliarium Aureum
L.—The Rostra.
M.—Columns of Phocas *aa*.—Rostra Julia, where the body of Julius Cæsar was exhibited to the crowd by Anthony.
N.—Temple of Saturn (ærarium or military Treasury).
O.—Basilica Julia: only floor, and bases of columns left.
P.—Temple of Castor and Pollux.
Q.—Temple of Vesta.
R.—Atrium Vestæ. House of the Vestal Virgins.
S.—Church of S. Maria Liberatrice. The oldest church of our Lady in Rome.
T.—Vicus Tuscus. (Now Street of S. Teodoro.)
U.—Temple of Augustus. To the right of it was the Spring of Juturna.
V.—Basilica of Constantine.
W.—Coliseum; near it the Meta Sudans.
X.—Temple of Venus and Rome. (Now Church of S. Maria Nuova.)
Y.—Arch of Titus. Some distance beyond it, near Coliseum, is arch of Constantine
Z.—Mount Palatine, with ruins of Palaces of the Emperors.
†.—Chapel of S Sebastian, on the spot where he was martyred.



THE ROMAN FORUM, WHERE ST. PAUL WAS CONSIGNED TO AFRANIUS BURRHUS.

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of his own countrymen, and the third day after his arrival he called together the chiefs of the Jews, and spoke to them of the persecution he had suffered from their brethren in the East, because he had proclaimed to them the hope and salvation of Israel ; also of his innocence of the charges made against him, and of his appeal to Cæsar. The Jews replied that they had received no letters from Judea concerning him, nor heard any report condemnatory of him or of his his teaching, and asked for a statement of his religious sentiments, "for as concerning this sect (i. e. Christianity), we know that it is gainsayed everywhere."

St. Paul appointed a certain day for the conference and they came in great numbers to his lodging (the crypt of S. Maria in Via Lata), "to whom he expounded, testifying the Kingdom of God, and persuading them concerning Jesus, out of the law of Moses and the prophets from morning until evening." (Acts 28, 23.)

The discussion was long and stormy, "from morning until evening," but the result was disappointing: there was a division among his hearers, some were convinced and believed, others blinded by bigotry and prejudice refused to believe and took their departure, but not until St. Paul had warned them of the awful doom they were bringing upon themselves by their obstinacy and wilful blindness: the salvation and inheritance they rejected would be taken from them and given to the gentiles. (Acts 28, 28.)

Thenceforth during the two years of his captivity, he preached the Kingdom of God to the gentiles with great fruit in the conversion of souls.

VI.

ATTITUDE OF THE JEWS IN ROME TOWARDS CHRISTIANITY.

The Jews were a numerous and powerful body in Rome at the time. Some thirty thousand Jewish captives had been sold in Rome B. C. 51. (Josephus, Ant. Jud., xiv., 12.)

Cæsar favored the Jews and sought their support.

The Emperor Augustus also favored them and made a perpetual foundation for a daily sacrifice of an ox and two lambs at the temple of Jerusalem. (Philon. Legat. ad Caium.)

His daughter Julia sent presents of golden vessels to the temple of Jerusalem. (Philon. ibid.)

The Jews in Rome carried on a vigorous proselytism and made numerous converts, even among the patrician families, some of the converts being known as "*proselytes of the gate*," or half-converts, who abjured idolatry and the grosser offences against the natural law, without conforming fully to the law of Moses. (Allard. *Persécutions de l'Eglise* I. p. 5.)

The Empress Poppea, described by Josephus (Ant. Jud. xx. 8) as "a God-fearing woman," was one of these *proselytes of the gate*.

The Jewish community resided chiefly in Trastevere, *i. e.* the Transtiberine portion of the city, and in the squalid tenements near the Porta Capena, and along the classic stream of Egeria. Their number is computed to have been twenty or thirty thousand under Nero.

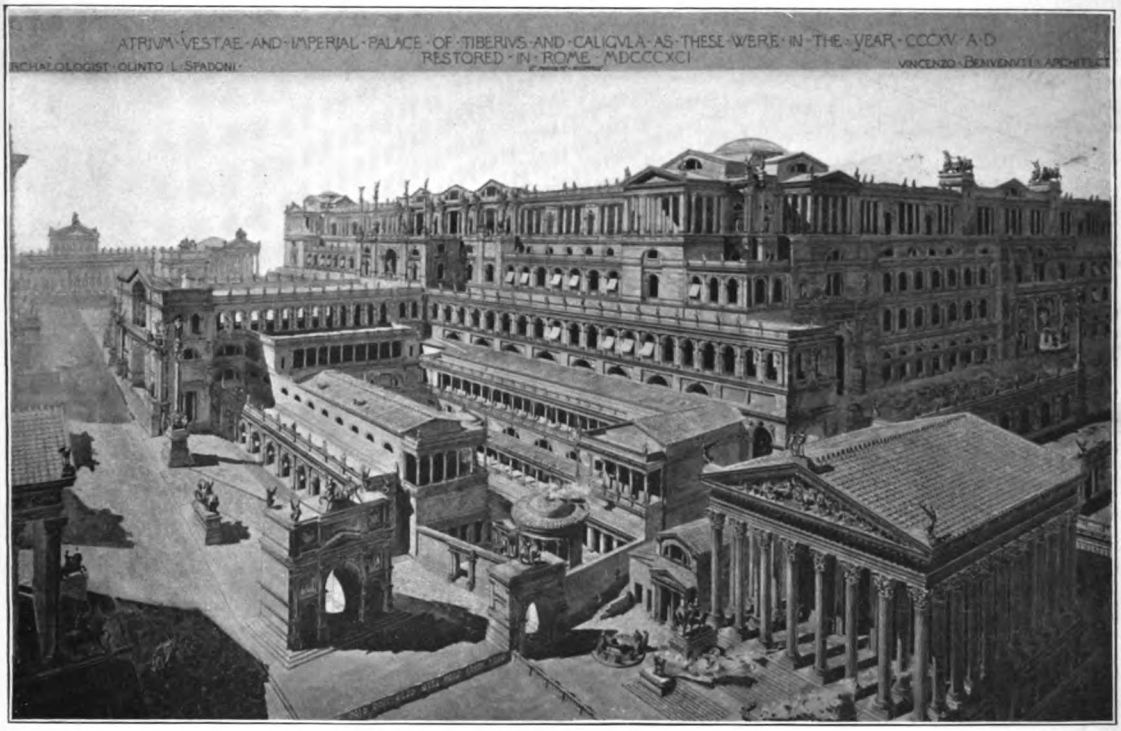
Then, as now, their influence was gained by usury, bribery (1) and other dark methods, but the poorer class among them were hucksters, petty tradesmen, marine store dealers, rag pickers, etc. (Allard. I. p. 10.)

Cicero feared the trouble they might give, and lowered his voice in his defence of Flaccus so as not to be heard by them. (Pro Flacco 28.)

As was stated above, the gentiles regarded the Christians as a Jewish sect, and thanks to this impression, the Christians enjoyed for a time the protection of the law which guaranteed to the Jews the free exercise of their religion. The Jews, however, full of hatred of Christi-

(1) *Cicero* (pro Flacco. 28) speaks of the *Auri illa invidia Judaici.*

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PART OF SOUTH SIDE OF FORUM RESTORED,
showing palaces of Emperors on the Palatine.

anity from the very outset, proceeded to denounce the Christians, both before the expulsion by Claudius and after their return, and to excite the feelings of the pagan populace against them. The most horrible calumnies were circulated in Rome against the Christians: they were slandered as atheists, conspirators against the state and against religion, as murderers, worshippers of an ass' head, depraved, impure beings addicted in their assemblies to impure orgies, etc.

These calumnies had the desired effect of making the Christians appear like monsters in the eyes of the Romans, and thus the Jews are mainly responsible for the great persecution of the early Church.

VII.

EPISTLES WRITTEN IN CAPTIVITY.

A.D. 62.

1. To the Philippians.

The Philippians, who cherished the greatest veneration for St. Paul, hearing of his imprisonment, sent Epaphroditus their bishop, with alms to relieve his wants; and the Apostle wrote this affectionate epistle—to thank them for their charitable contributions, his joy being more because of their charity, than of any relief of his want. (Phil. 4, 10.)

He tells them that his bonds are made manifest in all the court and in all other places (1, 13), that several members of

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the Emperor's household had embraced the faith (4, 22).

He exhorts them to be on their guard against false teachers, who pretend that the Jewish law of circumcision is binding on Christians (3, 2. seq.), and to show themselves true children of light amid their pagan environment.

2. To Philemon.

Philemon, a fervent Christian of Colossæ, whose house is styled a *Church* (v. 2), had a gentile slave named Onesimus, who having robbed his master fled from Colossæ and finally found his way to Rome. Here he was converted to the faith by St. Paul, and sent back to his master with this touching epistle. The Apostle speaks of himself as, "Paul, a prisoner of Christ Jesus," and "Paul, an old man, now a prisoner of Jesus Christ."

Philemon pardoned Onesimus and sent him back to Rome to be the Apostle's attendant in his imprisonment. St. Jerome says he became a deacon; according to others he was made a Bishop of Beræa in Macedonia. He crowned his life by martyrdom under Domitian. (Tillemont I. art. 44.)

3. To the Colossians.

The letter was sent by Onesimus (4,9).

It would seem that the Colossians had been converted to the faith, not by St. Paul, but by Epaphras, his disciple, who was their bishop. The Apostle warns them against the impostures of philosophers and of Jewish teachers, and against a superstitious worship of angels, which certain disciples of Simon Magus were endeavoring to introduce (2,8,18).

4. To the Ephesians.

This letter was sent by Tychicus, "my dearest brother and faithful minister" (6, 21).

The matters of Faith contained in this epistle are exceedingly sublime, and consequently very difficult to understand.

VIII.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

(S. PAOLINO ALLA REGOLA.)

RELATIONS WITH SENECA, THE PHILOSOPHER, A.D. 62, 63.

At the back of the Church of S. Maria in Monticelli (near S. Carlo in Catinari), is the little Church of S. Paolino alla Regola, behind which is a room known as *St. Paul's School*, said to be the spot where he instructed catechumens and where, according to the Roman tradition, he held discussions with the philosopher Seneca.

Though *Anneus Seneca* never became a Christian, there is, says Lanciani, a tradition dating at least from the beginning of the fourth century, that some bond of friendship existed between him and St. Paul.

This (adds Lanciani) is confirmed by a tombstone of the Annei family (*i.e.* Seneca's family), discovered at Ostia in 1867, with the inscription:

D. M.
M. ANNEO
PAULO PETRO
M. ANNEUS PAULUS
FILIO CARISSIMO

i.e. "*Diis Manibus* (to the Gods of Hades). *Marcus Anneus to his beloved Son, Marcus Paul Peter Anneus.*"

The dedication, D. M., shows that the family was pagan, and yet had adopted the names of *Peter* and *Paul.*

An interesting note on Seneca may be read in Alban Butler, June 30.

Lanciani adds that the Apostle was tried and judged in Corinth by the proconsul Marcus Anneus Gallio, brother of Seneca, that in Rome he was handed over to Afranius Burro (Burrhus), prefect of the Prætorium, an intimate friend of Seneca, that the eloquence of the prisoner in preaching the new faith caused a profound sensation among the members of the prætorium and of the imperial household, and that his case must have

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been inquired into by Seneca, who happened to be *Consul Suffectus* at the time.

IX.

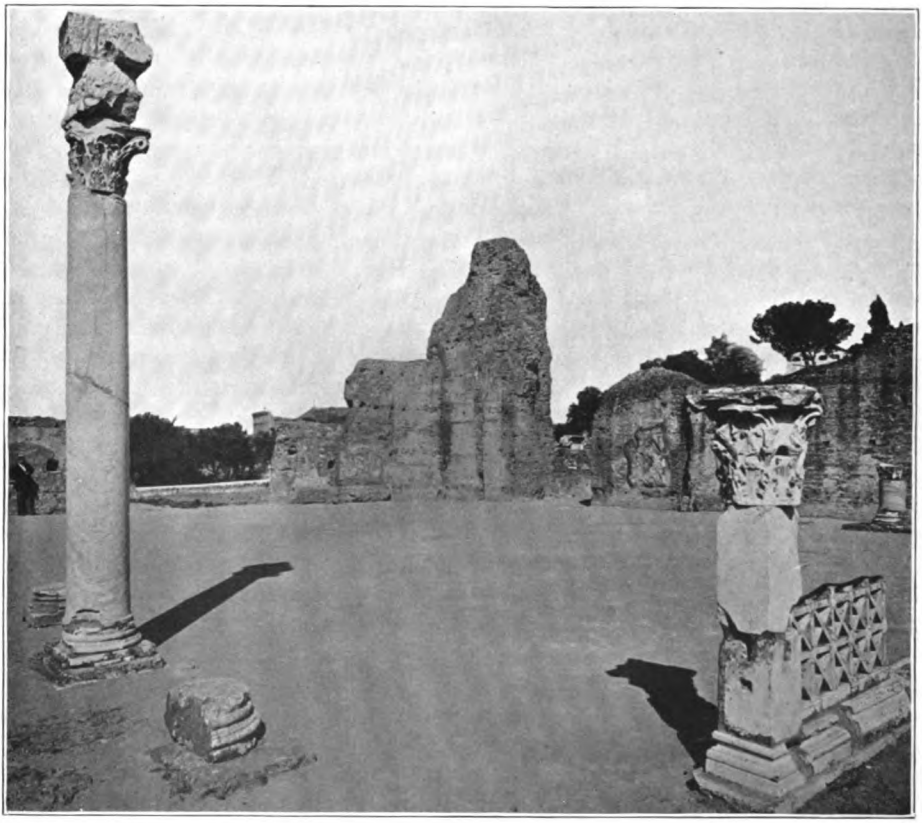
TRIAL BEFORE NERO ON THE PALATINE, A.D. 63.

Among the Imperial palaces and buildings on the Palatine was one reserved for the transaction of public business by the Emperor, and known as the *Basilica*, or "King's house."

It served the purpose of a Law Court. Its form—(an oblong building terminating in an apse, and with a portico in front)—as well as its name were adopted in the early Christian Churches. The bar of justice at which the criminal was arraigned, was known as the *Cancellum*, whence our word "Chancel." The foundations of the Palatine Basilica, and fragments of the Emperor's chair, and of the richly wrought marble bar may still be seen at the Palatine. (1)

It was in this Basilica that St. Paul was tried before Nero, after waiting two years in chains. The scene must have been deeply impressive, the great Apostle of the Gentiles standing in fetters before one of the vilest monsters that ever disgraced the human race. The proceedings were probably somewhat as follows:

The written depositions sent by Festus from Judea were first read: then the prosecutors and their witnesses (emissaries from the Sanhedrim and Jews from Palestine and Greece), were called upon to prove the charges, which were mainly



MOUNT PALATINE, RUINS OF BASILICA WITH CANCELLUM OR BAR AT WHICH ST. PAUL STOOD WHEN TRIED BY NERO.

(1) See Photographs: Also Hare's Rome, c. 6.

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to the effect that the accused was a disturber of the Jews in the exercise of their religion, a desecrator of the temple, a public agitator against the peace of the Empire, the ringleader of a new and factious sect, an enemy of the Empire and its gods. The Empress Poppea, being a Jewish proselyte, would naturally throw all her influence on the side of the accusers, and it would be represented that the last charges amounted to treason against the state.

The Emperor was expected to condemn him to death, but the appointed time for martyrdom had not yet come. After receiving the opinion of his assessors in writing, Nero, contrary to his usual custom, discharged the prisoner, ordering his fetters to be struck off. This acquittal may perhaps be traced to the influence of Burrhus, softening to clemency the brutal mind of the Emperor.

St. Paul, thus released from bondage, is thought to have stayed in Italy for a short period, during which he wrote his *Epistle to the Hebrews*, A. D. 63.

His intention of visiting Spain was abandoned, so Pope Gelasius thinks, because of unforeseen difficulties.

The end of the year 63 saw him again in the East, working with indomitable zeal in Achaia, Macedonia, Crete, Asia Minor, undeterred by prisons, chains, torments, conflicts and perpetual threats of death.

X.

RETURN TO ROME—THE GREAT FIRE OF ROME. A. D. 64.

St. Paul returned to Rome in the following year, A. D. 64. It is possible he may have resided at the house of *Pudens*, as he mentions Pudens, and his wife Claudia, and Linus in his second epistle to Timothy (4, 21) or he may have chosen some hiding place, like St. Peter, in one of the catacombs. Aquila and Priscilla had already left Rome for Asia (2 Tim. 4, 19.)

The Apostle had much to suffer from the calumnies and violent opposition of the Jews, especially of one Alexander, a coppersmith, probably a Jew or apostate Christian, who sought by fierce denunciations of the Apostle's character and teaching to inflame the minds of the populace against him.

The excitement became general and reached the ears of the Emperor, who was already exasperated at the conversions in his own household.

The Apostle was arrested and cast into prison (2 Tim. 1, 8), this second imprisonment having a special element of bitterness, in that he found himself suddenly deserted by the more influential converts, of whose unworthy conduct he complains to Timothy. (2 Tim. 4, 16.)

His life, however, was spared for a time (2 Tim. 4, 17), till as St. John Chrysostom tells us, the emperor's wrath at last exploded at the conversion of two of his court favorites. Thenceforth the Apostle's life was doomed.

The horrible calumnies of the Jews referred to above, were mainly responsible for the persecution that followed. A pretext was sought in the *Great Fire of Rome*, a crime which Nero averred was the work of the Christians, though, as Tacitus admits (Annal XV. 44), they were convicted, not so much of firing the city, as of "hatred of mankind," a formula, says Lanciani, which was supposed to include anarchism, atheism and high treason.

The fire broke out on July 19, A. D. 64, in the shops and warehouses near the Circus Maximus, between the Palatine and the Aventine. These belonged to Eastern merchants, and were stored with bales of silk and other inflammable goods. A high wind was blowing at the time, and soon the vast area of the Circus Maximus was transformed into a sea of fire. The flames leaped up the slopes of the Palatine and reached the outer fringe of its palatial residences; then swept along the *Vicus Tuscus*, and poured into the Forum, roaring with savage triumph as temples, basilicas, porticoes, monuments, palaces fell scorched

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and blackened to the ground. The very air seemed aflame, and the sky was reddened with the lurid glare. The fiery torrent then rushed along the Via Sacra, up the slopes of the Cœlian, and across the broad valley between the Palatine and Esquiline, gathering strength and fury as it went. Here it penetrated into the older part of the city, whose crazy, rickety buildings, propped one against the other, and narrow tortuous streets, made it an easy prey to the fiery fiend. Its progress was at last arrested by the demolition of vast blocks of buildings at the foot of the Esquiline.

For six days the scourge had lasted and the terrified populace, with no homes to shelter them, fled to the Campus Martius, where in temporary booths they remained huddled together paralyzed, maddened with terror and excitement. Soon ominous mutterings were heard among the crowd as to the real author of the disaster, and to avert the gathering storm, large supplies of food were brought from Ostia and sold at nominal prices. Nero could not conceal from himself that he was suspected of the crime, for the people would not be silenced and would not believe that such an overwhelming calamity could be the result of accident; they looked for some responsible author and freely expressed their opinion as to who that author was.

Hardly had they begun to recover from their first paralysis of terror, when the fire broke out anew, this time on the Pincio, the waves of flames rushing down through Tigellinus' gardens, and enveloping the Viminal, Quirinal, and part of the Campus Martius. Frantic with terror, the people fled from the city and sought shelter among the tombs along the public roads, uttering curses on the Emperor.

For nine whole days Rome had been at the mercy of the flames; of its fourteen districts, three were burnt to the ground, seven were reduced to a mass of scorched ruins, and only four escaped. The Emperor, coward at heart, trembled at the rising manifestations of popular fury, and with Satanic malice sought to screen himself from suspicion by fathering the crime on the Christians. The people had been prepared by the Jews to believe the Christians capable of any crime, yet they did not believe they were the culprits here.

The terrible martyrdoms that followed, were described in the November number of the MESSENGER, p. 985.

Seneca in two of his letters to Lucilius (Ep. 14-78) seems to allude to the harrowing forms of death then witnessed in the Vatican gardens under the eyes of Nero, the poor sufferers having their garments smeared with inflammable matter and then set fire to in the dusk of the evening. He testifies that the Christians died without a sigh, without a moan, without even a word, nay with a smile on their lips.(1)

(1) Allard. *Histoire des persécutions*, I. ch. 1 n. 3.

(*To be continued.*)

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RECOLLECTIONS OF OLD ST. INIGO'S.

By J. Edwin Coad.

YOU ask me to write something about old historic St. Inigo's, and, while I am *con amore* willing to accede to your wish, my mind is almost obscured by the rush of memories that cluster around it at the thought of the grand old place and the great and good men I have met there. Born on September 12, 1825, I have lived within the sound of its Angelus bell up to this time, with the exception of my eight years of academy and college life and a sojourn of about a dozen years in Baltimore, not long after the close of the civil war.

At the time of my arrival in the world, Father Joseph Carberry was the pastor in charge at St. Inigo's and it was he who cleansed me of original sin, became my director and prepared me for Confirmation, which was administered by the great metropolitan of Baltimore, Samuel Eccleston. In August, 1847, he assisted at my marriage, and, in due time, baptized my first child. My mother, Elizabeth Rodman Smith, was an unbaptized lady of Philadelphia, with a Quaker birthright in her pocket, which was formally revoked when she became a Catholic, about the year 1829. Father Carberry instructed and received her into the Church, to which she adhered with great devotion up to the time of her death in 1875, and remarried my parents because of the impediment existing at the time of their legal marriage in 1824. I mention these personal matters solely to show that it is *de jure*, I write of the great Jesuit missionary, who rarely ever had an equal, and never a superior, either as a man of charming, entertaining manners or as a zealous and most successful priest of God's own Church.

Whence the Carberry family came, or when, to this country, I am not able to say, but there was a tradition rife and generally credited hereabouts in my earlier days that they landed first, as did my paternal ancestors, in New England, but, finding the elements insalubrious for men of their faith, made their way in an open boat to the more genial shores of Maryland, and settled in Beggar's Neck, sometimes called New Town, where some of the remains of the family still exist. Two brothers and a sister of Father Carberry moved to Washington, and became prominent there, one of the brothers having been made mayor of the city. The sister became Mrs. Mattingly, and her reputation for piety spread far beyond the confines of the country, for upon her was performed one of the most wonderful miracles of the century, and it was attested by the eminent Dr. Stone, of Washington, her physician, and a non-Catholic in religion, as well as by many others who were present at its performance. There was here in my father's house a pamphlet detailing all the circumstances, in my young manhood, but time, the destroyer of so many precious things, has placed it beyond the reach of human eyes, very much to my regret. The testimony going to establish a real miracle, without any possibility of delusion or fraud, was as strong and convincing as was ever produced in any court of justice.

It was due to the public spirit and antiquarian instinct of Captain Lewis Carberry that the old cannon placed by the first settlers on Fort Point, about a mile below St. Inigo's House for the protection of St. Mary's city above, were saved from utter destruction by the corroding influence of salt water, in which they were immersed. Owing to the recession of the banks of St. Mary's River, caused by storms and high tides, the cannon had

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been left on the river flats, a hundred yards and more from the shore. Captain Carberry set to work with great energy to redeem the old relics of colonial days, and, by the aid of two large scows and some strong chains and ropes, managed to float them to high land. Some of the smaller guns were set up as bound posts; one was presented to the State by Father Carberry, and is preserved at Annapolis, while several were placed in the yard of St. Inigo's, as silent custodians of the place, but, several years ago, were taken from their first home on these shores and transferred to Georgetown College. And why, it may be asked, were those dogs of war allowed for a century and a half to lie imbedded in the sand and salt water? The Spaniards have a proverb as well as ourselves: "*Obra de comum, obra de ningun*"—"everybody's work is nobody's," which is about the only explanation I am able to give.

While I was a resident of Baltimore city, over a quarter of a century ago, one of the saddest announcements of my life was the following from a friend in St. Mary's: "P. S.—As I write, the priest's house is burning down—9 o'clock P.M., January 25, 1872." The old manorial house of St. Inigo's burned down! about the first distant object my youthful eyes ever rested upon—where I had spent so many pleasant hours, and upon which I had hoped to gaze as long as sight should be vouchsafed to me on earth! Its cracked and charred walls alone remained, a sarcastic reminder of its pristine grandeur, and mourning memory, all unaided, was thrown upon its own powers to recall the scenes of youth, early manhood and mature age. A sickening sight the old blackened walls presented to those around who loved the old place, entwined around which were many pleasant memories, the lodging place of religion, education, refined and profuse hospitality. And it is sad to think of the many rich traditions, unsaid and unwritten, that have been buried with their custodians in the humble graveyard not far from the site of the extinct mansion. My eyes were spared the doleful sight of the ruins, through every sashless window or other aperture of which the gentle south wind drafted with mournful sound, as if to express its sympathy with those who looked on and could not suppress a sigh, mayhap a tear, over the devastation the relentless element of fire had wrought.

In a few short weeks the massive old walls that had stood the shock of many thousands of storms all unmoved and unshaken, yielded to the potent blows of pick and crowbar, and upon their hallowed foundation arose an humble structure, which, in the shadow of the old mansion, if still existing, could not fail to remind one of a cottage and castle. There was some comfort in the news which reached me in Baltimore that the old Lord Baltimore council table had been rescued from the devouring flames by the heroic efforts of two of my friends, James and Ignatius Roach, nephews of Father Combes, S.J. This is the grandest and most massive table I ever saw, is oval in shape, will seat comfortably eighteen or twenty persons, is eminently social, for each guest around it is in full view of all the rest. But this old treasure was not permitted to remain long in the land of the sanctuary, for omnivorous Georgetown was anxious for its possession, and succeeded in removing it from its home of centuries.

St. Inigo's Manor was originally surveyed for two thousand acres, but of late, it has been found to contain only something over eighteen hundred acres. It is bounded on the north by St. Inigo's Creek, on the south by the Potomac, on the west by St. Mary's River, and on the east by Smith's Creek. Owing to the encroachment of the Potomac and St. Mary's rivers, about two hundred acres have been washed away, or something less than a hundred acres in a century. The trend of the St. Mary's River is north and south, and the old manor house was situated on the north-

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west corner of the estate, upon a point that juts well out into the river, and its chief front was towards the mouth of the river, so that one in a boat above the point, could see the mouth of the river through the two main doors, when thrown open during pleasant weather.

The mansion was of English birth, the walls being very thick and massive. The ground floor had five rooms. Entering the south front, you came to a hall, which led to the pastor's room on the left, and to the assistant's on the right. On crossing it, you were in the grand parlor or reception room, and in front, the north entrance door was before you. A door leading from the left of the large room, was the Bishop's apartment and from the right there was another leading into the ordinary dining room. The central or main room was an elegant one, and must have been twenty-four feet square, with high ceiling. From the north front, there was a superb view of the upper St. Mary's, historic Rose Croft, Porto Bello and old St. Mary's City, where Leonard Calvert made his first permanent settlement, and where the first genuine seed of religious freedom was planted in the New World, and from thence, in post-revolutionary times, was transplanted in every portion of the United States. May it be propagated in every soil and clime, until every citizen of the world shall be able to lie down in its shade, and thank God for this great manifestation of His mercy to mankind!

The roof of the old house was quadrilateral and very much peaked, with four tall chimneys piercing it, standing like four grim sentinels in their helmets square, ever on duty "*semper idem*," in calm or in the midst of tempest and storm. Its *tout ensemble* was unique and very striking in appearance, and no pilgrim to the Mecca of religious freedom, two or three miles higher up the river, or travellers of business or pleasure, could ever pass it by without wishing to learn something of its history. Very close on the right of the north door, there was a square place in the wall of modern brick, about the size of an ordinary sheet of letter paper. The history of it, as told me by old people sixty years and more ago, was that, during the revolutionary war (Dunmore's war, as the old darkeys called it), an English ship was at anchor off Rose Croft, and a cannon was fired from her, presumably at the priest's house, and the ball went through the house, about four feet from the ground. Tradition stated, that the priest in charge had risen from his bed and was in the act of dressing, when the crash came, but that he would unquestionably have been killed, had he been still upon his bed. How much of truth there was in the tradition. I am unable to say, but there is no doubt about the patch work in the wall, for I have seen and had my hand upon it. I have read somewhere in my college days, I think in Tacitus, the aphorism "*proprium humani ingenii est, odisse quem laeseris*," and as England had done much injury to the Jesuits, that was good cause to hate them.

Ah me! if I could know that my readers could enjoy half the pleasure I should experience in writing what I have seen and heard in this old home of the good Jesuits, I could turn off a volume of ponderous size, so replete with interest that none could put it down without a sigh when the end should be reached. But alas! those who knew the great and good men who used to assemble there in my early days, and with whom I used to associate, are, with here and there an exception, resting in their graves, awaiting the summons for the resurrection of all humanity. And how can the young, the modern, take interest in reading of men they never saw, unless perchance, a limner of the marvellous powers of a Father Merrick could be found to depict them in such real, living colors that they would be vivified to mortal eye and reappear in the beauty of their piety or the resplendent grandeur of their genius. Who in reading his too short life of the admirable Cheverus has not felt there

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was an irony in the fate, which caused him to be born too late in the century to have ever met and known a character, such as he has, with evident justice, awarded to the great Cardinal Cheverus, who, beyond question, did more to paralyze Puritan bigotry, emphasize true Christian charity, and place the light of real religion so high, that all could gaze upon it and admire its beauty, if not gifted with the grace to embrace and utilize it.

But, by way of compensation for the satire of Fate, was it permitted that I should know well, one of the great successors to the great Cheverus, Bishop Fenwick. His friends, and they were legion, used to playfully call him Boston's Big Bishop Ben, which I would like to amend by inserting after Boston, the word "brainy," for he was eminently entitled to this addition to his almost Spanish length of name. Somebody wrote "sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were, to see thee in our waters," and I will remark of the good Bishop of the many B's, what an unspeakable delight it was for us favored ones, to have him in our midst every Summer or two to spend some weeks with his intimate and loved friend, Father Carberry. He was "to the manner born," his place of birth having been in a locality known as the "Beaver Dams," three or four miles north of our county seat, Leonardtown. He used to say, when some one would greet him and express pleasure at seeing him here again, "Yes, and it is a very great pleasure for me to be with you and talk over old times and people ; besides, I find it necessary for the preservation of my health and weight to come back to old principles, hog and hominy !" Now, it must be made known to those who never saw him, that his weight, when he reached here from Boston and beans, could not have been an ounce short of three hundred pounds, and what it was after indulging in his "first principles" for several weeks, it would be hard to conjecture.

He always preached in the little parish church on Sunday, and all crowded in to hear him, who could get standing room, and enjoyed his words of wisdom and piety —the emanations of his "barnyard" sense, delivered from his roomy old arm chair, in words befitting the rural congregation of rapt hearers. He was a most captivating conversationalist, full of love for all, and had the keenest sense of harmless wit and humor. His good nature fairly beamed from his big cheery face and expressive eye, and when he laughed his rotund form seemed to enjoy it from "tip to toe." In his humor he was exceedingly pleasant, but in his serious moments he fascinated all by his great display of knowledge, and his off-hand manner of delivering sledge-hammer blows to everything that stood in the way of truth and religion. He had no feints or fancy passes, no surplusage of language, but believed in the idea of "*pondus non numerus*," and delivered himself, to use a modern phrase, right from the shoulder.

I well remember, when a young man, fresh from college—the old Sulpician College of St. Mary's, Baltimore—being present on one occasion, when he was telling of some of his experience with the great Orestes Brownson, during the period when this man of mighty intellect was wrestling with pride, doubt and the devil, in which he was victor, and found rest in the bosom of the one holy Church. They had met repeatedly, he said, and discussed many tenets of religion, and a heavy strain it was upon his reserved powers, to stand up before such a doughty antagonist. One day he called, and after some brief preliminary remarks, he announced that he was ready to subscribe to Catholic doctrine in everything, with one exception, which, I think, was the necessity of baptism for salvation. I am quite sure that it was some dogma, the acceptance of which would involve a possible separation for all eternity, from many loved ones, who had gone to the other world, and for him to acquiesce in it, would appear like a voluntary separation on his part, from them for ever. He wished the Bishop to yield this one point of differ-

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ence, and allow him to join the Catholic Church, but this, of course, was refused. He seemed to grow testy under this denial of what he considered a mild and reasonable request, and replied that the Catholic Church was illiberal and arbitrary, heartless and unprogressive. The Bishop in telling this remarked, "Now was my supreme moment, and I rose, as best I could, to meet the crisis, remarking, 'Mr. Brownson, what you say about the Church may be true to the letter, but I trust you will not censure me for it, but blame the God-Man who made it, and sealed its foundation with His precious blood, for the redemption of mankind.'" This reply, for a moment, seemed to shock the great intellectual giant as a piece of profanity, but, when the true import and logical force of the speech struck his mind, the buckler fell from his arm, the lance from his hand, and he yielded to superior force—not the power of mind over mind, but to the force of heaven-descended truth, as Saul did to the heavenly beam that blinded and cast him to the earth. Each of them arose from the unequal conflict, purified and enlightened—each fought valorously for the same grand old Church till the end of his earthly career, and, while one gained the crown of martyrdom at Rome, the other, we have every reason to believe, wears now the crown of a saint in heaven. And the good Bishop Ben, long since consigned to the tomb, who can doubt, after his long life of labor for the salvation of souls, about his being in blissful repose? Truly has the city of Boston been blessed with faithful, zealous, able prelates, and of course, as a natural sequence, dearly beloved by her people, including many outside the Catholic fold.

In connection with Boston, I trust my readers will not become impatient if I relate what seemed at the time, about the year 1855, a remarkable prophecy. The prognosticator was Father Stonestreet, at one time President of Georgetown College. He was on a visit to my father, while sojourning for a time at St. Inigo's, and seated in a room adjoining this, wherein I am writing, was talking of Yankee people and their singular methods of amusing themselves, sometimes by burning down a convent, sometimes by riding an unoffending priest on a rail, and then again, by converting a church, erected for the worship of the living God, into a bonfire, as St. Augustine's, the charred, smoked ruins of which, with the memorable words above the door, were shown me by a Quaker cousin, during the Easter holidays in the year 1844. He observed to my father, "Colonel, speaking of Boston, I will make you a prophecy, which will likely cause you to smile and tax your belief in my power of prescience beyond proper limits, but I will venture to say, that in forty or fifty years hence, Boston will be a Catholic city."

He spoke with all the solemnity of a man invested from on high with the power of prophecy, and for all I know, he really was thus endowed. Sure enough, my father smiled and shook his head with a look of "*non constat*"—I don't see it, while I felt a downright pity for so clever a man and learned, to allow his wishes to run away with his judgment. Shade of good Father Stonestreet, I make a humble apology for my youthful folly and lack of faith in your predictive powers! After the laugh was ended that this reach into the future occasioned, Father Stonestreet resumed by saying, "Now, Colonel, you will be naturally curious to know my reasons for the faith that is within me, and I will explain. There is, at this time, a pretty good contingent of the Irish race in Boston, and these people have lots of children—all the way from five to fifteen and more, the greater part of which grow up to be men and women. Now, the native Yankee, with rare exceptions, never has more than two children, for they do not want their wealth divided up into many portions. You remember the old sum of the blacksmith, who charged a cent for the first nail he drove in a shoe, the amount to be doubled each time, till the horse was finished off all around, and

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you have not forgotten the fact that when he went to figuring up his bill, there was not room enough on the door of his shop to run out the amount. Now work the population problem by the same rule, and you will see how, in the time limit I have named, Boston will be a Catholic city."

This was the occasion of a laugh all around, and while Father S. joined in it, he persisted to the last, that he honestly believed that what he had predicted would be crystallized into a hard fact. For several years past I have seen the statement going the rounds of the secular press, that not only had Boston been Romanized, but the rest of New England as well.

God's ways are not scrutable to the eyes of mortals, in spite of the fact that I have met men who thought they were, and that they understood them, and very momentous consequences have unexpectedly evolved from events that were little dreamed of by those who brought them about. The cruel and incredulous Jews nailed to the cross the only begotten Son of God, and thus was consummated the redemption of mankind, and their malice and vindictiveness fully satisfied. Tyranny and vile religious persecution in a harsh age, drove many millions from the fair Isle converted to the faith by St. Patrick, and as a result, these exiles from their God-granted home have been scattered over the known world, carrying with them the seed of the Church, just as the modest bee, who is obliged to wander afar from his home in search of sustenance from undiscovered flowers, fertilizes by the germs it carries upon its body every imperfect bloom that comes within its range and contact. Thus does it indirectly and unconsciously multiply, to an immense extent, the products of the fruits of the earth, upon which so many of God's creatures feed and are sustained, while they themselves extract honey from the fruit they have, as it may be said, created by their own active industry. To run the parallel still farther, let us think of the many thousands of others who have derived benefit from the labors of the poor Irish, who have been obliged to struggle for theirs and their children's support in the wilds of distant lands.

Pardon this digression, which is very foreign to my original purpose. The traveller upon a great highway is often induced to diverge from his course by the enticements of the fruit and flora that are visible on the wayside as he passes along, while he who follows may find such deviations tedious if by chance his tastes vary from those of his precursor.

AT ASSISI.

By H. G. Smith.

SAINT of my love, I knew thee in the days
When hope was strong, and all the pensive story
Of life untold; the glad unconscious glory
Of youth within me echoed to thy praise.
I loved thee, and I dearly longed to gaze
Upon thy land from that still promontory,
That holy height, that lifteth against the hoary,
The melancholy hills, as if to raise
A sign towards heaven, thy triumphant shrine,
Thy flowered tomb. I feel the quick tears start,
For thou hast led me to this holy spot,
And all the joy, the sweetness that was mine,
Long lost in pain, for love of thee my heart,
To God anew resigneth grieving not.

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RESURREXIT.

By P. J. Coleman.

THROUGH the olives in the garden
Who is this that maketh way,
Past affrighted watch and warden
At the dawning of the day?
Joy! Angelic hosts attendant
From the cave the rock have rolled,
And in majesty resplendent
Jesus cometh aureoled.

At His feet the lily blanches,
Ruby-hearted breaks the rose,
And the olive's silv'ry branches
Bend in worship as He goes.
Tribute to His power eternal
All its spice the garden grants,
And the vine in beauty vernal
Maketh mute obeisance.

Where are now the rod and lictor?
Where the Roman and his scourge?
Life o'er death is Lord and Victor,
Swells the pæan o'er the dirge.
O'er His dark sepulchral prison
Hear the hymn that rings in pride—
"Alleluia! Christ is risen!
Glory to the Crucified!"

Rood of Calvary that borest
Jesus in His agony,
(Happy tree! Oh, happy forest
That did nourish such a tree!)
Erst a sign of degradation,
Henceforth by the blood divine
Shed on thee for man's salvation
Thou shalt be redemption's sign.

Oh! by all His dereliction,
By the thorns that pierced His head,
By His bitter crucifixion
And His blood for sinners shed,
Loosed at last from death's dark prison,
Ransomed by His precious love,
May we share His glory risen,
With the blessed saints above!

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SOME UNKNOWN ARTISTS.

By H. D.

(*Continued.*)

THE Church following the example of Christ, her founder, draws on all nature to help her to do honor to God. The wax of the bee forms her light for the Holy Sacrifice; the flax of the field drapes her altar and enfolds the Sacred Species; the silk of the worm clothes the ministers of her Sacraments; bread and wine, the universal food and drink, are for the divine mysteries themselves; and on festal days, she allows the flowers to shed their fragrance in the presence of their Creator and their Lord.

We have seen that in like manner, the artists of the Society of Jesus sought with brush and chisel to make the beauties of creation subserve to the adornment of the temples of the ever living God, for the drawing of souls, through the senses to a holy life. In the present article, the writer would speak first of a Jesuit who painted flowers, almost exclusively, and in a manner so exquisite and life-like, as to have acquired the name of the *Flower-Angel.*

Daniel Segers, or Seghers, may be said to have been always a Jesuit. While still a child scarcely out of his frocks, whenever he met a Jesuit, he would point at him and say, "That is what I am going to be," and in his sixteenth year, he entered a novitiate of the Society. He was born in 1590, and was the brother of Gerard Segers, born in 1589, who afterwards became one of the most eminent of the historical painters, and whose famous Elevation of the Cross was painted for the Jesuit church in Antwerp, the native city of the two brothers.

From the earliest dawn of reason, Daniel was remarkable for his delicate chasteness of soul, and probably it was from the fact of his having modelled his life after that of St. Aloysius, that he was drawn so early in years to the Society. During his novitiate, his superiors noted his passion for depicting flowers, and they placed him under the instruction of John Brenghel, an artist who was famed for his flower pieces and landscapes; but not long, for Segers having given promise of outshining his master, it was decided to send him for instruction to Rome, where his brother Gerard was then stationed.

On his way to the Eternal City, Segers observed carefully the flowers, fruits, plants, and insects peculiar to each place, "all of which he accurately designed and transferred to his portfolio, so that," as Spooner relates, "on his return to Flanders he had an abundant supply of beautiful objects for his future compositions." Wincklemann states that during his residence in Rome, Segers diligently studied everything that could contribute to his own particular branch of the art of painting, and the improvement he made proves that a sojourn in that metropolis of art is beneficial to every painter, whatever be the department to which he devotes himself.

It was while he was studying in Italy that the event occurred which gave birth to a story related of a picture of Segers called "The Roses of the Bees." While painting a bunch of roses in the garden of the Roman villa of the Society of Jesus, he was called from his easel, and on his return with a party of visitors who wished to observe his work, he found his picture attacked by a swarm of bees, and it was only after the industrious honey-gatherers had paid him marked attention, that he was able to rescue his painting.

Segers returned to Antwerp in 1615,

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and from that time until his death at the ripe age of seventy, in 1660, he was occupied in painting flower-pieces for the decoration of the public edifices of his native city, for numerous churches throughout Europe, and occasionally for individual persons. His works are very rare and valuable; the demand for them has caused them to be largely imitated, and many are attributed to him which are totally unworthy of his brush. That the works of an artist whose productions were almost innumerable, are now rare, is to be attributed to the dispersion of the Society in the eighteenth century, when their libraries and collections of art were scattered; and to the sanguinary revolution that speedily followed, when so much that was beautiful and of good repute fell a prey to the fury of an unreasoning populace.

All authorities on art agree that Segers painted flower-pieces, elegantly and tastefully composed, "executed with a brilliancy, variety and beauty that rivalled nature." His usual manner of disposing of his subjects was in garlands or festoons, twining round elegant vases of marble, on which were often represented historical subjects by the most distinguished masters, many of them by Rubens. "His pencil," says Spooner, "was light, his touch free and delicate, and his flowers have all the freshness and bloom of nature, sparkling with dew-drops. He particularly excelled in depicting lilies and roses. His tints are transparent and natural, and the insects and butterflies he introduced among the flowers appeared as perfect as life."

The masterpiece of Segers came to be painted in this manner. Rubens was asked to paint a picture of our Lady and the Infant Saviour for the Church of the Society of Antwerp, the picture to be surrounded by flowers. This he agreed to do with the proviso that Segers paint the flowers. Segers consented to do this, and his work represents a garland of the most beautiful flowers, that is said to surpass in naturalness and brilliancy of color any other production of the kind.

Kings and princes eagerly sought after the pictures of Segers, among them the Prince of Orange, who was by no means partial to the Society.

This prince sent Boschaert, his principal painter, to visit the Jesuit that he might study his methods of painting, and that he might endeavor to get a flower-piece by him. Segers freely exhibited his methods to the Hollander, who afterwards profited much by the instructions he received, and painted two of his choicest works for presentation to the prince in the name of the Society. According to Spooner, the Prince repaid the gift munificently. Wray says that a silver chalice, beautifully chased, was sent to the Society in return for the pictures. But a German writer, Lichtenthal, states, "the Prince intended a handsome gift for Father Segers, but circumstances prevented its transmission." The truth amid these conflicting statements, is contained, probably, in the archives of the Society.

The last work of this great master of flower-painting, was a vase of lilies and a vase of roses, to be placed in panels on either side of a tabernacle. He was then in his seventieth year, but it is said that he never excelled these paintings, save in the offering of flowers he made to our Lady, around the picture painted by Rubens.

In the latter years of his life he was, on a festival day, passing by a young scholastic, who greeted him with "Happy feast!" "May your whole life be as happy as mine has been, and may you be as holy as I ought to be," he responded. In his humility, he was all unconscious of his deservedly widespread reputation for holiness.

John Philip van Thielen, Lord of Cowenberg, one of the most eminent of the painters of flowers, was a pupil of Father Segers. "He composed his subjects in the manner of his master, and his pictures are highly finished, though

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less brilliant and spirited than those of his instructor," say Spooner and others.

Like St. Ignatius, the founder of the Society of Jesus, the one who has been chosen next to illustrate the portion of the vast field of Jesuit enterprise in art, glanced at in these pages, had been in early life a soldier. Il Borgognone is his acquired name, and in art he is known only under this appellation, as Allegri is known only as Correggio, and so with Fra Angelico and a great number of other artists. He was born at St. Hippolyte in Franche-Compté, in 1621, and his Christian and surname are Jacopo Cortese. Like Daniel Segers, he had a brother a painter, one Guglielmo Cortese, younger, and as an artist inferior to himself. His father also was an artist, but of no reputation, but from him he learned the elements of design.

The romantic stories related of the life of Il Borgognone by American and English authors, will be omitted here, because of their improbable and contradictory character. In particular, we must reject altogether their highly wrought accounts of his entrance into the Society. The truth is, that those not of the faith appear not to be able to conceive the possibility of one giving up all things, out of a motive of pure love, to serve God, nor have they the slightest conception of the religious life, and least of all in what the life of a Jesuit consists. Therefore, to confine ourselves to authenticated facts, the following brief statement will suffice.

While still but little more than a boy, Il Borgognone was compelled by the poverty of his parents, to go to Milan to seek a livelihood. There he fell in with a French officer, who offered him inducements to enter the army. He followed the profession of arms for some years, and while thus engaged, exercised such skill in designing as he had learned from his father, and which his natural talent improved, by making designs of the marches, attacks and battles he witnessed. Having acquired a small capital by his efforts at drawing, he left the army and proceeded to Bologna, where he was much helped by the instructions of Guido, who advised him to journey to Rome whither his brother, Guglielmo Cortese, had already gone. It was while in Rome that he entered the Society, the true story of which proceeding is a very prosaic one. He had been of a pious disposition from his youth up, attached to his family, helping them in their necessities, and it was to his kindness and instruction that Guglielmo Cortese owed his successes in life. Always well-disposed to the Society and believing that therein he could best serve God, he applied for admission among its members, was told to make a retreat of decision, and was finally admitted to his probation. Nothing very sensational about this, but usually truth is less strange than fiction. Or perhaps the truth in this case is stranger, for what is more wonderful than the ways of God with man?

In painting, Il Borgognone followed no school; his genius being of a supreme order, he rather created one, in one branch of his art about to be spoken of, excelling all who have gone before or come after him. His first pictures were painted for the Gesù at Rome, one being the Massacre of the Holy Innocents, the other the Three Kings bringing their gifts to the Infant Saviour, and these two paintings remain among the masterpieces of the Eternal City. About the same time he painted St. Mary Magdalene at the feet of Christ, for the Church of St. Martha, also in Rome. But Il Borgognone's natural inclination was for battle-pieces, and he applied himself to this department of art, which, according to Lanzi, de Castro, Spooner and numerous other authorities, "he has carried to a degree of perfection unequalled before or since his time." His success was so great that Michael Angelo Cerquozzi, called *la Battaglia*, because of his fine battle-pieces, and a rival of Il Borgognone, was not at all backward in proclaiming

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his merits and acknowledging his superiority.

Il Borgognone's battle-pieces represent scriptural scenes, St. Louis in the Crusades, the triumph of St. Henry and like subjects, and in the judgment of Spooner, "are composed with a fire and vigor peculiar to himself; his pencil is light and free, and his executions exceedingly rapid; his figures and horses are drawn with the greatest spirit." Lanzi says, "in beholding his pictures we seem to hear the shouts of war, the neighing of the horses, and the cries of the wounded." Four of his best pictures are now in the Pitti Palace at Florence, ravished from the temples for which they were made. One of his pictures merits a particular description.

Everyone who has read the Exercises of St. Ignatius, or made a Retreat given by a Father of the Society of Jesus, knows the parable of the Two Standards. This parable Il Borgognone immortalized on canvas in a superb painting, in which, where every object is powerfully depicted, is portrayed in an almost superhuman manner, the triumph of mind over matter, the soul over the flesh.

A broad plain is represented extending to the horizon, unbroken by elevation or growth of any kind, so that the sky forms the only background. On this plain is arrayed the army, horse and foot soldiers of the Prince of Darkness, and the hosts of the King of Heaven, under the banner of the Cross. Satan is seated on a magnificent black charger, and is clad in a cuirass brilliant with jewels, a scarlet velvet mantle richly gemmed, hanging from his shoulder. The charger rears, and the points of the crown of Satan, as it falls, are caught by the rays of the sun rising behind the Christian hosts, and they emit fiery sparks. The face of Satan is of a beauty entirely material, scornful, and overcast with a hopeless despair that terrifies the onlooker. Il Borgognone has been careful to represent the army of Satan as composed of youth and age in every degree of beauty and gracefulness, but always of a kind debased and grossly material, having in mind, no doubt, that sin comes with smiles and in gay apparel to hide its vileness from the soul it would betray. The army of Satan is made to appear more a part of the earth than the flowers springing up where stand the Christian hosts, more earthly even than the blasted weeds and thistles trampled on by the hoofs of Satan's charger. A youth is shown as leaving the ranks of Satan's hordes, to join the Christian warriors; he has cast aside a hauberk of golden mail, showing himself clad beneath with a wretched garment foul with vermin, figurative of the detestableness of vice.

The King of Heaven is portrayed with a face of ineffable love and beauty, bearing aloft the Standard of the Cross, snowy white, the cross of another degree of whiteness, scintillating with a diamond light. His white robe touches without sweeping the earth, and though His feet press the flowers on which He stands, they are not broken on their tiny stalks, but bend to receive what is evidently an airy weight. He is encompassed by a host of male and female forms, vested in figurative robes of white, blue, crimson, and purple, all of a delicate texture. The general effect of the Christian host is that of light and buoyancy, tempered with a dignity, unsevere and mild. That of Satan's army, is one of darkness, heavy and oppressive.

The middle space of the painting is occupied with a battling troop of Christians and a horde of Satan's followers. Everywhere the Christians are succoring the wounded trampled with spurning foot by the world's disciples. In the foreground a Christian consoles one pierced with a spear, and who is tempted by an enemy, in the sleeve of whose garment hides an asp.

On one side of the picture is mind, on the other matter; on the one side the soul, on the other the flesh; and if anything were wanting to convince the spectator which side is to win the victory, the

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rising sun behind the King of Heaven, bearing up the Christian host on glorious waves of light, is given him as the sign of the conquest of the day over night, of night over darkness.

De Castro, from whom the foregoing description of this noble allegory and beautiful poetic conception has been freely translated, says that it was still in the Papal dominions at the time of their occupation by the invading troops of Napoleon, at the beginning of this century.

Together with the numerous works he composed, Il Borgognone aided his brother in painting the Battle of Joshua, now in the palace of the Quirinal. He also etched a set of eight battles, and one of four battles. "These etchings," says Spooner, "are executed with uncommon spirit, and a masterly effect of light and shadow." A number of the paintings of Il Borgognone, have, according to the same author, become blackened by age.

This great Jesuit departed this life at Rome, in 1676, going to receive the reward promised to the faithful soldier of the Cross, for supremely well as he knew how to depict battles, he still better knew how to fight the battles that all are called on to fight for Heaven's King.

Among the pupils of this illustrious master were the following famous artists: G. Bruni, Calza, Everardi, Gianizzero, Graziano, Lembke, Monti, Paganini, Joseph Parrocel and Pandolfo Reschi, representing the nations of Italy, Rome, Belgium, Sweden, France and Germany.

So much space has already been occupied, that the writer feels it necessary to be very brief in his accounts of the artists yet to be mentioned. Though not equal in merit as artists to some of those noticed in the preceding pages, they deserve much fuller mention than can here be given.

Hitherto the artists mentioned have been men who were more or less successful from the very beginning. This was not the case with Padre Valeriani; he began by failure, and ended by becoming eminent. Giovanni Baglione, who painted, and who wrote the Lives of the Painters, who flourished at Rome from 1572 to 1642, says that Giuseppe Valeriani entered the Society at Rome in the reign of Clement VIII. It is not known under whom he studied. His studies were made in the world, and while still a secular, he imitated Piombo for whom he had a great admiration. In this he blundered, his genius being of an order different from that of the master he had chosen to emulate. At this period he was too heavy in his design, Lanzi says, and too dark in his color. His first pictures were poor, and at the time of his entering the Society, he had given up painting for a number of years; and it was not till after his ordination as a priest that he again took up his pencil by the advice of his superiors. At the same time they urged him to abandon his attempts at the style of Piombo. This he did, and Spooner remarks with truth, that he now improved much on his first manner. But as this author extols Padre Valeriani's pictures painted while he was a Jesuit, we must conclude that his improvement was very marked indeed. The first picture he painted when on the road to eminence in art, was for a church in his native town of Aquila.

The art of casting, or disposing of the foldings of drapery in the most effective and judicious manner, requires no inconsiderable part of a painter's skill and attention, as great judgment and taste are necessary to arrange it in such a manner as to display the form to the greatest advantage, and that the folds may correspond with the movements of the figure. Padre Valeriani was keenly alive to this, and paid close attention to his draperies, excelling so greatly in them as to have acquired the artist name of "Draper." Lanzi praises his draperies warmly.

In his fine picture of the Annunciation, in a chapel of the Gesù at Rome, by many considered to be his master-

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piece, Valeriani exhibits his particular excellence in a marked degree. "The figure of the Virgin is graceful in form and very majestic; the folds of her draperies, large and few, producing broad and simple masses of light and shadow. In his angel of the Annunciation, the airy textures which clothe it, are cast with a wonderful attention to the movements of the figure. The imposto is exceedingly rich," that is the blending of the colors in the picture. There are also in the Roman Gesù several other paintings by Valeriani, subjects from the life of Christ. A number of his works were taken to Paris by order of the first Napoleon, who wished to enrich his capital from the treasures of the Papal city.

Padre Valeriani was much beloved by the Roman artists. He proved himself a temporal and spiritual benefactor to many of them, and the conferences he gave for their especial benefit, were always crowded with attentive listeners.

The "Frate," otherwise Adrian Rodriguez (his name was originally Adrian Dietrix), was born in Antwerp in 1618. There he made the acquaintance of Father Daniel Segers, who is said to have instructed him in designing flower groups. The "Flower-Angel" cultivated the most beautiful flowers for models, and made collections of insects for the same purpose, and it is certain that Rodriguez aided him in this work; he may have been employed by Father's Segers' superiors for this purpose. We next find the "Frate Rodriguez,"—he is known by no other name in books on painting, travelling to Madrid where he entered the Society, and where he lived till his death in 1669.

Pilkington, in the preface to his "Dictionary of Painters," says, "that one of the requisites essential to all well-founded tastes for painting, is to be familiarly conversant with Sacred History from which many of the subjects that animated the best artists were composed." This familiarity the Frate Rodriguez possessed to such a degree, that he was often called on by his superiors to explain the Gospels to the Lay Brothers, and it is said that grave Fathers, deeply versed in theological lore, did not disdain to lend an ear to his instructions. To this profound knowledge of Scripture is due in no small degree the Frate's eminence in Scriptural paintings, to which department be confined himself entirely.

Early in his religious life, he went through a severe course of study in painting, and every opportunity was afforded him to peruse the choicest works of art in the Spanish capital, particularly the rich treasures contained in the royal collections. Though he was much drawn to Velasquez, he never forgot his loyalty to Rubens and Father Segers, and all his pictures are in the Flemish taste, but done with a Spanish pencil. The style he formed may be said to be a compound of both, inclining most to the Flemish, yet not a servile imitation of either. His poetical conception of character was better than that of Rubens, but in color he was inferior to that master. Each of his compositions displays great uniformity, in fact, it was from this excellence that his defect arose, that is, the evidence exhibited in many of his works of the labor and pains they cost him. He was never able to make a *coup*, that is to paint and finish a picture at once, without returning to retouch it, a facility many great masters possessed, among them, as has been seen, Padre Pozzo, who had it in a preëminent degree. He was careful, too careful, in his attention to accessories, executing with as much finish the minute details of the table in his miracle at Cana, as he used for the grand and poetic figures of our Lord and His Mother in the same painting. Head, while praising the manifold beauties of this great work, says, "it causes a feeling of irritation to be distracted from a contemplation of these superb creations" (the figures of Jesus and Mary), "by the equally finished wine-cup, in the quite as well finished hand of one of the guests, whose face is expectant of more wine. It is the

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effect of light without shadow, and yet, who would change the picture if he could !"

The paintings of the Frate Rodriguez are all in Spain, in the houses and churches that once belonged, or now belong to the Society, and in the royal collection of Madrid. The three greatest of these paintings are: the Disciples at Emmaus, the Miracle at Cana, and the Feast of Simon. The last named is praised above the others. "The precious ointment which the Magdalene pours upon the feet of Christ, appears to flow, her lips visibly tremble, and tears glisten in her eyes." This painting, like all the works of the Frate, abounds in exquisite details, but here they form a background for the three principal figures, that of Christ, "who has a benign and beautiful countenance, the splendid outlines of the Magdalene, whose face is upturned with a repentant and yearning gaze, and the avaricious Judas."

Padre Giovanni Battista Fiammeri is the last example, that the present writer may here take from the long roll of Jesuit artists. According to Baglioni, he flourished at Rome in the pontificate of Paul V. In painting he was the opposite of the Frate Rodriguez, for while the Frate has been criticised for paying undue attention to accessories, Padre Fiammeri has been found fault with for not paying enough. Others again, have praised him for neglecting them, in order that he might give more prominence to his chief figures and objects. His subjects are taken chiefly from the life of Christ, the source from which the greatest masters have drawn their inspiration.

Padre Fiammeri excelled in what, to coin a word, may be called water-scenes. In his Christ Stilling the Storm, by some authors considered his greatest work, "the waves appear to retreat before the extended hands of Christ, and it is evident water you see in this picture." His taste in color leaned to subdued lights, moon-light effects, and the grayish hues peculiar to cloudy days; and in the use of some of these, he was most effective in the above mentioned painting. The general air of this picture is that of gloom, save where Christ stands on the prow of the vessel. There, behind Him, a cloud has broken, and His figure "stands out illumined by a supernatural light, that sheds a lucid glow." That he could have painted pictures rich in color had his inclination led him to do so, is plainly to be discerned in his painting of the Presentation, where in the vestments of the attendant ministers of the Temple "he has achieved a vigorous color rivalling the greatest masters in this rarest excellence of art."

From the accounts given of Padre Fiammeri, it may be gathered that, like the celebrated Jesuit Hardouin, "he did not get up at four o'clock in the morning to be like other men." "While fault may be found with some of his designs, he can never be criticised for want of originality. His pictures are correctly said to appeal more to the intellect than to the senses. They improve by study, and in his prominent figures, he never fails to make an effective picture." This last is saying much, for on them he laid the whole burden of the story he would have his paintings relate.

A number of the paintings of Padre Fiammeri are in the Gesù at Rome, others are scattered throughout Europe, and some there are that have been attributed to Caracci.

No idea has been entertained in this attempt at an exposition of Jesuit artists, of covering the field occupied by the Society of Jesus, in the domain of art. That would have been impossible in the space of one or two articles in a magazine. What has been attempted, and in this the writer hopes he has succeeded, has been to show the encouragement given to art by the Society; that in her members she has adorned it in the highest degree; that without her aid much would have been lost, that now abounds to the

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honor and glory of art. Of the eight Jesuits noticed in these pages, all of whom are illustrious, three of whom are preëminently so, there is no one who was not given, by the Society of Jesus, facilities for improving his talents, and employing his genius, that he could never have attained in the world. These artists have been chosen from a long and noble list of names that help to shed effulgence on the pages of the histories of art, because the writer felt them to be types in a large degree of those for whom no space could be found in his circumscribed area. They have been a glory to religion and to art, they have honored the Society that mothered them, and it is hoped they have helped to exemplify the truth of what was said at the outset, that the Society of Jesus has not been wanting in its contributions to the progress of art.

THROUGH DARKNESS TO DAWN.

By John P. Ritter.

DANIEL PARRISH was a rough man, rough and surly and unlettered. Born in the mining town of Plymouth, in the great coal region of the Wyoming Valley, in Pennsylvania, he had passed the greater part of his life under ground.

When but ten years of age his father had put him to work as a sorter in the breakers of the big Avondale colliery; at fourteen he had descended into the tunnels to drive a mule; at sixteen he became a door-tender; at eighteen a miner's laborer; at twenty a full-fledged miner with an assistant of his own, and at twenty-five a mining boss. Thus he had spent most of his working hours in the bowels of the earth, and had seen but little of the sunlight.

It may have been this continuous association with darkness and the nether world which gave such a gloomy tinge to his character. His prevailing mood was morose and taciturn, his brow wore an habitual frown, and he rarely spoke to the men under him, unless to curse and revile them for some carelessness or negligence in their work. For, with all his faults of temper, he was an experienced, conscientious miner, who could not tolerate the least slackness in those placed under his authority.

That such a man should be exceedingly unpopular with his associates was but natural. They regarded him as a tyrannous taskmaster, who had no sympathy with their grievances, but was devoted, body and soul, to the interests of the capitalists who employed him. As a name appropriate to his sullen disposition they called him "Black Dan," and always with a threatening inflection of the voice which indicated a smouldering resentment that might at any time break out into a flame.

So much regarding the dark side of the man's nature. And now a few words concerning its bright side. To have realized the good there was in the heart of "Black Dan" Parrish, you must have paid a visit to his home

He lived in a neat little cottage on the outskirts of Plymouth, and every hour he could spare from his arduous duties in the mine was devoted to the gentle mother who kept house for him. In her society his brow cleared, and his countenance put on a cheerful expression, his silence melted and he became positively garrulous in his endeavors to entertain her. She was the one human being in all the world whom he loved, the one for whom he lived and worked; yet, even in his relationship with her,

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he could not wholly subdue the dark perversity of his nature.

Mrs. Parrish was a devoted Catholic, and had instilled into her son's mind, from the days of his earliest infancy, all the truths and precepts of her holy religion. While he was still a child, he paid a reverent heed to her teachings; but when his father—the bread-winner of the little family—was killed by a cave-in of the Avondale, and he saw his mother suffering all the misery of want and privation, he began to rebel against a Providence that could visit such a gentle, uncomplaining creature with so much affliction. Wilful and passionate by nature, this state of mind produced in him a dogged sullenness of temper which, as the years rolled by, gradually became chronic.

At the time of the tragedy he was in his sixteenth year, and, as he grew to man's estate, he became more and more of a fatalist. Living in direct touch with nature, and observing that the misfortunes of those around him generally sprang from some chastisement of Mother Earth, he ascribed everything that befell him to a blind, inexorable destiny. It was in vain that his sorrowing mother endeavored to argue him out of this unhappy mental condition.

"If there is a loving God, as you claim, mother," he would say, "why did He allow me to be put to work before I had any schooling? Why did He allow my poor father to be killed and you to suffer so many trials? As these things have happened, it is plain that there is no God. Fate rules the world, and God is an invention of the priests."

And then he would change the conversation to another topic; for, though it hurt him to see his mother grieve over his spiritual darkness, in this one thing he could not bring his stubborn will to bend to her. Yet, notwithstanding that he turned a deaf ear to her entreaties, Mrs. Parrish did not abandon the hope of leading her son back to the truth he scorned. She realized that in him existed great possibilities for good or evil, and prayed earnestly to God that the former might prevail in the end. In the meanwhile he continued to grow more and more morose and savage towards the miners under his authority, until submission to his arbitrary will became no longer possible.

It was a Saturday night, and several of the men belonging to "Black Dan's" gang were assembled in the sitting-room of a miner's tavern in Plymouth, discussing their grievances.

"He's gone too fur this time, Jim," one of them was saying, "too fur entirely to be put up with. We're not slaves to be beaten by such a brute as Black Dan."

"Beaten?" replied the man addressed, in amazement—a stockily-built miner of middle age, with a sprinkling of gray in his hair. "Surely he hasn't dared to strike any of the men, has he?"

"Indeed he has. He knocked down Bob McGibney this afternoon while he was robbing a pillar in the south tunnel of No. 6 gallery. Bob was shooting his stick without his safety lamp, and Black Dan happened to see him. So, without a word of warning, he hit him a blow with his fist that knocked him clean off his pins. I say again that he's gone too fur, and it's time we called him down."

Jim listened to this account of "Black Dan's" tyranny with deep attention, and, at its conclusion, passed a horny hand across his brow.

"And do you want me to say what I think of his act?" he said, after a pause. "Well, I'll tell you, Maguire, just what I think. Black Dan was in the right to be angry with McGibney for shooting his stick with his light exposed, for you know as well as I do that the south tunnel is full of fire damp, and that a fatal explosion might have occurred. He was right to be angry, I say, and might have been excused for cussin' and swearin' a bit to relieve his feelins; but," he added, suddenly changing his tone to one

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of passionate resentment, "in striking McGibney he committed a crime that deserves swift punishment."

The other miners, who had been listening to every word of this short colloquy with deep interest, now broke out in expressions of approval.

"Jim Marston is right!" they cried excitedly. "Black Dan must be taught a lesson. He must be punished, or else he'll be raising his hand against us, one and all."

"But what shall his punishment be?" asked McGuire, directing an inquiring glance at Jim Marston.

"Why, give him his deserts," replied Marston. "Let three or four of you lay for Black Dan and give him a good licking."

This suggestion meeting with the approval of all present, the miners proceeded to draw lots to designate the men who were to undertake the punishment of their taskmaster. Jim Marston and McGuire participated in the drawing and, strangely enough, were among the four selected to execute the base design.

* * * *

The following day being Sunday, "Black Dan" remained at home until after supper, resting for the labors of the following week, and contributing to the happiness of his mother by his cheerfulness. Then he put on his hat and went forth to enjoy a quiet stroll in the twilight.

As, when apart from his mother, he preferred to be alone, he bent his steps toward the outskirts of the town, and soon reached the winding road which led to the abandoned workings of the Washington Outcrop, the first coal mine opened in the Susquehanna region. As he mounted higher and higher up the rugged path, he paused at frequent intervals to gaze down upon the lovely valley below, through which the Susquehanna —the winding river of the Indians— threaded its silvery course, dotted with emerald islands, and bordered by groves of pines and sycamores. Like most solitary men, he had an innate love for the beautiful in nature, although he rarely found an opportunity to indulge it. And now the dusky landscape upon which he gazed from time to time, had a softening effect upon his dark and sullen mind.

"If it had been my fate to be anything but a miner," he mused, "I might have been a better man."

He had reached a turn in the path which led through a strip of woodland, when four men, bare-armed and masked, sprang from behind the trees and fell upon him furiously. He was so taken by surprise that, for a time, he offered no resistance. But a few heavy blows upon his head and face quickly aroused him to action, and in a perfect transport of rage, he clenched his fists and struck out wildly at his assailants. In the fierce struggle that followed, he tore the masks from the faces of two of his foes, and recognized Jim Marston and Tony McGuire, who both belonged to his gang.

"Ah, I understand now!" he exclaimed. "You fellows want revenge for the blow I gave Bob McGibney. Well, come on, all four of you, and I'll give you all you want."

Then he struck out more savagely than before, and, for a few moments, held his enemies at bay. They were four against one, however, and the combat could not have remained long in doubt. Presently they all attacked him from different sides at once. He was struck from behind and before, from the right hand and the left, until, completely overwhelmed by the blows that rained upon him, he reeled and pitched headlong to the ground. At this his assailants gave utterance to shouts of triumph, and falling upon his prostrate body beat him into insensibility.

When he recovered consciousness they had disappeared, and he opened his eyes to solitude and darkness.

* * * *

How he managed to reach his home that night he never knew. Nevertheless, reach it he did, to fall fainting at the feet of his mother. The distracted woman

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was obliged to call in two stalwart neighbors to carry her son to his room, and when the doctor arrived an hour later, to examine his injuries, it was discovered that, besides having sustained numerous cuts and bruises, his right arm and two of his ribs were fractured.

Indeed, "Black Dan" was so seriously hurt, that he was obliged to keep to his room for several weeks. This was unfortunate, as it gave him abundant time to brood over the base treatment he had received at the hands of his men. The more he thought of the affair, the stronger grew his desire for revenge. The evil in his nature assumed complete mastery over all his faculties, and he spent his time in planning schemes of vengeance.

Toward McGuire and Jim Marston in particular, he felt an especial hatred; for he had given them work in the Avondale at a time when they were out of employment and were suffering from actual want. For these men to maltreat him was an act of the blackest ingratitude for which no fitting retribution could be found. Whenever "Black Dan" pondered on their conduct, an evil scowl darkened his brow, and his eyes gleamed dangerously. A demon took possession of his soul, suggesting thoughts of murder.

During the period of his convalescence, his patient mother was unremitting in her ministrations to his bodily comfort, nor did she neglect to suggest spiritual remedies for his diseased and perverted mind. But, though her son accepted her loving attentions with affectionate gratitude, he repelled her harshly whenever she attempted to lead his thoughts back to the God and religion he had cast aside. Realizing that he was passing through a perilous spiritual crisis, on the result of which depended his soul's eternal weal or woe, she passed many solitary hours in beseeching God on his behalf, and offering up *novenas* to the Blessed Virgin and Saint Monica—to the latter especially, as being the particular patroness of mothers sorrowing over the sins of wayward sons.

That God heard her prayers, and answered them in His own wise and inscrutable way, will presently appear.

* * * * * *

"Black Dan" had entirely recovered from his injuries and returned to work in the mine. It was observed by his men that he was even more sullen and moody than before. He seemed to be perpetually pondering on some dark design, for he was no longer observant of their delinquencies, but remained for hours at a time away from them absorbed in solitary brooding.

The fact that he had taken no steps to ascertain the identity of his assailants, and to have them punished for their assault, appeared to them significant. The report had gone abroad that he had recognized two of the men who had beaten him; and yet Jim Marston and McGuire were still working in "Black Dan's" gang of miners, and he had given no evidence of entertaining the slightest animosity toward them. Forgiveness was so foreign to his character that the men were lost in wonder.

"What has come over Black Dan?" they asked each other. "Has the thrashing he received completely broken his spirit?"

If they could have but peeped into the dark mind of their taskmaster, they would have realized the error of this notion, for "Black Dan" was merely biding his time. The ideas of vengeance he had so long entertained had at last assumed definite shape, and he was only awaiting an opportunity to put them into execution.

One evening, about a week after his return to work in the colliery, he left his home immediately after supper, and bent his steps toward a dark and narrow lane, flanked on each side by the coal-blackened cottages of miners. His cap was pulled down over his eyes, and the collar of his miner's jacket was turned up about his ears. His left hand was clenched, while his right was thrust into his coat pocket, grasping the handle of a revolver.

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Knowing that Jim Marston and his friend, McGuire, would have to pass through the lane in order to reach the tavern which they frequented nightly, he was hurrying in the direction of the dark and lonely byway to conceal himself among its shadows and await their coming.

As he drew nearer to the alley's mouth his soul revelled in anticipation of the vengeance he was about to reap. An evil demon walked at his side, prompting his mind to a quick succession of evil thoughts, and starting the wicked passions of his nature into flame. According to all human calculations, he was hurrying precipitately to plunge his soul into damning sin. Yet, at that very moment, God was working for his salvation.

Just as he turned into the byway he collided with a man. In the darkness neither could recognize the other; but this sudden contact with a human being produced in "Black Dan" the effect of an electric shock. He started back with a peculiar sense of fear, and, in the nervousness of the moment, withdrew his right hand from his pocket and let the revolver fall clattering to the ground.

"Pardon me, sir!" exclaimed a grave, kindly voice. "I believe I knocked something from your hand. Allow me to pick it up for you."

While uttering these words the stranger stooped down and began groping in the darkness for the weapon. The consciousness of guilt which had unnerved "Black Dan" a moment before now recalled him to his self-possession. Realizing the inferences which the stranger would naturally draw on discovering that he had dropped a loaded revolver, he resolved instantly to prevent him from recovering it.

"Don't trouble yourself, sir," he said quickly. "I know where the thing dropped, and can pick it up myself."

"But I have it already," returned the stranger, rising from the ground with the revolver in his hand. A moment afterwards he added, in a tone of keen suspicion, "Why, it's a revolver!"

"Black Dan" felt the blood rush to his head. He was overcome with confusion, and, not being able to invent a plausible pretext, stammered out gruffly, "Come, give it to me—it's mine!"

"Indeed?" said the stranger, in tones very grave. "And what were you doing here, my friend, with a loaded weapon in your hand?"

"That's no affair of yours," growled "Black Dan," angrily. "So hand it over and don't meddle in matters that don't concern you."

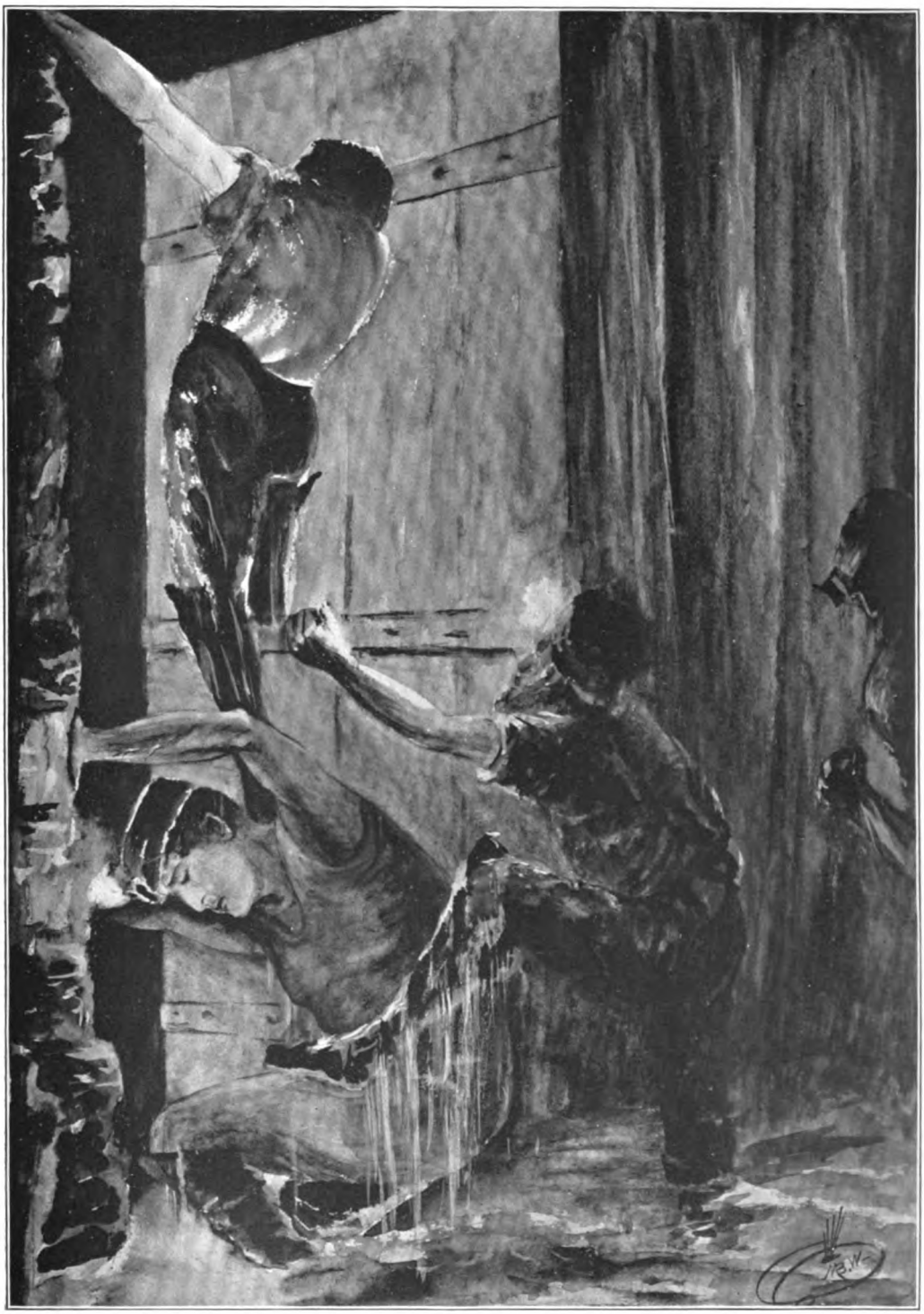
"But this affair does concern me," was the calm response. "I'm a priest of the Catholic Church, and it is my duty to prevent people from committing crime, wherever and whenever I find them so disposed. I find you in this lonely spot with a loaded pistol in your hand, and naturally infer that you must have some evil design in view. Consequently it is my business to employ every means in my power to turn you from it. Come, my friend, let us take a little stroll together!"

With these words he thrust the revolver in his pocket, and, taking "Black Dan" by the arm, led him away from the scene of their encounter.

Now, it is a fact that even renegade Catholics have a wholesome respect for their priests, and, as soon as "Black Dan" learned the character of the stranger who thus addressed him, he dropped his gruff manner at once. Moreover, there was something so compelling in the grave voice of this clergyman, who seemed to have penetrated his murderous designs as if gifted with supernatural instinct, that he felt himself obliged to obey him. So he allowed himself to be conducted through the streets of the town without uttering a word of protest, until they reached a small frame house, which he recognized as the parsonage of the little church he had attended when a child.

"Come, my friend," said the priest,

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"COME, CLIMB UPON MY SHOULDERS AND PASS THROUGH!" EXCLAIMED THE HERO.

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as he led the way up to the door, "we will sit and chat for a while in my study. You are my brother, and can speak to me without reserve. If you have been meditating a crime, do not hesitate to unburden your mind to me, and I dare say we shall find some way of turning you from it."

These words were spoken in a tone so kind, yet authoritatively, that "Black Dan" had no choice but to obey them. In fact, the consciousness that this pious man had read his inmost soul deprived him of all power of resistance. Together they entered the parsonage and repaired to the good priest's study, where they remained closeted together for many hours. Just what took place in that little room will never be known; but when, close on to midnight, "Black Dan" left the parsonage and directed his steps homeward, it might have been observed that he walked along with his eyes bent upon the ground and his head bowed humbly.

* * * * *

It began with a roaring in the lower galleries of the slopes. The big timbers sobbed and shivered, and here and there one cracked and burst into fragments beneath the sinking roof. There was a steady dropping of scales from the big coal pillars, the arches wore away from the thirty-six foot columns, and then the angles, until there was left only a thin apex, which sank into dissolution as the great roof descended, sending out a thousand echoes.

The air gushed forth, gathering and driving the fire damp before it. The miner in his distant chamber, shooting his stick of powder, would feel a damp breath caress his face, then the spark of his shot would ignite the inflammable gas, and it would trail—a luminous phantom—through the long galleries, dancing and driving the men in terror before it. Thus began the great "squeeze" which precipitated the flood in the Avondale colliery, at Plymouth, in the year of our Lord, 1897.

The previous condition of the region was far from being prosperous. Overproduction of coal had overstocked the companies, and the miners had been employed only two or three days in the week. And now, in view of the peril of descending into the colliery—threatened as it was with a collapse of its galleries and tunnels—the proprietors of the Avondale ordered their workmen to remain above ground.

Crowds of idle miners stood all day long on the road that crosses Avondale Hill, looking down the entrance to the shaft with an expression of profound gloom. For, aside from their own privations, the knowledge that the mine was caving caused them peculiar suffering. It was their great mother who was perishing—the mother who had furnished them with bread, who had nourished themselves and wives and children. They experienced a sense of suffocation as they thought of the submersion of the galleries far underground, in which they had trod the pathways for long years; of the chambers which had heard no sound heretofore save the explosion of a powder stick or the blow of a pick.

The day before the great break occurred, the squeezing in the lower excavations was tremendous. A horrible roaring came from those subterranean depths. It came fitfully in shocks of sound, as, here and there, a roof sank beneath the crushing weight of rock and slate and coal. Thin streams of water decended and pattered on the coal dust. Huge blocks fell in the lower corridors and the miners retreated, extinguishing their lamps. A hollow moaning ran through the upper galleries, telling of the destruction that was taking place below.

The condition of affairs became so menacing that all hands were ordered above ground. In preparation for the worst, the mules, carts and tools were hastily collected and sent up to the surface. Engines were set to work at their greatest speed to pump out the water that

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was rapidly accumulating, sending from their twelve inch pipes muddy streams that formed vast marshes in the depressions of the hills.

Every known expedient was applied. Compressed air was tried to force up the water, but even this scheme was given up in despair. Still the water rose, gaining gradually upon the pumps, until at last the order came to stop working them. The miners and their families gathered around the shaft, and with despairing eyes watched the execution of this command; for they took it as a silent admission upon the part of the Avondale's proprietors that they were unable to cope with the rising flood. Six hundred miners were thrown out of employment by the calamity with nothing to look forward to but starvation.

On the third day after the beginning of the "squeeze" the superintendent of the Avondale appeared among the miners gathered around the shaft, and addressed them in these words:

"There is a bare chance, men, that a part of the mine may yet be saved. I remember that some years ago the great Nottingham colliery was threatened with a similar inundation. A gang of volunteers went down into the mine, however, closed the submerged galleries and checked the flood. Why should not this good fortune come to the Avondale? We do not know the condition of affairs below us, nor can we unless some of you volunteer to go down and make an examination. I will not deceive you by lessening the perils of such an undertaking. If any of you are willing to volunteer for the task, however, I will promise to employ every means possible to ensure your safety."

These words were followed by a period of profound silence. The miners looked at one another doubtfully and shook their heads. It was evident they considered the danger too great to be seriously considered. Suddenly the silence was broken by a deep, manly voice.

"I will lead a party into the mine if enough men will volunteer for the service."

The miners looked with one accord toward the speaker and recognized "Black Dan," the unpopular boss. He had been standing near the shaft for some time in silence, looking into the despairing faces of his associates, and meditating sorrowfully on the destitution which threatened them. He had listened to every word of the superintendent with close attention, and, when he called for volunteers, resolved to take any risk which might result in saving the mine, and affording his unhappy comrades a means of earning a livelihood.

The superintendent thanked "Black Dan" cordially, and then addressed the assembled miners again.

"Daniel Parish offers to head an exploring party," he cried, "will any of you consent to accompany him?"

"I'll go!" exclaimed a stockily built pitman, elbowing his way to the open space in front of the superintendent.

"Hurrah for Jim Marston!" shouted the crowd.

"And I'll go also!" exclaimed a second miner, advancing to Jim Marston's side. And then the crowd cried out:

"Three cheers for Tony McGuire."

Stimulated by the examples of these men, eight others volunteered their services, and preparations were immediately begun to send them down into the pit. When everything was in readiness, the volunteers bade farewell to their friends and relatives as if they were going on a mission from which there was no returning, and going to the mouth of the shaft, took their stand upon the platform of the cage. It was remembered afterwards by many that "Black Dan" Parrish took no part in the leave-taking. The affectionate demonstrations with which his comrades were overwhelmed were withheld from him alone. He was seen to brush a tear from his face as he took his station on the cage; then his voice rang out with the command:

"All ready! Let go!"

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To one who descends the shaft of a coal mine for the first time it seems as though the supports of the earth had given way. The nether world is reached in a flash, and out of the darkness arises a din of humming cables, clanking chains and the rattling of cars. It was so with this party of volunteers, except that the noises which greeted them at the end of their journey were of a more tremendous character.

They did not descend into the lower regions of the mine, for the tunnels there were already flooded, but stopped at a gallery three hundred feet beneath the surface and alighted to begin their exporations.

The interior of a coal mine is planned after the fashion of a city's thoroughfares, save that in a mine there are cities beneath cities. The streets of a colliery wind up and down, greedily pursuing the course of the coal veins; and, to establish a system of ventilation by which they can be swept with currents of pure air, are closed at certain points by means of thick doors of wood and iron. These barriers are made air-tight, and need neither lock nor latch, the sucking of the air keeping them glued to their frames. When one of these doors is closed there is a vast sobbing through its crevices, and a sound like the rush of a million invisible feet. The excluded currents wail as if in agony at being parted. It was through one of these doors that "Black Dan" led his party, after they had penetrated a few hundred feet along the gallery leading from the shaft. The men now found themselves in a low and narrow tunnel connecting with a slope that led down into the lower galleries of the mine.

On reaching this incline they proceeded carefully downward toward the submerged region, making a careful examination of every tunnel and chamber which they passed. Indescribable noises roared from the depths below. The sounds came in great waves, save when the echoes of a cave-in thundered past them, with a hollow muttering at its close. Sometimes a gust of icy air smote upon their faces; again the air was thick and suffocating. The big timbers that supported the roof whispered and groaned under the great weight they were sustaining. Water poured from above in a heavy shower and ran along the side of the slope with the impetuous force of a mountain torrent.

"Black Dan" had led his men far down into the mine, and had penetrated for a considerable distance into a narrow tunnel for the purpose of examining its supports and timbers, when they were startled by a sudden jolt that set the whole mine trembling. It was followed by a roar as of artillery, that reverberated through every gallery and chamber. A moment afterwards a current of air shot through the tunnel with frightful velocity, hurling forward thick banks of coal dust. Timbers and supports were swept aside and dashed to splinters. From unknown fissures a frightful flood poured forth, boiling and seething, redolent of sulphur and poisonous gases. It came with the force of a river, filling the tunnel waist-high and rising momentarily higher and higher.

With cries of terror and despair the men turned and fled toward the slope, but they had not proceeded far when they heard the voice of "Black Dan" shouting in trumpet tones above the roar of the flood:

"This way, men! This way for your lives!"

They turned, and beheld, by the light of the safety lamp he wore in his cap, the figure of the man they hated wedged in the crevice of a door connecting with another tunnel, holding it open by main force.

"If you would save yourselves, hurry!" he gasped. "Be quick and pass through while I have yet strength to hold the opening!"

Fortunately the men had not proceeded far when he called them to turn back, and now they fought their way against the furious torrent with all the

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fierce energy of despair. The first man who reached the opening observed that "Black Dan" had forced his body between the door and the wall in such a manner that he was obliged to crawl over it in order to reach the gallery beyond.

"Come, climb upon my shoulders and pass through!" exclaimed the hero. "Time is brief and there are others to follow you!"

The man did as he was directed, and reached the gallery beyond in safety. As the second man clambered upon his shoulders to pass through, he heard "Black Dan" reciting the Litany of Jesus. It was the first time that a prayer was ever known to pass the lips of the self-willed, melancholy man. As the third man clambered to safety he heard the words, "Jesus, brightness of eternal light!" As the fourth passed over his body, "Black Dan" was saying, "Jesus, zealous seeker of souls!" Then above the roaring of the water rang out the words, "Jesus, our God! Jesus, our Refuge! Jesus, Father of the poor! Jesus, treasure of the faithful! Jesus, good shepherd! Jesus, true light, have mercy on us!"

And now it came the turn of the men who had wronged him to pass through the door. As McGuire struggled through the opening, the words "Jesus, fortitude of martyrs!" reached his ears. Jim Marston's strength was almost spent when it came his turn, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he reached the unflooded tunnel. He was the last man to escape from death in the flood, and just as he reached the road to safety "Black Dan's" head dropped upon his breast, and the words "By Thy resurrection, Lord Jesus, deliver us!" escaped in a groan from his lips.

These words were his last on earth. As he uttered them he sank beneath the water, and his soul passed from darkness into dawn.

THE PHILIPPINES.

By R. V. V. Schuyler.

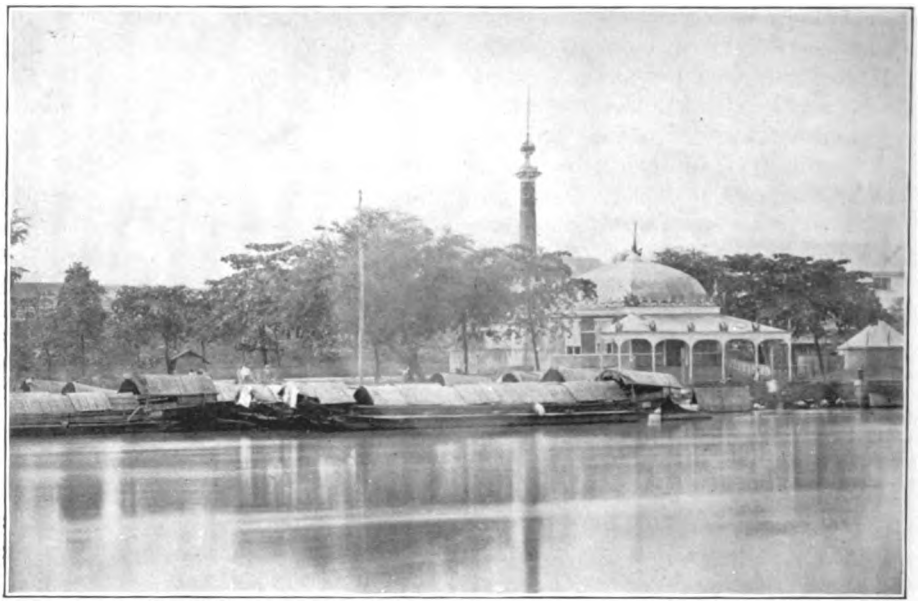
SOME years ago I started from Hong Kong for a trip through the Philippine Islands, a group of the Indian Archipelago, bounded north and east by the Pacific, south by the Seas of Celebes and Sooloo, and west by the China Sea.

The total number of islands is about one thousand four hundred; the greater part are of little importance, scarcely more than rocks. Between forty and fifty are of considerable size. The principal ones are Luzon, Mindanao, Mindoro, Panay, Negros, Cebu, Bohol, Leyte, Samar, Masbate and Palawan.

We had most charming weather, and after a few days' sail were in the midst of little groups of islands, going so near to them at times, that we could almost have stepped from the steamer on to them. The scenery was most beautiful in its exuberance of tropical verdure, which was enhanced by the singing of one hundred and fifty canaries, that our captain had purchased in Hong Kong for a bird dealer in Manila. Our first landing was at Cebu, on the west coast of the island of that name, slightly north of its centre. The entrance to the harbor is rather risky, but the channel is well buoyed.

From an historic point, Cebu is a place of interest. It was the capital of the colony from 1565 to 1571. In 1759 the municipal government was abolished and was not restored until 1890. It ranks next to Iloilo in commercial importance. Hemp, sugar and indigo are its principal products. Gold only awaits the pick and shovel of the explorer to be taken from the bowels of the earth. For several

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MANILA.—MONUMENT TO MAGELLAN—CARGO BOATS—PAGODA ERECTED FOR RECEPTION OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

years alluvial gold has been exported to China.

Coal is to be found in great abundance and if mining machinery was introduced it would prove a great source of wealth to those exploiting it.

Cebu boasts of many fine churches, the most notable is that of the *Santo Niño de Cebu*—the Holy Child of Cebu. The legend runs thus :

On July 28, 1565, an image of the child Jesus was found on the beach by a Basque soldier named Jean de Camas. The statue is of ebony wood, and is about fifteen inches high. It is carefully guarded and only exposed on the feast day, January 20, when it is visited by thousands of pilgrims, who come from the remotest districts of the islands and from across the sea, to purify their souls at the shrine of the Holy Child.

It is laden with jewels, beautiful ornaments, and silver trinkets brought by the pilgrims. The patron of Cebu is Saint Vidal. We were very courteously treated by the inhabitants during our short stay. One of them, a rich man, gave us an elaborate dinner and a ball afterwards, at which were gathered all the élite of the town. The next morning as we were leaving for Iloilo the *Gobernadorcillo* (Little Governor) came with a band of music and a delegation of the minor officials, and hundreds of the natives, to escort us to the steamer, and we were given a grand send off.

The next destination was Iloilo. This province, which extends over the southeastern portion of the island of Panay, is of triangular form, bounded on the north by Capiz, on the west by Antique, and on the southeast by the arm of the sea, which separates it from the island of Negros. It is the central port of the Visayas group and about two hundred and fifty miles from Manila in a direct line. At the entrance of the channel are a number of islets called the *Siete Pecados*—Seven Sins, as they are considered a menace to navigators.

Tobacco is produced in large quantities, the quality of which is equal if not superior to that of Cuba. Sugar, coffee, cocoa and sapanwood are largely produced for exportation. The culture of the pineapple is also given much attention, and

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the women are esteemed the most skillful embroiderers in the Philippines, of the delicate piña, which is made from the pineapple fibre ; they are also adepts in the working of gold and silver filagree.

The natives are not so courteous or tractable as the Tagals ; their proximity to the island of Negros possibly has something to do with it, as the inhabitants of that island are less civilized and are of a warlike disposition. I, however, think that the instigator of the insurrection that is now going on in this province is Aguinaldo, a Chinese mestizo, the worst element that the United States will have to contend with ; he is urging them on, promising them official appointments and money. He should not be tolerated for a moment. I firmly believe that the real natives of the Philippines are desirous of an amicable settlement of the question ; all they desire is to be relieved from Spanish rule. Unfortunately I could not visit the other islands, as our captain received orders to return at once to Manila.

On reaching Manila I was sent to the province of Albay by an American house to purchase hemp. This province is the most southern of Luzon, and is of large money value. Legaspi is the principle port ; it is a good roadstead except at certain seasons of the year. Albay is famed for its hemp ; it produces about three-fifths of the three hundred and fifty thousand tons exported from the Philippines ; the market value is about $75 to $80 a ton. The next village to Legaspi is Albay, where the *Alcalde* or judge of the province resides and holds court ; he is, in his own estimation, a personage of great importance, and in his intercourse with the natives puts on as much pomp as the Captain General of the Philippines. In his afternoon rides he is accompanied by outriders, in fact, at all

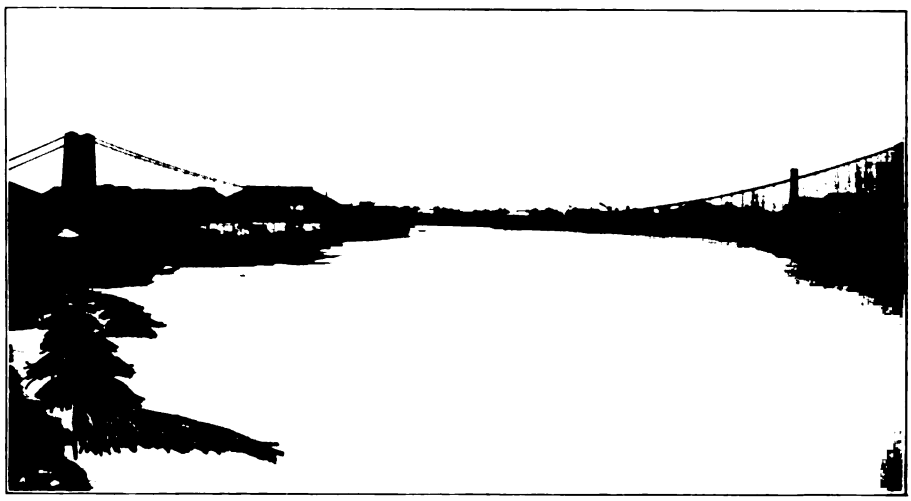


BANANA TREES—RICE FIELDS—VILLAGE OF SAN MIGUEL IN THE DISTANCE.

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times, whether on official business or otherwise, he always has an escort. The collector, or *Administrador* of the revenue, also resides there, and when the Alcalde is called away from his headquarters, during his temporary absence he holds court in his stead. His position is not an agreeable one, as he has to enforce the collection of taxes, through the *gobernadorcillo* of each little hamlet, and as the system is very onerous, naturally he is not a *persona grata*. The Spaniards have been hard masters, and the natives will hail with joy the advent of any civilized power that will relieve them from the yoke of Spanish rule. The other villages inland, all contiguous to each other, are Daraga, Camalig, Guinobatan, Ligao, Oas and Polangui. The inhabitants of these villages devote themselves almost exclusively to the raising of hemp or *abaca*, as it is there called. They pay but little attention to its cultivation, the only care they bestow upon it is to keep it free from weeds about the root. The tree or plant in appearance is like the banana tree. The climate is especially adapted to its cultivation. Hemp will not grow on marshy land; the soil is sandy there, nor does it require much rain or intense heat. An all-wise Providence seems to have provided all these requirements; there is less rainfall there than in any part of the island of Luzon. The plantations or *Lates*, so called there, are located under the shade of high forest trees, mahogany, ebony, and so forth, which shelters the plants from the fierce heat of the midday sun. When the plant has matured, it is cut down close to the root, then stripped of the outer covering, which leaves the fibre exposed ready for preparation.

The process of preparation for the market is very primitive. The fibre is drawn under a knife, the blade of which is three inches broad by six inches long, fastened at one end to the extremity of a flexible stick, so that it is suspended perpendicularly over a well smoothed block, and at the other end to a handle connected by means of a cord to a treadle, which can be pressed firmly down as occasion requires. The workman draws the *bast*, without regard to quality, between the knife and block, commencing in the middle and then from side to side. After this the *bast* is hung up to dry, and when thoroughly dry is packed loosely into bundles. The purchasers from first hands, the planters, are dealers in the little villages mentioned, and they, in their turn, sell to the agents or buyers of the foreign and Spanish



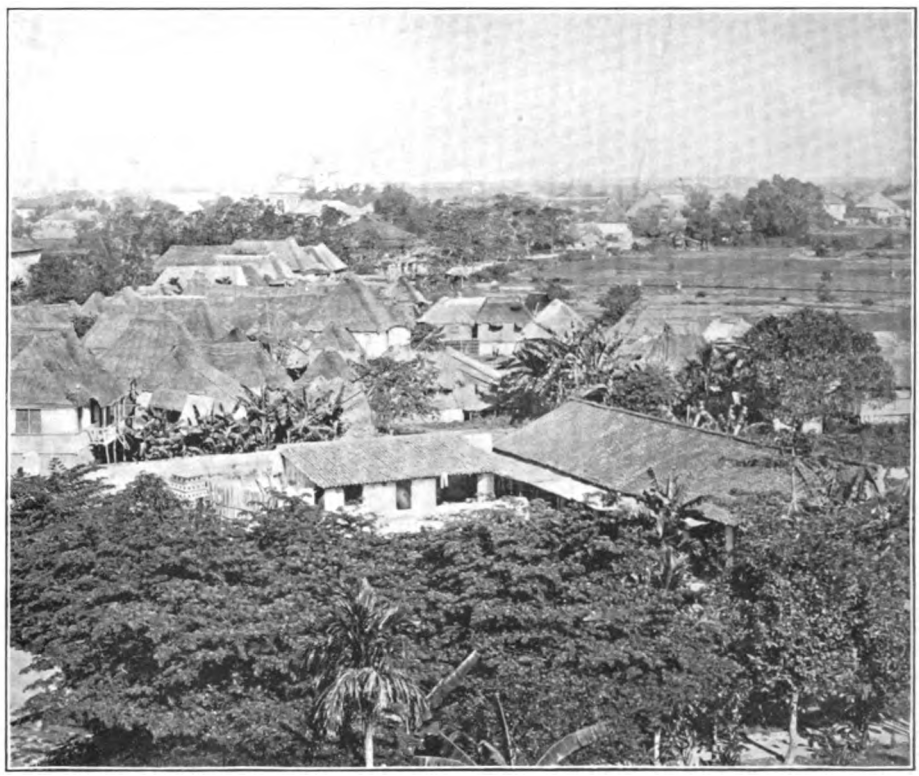
SUSPENSION BRIDGE, RAFTS OF BAMBOO.

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houses of Manila, located in Legaspi. The cart or *carreton*, used for transportation, is of the most primitive kind ; the wheels are cut from a solid log and revolve *with* the wooden axle to which they are attached. These carts are drawn by buffaloes or *caraboas*, as they are called there. The carts are covered with a thatched roof made from the *nipa* palm, which protects the hemp from rain in transit to Legaspi, and affords shelter for the driver, who usually stretches himself out at full length on the hemp and dozes quietly, leaving his *caraboa* to plod lazily along to the end of his journey. The driver and his beast thoroughly understand each other, and in one respect are much alike—they never hurry.

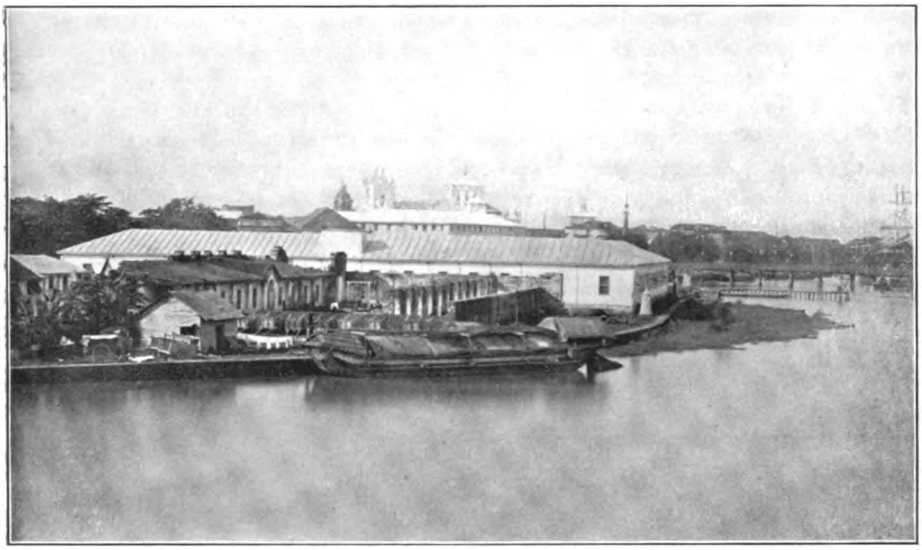
After reaching Legaspi, the hemp is pressed into bales and then shipped to Manila by the coasting crafts, trim little schooners and brigs. In certain seasons when the roadstead is unsafe for vessels to enter, the hemp is stored in large warehouses.

Two or three times a week I would visit the different villages to contract for hemp. After going my rounds and fixing prices for the week, I invariably called at the convent to pay my respects to the parish priest, a Franciscan friar, where I was most cordially welcomed and entertained. I made it a point to call at noon, his dinner hour, knowing that I would have a good substantial meal. In fact, it is the only meal they take. Their mode of living is simple in the extreme, consisting of a small cup of chocolate, after the celebration of Mass, nothing after that until noon, when the meal of the day is served, and after the Angelus they have a small cup of choclate. In general the scandals that have been circulated about these friars are absolutely untrue,



TYPICAL NATIVE VILLAGE—RICE FIELDS.

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CIGAR MANUFACTORY—CHURCH OF SANTO DOMINGO IN THE DISTANCE.

and come from persons who are prejudiced, and who have searched out some isolated case, and have endeavored to calumniate a whole community by citing that particular case.

I visited the convents of the several villages mentioned in this article, at least once a week, some of them two or three times a week, and this for a period of three years, and nothing could have been more circumspect than the comportment of the Fathers with the other sex. Another charge has been brought against them, that of making marriage for their parishioners almost impossible, because such extortionate fees were demanded for marrying them. My observation has shown me quite the contrary. I personally was cognizant of several cases where the priest for good reasons compelled the parties to marry, and I can confidently state that no fee was exacted from those unable to pay. These friars had the full confidence of the natives, and their influence was always exerted in behalf of their welfare. I think it would be well for those who have criticised the Franciscans in such a scathing manner, to look nearer home and see if in their narrow-minded zeal they cannot search out some parallel case.

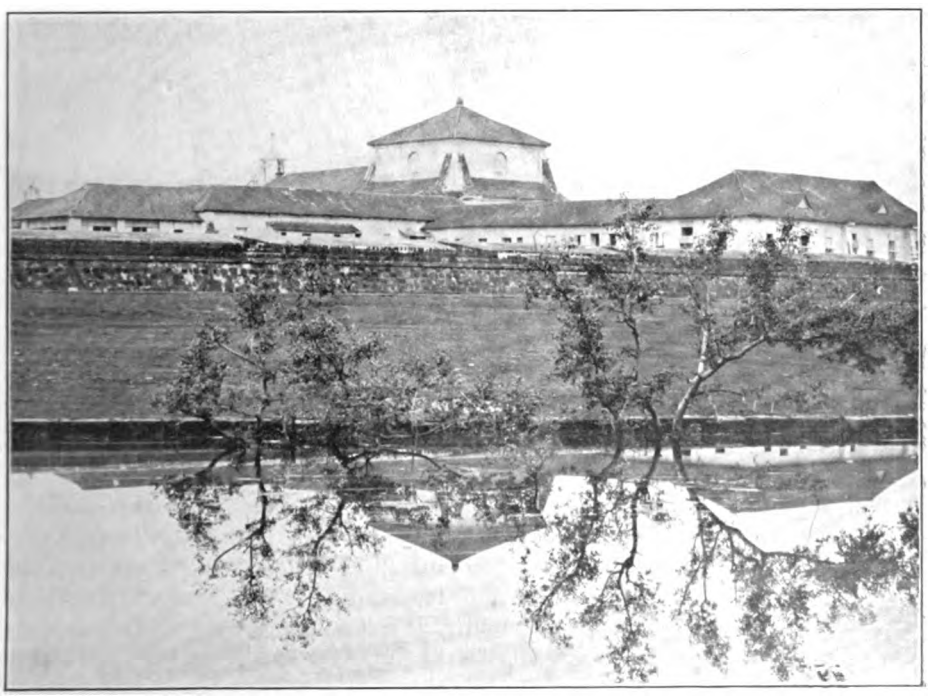
Each little village or hamlet has its feast day, called *Fiesta del pueblo*, and they vie with each other to make their feast day the most attractive. The poorest native in his little thatched hut, tries to outdo his richer neighbor in his efforts to entertain his visitors, open house is kept and all are welcome, and in no country or clime do you receive such genuine hospitality as in the province of Albay. The convents are open to all comers, and the priest of the village in which the feast is being celebrated, has the priests from the adjacent villages to dine with him, and it is really a day of feasting and enjoyment.

Many tourists come to Albay to see and admire the volcano *Mayon*, which is almost a perfect cone. It seems to be in the centre of the province, as it can be seen from nearly all the villages. The best view is possibly from Daragu about one and a half leagues from Legaspi. The volcano is about eight thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea, walls of lava formed on the slopes all around prevent its ascent, and I am informed by reliable persons that only once has the crater been reached. In company of others I made the attempt on several occasions but had to give it up.

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I had to content myself with a sight of it from my office window in Legaspi, where for three years or more I had that pleasure.

Much has also been written about the dishonesty and treachery of the natives of these islands. I am happy to be able to state that my experience has been quite the opposite. During my stay in Albay, I handled many thousands of dollars in the purchase of hemp. I had at times, as much as twenty thousand dollars in a small safe, which I kept in my bed-room, and it was well known to the natives living near me in Legaspi that I was every two or three weeks receiving gold from Manila, for they saw the captain of the vessel bring it to my office. The money was counted by my private servant, very often, in the presence of the other servants, all of whom had access to any part of the house, as everything is kept wide open, no locked doors or closed windows. With all these temptations, actually forced on them, so to speak, I never lost a cent. I remember one day after I had settled with one of my customers, paying him $4,000.00 in $100 gold pieces, in little bags, each containing $1000, which he had put on the seat of his carriage, and was about to enter it, when his horses took fright and ran away. After the coachman stopped them, his first thought was of the money, when he looked, to his dismay, he saw that one bag was missing. He searched the road carefully, on his way back, but did not find it. He reported the result to his master, about the closest fisted Spaniard I ever met, who was naturally very much vexed. I tried to calm him, tell him that the money would be found, and if found he would surely get it. He disagreed with me, saying that the natives were a set of thieves. We had scarcely gotten through discussing the matter, when a poor, miserable looking specimen of humanity stepped up to us and handed the bag of money to me. He asked for no reward, merely stating how he had found it, and hearing that it belonged to the "*Americano*," he brought it at once to



CONVENT OF SANTO DOMINGO, MANILA.

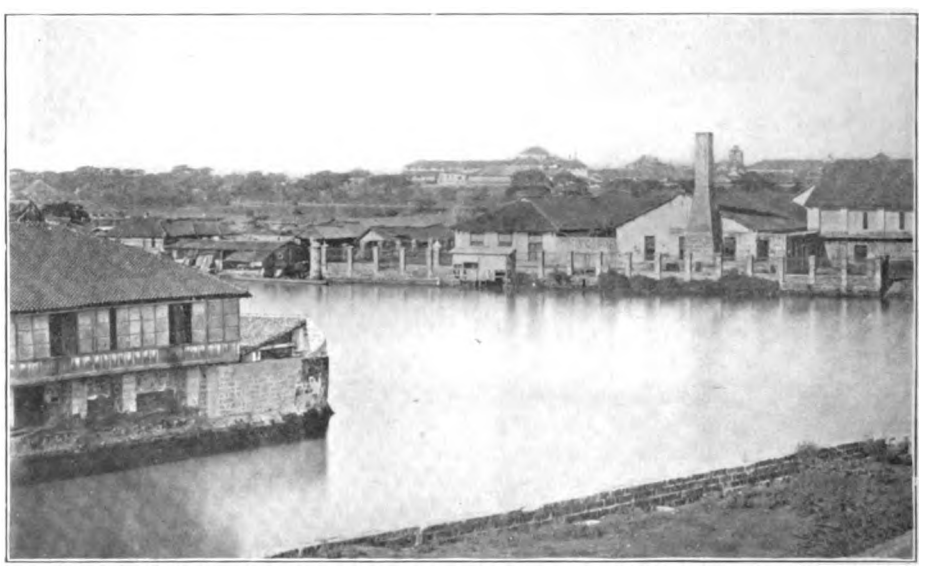
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me. The generous Spaniard rewarding him with $1.00, he went away quite contented. Certainly these natives must have some good in them. Their religious instruction must have something to do with it, so I still maintain that some good comes out of the terrible monks. I have noticed that the natives are very strict in the observance of their duties to the Church.

There are many shrines in the Philippines. The legend of the celestial protector of Manila is very interesting. It is related that in *Dilao*, a village near Manila, a wooden image of Saint Francis of Assisi, which was in the house of a native named Alonzo Cuyapit, was seen to weep so copiously that many cloths were moistened by its tears.

The image with its hands open during three hours, asked God's blessing on Manila, then on closing its hands it grasped a cross and skull so firmly that they appeared to be one and the same thing. Vows were made to the Saint, who was declared protector of the capital, and the said image is now to be seen in the Franciscan church under the appellation of Saint Francis of Tears, *San Francisco de las lagrimas*. Many of the Chinese adopt Christianity, either to improve their standing in the community or to be enabled to contract marriage with the native women, as no Chinese women are permitted in the Philippines. Their intercessor and patron is St. Nicholas, since the time he is said to have saved the life of a Chinaman who prayed to him in an hour of imminent danger.

The most noted and popular shrine is that of the "Virgin of Antipolo"—*Nuestra Señora de Buena Viage y de la Paz*, Our Lady of Good Voyage and Peace, according to M. Romero, "*Historia de nuestra Señora de la Virgin de Antipolo.*"



SUGAR WAREHOUSE AND REFINERY, SAN MIGUEL.

This image is said to have wrought many miracles. It was first brought from Acapulco (Mexico), in 1626, on the state galleon by Juan Niño de Tabora, who was appointed Governor General of these Islands by King Philip IV.

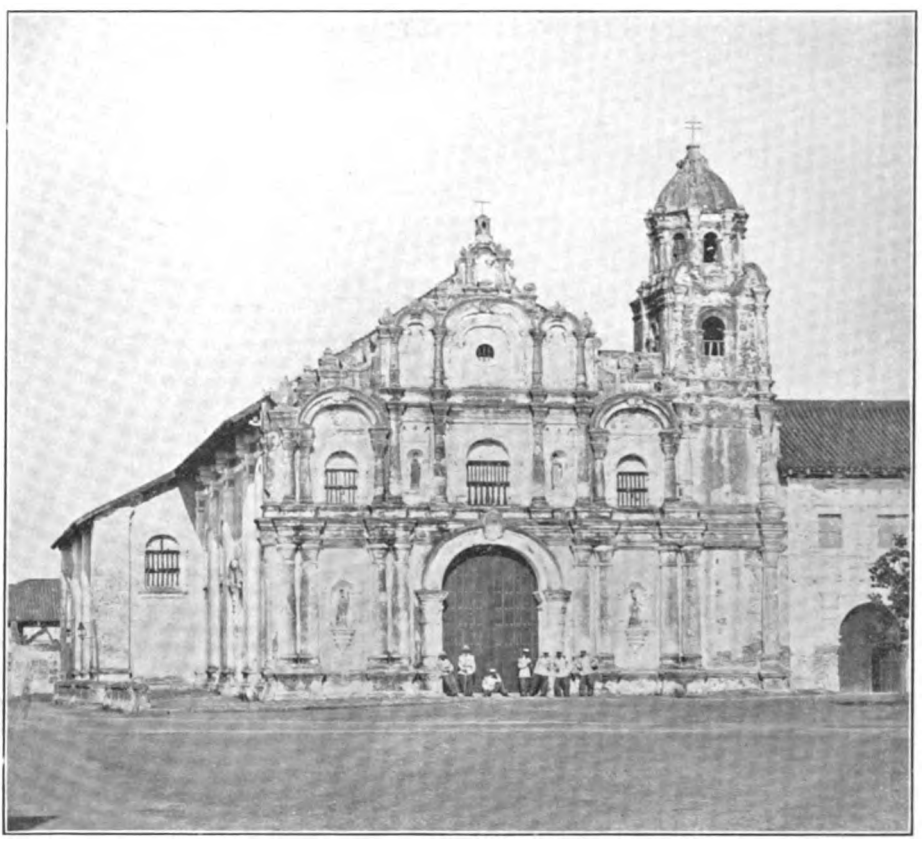
The people of Acapulco were loath to part with their *Holy Image*, but the Blessed Virgin being disposed to succor the inhabitants of the Spanish Indies, she herself smoothed the difficulties. During the voyage in the month of March, 1626, a tempest arose which was calmed by the *Virgin*, and all arrived safely at the shores of Manila. The Virgin was then taken in procession to the Cathedral,

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whilst the Church bells tolled and the artillery thundered forth salutes of welcome. A solemn Mass was celebrated at which all the religious corporations, civil authorities and multitudes of people assisted.

Six years afterward, the Governor General Tabora died. By his will he entrusted the Virgin to the care of the Jesuits, whilst a church was being built, by Father Juan Salazar, for her special

gin of Antipolo. The people of Acapulco, too, clamored for the Virgin, attributing the many calamities with which they were suffering, at that period, to her absence from their shores. Assailed by enemies, frequently threatened by the Dutch, lamenting the loss of several galleons, and distressed by a serious earthquake, their only hope reposed in the beneficent aid of the Virgin of Antipolo.



CHURCH OF SANTA ISABEL, CAVITE.

reception. During the erection of the church, the Virgin often descended from the altar and displayed herself amongst the flowery branches of a tree, called by the natives "*Antipolo*." The tree itself was henceforth regarded as a precious relic by the natives, who, leaf by leaf and branch by branch were carrying it off. Then Father Salazar decreed that the tree should serve as a pedestal to the miraculous Image, hence the title of Vir-

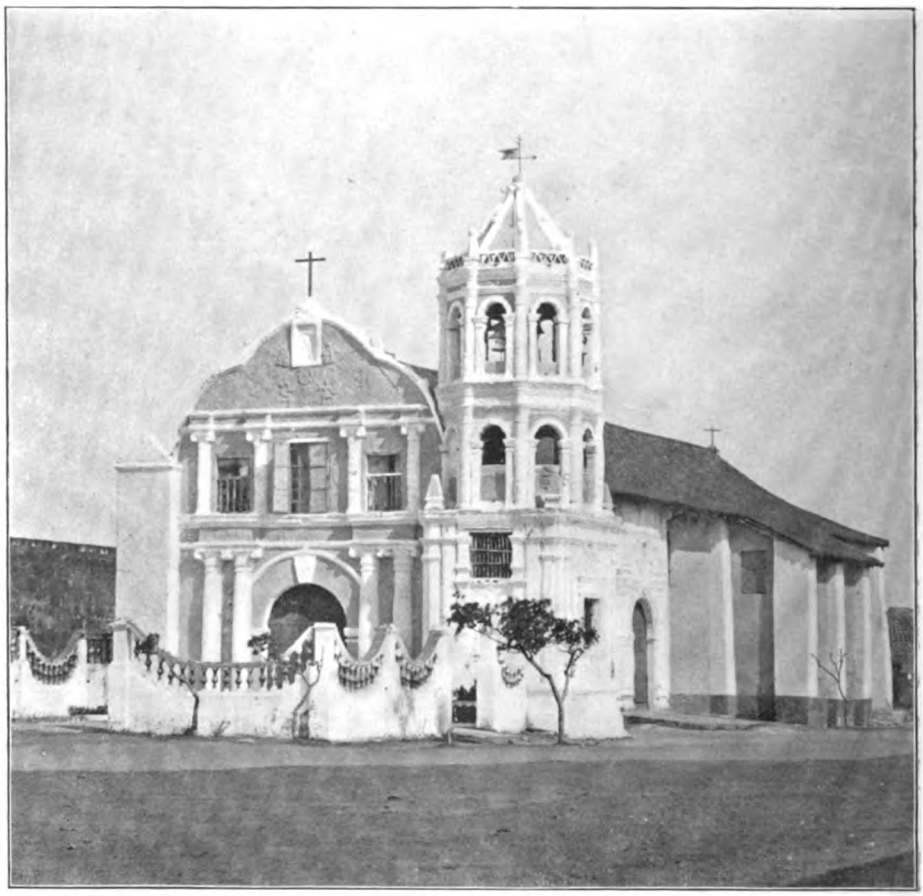
But the galleon San Francisco Xavier feared to make the journey to Mexico without the Holy Image, and for the sixth time it crossed the Pacific ocean.

In Acapulco the galleon laid at anchor until March, 1653, when the newly appointed Governor General, Satiniano Manrique de Lava, Archbishop Miguel Poblete, Fray Rodrigo Cardena, Bishop elect of Cagayan, and many other passengers embarked and set sail for Manila.

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Their sufferings during the voyage were horrible. Almost overcome by a violent storm, the ship became unmanageable. Rain poured in torrents whilst the decks were washed by the surging waves and all was on the point of utter destruction. In this plight the Virgin was entreated, and not in vain, for at her command the sea lessened its fury, the wind calmed, and all the horrors of the voyage ceased. The black threatening clouds dispersed, and under a beautiful blue sky, a fair wind wafted the galleon safely to the port of Cavite.

The circumstances gained for the Image the title of Virgin of Good Voyage and Peace, and the sailors who acknowledged that their lives were saved by Mary's powerful intercession, followed by the ecclesiastical dignitaries and military chiefs, carried the image to its retreat in Antipolo (September, 1653), where it was intended it should permanently remain. However, deprived of the company of the Image, misfortunes again overtook the galleons. Three of them were lost. Again, therefore, the Image was destined to accompany a galleon to Mexico.



CHURCH OF SAN JOSÉ, CAVITE.

bringing it back safely to these shores in 1672. Once more and forever she was conveyed by the joyous multitude to her resting place in the Antipolo church, and in her passage there was not a flower which did not greet her by opening a bud, not a mountain pigeon which remained in silence, whilst the breezes and the rivulets poured forth their silent murmurings of ecstasy.

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A MESSAGE OF PEACE FROM HIS HOLINESS, LEO XIII.

UNDER DATE OF JANUARY 22, 1899, THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF SENT TO HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS A LETTER WHICH WAS THUS ANNOUNCED BY THE PAPAL SECRETARY OF STATE:

Most Eminent and Reverend Lord Cardinal:

In a former letter of last October, I had the honor to make known to your Eminence that the Holy Father intended to address in due course of time a pontifical letter concerning "Americanism," so called. It now devolves upon me to remit to you a copy of the promised letter, advising you at the same time that other copies will be forwarded to you through Monsignor the Apostolic Delegate.

I profit by the present opportunity to renew the expression of my profound veneration. Kissing your hands, I am your humble servant,

M. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

Rome, January 31, 1899.

[We give here the original text of this letter and the official translation of it which was published in the Baltimore *Mirror*, Saturday, February 25, noting only a few passages where a strictly literal translation serves to meet certain questions which have been raised since its publication by those who have not compared the translation with the original. The paragraph headings are ours.—EDITOR.]

LITTERÆ SSMI P. N. LEONIS XIII. AD EMINENTISSIMUM CARDINALEM GIBBONS.

Dilecto Filio Nostro Iacobo Tit. Sanctæ Mariæ Trans Tiberim S. R. E. Presbytero Cardinali Gibbons Archiepiscopo Baltimorensi.

LEO PP. XIII.

Dilecte Fili Noster, Salutem Et Apostolicam Benedictionem.

Testem benevolentiæ Nostræ hanc ad te epistolam mittimus, eius nempe benevolentiæ, quam, diuturno Pontificatus Nostri cursu, tibi et Episcopis collegis tuis ac populo Americæ universo profiteri nunquam destitimus, occasionem omnem libenter nacti sive ex felicibus Ecclesiæ vestræ incrementis, sive ex utiliter a vobis recteque gestis ad catholicorum rationes tutandas et evehendas. Quin imo sæpe etiam accidit egregiam in gente vestra indolem suspicere et admirari ad præclara quæque experrectam, atque ad ea prosequenda, quæ humanitatem omnem iuvant splendoremque civitatis. Quamvis autem non eo nunc spectet epistola ut alias sæpe tributas laudes confirmet, sed ut nonnulla potius cavenda et corrigenda significet; quia

LETTER OF OUR HOLY FATHER LEO XIII. TO HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS.

To Our Beloved Son, James, Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Priest of the Title Sancta Maria, Beyond the Tiber, Archbishop of Baltimore.

LEO XIII., POPE

Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Blessing:

We send to you by this letter a renewed expression of that good will which we have not failed during the course of our pontificate to manifest frequently to you and to your colleagues in your episcopate and to the whole American people, availing ourselves of every opportunity offered us by the progress of your church or whatever you have done for safeguarding and promoting Catholic interests. Moreover, we have often considered and admired the noble gifts of your nation which enable the American people to be alive to every good work which promotes the good of humanity and the splendor of civilization. Although this letter be not intended, as preceding ones, to repeat the words of praise so often spoken, but rather to call

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tamen eadem apostolica caritate conscripta est, qua vos et prosequuti semper et alloquuti sæpe fuimus, iure expectamus, ut hanc pariter amoris Nostri argumentum censeatis ; idque eo magis futurum confidimus quod apta nataque ea sit ad contentiones quasdem extinguendas, quae, exortæ nuper in vobis, etsi non omnium, at multorum certe animos, haud mediocri pacis detrimento, perturbant. (1)

attention to some things to be avoided and corrected ; still because it is conceived in that same spirit of apostolic charity which has inspired all our letters, we shall expect that you will take it as another proof of our love ; the more so because it is intended to suppress certain contentions which have arisen lately among you to the detriment of the peace of many souls. (1)

Occasion of the Controversy.

Compertum tibi est, dilecte Fili Noster, (2) librum de vita *Isaaci-Thomae Hecker*, eorum præsertim opera, qui aliena lingua edendum vel interpretandum susceperunt, controversias excitasse non modicas ob invectas quasdam de ratione christiane vivendi opiniones. Nos igitur, ut integritati fidei, pro supremo Apostolatus munere, prospiciamus et fidelium securitati caveamus, volumus de re universa fusiori sermone ad te scribere.

It is known to you, beloved son, that the life of Isaac Thomas Hecker, especially as interpreted and translated in a foreign language, (2) has excited not a little controversy, because therein have been voiced certain opinions concerning the way of leading Christian life. We, therefore, on account of our apostolic office, having to guard the integrity of the faith and the security of the faithful, are desirous of writing to you more at length concerning this whole matter.

Its First Principle Censurable.

Novarum igitur, quas diximus, opinionum id fere constituitur fundamentum: quo facilius qui dissident ad catholicam sapientiam traducantur, debere Ecclesiam ad adulti sæculi humanitatem aliquanto propius accedere, ac, veteri relaxata severitate, recens invectis populorum placitis ac rationibus indulgere. Id autem non de vivendi solum disciplina, sed de doctrinis etiam, quibus *fidei depositum* continetur, intelligendum esse multi arbitrantur. Opportunum enim esse contendunt, ad voluntates discordium alliciendas, si quædam doctrinæ capita, (3) quasi levioris momenti, prætermittantur, aut molliantur ita, ut non eumdem retineant sensum quem constanter tenuit Ecclesia. Id porro, dilecte Fili Noster, quam improbando sit consilio excogitatum, (4) haud longo sermone indiget: si modo doctrinæ ratio atque origo repetatur, quam tradit Ecclesia.

The underlying principle of these new opinions is that, in order to more easily attract those who differ from her, the Church should shape her teachings more in accord with the spirit of the age and relax some of her ancient severity and make some concessions to new opinions. [*sic*] Many think that these concessions should be made not only in regard to ways of living, but even in regard to doctrines which belong to the deposit of the faith. They contend that it would be opportune, in order to gain those who differ from us, to omit certain points of her teaching (3) which are of lesser importance, and to

1 See note 1 to English version.
2 See note 2 to English version.
3 See note 3 to English version.
4 See note 4 to English version.

1.—The original reads "to no slight loss o the peace, not of all, but surely of many minds."

2.—Literally: "the book on the Life of Isaac Thomas Hecker, owing chiefly to the efforts of those who undertook to publish and interpret it in a foreign tongue, has excited serious controversies, by introducing certain opinions on a Christian manner of life."

3.—Literally: "to omit certain points of her teaching as if of lesser moment, or to modify them so that they should no longer have the mea ning which the Church has always attached to them."

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Ad rem Vaticana Synodus: "Neque enim fidei doctrina, quam Deus revelavit, velut philosophicum inventum proposita est humanis ingeniis perficienda, sed tamquam divinum depositum Christi Sponsæ tradita fideliter custodienda et infallibiliter declaranda. * * Is sensus sacrorum dogmatum perpetuo est retinendus, quem semel declaravit Sancta Mater Ecclesia, nec unquam ab eo sensu altioris intelligentiæ specie et nomine recedendum."*

tone down the meaning which the Church has always attached to them. It does not need many words, beloved son, to prove the falsity of these ideas(4) if the nature and origin of the doctrine which the Church proposes are recalled to mind. The Vatican Council says concerning this point: "For the doctrine of faith which God has revealed has not been proposed, like a philosophical invention, to be perfected by human ingenuity, but has been delivered as a divine deposit to the Spouse of Christ to be faithfully kept and infallibly declared. Hence that meaning of the sacred dogmas is perpetually to be retained which our Holy Mother, the Church, has once declared, nor is that meaning ever to be departed from under the pretense or pretext of a deeper comprehension of them."*

Every Christian Doctrine for All Times and All Nations.

Neque omnino vacare culpa censendum est silentium illud, quo catholicæ doctrinæ principia quædam consulto prætereuntur ac veluti oblivione obscurantur. Veritatum namque omnium, quotquot christiana disciplina complectitur, unus atque idem auctor est et magister *Unigenitus, Filius qui est in sinu Patris.*† Easdem vero ad ætates quaslibet ac gentes accommodatas esse, perspicue ex verbis colligitur, quibus ipse Christus apostolos est alloquutus: *Euntes docete omnes gentes... docentes eos servare omnia quæcumque mandavi vobis; et ecce ego vobiscum sum omnibus diebus, usque ad consummationem sæculi.*‡ Quapropter idem Vaticanum Concilium: "Fide divina, inquit, et catholica ea omnia credenda sunt, quæ in verbo Dei scripto vel tradito continentur, et ab Ecclesia, sive, solemni iudicio sive ordinario et universali magisterio, tamquam divinitus revelata credenda proponuntur."§ Absit igitur ut de tradita divinitus doctrina

We cannot consider as altogether blameless the silence which purposely leads to the omission or neglect of some of the principles of Christian doctrine, for all the principles come from the same Author and Master, "the Only Begotten Son, Who is in the bosom of the Father."† They are adapted to all times and to all nations, as is clearly seen from the words of our Lord to His apostles: "Going, therefore, teach all nations; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold, I am with you all days, even to the end of the world."‡ Concerning this point the Vatican Council says: "All those things are to be believed with divine and catholic faith which are contained in the Word of God, written or handed down, and which the Church, either by a solemn judgment or by her ordinary and universal magisterium, proposes for belief as having been divinely

*Const. de Fid. cath. c. IV.
†Ioann. I. 18.
‡Matth. XXVIII., 19 s.
§Const. de Fid. cath. c. III.

4.—Literally: "How censurable in its purpose is this device."
*Constitutio de Fide Catholica, Chapter iv.
†John i. 18.
‡Matthew xxviii. 19.

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quidpiam quis detrahat vel consilio quovis prætereat; id enim qui faxit, potius catholicos seiungere ab Ecclesia, quam qui dissident ad Ecclesiam transferre volet. Redeant, nil enim Nobis optatius, redeant universi, quicumque ab ovili Christi vagantur longius; non alio tamen itinere, quam quod Christus ipse monstravit.

revealed."* Let it be far from anyone's mind to suppress for any reason any doctrine that has been handed down. Such a policy would tend rather to separate Catholics from the Church than to bring in those who differ. There is nothing closer to our heart than to have those who are separated from the fold of Christ return to it, but in no other way than the way pointed out by Christ.

The Church, Not Individuals, to Judge How to Adapt Itself to the Age.

Disciplina autem vivendi, quæ catholicis hominibus datur, non eiusmodi est, quæ, pro temporum et locorum varietate, temperationem omnem reiiciat. Habet profecto Ecclesia, inditum ab Auctore suo, clemens ingenium et misericors; quam ob causam, inde a sui exordio, id præstitit libens, quod Paulus Apostolus de se profitebatur: *Omnibus omnia factus sum, ut omnes facerem salvos.** Ætatum vero præteritarum omnium historia testis est, Sedem hanc Apostolicam, cui, non magisterium modo, sed supremum etiam regimen totius Ecclesiæ tributum est, constanter quidem *in eodem dogmate, eodem sensu eademque sententia*† hæsisse; at vivendi disciplinam ita semper moderari consuevisse, ut, divino incolumi iure, diversarum adeo gentium, quas amplectitur, mores et rationes nunquam neglexerit. Id si postulet animorum salus, nunc etiam facturam quis dubitet? Non hoc tamen privatorum hominum arbitrio definiendum qui fere specie recti decipiuntur; sed Ecclesiæ iudicium esse oportet: in eoque acquiescere omnes necesse est, quicumque Pii VI decessoris Nostri reprehensionem cavere malunt. Qui quidem propositionem LXXVIII synodi Pistoriensis "Ecclesiæ ac Spiritui Dei quo ipsa regitur iniuriosam *edixit*, quatenus examini subiiciat disciplinam ab Ecclesia constitutam et probatam, quasi Ecclesia disciplinam constituere possit inutilem et

The rule of life laid down for Catholics is not of such a nature that it cannot accommodate itself to the exigencies of various times and places. The Church has, guided by her Divine Master, a kind and merciful spirit, for which reason from the very beginning she has been what St. Paul said of himself: "I became all things to all men that I might save all." History proves clearly that the Apostolic See, to which has been intrusted the mission not only of teaching, but of governing the whole Church, has continued "in one and the same doctrine, one and the same sense and one and the same judgment."† But in regard to ways of living she has been accustomed to so yield that, the divine principle of morals being kept intact, she has never neglected to accommodate herself to the character and genius of the nations which she embraces. Who can doubt that she will act in the same spirit again if the salvation of souls requires it? In this matter the Church must be the judge, not private men who are often deceived by the appearance of right. In this, all who wish to escape the blame of our predecessor, Pius the Sixth, must concur. He condemned as injurious to the Church and the spirit of God who guides her, the doctrine contained in proposition lxxviii. of the Synod of Pistoia, "that the discipline made and approved by the Church should be submitted to examination, as if the Church

*1 Cor. IX, 22.
†Conc. Vatic. Ibid. c. IV.

*Constitutio de fide, Chapter iii.
†Constitutio de fide, Chapter iv.

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onerosiorem quam libertas christiana patiatur."(5)

could frame a code of laws useless or heavier than human (5) liberty can bear."

THE CHURCH'S AUTHORITY NEEDED NOT LESS BUT MORE IN THIS AGE OF LICENSE.

In causa tamen de qua loquimur, dilecte Fili Noster, plus affert periculi estque magis catholicæ doctrinæ disciplinæque infestum consilium illud, quo rerum novarum sectatores arbitrantur libertatem quandam in Ecclesiam esse inducendam, ut, constricta quodammodo potestatis vi ac vigilantia, liceat fidelibus suo cuiusque ingenio actuosæque virtuti largius aliquanto indulgere. Hoc nimirum requiri affirmant ad libertatis eius exemplum, quæ, recentius invecta, civilis fere communitatis ius modo ac fundamentum est. De qua Nos fuse admodum loquuti sumus in iis Litteris, quas de civitatum constitutione ad Episcopos dedimus universos; ubi etiam ostendimus, quid inter Ecclesiam, quæ iure divino est, intersit ceterasque consociationes omnes, quæ libera hominum voluntate vigent. Præstat igitur quandam potius notare opinionem, quæ quasi argumentum affertur ad hanc catholicis libertatem suadendam. Aiunt enim, de Romani Pontificis infallibili magisterio, post solemne iudicium de ipso latum in Vaticana Synodo, nihil iam oportere esse sollicitos; quam ob rem, eo iam in tuto collocato, posse nunc ampliorem cuivis ad cogitandum atque agendum patere campum. Præposterum sane arguendi genus; si quid enim ex magisterio Ecclesiæ infallibili suadet ratio, hoc certe est, ut ab eo ne quis velit discedere, imo omnes eidem se penitus imbuendos ac moderandos dent, quo facilius a privato quovis errore serventur immunes. Accedit, ut ii, qui sic arguunt, a providentis Dei sapientia discedant admodum; quæ, quum Sedis Apostolicæ auctoritatem et magisterium affirmata solemniore iudicio voluit, idcirco voluit maxime, ut pericula præsentium temporum animis catholicorum efficacius caveret. Licentia

But, beloved son, in this present matter of which we are speaking, there is even a greater danger and a more manifest opposition to Catholic doctrine and dicipline in that opinion of the lovers of novelty, according to which they hold such liberty should be allowed in the Church, that her supervision and watchfulness being in some sense lessened, allowance be granted to the faithful, each one to follow out more freely the leading of his own mind and the trend of his own proper activity They are of opinion that such liberty has its counterpart in the newly given civil freedom which is now the right and the foundation of almost every secular state. In the apostolic letters concerning the constitution of states, addressed by us to the bishops of the whole Church, we discussed this point at length; and there set forth the difference existing between the Church, which is a divine society, and all other social human organizations which depend simply on free will and choice of men. It is well, then, to particularly direct attention to the opinion which serves as the argument in behalf of this greater liberty sought for and recommended to Catholics. It is alleged that now the Vatican decree concerning the infallible teaching authority of the Roman Pontiff having been proclaimed, that nothing further on that score can give any solicitude, and accordingly, since that has been safeguarded and put beyond question, a wider and freer field both for thought and action lies open to each one. But such reasoning is evidently faulty, since, if we are to come to any conclusion from the infallible teaching authority of the Church, it should rather be that no one should wish to depart from it, and moreover that the

5 See note 5 to English version.

5 The Latin text has *Christiana*.

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quæ passim cum libertate confunditur ; quidvis loquendi obloquendique libido ; facultas denique quidlibet sentiendi litterarumque formis exprimendi, tenebras tam alte mentibus obfuderunt, ut maior nunc quam ante sit magisterii usus et necessitas, ne a conscientia quis officioque abstrahatur. Abest profecto a Nobis ut quæcumque horum temporum ingenium parit, omnia repudiemus ; quin potius quidquid indagando veri aut enitendo boni attingitur, ad patrimonium doctrinæ augendum publicæque prosperitatis fines proferendos, libentibus sane Nobis, accedit. Id tamen omne, ne solidæ utilitatis sit expers, esse ac vigere nequaquam debet, Ecclesiæ auctoritate sapientiaque posthabita.

minds of all being leavened and directed thereby, greater security from private error would be enjoyed by all. And further, those who avail themselves of such a way of reasoning, seem to depart seriously from the over-ruling wisdom of the Most High—which wisdom, since it was pleased to set forth by most solemn decision the authority and supreme teaching rights of this Apostolic See—willed that decision precisely in order to safeguard the minds of the Church's children from the dangers of these present times. These dangers, viz., the confounding of license with liberty, the passion for discussing and pouring contempt upon any possible subject, the assumed right to hold whatever opinions one pleases upon any subject and to set them forth in print to the world, have so wrapped minds in darkness that there is now a greater need of the Church's teaching office than ever before, lest people become unmindful both of conscience and of duty. We, indeed, have no thought of rejecting everything that modern industry and study has produced ; so far from it that we welcome to the patrimony of truth and to an ever-widening scope of public well-being whatsoever helps toward the progress of learning and virtue. Yet all this, to be of any solid benefit, nay, to have a real existence and growth, can only be on the condition of recognizing the wisdom and authority of the Church.

Against the Suspicious Consequences Drawn From Such Opinions.

I. Need of Spiritual Direction.

Sequitur ut ad ea veniamus quæ ex his, quas attigimus, opinionibus consectaria veluti proferuntur ; in quibus si mens, ut credimus, non mala, at certe res carere suspicione minime videbuntur. Principio enim externum magisterium omne ab iis, qui christianæ perfectioni adipiscendæ studere velint, tamquam superfluum, immo etiam minus utile, reiicitur : ampliora, aiunt, atque uberiora nunc quam elapsis temporibus, in animos fidelium Spiritus Sanctus influit charismata, eosque, medio nemine, docet organo

Coming now to speak of the conclusions which have been deduced from the above opinions, and for them, we readily believe there was no thought of wrong or guile, yet the things themselves certainly merit some degree of suspicion. First, all external guidance is set aside for those souls who are striving after Christian perfection as being superfluous, or, indeed, not useful in any sense—the contention being that the Holy Spirit pours richer and more abundant graces than formerly upon the souls of the faithful, so that

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quodam instinctu atque agit. Non levis profecto temeritatis est velle modum metiri, quo Deus cum hominibus communicet; id enim unice ex eius voluntate pendet, estque ipse munerum suorum liberrimus dispensator. *Spiritus ubi vult spirat.** *Unicuique autem nostrum data est gratia secundum mensuram donationis Christi.*† Ecquis autem repetens Apostolorum historiam, exordientis Ecclesiae fidem, fortissimorum martyrum certamina et cædes, veteres denique plerasque ætates sanctissimorum hominum fœcundissimas, audeat priora tempora præsentibus componere eaque affirmare minore Spiritus Sancti effusione donata? Sed, his omissis, Spiritum Sanctum secreto illapsu in animis iustorum agere eosque admonitionibus et impulsionibus excitare, nullus est qui ambigat; id ni foret, externum quodvis præsidium et magisterium inane esset. "Si quis * * salutari, id est evangelicæ praedicationi consentire posse confirmat, absque illuminatione Spiritus Sancti, qui dat omnibus suavitatem in consentiendo et credendo veritati, hæretico fallitur spiritu."‡ Verum, quod etiam experiendo novimus, hæ Sancti Spiritus admonitiones et impulsiones plerumque non (6) sine quodam externi magisterii adiumento ac veluti comparatione, persentiuntur. "Ipse, ad rem Augustinus, in bonis arboribus cooperatur fructum, qui et forinsecus rigat atque excolit per quem libet ministrum, et per se dat intrinsecus incrementum."§ Scilicet ad communem legem id pertinet, qua Deus providentissimus, uti homines plerumque fere per homines salvandos decrevit, ita illos, quos ad præstantiorem sanctimoniæ gradum advocat, per homines eo perducendos constituit, "ut nimirum, quemadmodum Chrysostomus ait, per homines a Deo discamus."|| Præclarum eius rei

*Ioann. iii. 8.
†Eph. iv. 7.
‡Conc. Arausic. ii, can. vii.
6 See note 6 to English version.
§De Grat. Christi. c. xxi.
||Hom. i. in Inscr. altar.

without human intervention He teaches and guides them by some hidden instinct of His own. Yet it is the sign of no small over-confidence to desire to measure and determine the mode of the Divine communication to mankind, since it wholly depends upon His own good pleasure, and He is a most generous dispenser of His own gifts. "The Spirit breatheth whereso He listeth."* "And to each one of us grace is given according to the measure of the giving of Christ."† And shall any one who recalls the history of the apostles, the faith of the nascent church, the trials and deaths of the martyrs—and, above all, those olden times, so fruitful in saints—dare to measure our age with these, or affirm that they receive less of the divine outpouring from the Spirit of Holiness? Not to dwell upon this point, there is no one who calls in question the truth that the Holy Spirit does work by a secret descent into the souls of the just and that He stirs them alike by warnings and impulses, since unless this were the case all outward defense and authority would be unavailing. "For if any persuades himself that he can give assent to saving, that is, to gospel truth when proclaimed, without any illumination of the Holy Spirit, who gives unto all sweetness both to assent and to hold, such an one is deceived by a heretical spirit."‡ Moreover, as experience shows, these monitions and impulses of the Holy Spirit are for the most part felt through the medium of the aid and light of an external teaching authority. (6)To quote St. Augustine "He (the Holy Spirit) coöperates to the fruit gathered from the good trees, since He externally waters and cultivates them by the outward ministry of men, and yet of Himself bestows the

*John iii. 8.
†Eph. iv. 7.
‡From the Second Council of Orange, Canon 7.
6.—Literally: "Are not appreciated without a certain aid of, and, as it were, preparation by an external director."

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exemplum, ipso Ecclesiae exordio, positum habemus: quamvis enim Saulus, *spirans minarum et cædis*,* Christi ipsius vocem audivisset ab eoque quæsivisset: *Domine, quid me vis facere*; Damascum tamen ad Ananiam missus est: *Ingredere civitatem, et ibi dicetur tibi quid te oporteat facere.* Accedit præterea, quod qui perfectiora sectantur, hoc ipso quod ineunt intentatam plerisque viam, sunt magis errori obnoxii, ideoque magis quam ceteri doctore ac duce indigent. Atque hæc agendi ratio iugiter in Ecclesia obtinuit; hanc ad unum omnes doctrinam professi sunt, quotquot, decursu sæculorum, sapientia ac sanctitate floruerunt; quam qui respuant, temere profecto ac periculose respuent.

inward increase."* This, indeed, belongs to the ordinary law of God's loving providence that, as He has decreed that men for the most part shall be saved by the ministry also of men, so has He wished that those whom He calls to the higher planes of holiness should be led thereto by men; hence St. Chrysostom declares we are taught of God through the instrumentality of men.† Of this a striking example is given us in the very first days of the Church. For though Saul, intent upon blood and slaughter, had heard the voice of our Lord Himself and had asked, "What dost Thou wish me to do?" yet was he bidden to enter Damascus and search for Ananias.‡ "Enter the city and it shall there be told to thee what thou must do." Nor can we leave out of consideration the truth that those who are striving after perfection, since by that fact they walk in no beaten or well-known path, are the most liable to stray, and hence have greater need than others of a teacher and guide. Such guidance has ever obtained in the Church; it has been the universal teaching of those who throughout the ages have been eminent for wisdom and sanctity—and hence to reject it would be to commit one's self to a belief at once rash and dangerous.

II.—Natural Virtues Not to Be Extolled Above Supernatural.

Rem tamen bene penitus consideranti, sublato etiam externo quovis moderatore, vix apparet in novatorum sententia quorsum pertinere debeat uberior ille Spiritus Sancti influxus, quem adeo extollunt. Profecto maxime in excolendis virtutibus Spiritus Sancti præsidio opus est omnino: verum qui nova sectari adamant, naturales virtutes præter modum efferunt, quasi hæ præsentis ætatis moribus ac necessitatibus respondeant aptius, iisque exornari præstet, quod hominem paratiorem ad agendum ac strenuiorem faciant. Difficile quidem intellectu est, eos, qui

A thorough consideration of this point, in the supposition that no exterior guide is granted such souls, will make us see the difficulty of locating or determining the direction and application of that more abundant influx of the Holy Spirit so greatly extolled by innovators. To practice virtue there is absolute need of the assistance of the Holy Spirit, yet we find those who are fond of novelty giving an unwarranted importance to the

*Act. Ap. c, ix.

*De Gratia Christi, Chapter xix.

†Homily I. in Inscrib. Altar.

‡Acts, ix.

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christiana sapientia imbuantur, posse naturales virtutes supernaturalibus anteferre, maioremque illis efficacitatem ac fœcunditatem tribuere.—Ergone natura, accedente gratia, infirmior erit, quam si suis ipsa viribus permittatur? Num vero homines sanctissimi, quos Ecclesia observat palamque colit, imbecillos se atque ineptos in naturæ ordine probavere quod christianis virtutibus excelluerunt? Atqui, etsi naturalium virtutum præclaros quandoque actus mirari licet, quotus tamen quisque est inter homines qui naturalium virtutum habitu reapse polleat? Quis enim est, qui animi perturbationibus, iisque vehementibus non incitetur? Quibus constanter superandis, sicut etiam universæ legi in ipso naturæ ordine servandæ, divino quodam subsidio iuvari hominem necesse est. Singulares vero actus, quos supra innuimus, sæpe, si intimius perspiciantur, speciem potius virtutis quam veritatem præ se ferunt. Sed demus tamen esse: si *currere in vacuum* quis nolit æternamque oblivisci beatitatem, cui nos benigne destinat Deus, ecquid naturales virtutes habent utilitatis, nisi divinæ gratiæ munus ac robur accedat? Apte quidem Augustinus: "Magnæ vires et cursus celerrimus, sed præter viam."* Sicut enim præsidio gratiæ natura hominum, quæ, ob communem noxam, in vitium ac dedecus prolapsa erat, erigitur novaque nobilitate evehitur ac roboratur; ita etiam virtutes, quæ non solis naturæ viribus, sed eiusdem ope gratiæ exercentur, et fœcundæ fiunt beatitatis perpetuo mansuræ et solidiores ac firmiores existunt.

*In Ps. xxxi. 4.

natural virtues, as though they better responded to the customs and necessities of the times, and that, having these as his outfit, man becomes both more ready to act and more strenuous in action. It is not easy to understand how persons possessed of Christian wisdom can either prefer natural to supernatural virtues or attribute to them a greater efficacy and fruitfulness. Can it be that nature conjoined with grace is weaker than when left to herself? Can it be that those men illustrious for sanctity, whom the Church distinguishes and openly pays homage to, were deficient, came short in the order of nature and its endowments, because they excelled in Christian strength? And although it be allowed at times to wonder at acts worthy of admiration, which are the outcome of natural virtue—is there any one at all endowed, simply with an outfit of natural virtue? Is there any one not tried by mental anxiety, and this in no light degree? Yet ever to master such, as also to preserve in its entirety the law of the natural order, requires an assistance from on high. These single notable acts to which we have alluded will frequently upon a closer investigation be found to exhibit the appearance rather than the reality of virtue. Grant that it is virtue, unless we would "run in vain" and be unmindful of that eternal bliss which a good God in his mercy has destined for us, of what avail are natural virtues unless seconded by the gift of divine grace? Hence St. Augustine well says: "Wonderful is the strength, and swift the course, but outside the true path." For as the nature of man, owing to the primal fault, is inclined to evil and dishonor, yet by the help of grace is raised up, is borne along with a new greatness and strength, so, too, virtue, which is not the product of nature alone, but of grace also, is made fruitful unto everlasting life and takes on a more strong and abiding character.

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III.—All Virtue Active, and Suitable for All Times.

Cum hac de naturalibus virtutibus sententia, alia cohæret admodum, qua christianæ virtutes universæ in duo quasi genera dispertiuntur, in *passivas*, ut aiunt, atque *activas*; adduntque, illas in elapsis ætatibus convenisse melius, has cum præsenti magis congruere. De qua quidem divisione virtutum quid sentiendum sit, res est in medio posita; virtus enim, quae vere *passiva* sit, nec est nec esse potest. "Virtus, sic Sanctus Thomas, nominat quandam potentiæ perfectionem: finis autem potentiæ actus est; et nihil est aliud actus virtutis, quam bonus usus liberi arbitrii;"* adiuvante utique Dei gratia, si virtutis actus supernaturalis sit. Christianas autem virtutes, alias temporibus aliis accommodatas esse, is solum velit, qui Apostoli verba non meminerit: *Quos præscivit, hos et prædestinavit conformes fieri imagini Filii sui.*† Magister et exemplar sanctitatis omnis Christus est; ad cuius regulam aptari omnes necesse est, quotquot, avent beatorum sedibus inseri. Iamvero haud mutatur Christus progredientibus sæculis; sed *idem heri et hodie et in sæcula.*‡ Ad omnium igitur ætatum homines pertinet illud: *Discite a me quia mitis sum et humilis corde*; § nulloque non tempore Christus se nobis exhibet *factum obedientem usque ad mortem*;‖ valetque quavis ætate Apostoli sententia: *Qui sunt Christi carnem suam crucifixerunt cum vitiis et concupiscentiis suis.*** Quas utinam virtutes multo nunc plures sic colerent, ut homines sanctissimi præteritorum temporum! Qui demissione animi, obedientia, abstinentia, *potentes* fuerunt *opere et sermone*, emolumento maximo nedum religiosæ rei sed publicæ ac civilis.

*I. II. a. 1.
†Rom. viii. 29.
‡Hebr. xiii. 8.
§Matth. xi. 29.
‖Philip. ii. 8.
**Galat. v. 24.

This overesteem of natural virtue finds a method of expression in assuming to divide all virtues into *active* and *passive*, and it is alleged that whereas passive virtues found better place in past times, our age is to be characterized by the active. That such a division and distinction cannot be maintained is patent—for there is not, nor can there be, merely passive virtue. "Virtue," says St. Thomas Aquinas, "designates the perfection of some faculty, but the end of such faculty is an act, and an act of virtue is naught else than the good use of free will," acting, that is to say, under the grace of God if the act be one of supernatural virtue. He alone could wish that some Christian virtues be adapted to certain times and different ones for other times who is unmindful of the apostle's words: "That those whom He foreknew, He predestined to be made conformable to the image of His Son."* Christ is the teacher and the exemplar of all sanctity, and to His standard must all those conform who wish for eternal life. Nor does Christ know any change as the ages pass, "for He is yesterday and to-day and the same forever."† To men of all ages was the precept given: "Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart."‡ To every age has He been made manifest to us as obedient even unto death; in every age the apostle's dictum has its force: "Those who are Christ's have crucified their flesh with its vices and concupiscences." Would to God that more nowadays practiced these virtues in the degree of the saints of past times, who in humility, obedience and self-restraint were powerful "in word and in deed"—to the great advantage not only of religion, but of the state and public welfare.

*Romans viii. 29.
†Hebrews iii. 8.
‡Matthew xi. 29.

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IV.—Religious Life and Vows Give the Noblest, viz.: Christian Liberty.

Ex quo virtutum evangelicarum veluti contemptu, quae perperam *passivæ* appellantur, pronum erat sequi, ut religiosæ etiam vitæ despectus sensim per animos pervaderet. Atque id novarum opinionum fautoribus commune esse, coniicimus ex eorum sententiis quibusdam circa vota quæ Ordines religiosi nuncupant. Aiunt enim, illa ab ingenio aetatis nostræ dissidere plurimum, utpote quæ humanæ libertatis fines coerceant; esseque ad infirmos animos magis quam ad fortes apta; nec admodum valere ad christianam perfectionem humanæque consociationis bonum, quin potius utrique rei obstare atque officere. Verum hæc quam falso dicantur, ex usu doctrinaque Ecclesiæ facile patet, cui religiosum vivendi genus maxime semper probatum est. Nec sane immerito; nam qui, a Deo vocati, illud sponte sua amplectantur, non contenti communibus præceptorum officiis, in evangelica euntes consilia, Christo se milites strenuos paratosque ostendunt. Hocne debilium esse animorum putabimus? aut ad perfectiorem vitæ modum inutile aut noxium? Qui ita se votorum religione obstringunt, adeo sunt a libertatis iactura remoti, ut multo pleniore ac nobiliore fruantur, ea nempe *qua Christus nos liberavit.**

Quod autem addunt, religiosam vivendi rationem aut non omnino aut parum Ecclesiæ iuvendæ esse, præter quamquod religiosis Ordinibus invidiosum est, nemo unus certe sentiet, qui Ecclesiæ annales evolverit. Ipsæ vestræ fœderatae civitates num non ab alumnis religiosarum familiarum fidei pariter atque humanitatis initia habuerunt? quorum uni nuper, quod plane vobis laudi fuit, statuam publice ponendam decrevistis. Nunc vero, hoc ipso tempore, quam alacrem, quam frugiferam Catholicæ rei religiosi

From this disregard of the evangelical virtues, erroneously styled *passive*, the step was a short one to a contempt of the religious life which has in some degree taken hold of minds. That such a view is generally held by the upholders of new views, we infer from certain statements concerning the vows which religious orders take. They say vows are alien to the spirit of our times, in that they limit the bounds of human liberty; that they are more suitable to weak than to strong minds; that so far from making for human perfection and the good of human organization, they are hurtful to both, but that this is as far as possible from the practice and the doctrine of the Church is clear, since she has always given the very highest approval to the religious method of life; nor without good cause, for those who under the divine call freely embraced that state of life did not content themselves with the observance of precepts, but, going forward to the evangelical counsels, showed themselves ready and valiant soldiers of Christ. Shall we judge this to be a characteristic of weak minds, or shall we say that it is useless or hurtful to a more perfect state of life? Those who so bind themselves by the vows of religion, far from having suffered a loss of liberty, enjoy that fuller and freer kind, that liberty, namely, by which Christ hath made us free.

And this further view of theirs, namely, that the religious life is either entirely useless or of little service to the Church, besides being injurious to the religious orders, cannot be the opinion of anyone who has read the annals of the Church. Did not your country, the United States, derive the beginnings both of faith and of culture from the children of these religious families? to one of whom but very lately, a thing greatly to your praise, you have decreed that a statue be publicly erected. And even at the present time, wherever the religious families are found, how speedy and yet how fruitful a harvest of

*Galat. iv. 31.

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cœtus, ubicumque ii sunt, navant operam! Quam pergunt multi novas oras Evangelio imbuere et humanitatis fines propagare; idque per summam animi contentionem summaque pericula! Ex ipsis, haud minus quam e clero cetero, plebs christiana verbi Dei præcones conscientiæque moderatores, iuventus institutores habet, Ecclesia denique omnis sanctitatis exempla. Nec discrimen est laudis inter eos qui actuosum vitæ genus sequuntur, atque illos, qui, recessu delectati, orando afflictandoque corpori vacant. Quam hi etiam præclare de hominum societate meruerint, mereant, ii norunt profecto qui, quid ad placandum conciliandumque Numen posset *deprecatio iusti assidua*,* minime ignorant, ea maxime quae cum afflictatione corporis coniuncta est. (7)

good works do they not bring forth! How very many leave home and seek strange lands to impart the truth of the gospel and to widen the bounds of civilization; and this they do with the greatest cheerfulness amid manifold dangers! Out of their number not less, indeed, than from the rest of the clergy, the Christian world finds the preachers of God's word, the directors of conscience, the teachers of youth and the Church itself the examples of all sanctity. Nor should any difference of praise be made between those who follow the active state of life from those others who, charmed with solitude, give themselves to prayer and bodily mortification. And how much, indeed, of good report these have merited, and do merit, is known surely to all who do not forget that the "continual prayer of the just man" avails to placate and to bring down the blessings of heaven when to such prayers bodily mortification is added. (7)

Congregations Without Vows Not New in the Church.

Si qui igitur hoc magis adamant, nullo votorum vinculo, in cœtum unum coalescere, quod malint, faxint; nec novum id in Ecclesia nec improbabile institutum. Caveant tamen ne illud præ religiosis Ordinibus extollant; quin potius, cum modo ad fruendum voluptatibus proclivius, quam ante, sit hominum genus, longe pluris ii sunt habendi, qui, *relictis omnibus, sequuti sunt Christum.*

But if there be those who prefer to form one body without the obligation of the vows, let them pursue such a course. It is not new in the Church, nor in any wise censurable. Let them be careful, however, not to set forth such a state above that of religious orders. But rather, since mankind are more disposed at the present time to indulge themselves in pleasures, let those be held in greater esteem "who having left all things have followed Christ."

Ways of Bringing Souls to the Faith.

Postremo, ne nimis moremur, via quoque et ratio, qua Catholici adhuc sunt usi ad dissidentes revocandos, deseranda edicitur aliaque in posterum adhibenda. Qua in re hoc sufficit advertisse, non prudenter, dilecte Fili Noster, id negligi quod diu experiendo antiquitas comprobavit, apostolicis etiam documentis erudi-

Finally, not to delay too long, it is stated that the way and method hitherto in use among Catholics for bringing back those who have fallen away from the Church should be left aside and another one chosen, in which matter it will suffice to note that it is not the part of prudence to neglect that which antiquity in

*Iac. v. 16.

7 See note 7 to English version.

7.—The original reads: "especially when to such prayers bodily mortification is added."

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ta. Ex Dei verbo habemus,* omnium officium esse proximorum saluti iuvandæ operam dare, ordine graduque quem quisque obtinet. Fideles quidem hoc sibi a Deo assignatum munus utillime exequentur morum integritate, christianæ caritatis operibus, instante ad Deum ipsum assiduaque prece. At qui e clero sunt idipsum præstent oportet sapienti Evangelii prædicatione, sacrorum gravitate et splendore, præcipue autem eam in se formam doctrinæ exprimentes, quam Tito ac Timotheo Apostolus tradidit. Quod si, e diversis rationibus verbi Dei eloquendi, ea quandoque præferenda videatur, qua ad dissidentes non in templis dicant sed privato quovis honesto loco, nec ut qui disputent sed ut qui amice colloquantur; res quidem reprehensione caret; modo tamen ad id muneris auctoritate Episcoporum ii destinentur, qui scientiam integritatemque suam antea ipsis probaverint. Nam plurimos apud vos arbitramur esse, qui ignoratione magis quam voluntate a catholicis dissident; quos ad unum Christi ovile facilius forte adducet, qui veritatem illis proponat amico quodam familiarique sermone.

its long experience has approved and which is also taught by apostolic authority. The scriptures teach us that it is the duty of all to be solicitous for the salvation of one's neighbor, according to the power and position of each. The faithful do this by religiously discharging the duties of their state of life, by the uprightness of their conduct, by their works of Christian charity and by earnest and continuous prayer to God. On the other hand, those who belong to the clergy should do this by an enlightened fulfilment of their preaching ministry, by the pomp and splendor of ceremonies, especially by setting forth that sound form of doctrine which Saint Paul inculcated upon Titus and Timothy. But if, among the different ways of preaching the word of God that one sometimes seems to be preferable, which is directed to non-Catholics, not in churches, but in some suitable place, in such wise that controversy is not sought, but friendly conference, such a method is certainly without fault. But let those who undertake such ministry be set apart by the authority of the bishops and let them be men whose science and virtue has been previously ascertained. For we think that there are many in your country who are separated from Catholic truth more by ignorance than by ill-will, who might perchance more easily be drawn to the one fold of Christ if this truth be set forth to them in a friendly and familiar way.

The Views, Called by Some "Americanism," Not Approved.—Why They Are Suspicious.

Ex his agitur, quæ huc usque disseruimus, patet, dilecte Fili Noster, non posse Nobis opiniones illas probari, quarum summam *Americanismi* nomine nonnulli indicant. Quo si quidem nomine peculiaria animi ornamenta, quæ, sicut alia nationes alias, Americæ populos decorant, significare velint; item si statum vestrarum civitatum, si leges moresque

From the foregoing it is manifest, beloved son, that we are not able to give approval to those views which, in their collective sense, are called by some "Americanism." But if by this name are to be understood certain endowments of mind which belong to the American people, just as other characteristics belong to various other nations, and if, moreover, by it is designated your political condition and the laws and cus-

* Eccli. xvii. 4.

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quibus utimini, non est profecto cur ipsum reiiciendum censeamus. At si illud usurpandum ideo est, ut doctrinæ superius allatæ, non indicentur modo, immo vero etiam cohonestentur ; quodnam est dubium, quin Venerabiles Fratres Nostri Episcopi Americæ, ante ceteros, repudiaturi ac damnaturi sint utpote ipsis totique eorum genti quam maxime iniuriosum ? Suspicionem enim id iniicit esse apud vos, qui Ecclesiam in America aliam effingant et velint, quam quæ in universis regionibus est. Una, unitate doctrinae sicut unitate regiminis, eaque catholica est Ecclesia : cuius quoniam Deus in Cathedra Beati Petri centrum ac fundamentum esse statuit, iure Romana dicitur ; *ubi* enim *Petrus*, *ibi Ecclesia.** Quam ob rem quicumque catholico nomine censeri vult, is verba Hieronymi ad Damasum Pontificem usurpare ex veritate debet : "Ego nullum primum, nisi Christum, sequens, beatitudini tuæ, idest Cathedrae Petri communione consocior : super illam petram ædificatam Ecclesiam scio ; quicumque tecum non colligit, spargit."

Hæc, dilecte Fili Noster, quæ, singularibus litteris, officio muneris ad te damus, ceteris etiam fœderatarum civitatum Episcopis communicanda curabimus ; caritatem iterum testantes qua gentem vestram universam complectimur: quæ sicut elapsis temporibus multa pro religione gessit, maiora etiam in posterum, Deo feliciter opitulante, præstiturum portendit. Tibi autem et fidelibus Americæ omnibus Apostolicam benedictionem, divinorum subsidiorum auspicem, amantissime impertimus.

Datum Romæ apud S. Petrum die XXII mensis Ianuarii MDCCCXCIX, Pontificatus Nostri anno vicesimo primo.

LEO PP. XIII.

*S. Ambr. in Ps. xi. 57.

toms by which you are governed, there is no reason to take exception to the name. But if this is to be so understood that the doctrines which have been adverted to above are not only indicated, but exalted, there can be no manner of doubt that our venerable brethren, the bishops of America, would be the first to repudiate and condemn it as being most injurious to themselves and to their country. For it would give rise to the suspicion that there are among you some who conceive and would have the Church in America to be different from what it is in the rest of the world. But the true Church is one, as by unity of doctrine, so by unity of government, and she is Catholic also. Since God has placed the centre and foundation of unity in the chair of Blessed Peter, she is rightly called the Roman Church, for "where Peter is, there is the Church." Wherefore, if anybody wishes to be considered a real Catholic, he ought to be able to say from his heart the self-same words which Jerome addressed to Pope Damasus : "I, acknowledging no other leader than Christ, am bound in fellowship with Your Holiness ; that is, with the chair of Peter. I know that the Church was built upon him as its rock, and that whosoever gathereth not with you, scattereth."

We have thought it fitting, beloved son, in view of your high office, that this letter should be addressed specially to you. It will also be our care to see that copies are sent to the bishops of the United States, testifying again that love by which we embrace your whole country, a country which in past times has done so much for the cause of religion, and which will by the Divine assistance continue to do still greater things. To you, and to all the faithful of America, we grant most lovingly, as a pledge of Divine assistance, our apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome, from St. Peter's, the 22d day of January, 1899, and the twenty-first of our pontificate.

LEO XIII.

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The papal letter needs no comment. It is so plain and complete an answer to the many questions raised in the course of the controversy, which it seeks to decide, that all who read it attentively can see for themselves how effectively the Holy Father does away with what he terms the censurable, rash, dangerous and suspicious opinions which so many people in this country and in Europe have found, in reading the biography which has occasioned the whole dispute.

Too much attention cannot be given to a letter, which, like all such messages from the Head of the Church, has been drawn up with great deliberation, after most careful examination of the opinions in question, and sent by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Primate of the Church in this country, in such a spirit of benevolence, with the motive of exercising his Apostolic office "to guard the integrity of the faith and the security of the faithful." A document on which the Vicar of Christ has labored so diligently, is surely more than we can hope to master in one reading or cursory examination.

It was quite startling, therefore, to read in some of our secular and religious newspapers editorial comments and interviews on this letter even before its full text was given out officially. Men who apparently had not followed from its origin the controversy which called forth the letter and who are clearly unacquainted with what has been written on either side, hastened to give a synopsis of the letter and to tell exactly what the Pope had said, why he had said it, as well as how and by whom he had been induced to say it. If we think it advisable to make any remarks about the letter, it is not because we deem them necessary for explaining it, as it is all too luminous for that; but because we fear that certain erroneous or prejudiced views given out by some of our Catholic as well as by our secular newspapers, may either prevent people from reading the letter at all, or at least lead them to read it with dispositions little favorable to attention or docility.

As the letter was announced by Cardinal Rampolla as early as October last, it is clear that ample time was devoted to examining every error in question, and in fact, too many parties, on either side, knew of the investigations made by the Sovereign Pontiff and were actually consulted by him, to admit of an intrigue which would bias the opinion of one so experienced and discerning as he is. It is clear, too, that the letter was conceived and issued in a spirit of love for all concerned; its tone throughout is most sincerely affectionate; it condemns no one by name; it attributes no motive of wrong or guile; its one aim is to stop the contention which has arisen among us of late and which has disturbed "not all, but surely many minds," to no slight loss of peace. It is a letter of a father to a dear son.

It should be observed that the Pope does not blame the subject of the biography for the controversy in question, but only the biography itself, (1) not "the life" but the "*librum de vita*," "owing chiefly," to translate the text literally, "to the efforts of those who undertook to bring out and interpret it in a foreign language." Every word in this passage is important. The biography itself might never have given occasion to the serious controversy just decided, had it not been brought out and interpreted in the French language (2) in such a way as to make its contents more widely known, to recommend them as advocated by some and accepted by many other distinguished ecclesiastics and intelligent laymen in this country, to give special prominence to some of its questionable passages, and

(1) The Life of Father Hecker, by Rev. Walter Elliott, New York. The Columbus Press.

(2) *Le Père Hecker, par le Père W. Elliott, traduit et adapté de l'anglais avec autorisation de l'auteur; Paris, Lecoffre.*

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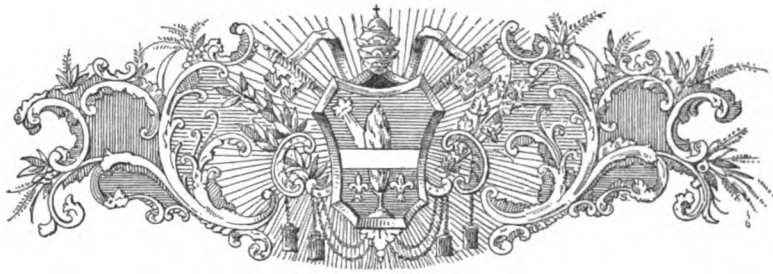
to make them the basis of several dangerous and erroneous conclusions. The English Life had been before the public here in book form, fully five years before it was published in French, in June, 1897; but it was not until August, 1897, that the translation began to be in demand, advertised as it was so cleverly by a skilfully written preface, by a revelation of its contents before the Fribourg Congress held during that month, where the new idea discovered in it was first termed "Americanism," and by magazine articles and pamphlets written mostly by the editor of the French version, which, we are glad to learn, he has withdrawn from circulation since the publication of the Pope's letter.

The Pope does not, and need not, pass judgment on the merits of the French translation. Accurate or not, the translation has been accepted as such while running through six editions during the year after its publication ; the plea of inaccuracy made by E. Coppinger was satisfactorily dismissed by P. Delattre in *Etudes*, August 20, 1898, and in a pamphlet which apparently had not been read by Dr. Barry when repeating in a letter to the *Catholic Times*, of Liverpool, December 9, 1898, the chief points of M. Coppinger's review. Even were it shown to be inaccurate in some places, it is still rigidly accurate in many other passages of similar import, and always faithful to the context and tenor of the original. A careful reading of the Pope's letter shows that he need not question the translation, since, he says, the book excited controversy "owing chiefly to the effort of those who undertook to bring out or *interpret* it in a foreign tongue," their effort being not to mistranslate, but to make the issue of the book an occasion for recommending those passages of the original which fully justify their own dangerous views. Finally, the Pope is not formally impugning the orthodoxy of any body of men, and he avoids direct mention of the lamented subject of this biography and of his well known missionary congregation. He is simply showing his solicitude for true doctrine, and for peace.

He is raising his voice high over the uproar and confusion of error, loud over the clamors of timid and world-fearing men who vainly warn him that he runs counter to what they are fond of calling "the progressive age," firm against the impudent criticism of the press, and clear enough that all may know that he is voicing the teachings of the Master, of whom he is Vicar upon earth.

"Peace : be still," is now the command of the Master, and His Vicar has made it known to us in words as kindly as they are instructive. The strife must now cease, and henceforth we may hope to hear less of the errors which had come to be known under the name of "Americanism," since the biography just condemned was praised as a revelation of what this term means. That the dispute had become serious enough to call for the Pope's letter is clear to anyone who has read the editorials and Roman correspondence of the Catholic newspapers the past two years, and who has heard, or read reports of, some of the sermons preached in our pulpits on various solemn occasions. Now that it is happily over, we are glad that we have carefully refrained from taking any part in it, knowing how scandalous it is to Catholic readers to follow the course of such contention, and feeling sure that those who were prominent on either side would finally submit their cause to the Holy See, and abide by its decision. In this we tried to observe the common rule of charity, and to act on the conviction that Catholic practice is too well defined, and Catholic truth too vast, while both have been too securely entrusted to the keeping of those whom God has appointed to rule His Church, to allow for waste of time in controversies which too often arise from misunderstandings, or lack of knowledge, and which usually result in personal animosities.

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Religious Communities in Italy.

General Intention for April, 1899.

Recommended to our prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

THE Intention recommended to our prayers this month must be one especially dear to the heart of the Holy Father, and the blessing which he bestows upon it must come to us freighted with his most earnest desire for our co-operation. A recent Papal document has shown in what light the Pope regards the religious orders, and how highly he esteems what they have done and are now doing for the Church. To pray then that they may be increased in the number of their subjects and in the spirit of their vocation, is an object most consonant with the aim and purpose of our Apostleship. But we can well understand that his paternal eyes must rest with special affection on the religious communities of his own native land, those of whose virtues and trials he himself is a witness, and whose sufferings are bound up inseparably with the passing away of his Temporal Power.

The bread riots last year at Milan made strikingly manifest to the world the misery and want that have followed in the train of the Revolution which created a so-called United Italy under the domination of an usurping king and a parliament of radicals and free thinkers. Disastrous war and public robbery had depleted the National Exchequer, and excessive taxes must needs be levied to meet governmental extravagance. But the famine which at last aroused to frenzied action the unhappy victims for whom a violent death had become preferable to a dying life, had years ago been felt by the religious communities. Through the breach in the Porta Pia there had rushed into the Eternal City, not only the forces of an invading army, but in its ranks, and particularly among its leaders, men whose avowed object was the extirpation of all religion.

It is not, therefore, surprising that among the early acts of the new government was a decree depriving all the religious orders of a legal existence, and confiscating to the crown not only their monasteries and their furniture, but even in defiance of all law and order, laying hands on the dowry of individual religious. True it is that in place of the principal thus unjustly seized, there was substituted a yearly pension, but this was so small and paid at such irregular intervals, that it practically amounted to nothing or at most did not average more than twenty or twenty-five cents a day. Even this pittance was to cease with the death of the older religious, and as all these orders were further forbidden to receive novices, their extinction appeared only a question of time. The evident object of these laws, besides enriching the government authorities, was to force the religious to abandon their vocation and return to the world, but thank God,

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as one of their superiors expresses it, "the bonds of charity hold us so firmly together that neither hunger, nor thirst, nor nakedness, nor any other misfortune can separate us from our Lord." This object is made clear from an answer given as far back as 1860 to a Camaldolese monk by Cavour, the ablest and most unprincipled of the leaders of the Italian Revolutionary Party. Harassed by vexations of all kinds, this old religious, not crediting all that he had heard or seen done by the officials of the state, resolved to leave his narrow cell and adjoining little garden patch in the mountains, to make a personal appeal to the sense of justice and humanity of his persecutors. Ushered into the presence of the Prime Minister, he humbly asked "what reproach could be made to himself or his brethren in religion. We live entirely apart from the world. Our converse is only with God. What conspiracy can Your Excellency fear from us?" "That of your prayers," Cavour made reply. "You conspire against Italy by praying, and that is enough." A singular admission and charge, and one that gives an unexpected insight into the motives by which the founders of modern Italy were actuated.

But the iniquitous laws did not stop here. Hard as it would have been to remain in poverty and suffering as caretakers for the government of what is rightly their own property, to be subjected to arbitrary and annoying official inspection, and to see their houses stripped of all that was most valuable in art and archives, there would at least be the consolation of living in the homes of their predecessors, of keeping in touch with the traditions and souvenirs of the saintly men and women who had been their progenitors in the religious life. Such encouragement and aids to resignation were, however, in many cases denied. Religious orders of men were ejected from their monasteries, which were made to serve as barracks, or post offices, or police stations, and forced to break up into small communities to live as best they could in narrow private apartments in out-of-the-way streets and alleys, while the cloistered communites of women, at the caprice of the municipal authorities, were frequently huddled together in some one convent, often in a ruined condition, and there, despite the fact that they had embraced distinct religious rules, were merged into one community. The Jesuit Professed House, adjoining the Gesù in Rome, made sacred by the memory of St. Ignatius, St. Francis Borgia, St. Aloysius and St. John Berchmans, and the great Franciscan convent of Ara Cœli on the Capitoline, may be taken as examples of the work of spoliation and confiscation, although perhaps sadder still are the impressions arising from a visit to Subiaco, the cradle of Western monasticism, whose deserted halls that once reëchoed to the footsteps of a thousand monks, shelter at present a dozen Benedictines, allowed by the pretended generosity of the government to remain with a small pension as custodians of their own monastery.'

In this war of systematized oppression and injustice against religious men and women, the active and contemplative orders alike have been the victims. For a time the Catholic laity were able to render some assistance, but with rich families pushed to the verge of bankruptcy by excessive taxation, and the simple peasantry so poor that their houses were sold over their heads, and they themselves compelled to emigrate to the Americas, North or South, this aid was soon withdrawn. Hundreds of the priest-members of these communities do not receive a stipend for a Mass the whole year round. The religious institutes for the education of girls still continue in existence, but in most cases under such straitened circumstances and surrounded by so many hardships and privations, that it is hard to see how the Sisters have even the physical strength to teach their classes. We ourselves have visited one such school in a town among the Alban hills. It occupied three rooms in the

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third story of a tenement house. The chapel was the smallest of hall bedrooms, so small indeed as to barely admit the narrowest of altars, on which the priest's vestments were placed before and after vesting. The two other rooms, both small, served at once as schoolrooms, dormitory, refectory, kitchen and parlor for the community of four sisters, who each received from the government the munificent salary of ten cents a day for their services! It was a painful reflection that we were consuming half of their day's pay when we partook of the cup of coffee and two unbuttered rolls that were so graciously offered us for breakfast after we had said Mass.

But deplorable as is the lot of the religious orders of men, and the teaching orders of sisters, its misery is not at all comparable to that endured by the cloistered contemplative orders of women, and these, be it said, constitute a large part of the religious communities of Italy. Perhaps it is because they are from the very nature of their vocation archconspirators in the league of prayer which Cavour so greatly dreaded, that they have been singled out for special persecution. Rome glories in the number of martyrs who in centuries gone by bedewed with their blood its erstwhile sacred soil, but we doubt not that no less acceptable in the eyes of God are the hidden victims of this unbloody martyrdom, who day by day amid hunger and thirst, well nigh to starvation, are surrendering their pure souls into the hands of their Creator for whom in the fair promise of youth they had voluntarily given up all that the world holds most sweet. One Review, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, has three hundred and ninety such destitute convents regularly on its list of charitable beneficiaries, and twice each year, at Christmas and Easter, makes appeal for them under the title *L' Obolo per le Povere Monache*, "The Mite for the Poor Nuns." No sadder reading do we know than their pleadings for a share in this charitable fund, or the words of gratitude in which they tell the good effected by some trifling alms. We make a few extracts from these letters:

The Superioress of an Umbrian convent writes: "My daughters hold up to me their torn and worn-out habits, and I have not even a piece of cloth to give to patch them." "At sunset," writes the member of another community, "we retire to our cells, there to remain in utter darkness till the dawn of the next day. And why this? Because we have only enough means to buy oil for the lamp before the Blessed Sacrament. We even use no oil as seasoning, that our Lord may not be left without His flickering sentinel light."

Many of these communities are poorer than the very poorest in our large cities, and are absolutely in want of even their daily bread. "Father, I have not a single penny to buy a mouthful of bread for my dear community." "We have exhausted all our flour," are the words of another Superioress. "No one will give us credit, and I have no money. God will make use of you as a channel to transmit to us what is absolutely necessary to sustain the life of my Sisters. All we ask is the means to buy bread." "And yet," to quote from the letter of a Reverend Mother whose community had been reduced to this same extremity till aided by an alms, "we accept all our sacrifices. We have made a vow of poverty; we are the spouses of Him who was born poor and died poor for us to strengthen us by His example. I can tell you in all truth and sincerity that my religious suffer in peace, even with joy, all their great privations in food and clothing."

Letters of similar character might be multiplied without end, but enough has been said to show how earnest should be at least our prayers that this reign of oppression may be shortened and the religious communities restored to their rightful inheritance. It is not long since our hearts were stirred by the recital of the sufferings of the *reconcentrados* of

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Cuba. Large sums of money were collected and numerous relief expeditions were organized to assist those unfortunates, and the contention was put forward in Congress that their sad condition was in itself sufficient justification of the war with Spain. These Italian religious communities are truly *reconcentrados* in a deeper and fuller meaning than the Cuban insurgents, and scarcely a voice is raised to proclaim their misery, scarcely a hand is moved to give them the succor which their virtuous lives and helpless circumstances demand.

There is another and a higher reason why these communities should enlist a sympathy and commiseration which would find expression in prayer. Their spiritual interests cannot but be imperilled by the withdrawal of all the aids to community life. Expelled from their monasteries and convents, they are not uncommonly deprived of the happiness of daily Mass, and the still greater happiness and source of strength derived from frequent Holy Communion. Crowded together, as we have seen, in narrow and unhealthy quarters, where the sick and dying call for constant attention, it is almost impossible to preserve the regularity and vigor of religious discipline, or to pursue in peace and tranquillity of mind the round of community duties prescribed by rule. All external helps to devotion, the Annual Retreat, books for spiritual reading, a chapel worthy of the Divine Presence, are often denied them, while we may add to these the pressure brought to bear by friends and relatives to have them return to the world, and the temptation to despondency which would lead them to lose heart in the service of their Master. Perseverance therefore in their vocation can only come from great and extraordinary graces, and that such graces may continue to flow to them in the future as in the past, is a worthy object of prayer.

But there is a third and even more personal reason why this month's intention should come home to us all. Apart from their impoverishment, spiritual as well as temporal, many of these religious are members of orders which give to Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer a share in all their merits and good works and sufferings, so that each of their acts of patience and resignation, each hour of privation and want, each moment of desolation, is redounding to our spiritual profit and making us richer before God. Gratitude, then, and the bond of membership in a common association should incite us to pray with all earnestness for these afflicted communities, who from the depth of their earthly purgatory are crying out to us to plead their cause before God.

HOW "LITTLE THIEF" STOLE PARADISE.

IN a former number of the MESSENGER, we published, under the title of "Little Thief," a delightful pen picture illustrative of the labors of our Catholic missionaries in China. The hero, "Little Thief," has since departed from the land of the living, and, worthy to the end of his profession, has, like Dismas of old, succeeded in stealing paradise. We gather the following particulars concerning his last days and death from letters of a missionary.

"Little Thief" had been lingering in prison for several months. Arrested in December, 1897, by the satellites of Fong-hien, he had refused to confess his misdeeds, in spite of blows and all kinds of tortures inflicted on him by the mandarin. It is a law in China, that, unless caught in the act, no culprit, however guilty, can be put to death, if he has not himself confessed his crime. In the case of "Little Thief," it would have been particularly discreditable to the mandarin

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not to obtain a confession, for it was a notorious fact that the prisoner had deserved death not once, but many times.

Starvation at last brought him to terms. He pleaded guilty to one or two of the many charges that stood against him. A second trial took place, after which he was transferred to the prison of the condemned, until the sentence should be confirmed and the day of execution fixed by the viceroy of Nankin. In vain did the missionary endeavor to obtain a commutation of the death penalty. He was told that no one ever left the prison of the condemned except to die. Other punishments might satisfy the claims of justice, but death was necessary to serve as a warning to others. Many of the prisoners die of misery and ill-treatment before the day fixed for their execution. But even then their heads are cut off and exposed on the spot where the crime has been committed.

The missionary, unable to save the temporal life of his former catechumen, resolved at least to save his soul. He repeatedly sent a catechist to visit "Little Thief" in his prison. The doomed man was confined in a large room with twenty other prisoners. Each had a chain around his neck, fastened to the heavy irons with which his feet were loaded. The little gifts sent by the father, and the words of consolation and repentance spoken by the catechist, soon produced the wished for result. The prisoner showed himself grateful for the friendly interest taken in him, and assured his visitor each time that he had not forgotten the prayers of the Christians, and that he was reciting them secretly. The keeper of the prison, an ex-convict who had been placed in charge of his comrades, was easily induced by means of small presents, to allow free communication with "Little Thief." He also promised to let the catechist know on what day the execution would take place.

One Sunday morning (it was the Sunday of the Good Shepherd), as the missionary, clad in the sacred vestments, was going to the altar to say Mass, the catechist Kao approached him and whispered in his ear: "To-day Little Thief is to be executed." "Go quickly and baptize him!" was the reply. And the catechist, accompanied by a Christian who had been a friend of the prisoner, hastened to the prison.

During the Mass the missionary sent many an earnest appeal to heaven for the soul of the condemned man, whom he was unable to assist in person. The mission chapel was filled to overflowing. A hundred or more neophytes and catechumens were standing on the outside, and all were praying with fervent hearts and loud voices. An hour later, when Mass and sermon were over, and the father was making his thanksgiving, the catechist reappeared and whispered to him: "It is all right. He was baptized under the name of Peter Deo Gratias." Meanwhile the Christians were waiting in the yard to greet the father as they are accustomed to do every Sunday. "Is it a sin," the missionary asked one of them, "to miss Mass on Sunday in order to baptize a man who is about to die?" "No," they all answered, "it is not a sin, but rather a good act." And then the catechist Kao related how, without breaking the fatal news to the condemned man, he had found opportunity to approach him, exhort him once more, help him to make a good act of contrition, and wash his forehead with fresh water in the prison yard in presence of his companions, who little suspected the marvels that were taking place in the soul of "Little Thief."

A few moments later, at about ten o'clock, A. M., the satellites of the prefect appear before the prison gate and call out four names. The very first is *Wang-ping-koei*, the name of "Little Thief." The victims are made to drink a copious draught of intoxicating liquor, and are dragged in all haste beyond the city walls, through the western gate. Having reached the place of execution they are

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stripped to the waist. A stout rope binds the hands of each criminal behind his back. The two ends of the rope are made to cross over his chest, and are held tight by two men placed on his right and left side. Two other men, armed each with a sharp sword three feet long, are placed one in front, the other behind the kneeling wretch. At a given signal the man in front flourishes his sword, and the real executioner, who stands behind, seizes the criminal's cue with one hand, and with the other strikes off at one blow the head of "Little Thief."

Some Christians who were present at the execution bought his body from the executioners and saved it from being thrown with the others into the neighboring sewer. It was placed in a coffin worth eighteen hundred *sapèques* (about one dollar) and decently interred in a public graveyard. The head, wrapped in a piece of matting bearing his name, was sent to the mandarin of Fong-hien. It will be exposed in the place where his robberies were committed.

And thus it is "Little Thief" atoned for his evil deeds on earth, and, we have every reason to hope, found his way to heaven.

AN ASSURANCE FROM HAITI.

THE boast has been made by many over-sanguine Protestants, and the fear expressed by some timid Catholics, that the passing away of Spanish rule in our newly-acquired possessions will be followed by great loss of members to the Church. A glance at the condition of affairs in the little Republic of Haiti will, we think, lessen both this hope and fear. Our facts and figures are taken from the Handbook of Haiti, issued from the Government Printing Office by the Bureau of the American Republics, and they cannot therefore be suspected of undue partiality towards the Church of Rome. We limit ourselves to its report on Religion and Education, as these are generally accounted the vulnerable points of Latin civilization.

At a time when the Roman Catholic Church was the only Christian denomination in the island, and there was not as far as is known, a single Protestant citizen, and certainly without a single Protestant church or meeting ever having been held there, the Haitian Declaration of Independence of 1804, granted full religious toleration to all denominations.

Strange to say, the Protestant sects were slow to accept the invitation thus extended to enter upon a new field of evangelical labor, and it was only in 1816 in response to an appeal in England for school teachers, with the promise of liberal salaries, that some Wesleyans came to begin their double work of teaching and proselytizing. After seventy years of existence, they have not a single regularly installed native clergyman, although six stations are reported to be in good working order, and the number of professing Wesleyans is placed at three thousand. Colored immigrants from the United States introduced the African Methodist and Baptist Churches in 1824, and in 1861 the Church of England. These three sects combined have sixteen native pastors, and have received from the government for the year 1891–'92 an appropriation of $7,500, which government aid they of course cheerfully accepted, without any outcry against the union between Church and State. This same year the Wesleyans were allotted $2,490.66. The Catholic share of the appropriation was $79,158, which disparity, as the compiler of the statistics remarks, is fairly based on the numbers belonging to each denomination, since the great majority of Haitian citizens profess the Roman Catholic religion, and under the present organization of this

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Church there is no part of the country's territory whose spiritual needs are wholly neglected. The truth of this last statement is borne out by the fact that the island is divided into five dioceses served by about one hundred priests, so that there is at least one priest for every commune, and the larger towns, such as Port au Prince, of course have each several parishes.

From the beginning, the government of Haiti has manifested commendable concern for the education of the youth of the country, and to that end it has never ceased to encourage the establishment of primary schools, and institutions of higher grade. To-day, any intelligent foreigner passing through the cities and rural districts could hardly fail to be impressed by the number of schools of every grade and description, that he would meet on every hand. The appropriation for public instruction for the fiscal year, 1891–'2, was nine hundred and eighty-one thousand eight hundred and sixteen dollars, which can only be a little less than one dollar per capita for the entire population. This is not very greatly less than the appropriations for the purpose in some other states and countries which lay claim to higher advancement than Haiti. The same year we find that there were seven hundred and fifty schools and thirty-three thousand three hundred and ninety-one pupils of both sexes. These figures do not include a number of purely private schools, especially in the cities, and it should be remembered, too, that every one of the religious denominations in Haiti has its school or schools, from the African Methodists, who have one, to the Roman Catholics, who count theirs by the dozens.

A noticeable feature in the work is the careful provision made for the education of girls. There are supposed to be now more than a hundred "Sisters" and "Filles de la Sagesse," of the Roman Catholic Church, all French women, who are wisely and most devotedly laboring for the careful education of the young daughters of Haiti. It is believed that they have now under their care and instruction not less than five thousand Haitian girls, from all sections of the country. This number does not of course include the girls in the purely public or common schools.

Some of the educational institutions under the care of the Roman Catholic *frères* in the cities are models of architectural adaptation approaching beauty and grandeur. The Petit Séminaire Collège St. Martial, commonly designated as the Petit Séminaire, standing on neat and ample grounds at the head of the Rue des Miracles, Port au Prince, and having a corps of twenty instructors, and the Séminaire Collège de St. Louis de Gonzague, in the Rue du Centre of the same city, would do credit to any city. There are at the capital quite a number of other schools which are quietly doing an important educational work. The medical college, the law school, the Lycée or National College, the schools of the Sisters of Cluny, and many others, come under this head.

So far this report of the Bureau of the American Republics. We are not prepared to pass judgment on the success or failure of Haiti's government in all its various branches, or even in the departments of religion and education. But it seems to us a fair inference from the above statistics that the Catholic Church has little to fear in the future autonomy of Cuba and Porto Rico, and that it will not be necessary for the cause of education to have all our retired and prospective public school teachers, not to speak of those whose zeal will urge them to relinquish their present positions, migrate in a body to our new possessions. What is said of the teachers, may be predicated with still greater reason of the ministers of the various sects.

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SOME INSTRUCTIVE STATISTICS.

About Spain.

THE present political downfall of Spain, with its attendant financial stringency, has led many to believe that she is crushed forever, and will never regain her position as a powerful and prosperous nation. Some there are who attribute this decadence to her Catholicity, unmindful of the fact that when Spain held the first place in Europe, she was even more Catholic than now, nay more, was the Catholic nation of the world. We must, therefore, seek elsewhere for the reason of her political and financial enfeeblement. In the course of the last one hundred years, Spain has carried on eleven foreign, twenty-three colonial, and ten civil wars, has been the theatre of twelve internal revolutions and changes of government, till now, as a consequence, her tax rate per capita is $8.55. Surely these are causes that would weaken even the most powerful nation. Yet notwithstanding all this, granting even that she lose every one of her colonies, she is possessed of natural and commercial resources so rich and varied, that if properly managed, would enable her within a few years to recoup all her present losses.

Take, for instance, her mineral wealth. There are no less than 15,260 districts, stretching over some 14,102,42 acres, rich in all kinds of minerals. Her coal mines alone have a surface area of 816 miles. All the metals are found in abundance. At Somarostro there are whole mountains of iron ore. The mines of Andalusia are the richest in all Europe. The copper mines of Rio Tinto have a capacity of 300,000,000 tons. The mines actually worked at present cover a surface of 623,250 acres, give employment to 78,000 laborers, and yield 29,000,000 tons of ore, whose value may be roughly estimated at $50,000,000.

The soil is very fertile, well-adapted for agricultural purpose, and the produce amply sufficient for the needs of the country's 18,000,000 inhabitants. Every kind of plant is raised, the sugar cane in particular is cultivated as successfully as in the West Indian islands. But the most marked increase has been in the number and productiveness of the vineyards. In 1876, these occupied 3,060,000 acres of ground; in 1886, 4,425,000 acres. The land not under cultivation has within the past ten years been reduced by 17,325,000,000 acres, so that at present there are not more than 12,000,000 acres that remain untilled.

The same remarkable increase is to be noted in her manufactures, cotton, wool, iron, etc. In 1850, Spanish exports amounted to only about 300,000,000 pesetas. In 1860 they had gone up to 645,000,000, and shortly after to 1,000,000,000. There was a falling off during the last Carlist war, but at the close of this unhappy contest, they rose again till in 1895 they reached the sum of 1,520,000,000 pesetas. A peseta is equivalent to 46¾ cents of our money. These figures are taken from a recent number of the *Civilta Cattolica*, and they would seem to justify the hope of that journal that prosperity will once again revisit the land of Ferdinand and Isabella, a wish that should find an echo in the heart of a generous conqueror towards a fallen foe.

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OUR LADYE OF ATH-TRYME.

By M. M. Halvey.

"Our Ladye of Tryme," or Ath-Tryme, was a famous shrine preserved in the Abbey Church of the Canons Regular at Trim, County Meath, Ireland. It was celebrated for its "Image of Mary," called in Irish, "Dealb Muire," and here we read in 1397, Hugh McMahon recovered his sight. Previous to the "reformation," the shrine was reverenced by Celt and Saxon alike, but in the days of Cromwell the "Image of Mary" was destroyed and the valuable offerings of the faithful confiscated.

HAST heard of Trim, beside the Boyne—the storied Celtic town?
But ivied ruins now recall the tale of its renown;
Yet here there sate a Parliament and here a Bishop dwelt,
And here before Our Ladye's shrine chieftains and clansmen knelt;
The tale of pomp and pageantry may be as vanished dream,
But vividly her memories glow, "Dealb Muire," of Ath-Tryme.

Here Hugh McMahon pleaded, the chief who never bent
To king or peer for love or fear, and Mary succor lent—
Alike the *bachach*(1) at his side and humble kern(2) she healed,
As in the tongue Columba loved, they each to her appealed;
Within the chieftain's filmèd eyes awoke their olden gleam,
And in his soul the light of grace through *Muire* of Ath-Tryme.

Hers were the days when clansmen came in festal saffron gown,
With burgesses from Drogheda and dames from Dublin town;
Franciscan and Dominican and cruchèd(3) Friar were there
To join with "deare St. Marye's" monks the vigil and the prayer,
While for one love in common shared did Celt and Saxon seem
As brothers, for thy day of truce, sweet Mother of Ath-Tryme!

The walls of Trim looked southward toward the country of the Pale,
And north, where kern and gallowglass(4) guarded the mead and vale,
By King's decree the conquerer was free to smite and slay
Save only when some rebel sought "Dealb Muire's" shrine to pray,
Then his the boon of safe return; the Saxon must redeem
The promise of his pilgrimage to *Muire* of Ath-Tryme.

Later it came—the bitter hour—when fell apostate hand
Laid low the altar and the shrine throughout the ravaged land,
When reliquary, cross and bell, long known to churchly fame,
Were fed to flame, whose smoke for aye hath fouled the bigot's name,
While sore heart chafed, as gallant hound within the master's leam
Because no Irish hand could shield "Dealb Muire," of Ath-Tryme.

We fated Celts—we meet by shrines in happier lands than ours
Where never hate hath quenched the lights nor filched the votive flowers,
And He, who knoweth all things and of knowledge yieldeth share
To thee, as mother's guerdon for thy tender human care—
Knoweth, that still our torch of Faith thro' darkness shed its beam,
And burned our loyal love for thee, Dear Ladye of Ath-Tryme!

(1) Bachach—A lame person, a cripple. (2) Kern—A foot soldier or sentinel. (3) Cruchèd—Hooded. (4) Gallowglass—Soldier of a native regiment.

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EDITORIAL.

AD MULTOS ANNOS.

The Holy Father is well, and all Christendom rejoices. Even those who differ with us have shown their interest in his welfare, and desire for his recovery. His illness has added new titles to their admiration, and we should make fervent acts of thanksgiving that one, whose latest great message was for our good, has been spared to see how faithfully we shall comply with his wishes. *Dominus conservet eum!*

THE POPE'S INFLUENCE.

For the kindly interest, amounting even to anxiety, for the welfare of our venerable Pontiff, displayed by most of our Protestant contemporaries, we are disposed to forget, as we try always to forgive, the sharp things their editors feel bound to say from issue to issue. Not the slightest motive of our gratitude to God for giving and preserving Pope Leo as the Head of the Church, is the attention and admiration which all men, unbelievers and heretics as well as believers, pay to his acts and utterances. What a convincing argument it is, the life so simple in its privacy, so sublime in its public work, and in so many ways as worthy as poor human nature can make it of the august office of Vicar of Christ upon earth!

NO COMMENT NEEDED.

Our readers must not feel disappointed if we refuse to make comments on the letter of Leo XIII. to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. It needs no commentary, and they can and should read and study it themselves. For this reason we have published it along with the official translation, noting some passages which when rendered literally satisfy the objections raised by certain editors of Catholic weeklies who either have not seen or, at least, have not compared the translation with the original text. It would be a great pity if editorials written without due examination of the letter itself, and the usual inspired letters of some of our Roman correspondents, should prevent our readers from reading the Papal letter with the attention it deserves.

PROTESTANT COMMENTS.

It is very amusing to read the comments which some of our Protestant exchanges make on this letter. "Muffled thunder," the *Churchman* calls it; a harmless bolt, says the *Independent.* Naturally it surprised them that a letter on what has been foolishly called "Americanism," should be entirely devoted to an examination of certain doctrines, simple enough in themselves but entirely beyond the apprehension of men who do not appreciate definite religious views; and it gave them no slight disappointment to discover that the Pope takes no exception to Americanism in its true sense, viz., certain endowments of mind which belong to the American people, just as other characteristics belong to various other nations, and the

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political conditions and the laws and customs by which we are governed. We can scarcely blame them for expressing such sentiments, the blame belonging rather to those who employed the term to cloak the erroneous religious opinions which the Pope condemns. Indeed, the *Independent* was the first to ridicule this usage of the term, in its issue of November 11, 1897. As we deplored the misappropriation of the term then, we should thank His Holiness now for calling attention to its proper meaning.

HOW PLAUSIBLE.

Now that more is known about the good character of the priests generally in our new dependencies, we need not mind if certain religious weeklies, after their own manner, keep repeating what none but some few of their readers can believe. Some of these weeklies are strangely concerned about providing and supporting good Catholic clergymen in Porto Rico and Cuba. One of them, the *Independent*, which is vainly trying to make up an argument against conceding to the Church property that should rightfully be hers, plausibly pleads that the introduction into these two islands of priests worthy of support will solve the problem of supporting them. So there is no dread of what worthy priests might do to keep the benighted Catholics of those islands, over which we have lately expanded, true to their faith, superstitious as it is, and as dense as ever in their ignorance. All that is wanted is a body of priests, who can be self-supporting, so that this government may be urged to appropriate with less scruple the property which is claimed by the Catholic Church, and which the missionary societies would be glad either to share for their own enterprises, or at least, to see withheld from men who would naturally use it to their disadvantage.

BY RIGHT OF CONQUEST.

Says the *Independent*: "These Islands need American bishops, men of strong will, who will bring the unworthy to trial, frighten others to resigning, and fill their places with American priests, who have the missionary spirit and the American spirit." How easy it sounds, and how strictly in keeping with the spirit of the day, to carry on war in the spiritual as well as in the material order! *Festina lente.* All will be well, and the less violence the better. The late war, we trust, will improve the material conditions of Porto Rican and Cuban; it will surely add new life to their faith and piety, but the impulse will come from within, chiefly from their present bishops and priests, who are only waiting for the full restoration of peace to avail themselves of the offices of the Apostolic Delegate, and of such religious assistance as will naturally be supplied to them by the Catholics of this and of other countries.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SAMOA.

Samoa is a long distance off, but in time we shall have the truth from there as we have already got it, or some of it, from Manila. Even the newspapers that represent the administration are beginning to admit there are two sides to the story, and Chief Justice Chambers' letter or missionary appeal to his brother, serves to show on which side he, though judge in the matter, is interested. Knowing the present policy of the New York *Sun*, one would not expect it to publish views which we quote here from its morning issue of March 9, much less the closing comment:

"HONOLULU, March 1, via San Francisco, March 8.—G. Kunst, a wealthy German who spends his summers at Apia, speaking of the recent troubles in Samoa, says:

'At the bottom of the whole trouble is the religious issue. Mataafa is a good Catholic, and Malietoa was brought up in the Protestant Mission. He is only a boy of fifteen or sixteen, though a handsome young fellow. The Protestant mission is carried on by a London society. The wife of the British Consul is much

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interested in it. Through her the British colony and many of the American colony are interested in it. Chief Justice Chambers, through social affairs, is possibly influenced in the same way. I do not mean to say that there is anything wrong in this influence, but an unconsciously strong interest in the work of the mission has had its effect in coloring political views.'"

The *Sun* adds: "It is the almost unanimous opinion of passengers on the Alameda from Apia, both the American and British as well as German, that Mataafa commands the allegiance of a large majority of Samoans, and that an attempt by the treaty powers to put Malietoa on the throne will prove disastrous to the peace of the islands. They all speak in the highest terms of Mataafa and of the Administration."

THE SHEEP SHALL BE SCATTERED.

The *Churchman*, February 11, reports in two successive paragraphs, page 207, that the Anglicans are to establish a bishopric in Alexandria, not to antagonize the native church, but to aid the Coptic Church in its awakening; and that "In the meantime the Pope is reported to have sent to England the sum of 4000 Italian lire toward the endowment of St. Bede's College, which has been established to enable Anglican converts to do effective work among their fellow countrymen." The second item is all wrong, as readers of the MESSENGER know. The Pope has endowed St. Bede's College in Rome for clerical converts from Anglicanism who wish to study for the priesthood, and for English priests who may desire to study in Rome. It is not, however, with the incorrectness of the report in the *Churchman* that we are here concerned, but rather with the reflection suggested by the contrast of these two reports, and which the *Churchman* seems to have made if not published. The sheep at home are being scattered, because the shepherds have been struck. The Anglican bishops at home stand before the world divested of their authority, unable to put an end to the strife between their clergy and laity, and yet they must name new bishops to assist in what they call the awakening of peoples who have at least a definite, if not always an orthodox, form of Christianity.

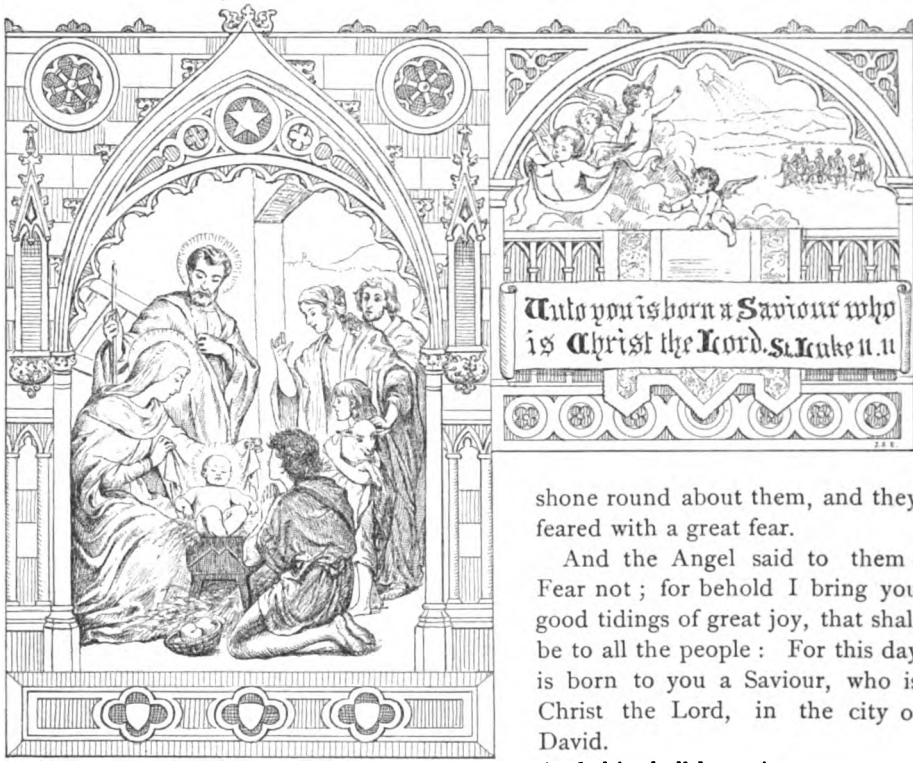
A PATHETIC SURPRISE.

An exchange describing as something pathetic the surprise of the Filipinos at being carried to hospitals to have their wounds dressed after having been shot down by our guns, likens this surprise to that of the ancient world when first hearing the new commandment, "Love your enemies." It adds: "When these men return to their homes they will witness to a Christianity that makes the strongest tender." The Filipinos can witness various things about Christianity, but can they ever overlook our methods and motives in treating them as we have done? How can a religious newspaper print such nonsense? The easier question would seem to be, How can it write anything else? for in the very next paragraph we read: "The very fact that hypocrisy is our pet vice is in some sense a homage to our national belief in righteousness, distorted as that may be and overlaid by the rushing tide of material progress." And of such stuff, and by such people is to be made: "Our Gospel to the Filipinos." A pathetic surprise for them, surely!

THREE THINGS CLEAR.

Some of the religious intelligence of the past month makes three things clear as day. First, that the gift of faith is something above and quite distinct from a purely rational conviction; secondly, that religious doctrine cannot be preserved or properly expounded without a tribunal divinely constituted and authorized to maintain and explain it; and thirdly, that, precious as the gift of faith is, to be truly salutary it must be cultivated and enlivened by active practice and by what is known as practical membership in the Church which Christ, as the author and finisher of our faith, has beneficently established.

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THE NATIVITY.

AND it came to pass that in those days, there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that the whole world should be enrolled.

This enrolling was first made by Cyrinus the governor of Syria: And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; because he was of the house and family of David. To be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife who was with child.

And it came to pass, that when they were there, her days were accomplished, that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night-watches over their flock.

And behold, an Angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear.

And the Angel said to them: Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David.

And this shall be a sign unto you: You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying:

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.

And it came to pass, after the angels departed from them into heaven: the shepherds said to one another: Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed to us.

And they came with haste; and they found Mary and Joseph, and the infant lying in the manger. And seeing, they understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this child.

And all that heard wondered; and at those things that were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God, for all the things they had heard, and seen, as it was told unto them.

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During the month of January the Holy Father received the joyful news of the return to Catholic unity of 50,000 Schismatics, 35,000 Armenian Gregorians and 15,000 Nestorians. These new converts occupy forty-five Armenian and nineteen Nestorian villages in the district of Van in Anatolia. The provincial authorities at once signed the authorization for their passage into the Roman Church. But the Minister of the Interior at Constantinople refused to register the act; a refusal, which it is believed, will have no consequence.

Very uneasy at the vigorous expansion of Catholicism, and seeing with displeasure so many Schismatics pass under the French protectorate, the Gregorian Armenian patriarch sent a memorial to the Sultan concerning these conversions. Abdul-Hamid handed it over to the Government, and the latter submitted it to the State Council. The decision arrived at was, that in virtue of the law granting to all freedom of worship, the Government cannot hinder religious proselytism. As for the political consequences, it is the duty, not of the Gregorian patriarch, but of the State, to be concerned about them.

What Christian heart has not grieved over instances of the intolerant and despotic attitude of the Russian schism towards Catholics? Of late years, however, repeated facts seem to encourage the joyful hope that justice and fair-play will no longer be ignored merely because those claiming a share of them, are Catholics. Thus, some time ago, the *Svet*, an orthodox paper, published a series of slanderous charges against Father Beliakevitch, assistant priest in the Catholic Church of the Most Holy Trinity at Kovno. The *Svet* claimed that Father Beliakevitch subjected certain of his parishioners to tortures similar to those once in use with the Inquisition. The motives which impelled the priest to such action, explained the *Svet*, were hatred of Russia and of the orthodox religion, with whose members some of the Catholics had mingled too freely, according to the judgment of Father Beliakevitch.

Now the Court of Censors residing at St. Petersburg, condemned the *Svet* for libel, and forced it to retract publicly these calumnies. The same paper had also to declare groundless the insinuation it had spread, that Father Beliakevitch's conduct was not an isolated fact among the Catholic clergy of Poland, and that even Catholic prelates connived at it.

We know from a reliable source that the religious question is more than ever the question of the day in Russia. There is a growing tendency towards a reunion with the Catholic Church, showing itself in certain members of the upper clergy of the Russian Church and in the polemics carried on in the secular press.

This union, so ardently longed for by all Catholics, would benefit Russia, both at home by securing it against the ever-increasing number of sects, and abroad by investing it with that moral prestige which is found in the Catholic religion alone in the face of subversive doctrines and revolutionary parties.

A Catholic paper of Rome, the *Vera*

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Roma, which for some time past has been calling attention to this happy tendency among the Russian clergy and to the public opinion in the empire concerning it, was favorably spoken of by orthodox prelates, and in particular by the Procurator of the Holy Synod.

On January 1, 1899, the Sisters of Charity took up the general management of the vast city hospital at Vienna. Till then the sick were cared for by three hundred and eighty lay nurses. These are to be gradually replaced by the Sisters, who are to occupy a building specially prepared for them.

M. Pochon, the French Minister at Pekin, demanded from the Chinese government an indemnity for damages, the chastisement of guilty officials and the reëstablishment of the missions destroyed or injured during the recent outbreaks. The Chinese Government in consequence sent against the rebels of Sze-Chuan 5,000 soldiers trained by European officers.

The new Catholic Cathedral in London is about ready for roofing. It is in the Byzantine style. It will be so built that the entire congregation will have a full view of all the magnificent functions that will take place within its walls. Thirty-four columns, each thirteen feet high, and each a single stone or monolith, will divide the side chapels from the nave, and support the galleries above. Some of these columns of *verdo antico* will come from an ancient classical quarry in Thessaly, which, it is said, has not been worked since Justinian took from it the beautiful monoliths which are still to be seen in the Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople. The columns destined for the London Cathedral were captured by the Turks during the late war with Greece, but were relinquished when the victors evacuated Thessaly. Other pillars of Cipollino marble which has a more delicate shade of green, will come from the quarries of Eubœa, in Greece, and from Switzerland. Columns of Brescia marble, purple and gray and yellow, with streaks of white, will be quarried near Verona, while Egypt will send some of Numidian marble which is of a red or orange hue. The floor will probably be stone. There will be a few fixed seats at the east end, but for the rest of the edifice chairs will be supplied as on the continent. The area of the nave, its width and its height surpass those of any church in England ancient or modern.

King Mataafa, the claimant to the throne of Samoa, is a devout Catholic. He was converted to the Faith in 1863 and since that time he has made it a practice to recite daily the whole of the rosary, to which he has lately added the beads of the seven dolors. He makes the stations of the cross frequently and goes to Mass daily whenever he is near a church. He was the friend of the author Robert Louis Stevenson, who lived for some time in Samoa and who testified his high esteem for Mataafa, declaring him to be emphatically a strong man, a man of high virtue, magnificent bearing and the only one fitted to be king in those islands. When the great hurricane occurred in 1889, during which three German and three American vessels were lost, Mataafa, with his cross upon his breast, gallantly led his people to the rescue. At the risk of their own lives they saved 150 persons from drowning, and kept so strict a guard on shore that not a pennyworth of the wreckage was lost. Mataafa received the public thanks of the Congress of the United States for his heroism.

Mataafa claims the throne on two counts: First, because he is the representative of the ancient royal race, and secondly, because he is the popular choice, having four-fifths of the people with him. The late King Malietoa was the candidate of the Protestant missionaries. The natives gave him the nick-

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name of *Laupepa*, which, as Stevenson tells us, signifies "a sheet of blank paper," because he was a mere figurehead. It is the son of this Malietoa that the American and English representatives now propose to establish upon the throne. He is a mere boy and is under the guardianship of the London missionaries. Mataafa is a soldier. He has won the victory at the polls and the victory on the field of battle, yet the American Chief Justice Chambers adheres to the party of his rival.

Joseph Rene Vilatte, known as the only "Old Catholic" Bishop in America, has repented of his sins and issued the following recantation :

I, Josef Rene Vilatte, hereby declare that I express most sincere and heartfelt regret for having taught many errors and for having attacked and misrepresented the Holy Roman Catholic Church. I unreservedly withdraw any such teaching and I submit wholly and unconditionally to the teaching of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, which I acknowledge and confess to be the one true fold of Christ, outside of which there is no salvation.

Moreover, I sincerely regret that I obtained Holy Orders in an unlawful and irregular way (according to the teaching of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, which I now fully understand and accept), and that I illicitly and sacrilegiously conferred upon others various Orders which belong by right to the Holy Roman Catholic Church, into which I hope through divine grace soon to be received.

I hereby call upon all those with whom I have cooperated in the past, especially on those whom I have unlawfully raised to the dignity of the priesthood, to submit with me unreservedly and unconditionally to the authority of the Vicar of Christ. This declaration I freely and spontaneously make in order to repair any harm I may have unwittingly done, and the scandal I have given to the Holy Catholic Church and to her children.

(Signed.) J. Rene Vilatte.

The Catholic Winter School at New Orleans proved a great success. Among the lecturers were Bishop O'Gorman, Rev. J. Talbot Smith, Henry Austin Adams, Chief Engineer Harrie Webster, U. S. N., Rev. Patrick Horan, D. D., and Rev. Francis A. Barnum, S. J. The educational exhibit representing Catholic schools and colleges won the admiration of all who saw it.

When the Indian Appropriation Bill came up for discussion in the Senate this session, Senator Gallinger opposed the granting of any money to Catholic schools. Senator Pettigrew said in reply : "Many years ago we invited the churches to build schools to educate the Indian children, the government itself not being willing to go into the work with sufficient appropriations to cover the field. These people built valuable, excellent school buildings—two, I think, splendid brick buildings—in the State of South Dakota, and gathered these children together. They have been educating them for $108 per capita, per year, and they have been doing splendid work. I doubt whether the government does as good work as they are doing. After erecting the buildings, furnishing the buildings, etc., it costs the United States in every one of our schools $167 per capita to educate these children ; and yet the clamor is set up to take them out of the schools, where it costs $108 (and, I believe, gives them better education) and put them into schools where it costs $167."

M. Félix Faure, the late President of France, died the death of a good Catholic. He asked for a priest and was conscious when he received absolution. Before he became unconscious he said : "I ask pardon of all whom I have offended. I forgive all who have offended me."

It is said the Pope will soon consecrate all the dioceses of the world, the whole Church, all humanity to the Sacred Heart.

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DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

The Pope's Letter.

We have published the Pope's letter to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, arranging the original text in parallel columns with an official version. It would have saved many misunderstandings and much contention in the course of the controversy which has just been settled, if the faithful generally could have examined the various books and pamphlets which either occasioned or sustained the dispute. For this reason we wish every MESSENGER reader to be supplied with a copy of this letter for present study and for future reference, and we intend to reprint copies of it with frontispiece of the Holy Father, for $3.00 per 100; 5 cents apiece.

Object of the League Director.

The questions and answers we have been publishing in the *League Director* lately have excited considerable interest as shown not only by letters commending us for doing so, but by an increase in the number of queries and reports of Centres sent us. It was for this object the *League Director* was first issued, and we are glad to know it is serving its purpose.

Two New Messengers.

The Director General announces the publication of two New *Messengers* of the Sacred Heart, one at Verapoly, in Malabar, India, by the members of the Third Order of Carmelites; the other at Tyrnau, by Fathers of the Society of Jesus. With him we welcome them, and wish them the success and the fruits of the twenty-eight *Messengers* already in the field. In making this announcement, the editor of the French *Messenger* reminds us that the secret of the life and activity of the League is the MESSENGER, and that no zealous Director should fail to circulate it, or, at least, encourage its circulation, by having Promoters take one for the members of their bands.

Litany of the Sacred Heart.

The Litany of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in the form which was lately revised and approved by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, will be published in the new edition of the League Devotions which is now in press. This Litany has already been printed in Latin and English and is on sale at our office for 20 cents per hundred.

Apostolic Works.

Our Directors will be glad to learn that we are to restore, with some modifications, the department formerly published in the MESSENGER under the title "Apostolic Works," with a view to recommending works of zeal of general interest and to affording Directors and zealous Promoters and Associates an opportunity to communicate to others what they have found most practicable and effective in the good works which they may be promoting. We do not promise to publish something in this department every month, but only as zealous Directors or Secretaries see fit to report their works of zeal. We are happy to reopen this column with a plea from the author of the series of chapters lately published on "The Boy Savers."

APOSTOLIC WORKS.

Organize the Boys

In undertaking this work do not admit any illusory need of wonderful natural gifts, but confidently rely on *method*. Small beginnings are the best. A Juvenile Society, like the Scriptural "great tree," should spring from diminutive seed. There seems little wisdom in making the first move by a call from the altar inviting all of the boys to meet for organization. To be sure, such an appeal is likely to fill the first meeting to reple-

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tion, but, on the other hand, it courts levity, disorder, and a most chilling speedy falling off from the initial total of membership. Begin, like our Blessed Lord, with a dozen chosen followers, and be strong with these twelve before venturing to call in the unlucky thirteenth.

Hasten slowly. When kindness, attractions, brevity of religious exercises, etc., will have commended the new society to a handful of charter members, permit it to increase little by little; and with steady maintenance of rule. Raw recruits, like the builder's bricks, should be added only to solid structure. In dealing with boy candidates a spiritual guide's best attitude is strongly suggestive of the mundane game, "bluff"; he advantageously poses before the junior public as one who accepts newcomers only by favor, because already holding as many as are wanted. This policy will create noble juvenile religious societies, since the latter are of the sturdiest when recruited from those, who, far from being coaxed to join, have themselves been obliged to make earnest appeal before gaining admission.

Boys, to be gathered in numbers, must have natural encouragements. Clubs, however, are by no means absolutely necessary. Without them small organizations can be formed, even by laymen, and also large societies, if directed by priests or religious. Both in precept and practice, the writer warmly favors juvenile amusement homes, and, consequently, is in authority to deny their claims to essential importance. Boys can be fairly well gathered by other attractions. Entertainments, excursions, etc., etc., though necessarily of only periodical occurrence, are clearly of great value. However, the readiest and most efficacious promotion of enthusiasm consists rather in frequent distributions of small gifts—baseballs, skates, pocket knives, etc. These lesser prizes enable one to be *ever and always* doing something for his followers, and this is a great advantage.

One who, knowing boys, deals with them, will act on the principle that, while forgetful of past favors, they are full of sceptical preference for a small bird visibly near at hand over larger ones reported as hopping in the bush. Be assured that youngsters, while little mindful of what you have already done, and only somewhat interested in what you are going to do, will always be mightily stirred by actual favors of the present moment: hence, in boy care, it is more important to give often than to give much.

Apostleship at Home and Abroad.

St. Aloysius Centre,
Washington, D. C.

Rev. Dear Father:

I cannot help sending you the following; use it or not, *ad libitum*.

What the New Leaflets Did.

A local Director of the League in a large city writes us as follows:

"A recent convert, a promoter of the League, found so much help from the new *Leaflets*, in their regular monthly visit, that she thought their very presence ought to work conversion. Accordingly she took one every month to her Protestant sister and left it on the mantel-piece. The Protestant sister became very indignant; said she did not wish to see those *Leaflets*, that what we called the Apostleship of Prayer was pure superstition; that her Catholic sister was not practical enough for this world, etc. But still the *Leaflets* kept coming with persistent regularity. The convert's confidence was rewarded sooner than she expected. About five months after the first appearance of the *League Leaflet* on that Protestant mantel-piece, there was a mission in our church. Without saying a word to anybody, the

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Protestant lady stole into the church, made the mission, asked to be instructed, was baptized, begged her sister's forgiveness and is now a staunch Catholic, and an Associate of the Apostleship of Prayer. The happy Promoter now asks why she cannot send the *Leaflets* to all her Protestant friends."

* * *

On the last day of every month, a little boy about ten years of age calls me down to the parlor. He is not a boy of many words; he simply states that he has saved up eighteen cents and wishes to invest in one copy of the MESSENGER. I ask him if he reads the MESSENGER, all through, every month, but his only answer is: "I take it around to each member of my band. I'm a Promoter!" So we rapidly make the necessary transfer of goods, "*quid pro quo*," and I bow him out.

Sincerely in Christ,

W. O'B. PARDOW, S.J.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL CENTRE, N. Y. CITY.—*The League Annual*, issued by this flourishing Centre, is later than usual in making its appearance, but the delay has allowed the Rev. Local Director to submit a report complete in all its details of the various departments of the Apostleship's activity. In fact, on carefully reading his Annual Letter, it will be found that there is scarcely a good work carried on in this large parish which does not in some way or other come under the influence of the League and derive from it force and vitality. The Purgatorian Circle, the Visitation and Mortuary Committee, the Ushers' Committee, the Committees for the care of the sick in their homes and at the hospitals, and of the poor on the islands, the Sewing Circle, the Tract Committee, the Temperance Crusade, the People's Eucharistic League, the Guild of St. Paschal, are all included under the head of League Work, and all, as appears from the report, have effected much good. Confining ourselves, however, to the ordinary work of a League Centre, we find that 22,319 Associates are supplied each month with Leaflets. From July 1, 1897, to July 1, 1898, ninety-three new Promoters were admitted, while nine, who had formerly belonged to the Centre, sought readmission. Sixty-seven transfers were made in the Bands, fifty-four Promoters resigned, four died and thirty-two were dropped from the rolls because of inattention to work. On July 1, 1898, the Centre had 730 active Promoters. Of those who resigned, five entered convents, one entered St. Joseph's Seminary, and five joined other Centres. The number of Promoters in charge is seventy-five. 473,305 petitions were placed in the Intention Box, and 357,743 offerings were made to the Treasury of Good Works. 354 special thanksgivings were noted. This is certainly a very creditable showing, even omitting all mention of a work of supererogation, namely, that of collecting some $6,252.50 for the Cathedral Debt Paying Fund.

ALASKA.—A letter from the Very Rev. J. B. René, S.J., Prefect Apostolic.

JUNEAU, ALASKA,
February 2, '99.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER, P. C.:

Thanks for the Diploma of Diocesan Director. Of course I will do my best to encourage and foster the work of the Apostleship of Prayer all over the Prefecture Apostolic of Alaska. Nothing gives me greater hope for the conversion of the people of this country to the true Church and their spiritual progress than the efficacy of the prayers of the League and the wonderful assistance promised by our Lord Himself to all those who labor in the spreading of the Devotion to His Most Sacred Heart.

On my first visit to our missions on the Yukon, my greatest care was to invite our Fathers to spread the League among the natives. After one year I could see the result in our School of Holy Cross Mission. Nothing can surpass the edifying manner in which all the children

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celebrate the devotions of the first Friday of the month. Reading of the good works during the month, consecration to the Sacred Heart, number ot communions of reparation, prayers for the conversion of their parents and friends to the true faith, nothing was wanting to make of the occasion a very great feast. I regretted, however, that the Intention blessed by the Pope for each month could not reach in time our missions on the Yukon, and I had to choose one myself. Could we not have all the general Intentions of the whole year sent at once at the end of May, so as to reach, at least, in July, all our missions on the Yukon?

The League has been established in Juneau and Douglas Island two years ago. As Father J. Treca, in charge of the church in Juneau, writes to you, the number of the members inscribed in the League is large enough, but the population being constantly shifting, it is difficult to organize bands in a lasting manner, hence the small number of Promoters. Nevertheless the devotions of the first Friday are well attended and the work is going on as well as possible under such adverse circumstances.

You are very likely already aware that a new mission was lately founded by us at about 118 miles north of Juneau, on a branch of the Lynn canal, in a new city called Skaqway. Father T. Turnell, S. J., is in charge of the new residence. He has acquired a lot and a house two stories high, sufficiently large to be used as a church also. He is assisted by Father A. Parodi, S.J. I brought him with me last October from Northern Alaska to give him a chance to recruit his strength, shaken by many long years of a laborious existence among the Eskimos. The knowledge he has acquired of the language of those people enables him to be more useful there, and he will be glad to return to his old field of work, as soon as his health permits. Father J. Treca, who came back three years ago under similar circumstances, from the Upper Alaska, is now as strong as ever, and would be glad also, should his superiors so order it, to resume his Apostolic work on the coast of the Bering sea, among his beloved Eskimos. All our Fathers in South-eastern Alaska are well, thank God, although the Winter is rather severe ; and when I left the Yukon last October the same could be said of our Fathers and Brothers over there ; even Father Judge, notwithstanding his great work in Dawson's hospital, was in good health and spirits. With great regard and best wishes for all at St. Francis Xavier's College, I recommend myself and mission again to your Holy Sacrifices.

Yours devotedly in the Sacred Heart,

J. B. RENÉ, S.J.,
Pref. Ap. Alaska.

GALLE, ISLAND OF CEYLON.

"First of all allow me to wish you a happy New Year, and to thank you for your kindness in forwarding to me month after month a copy of the MESSENGER of the Sacred Heart. This evening I had a look at the reading room, and at once I was asked for the December number of the MESSENGER. It should have been at its place about the 15th of December and no MESSENGER as yet. You see, dear Father, that the members of the St. Paul Reading Room have an eye open for the interesting reading matter to be found in their library. Only my promise of looking at once into the matter could pacify them. So in the name of the members of St. Paul's Reading Room I beg, dear Rev. Father, that you will continue kindly to send our dear MESSENGER.

You write that there is in the States a great interest in Ceylon. I hope it is not to make a mouthful of our tight little island, but to get accustomed to our pure black tea, which our planters are trying to push in the States. I am not, nevertheless, going to expatiate on the advantages of the Ceylon tea over the Chinese. I am sure you will be more pleased to hear something of our spiritual progress.

To-day being the first Friday of the

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month, it is natural that I should say a word about the progress we have made in the number of communions on that day. In the beginning, we had about thirty or forty women receive holy communion on the first Friday; to-day there were 175 communicants, including a good number of men. You will not be surprised to hear that it is one of the great consolations of our dear bishop to distribute to his beloved children the Holy Eucharist on the first Friday of each month."

CANADA.—We learn from the French Canadian *Messenger* for March, that the doubt has arisen in some quarters whether the Treasury of Good Works has remained unchanged under the new statutes of the Apostleship of Prayer, and whether these are to be summarized and sent in each month to the Editor of the MESSENGER for publication and to be forwarded to Lourdes and Toulouse. The answer to both questions is of course an emphatic affirmative. Not only is there no intention to do away with this pious practice, but renewed efforts are to be made to make it more widespread and universal. In this connection, the Editor recalls the gratification expressed by the Holy Father, when on occasion of his Episcopal Jubilee, in January, 1893, he was presented with an album containing the Treasury of Good Works offered for his intention by the Canadian Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer. As a mark of his affectionate gratitude, the Pope granted his blessing and a plenary indulgence at the hour of death to all who had made an offering to this spiritual fund.

ITALY.—On December 20 of last year, the Sacred Congregation of Rites held the first of its three prescribed sittings to pass on the question of the "heroicity" of the virtues possessed by Venerable Claude de la Colombière. Of course nothing is known of what took place at this consultation, but as the date for the second session has been already named, it is confidently hoped that the process is following its normal course, and that we may be soon privileged to salute as blessed, the holy director of Blessed Margaret Mary. Word also reaches us that steps are being actively taken looking towards the beatification of Dom Bosco, and the canonization of the Blessed Gerard Majella, both ardent lovers of the Sacred Heart. The privilege of reciting publicly the recently approved Litany of the Sacred Heart has now been further extended to many of the French dioceses besides Marseilles and Autun, to the diocese of Montreal in Canada, and to all the churches and chapels throughout the world, where confraternities of the Sacred Heart aggregated to the Archconfraternity at Montmartre, have been erected.

OBITUARY.

Rev. W. H. Judge, S. J., Dawson City, Alaska; Rev. Thomas O'Neill, S. J., St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, Ohio; Rev. Edward J. Conroy, St. Mary's Centre, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Rev. Edward J. Halloran, Rev. P. C. J. Kelley, Ellen Mullaney, Alice T. O'Brien, Mary Logue, Immaculate Conception Centre, New York City; Ida Lipscombe, Gesu Centre, Milwaukee, Wis.; Sister M. Theodora, Ursuline Convent, Toledo, Ohio; Agnes M. Finegan, St. Vincent de Paul's Centre, New York City; Matthew Mooney, Jane Rowley, Cathedral Centre, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mary Murray, Robert E. A. Lynch, St. Ignatius' Centre, San Francisco, Cal.; Annie Cosgriffe, Elizabeth Hart, St. Mary's Centre, Hudson, N. Y.; William Flynn, Martin Mulroony, St. Peter's Centre, Steubenville, Ohio; Julia McEvoy, Jennie Bryson, St. Ann's Centre, Hornellsville, N. Y.; Mrs. Augustine Lancton, Sacred Heart Centre, Galveston, Texas; Mary Henkle, St. Clara Academy Centre, Yazoo City, Miss.

"One of our Promoters died on the fifth of February. During her illness she was worried, fearing the Band would be deprived of the Leaflets. Ask prayers for her."

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IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 1,577,625.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes., v. 18.)

Special Thanksgivings.—NEW YORK.—"Four years ago, a former pupil of the Sacred Heart and a zealous Promoter of the League, was spending the Summer months, together with her husband and children, at a quiet little hotel in Connecticut. One day she spoke of the League to a Protestant lady at the same hotel, and showed her a League leaflet. The lady appeared much interested, admired the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and asked if she might share in it. Mrs. F—— answered in the affirmative, and promised to send her Protestant acquaintance a leaflet every month, if the latter would consent to make the 'Morning Offering.' The agreement was promptly made. A few months later, the faithful Promoter introduced the lady to the religious of the Sacred Heart, in 17th Street; one of the religious gave her some books to read. At her second visit to the convent, she spoke of doubts concerning her own creed and of her desire to know the teachings of the Catholic Church; at the same time she asked if she might come regularly to the convent for instruction. The visits continued at irregular intervals for several years. The struggle was hard; deep-rooted prejudices had to be combated, and many were the obstacles in her path. Grace, however, at length triumphed. On December 9, 1898, this sincere seeker after truth received holy baptism in Saint Francis Xavier's Church, and a few days later had the happiness of making her first Communion. Her children also have been baptized, and her ambition now is to secure for them the best Catholic training. This is only one of the many instances of the wonderful efficacy of the 'Morning Offering' we know of, which by uniting us each day in our prayers, works and sufferings with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, ennobles and elevates our whole being,—for who can draw near to the source of beauty, to the eternal truth, without breaking the bonds of error and entering into the freedom of the children of God?"

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—"Devotion to the Sacred Heart has been greatly increased in our parochial school by the following incident. The father of one of our children being very ill with a complication of diseases and the doctor having declared that the man could not recover, a priest was called who administered the last sacraments. When his little daughter came to take her books from the school, she said that she would have to remain at home until after her father's death; the teacher gave her a Badge for her father, asking her to begin a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart, telling her the school children would take part in the novena. A Mass of thanksgiving was promised if he recovered. The man is now better and able to return to work."

MT. DE SALES, MACON, GA.—"Last Spring the small-pox was pronounced epidemic in our city. This caused us no alarm as we put our trust in the Sacred Heart for preservation from the disease; but we were anxious about our boarding school, fearing it would be broken up. In our trouble we turned to the Sacred Heart, promising that if the children would not be recalled to their homes we would express our gratitude through the MESSENGER. Our request was granted without limit, for there was not even anxiety expressed by the parents of the children in our care."

WOODSTOCK, MD.—"I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart, through

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the Immaculate Heart of Mary, for the pious death of my brother. On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception I heard that he had but a few hours to live. One who was present at his sick-bed thus wrote me: 'His only worry is that he cannot say many prayers, but he makes frequent ejaculations and aspirations. His dispositions seem to me unusually beautiful. His faults may have been many, but his repentance was sincere. He would always say: 'I am sorry, and very sorry; but is it enough?' I reassured him and told him I felt sure it was, and that he must have no fear. He said that he had none, and had tried to make all possible reparation, which I know he did.' "

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—"A young man who had neglected his duties became very ill and fell into a decline. He knew he was dying, but for months he refused to see the priest, even when he called. The prayers of children and religious communities and the Sodality were offered. Then the intention was recommended to the League on the First Friday, and five Masses for the Holy Souls and publication in the MESSENGER promised. A few days afterwards, to the astonishment of all, he expressed his willingness to make his confession when the priest called. He did so, and received Holy Communion and Extreme Unction with great devotion. He lived about a week afterwards, and showed the best dispositions, and died happily."

——, LOUISIANA.—"I wish to thank the Sacred Heart for a great blessing accorded my daughter before she died. Her husband was a non-Catholic, who would not let her go to her duties or have the baby baptized. I sent an intention to the League that she might not die without the sacraments. We had a mission here in May. She went to confession, but could not go to Communion, though even this much was a great relief to me. Poor child! She took typhoid fever in June, and died after three weeks. Her husband consented to have the priest called, and so she received all the sacraments. On the day of her death, he told me to take the little baby to church and have it christened, and that I might raise it as my own. His was indeed a great change, and I ascribe it solely to the Sacred Heart, to which I had prayed night and morning for a long time for this intention. My little grandchild is getting along nicely."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"I wish to return thanks for a great favor. I was obliged to undergo an operation of which I had great fear, and, although this was during the most intense heat of July, I was able to be up in five days to the amazement of the doctor, who was at a loss to understand my rapid recovery. It was prayer rather than medical skill that brought about this happy result."

CHICAGO, ILL.—"A religious returns most fervent thanks to the benign Heart of Jesus for the remarkable conversion of her brother, who for fifteen years had lived in almost total forgetfulness of his religious duties. For some years he has been a victim of consumption. When it became evident that his days were numbered, neither the near approach of death, nor the solicitude of his devoted sister or friends was of any avail to recall him to a sense of duty. He positively refused to wear the Scapular and even showed obstinate unwillingness to speak of God or of his approaching death. Some time ago word was sent to his sister in a neighboring convent that he was dying. She responded to the call with extreme anxiety for the salvation of one so dear to her. Seeing his critical condition, she asked if he wished to see a priest. 'Do not annoy me,' he said, 'if I need a priest, I shall send for him.' Not discouraged, she renewed her request and he answered: 'If you have nothing else to speak about, you may go; I do not want to be thus annoyed.' Then she asked if she might place a Badge of

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the Sacred Heart on him. To this he consented. Scarcely was this done, when a great change was perceptible ; his sister seeing this, renewed her request to have the priest sent for. He replied, 'Well, yes ; if you wish.' As there was not a minute to lose, the priest was summoned to the bedside of the dying man ; he made his confession and received the other sacraments with sentiments of the deepest contrition and gratitude. A few minutes later he gave back his soul into the hands of his Maker."

MAHWAY, N. J.—"A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin Mary for a favor. Her husband had been notified by his employer that work would shut down on February 1, and having the interest to meet monthly on a mortgage, this placed him in a very difficult position. He asked his employer to assume the mortgage until he could find work, but was told that this was impossible. Still he did not despair, and when he went for his pay the first of the month, the employer voluntarily offered to meet the monthly interest on the mortgage."

ADAMS, MASS.—"Please return thanks in the MESSENGER for a remarkable cure granted through the intercession of the Sacred Heart. For eleven years I had been troubled with backache so badly that at times I seemed about to lose my reason. The doctors could not give me any relief. I made a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart, promised publication if I were cured, and had some Masses said for the souls in Purgatory. Thanks to the Sacred Heart I am now entirely cured."

"About two months ago my brother was about to take a journey across the ocean in the hope of recovering his health, but positively refused to go to confession. We used every means in our power to dissuade him from his resolve, but to no avail. At last by the advice of a friend I promised the Sacred Heart if It would grant me this favor I would write to the Apostleship of Prayer to have the fact of his conversion published in the MESSENGER. A few days after my promise, a priest with whom my brother is acquainted, happening to be down town, called at his office and learning of his intended journey, came at once to our house and in the course of conversation asked him to make his confession, which he did without any resistance, which surprised and gratified us the more, as he is naturally very stubborn in his resolutions."

Spiritual Favors through the Sacred Heart.—The saving of a family of young children from what seemed certain ruin of body and soul ; conversion of two sinners ; reconciliation after ten years' estrangement ; a death-bed conversion ; conversion of a sister-in-law to the faith and the return of a brother to the practice of his religion after a novena of Nine First Fridays ; the appointment of a zealous pastor to a neglected parish ; a religious vocation ; grace of a parent's return to the faith ; entrance of a Protestant into the Church ; return to the practice of religion after twenty-six years neglect ; grace to approach the sacraments after three years absence ; reformation of a man addicted to drink ; return of two persons to the sacraments after neglect of fifteen years and thirty-five years respectively.

Temporal Favors.—Success in obtaining a high class-standing ; recovery from the effects of a serious operation ; the rectifying of a mistake in a financial statement ; restoration of hearing ; unlooked for facility in settling a very troublesome business ; speedy cure of serious injury ; cure of an insane person ; steady employment when everybody else in the same shop was discharged for the want of work ; recovery of a mother from a severe attack of grip ; unexpected financial aid for a religious institution ; gift of an organ to a convent chapel ; means for a poor family to pay its debts ; cure of rheumatism ; recovery of a brother from serious illness ; escape from threatened lung

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trouble ; successful examination for five ; employment for twelve ; speedy convalescence of our Reverend Mother; the success of an entertainment; employment obtained through the intercession of St. Anthony; escape from fire ; help in a business crisis; a tenant for a vacant house; recovery from appendicitis after patient had been given up by eminent physicians; successful setting of a broken arm; cure of a tumor; reinstatement in a position of trust; recovery from heart disease; the catching of a certain train upon which much depended; relief from palpitation of the heart; progress in studies; improvement of a brother's health obtained through novena made before a First Friday; avoidance of lawsuit; recovery from a stroke of paralysis ; preservation from the spread of diphtheria in a school; means to pay off a mortgage in time to prevent foreclosure sale; the success of a surgical operation; success of an important undertaking; restoration to health of a father and mother; settlement of a lawsuit; the safety of a mother and child; rapid convalescence after a critical operation; preservation from accident during a severe storm; recovery of two children from a serious illness; the return of some deeds without recourse to the courts; recovery of a mother and her children from severe attack of scarlet fever.

Favors ascribed to the application of the Badge or Promoter's Cross.—Instant relief from neuralgia ; cure of a child suffering from croup ; cure of toothache ; recovery from serious eye trouble; subsiding of high fever; relief from ear-ache; cure of head-aches; cure of sore throat; recovery from pneumonia.

"Last July my little boy got his finger cut with a mower, the first joint being almost severed, nothing but the skin holding it to the finger. We felt sure that he would have to lose it, but I applied my Promoter's Cross, promising if the joint were saved to recite the beads for the rest of the month and to have the favor published in the MESSENGER. The doctor sewed and dressed it, and after three or four weeks the finger was as well as ever."

"I am an Associate and desire to return thanks for a favor granted by the Sacred Heart. I have very strong eyes, but one day one began to pain badly; it was not a sore eye, it was a severe pain through the eye. I tried to rest the eye, and went to bed, but the pain awoke me and was so severe that it frightened me. I placed my Badge over it and promised publication if the dear Sacred Heart would relieve me. Almost at once the pain was better and I went to sleep. It has not troubled me to amount to anything since."

Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R., is dead, and every Catholic reader and publicist, nay, every reader and publicist in the English speaking world, must mourn his death. An Apostolic man, as well as a literary man, body and soul he was devoted to the glory of God and the good of his neighbor. How truthful, though his life long-researches made him read daily men whose writings were tissues of lies! How peaceful, though a controversialist with men fed on prejudice! How noble in his choice of subjects, and in his eloquent presentation of the doctrines of the Church! How pathetic and worthy of his life his last words! In him we have lost another Southwell.

"I fain would be dissolved and die,
United with my Saviour's Cross;
Though weak and helpless here I lie,
I know my profit and my loss.

My trembling soul I now commit
To Thy pierced hands and open side,
My soul receive, my sins remit,
O God and Saviour crucified!"

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It is a common saying that one cannot open the *Imitation of Christ* without lighting upon some word of advice or consolation just suited to the present disposition of his soul. This admirable compendium of the spiritual life has been the inseparable companion of good Christians for five hundred years. The saints delighted in it, and recommended it to their disciples. St. Ignatius in particular tried to introduce it everywhere. So replete is it with heavenly wisdom that many have thought it to be inspired. It is but natural that we should desire to know to whom we are indebted for the great spiritual benefit we daily derive from this little book, and to regret that the author, with the modesty characteristic of holy men, sent forth his work anonymously. Various opinions have been prevalent. Some have attributed the *Imitation* to Cardinal Gersen, the celebrated Chancellor of the University of Paris, and one of the greatest theologians of his day. Others thought they had discovered a John Gersen, a Benedictine Abbot of Vercelli, said to have flourished in the thirteenth century. Ten years ago Sir Francis Richard Cruise, D.L. M.D., published an essay on the subject, the result of forty years of research. "The volume," said the *Saturday Review*, "contains a summary of all that is, and probably all that ever will be known of the subject, excellently arranged, and in a convenient form." In 1897, for the benefit of those who might not have leisure to master the more elaborate treatise, the work was reproduced under a condensed form in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, and these articles are now published in a small paper-covered book of ninety-three pages. Dr. Cruise proves that the great Chancellor could not possibly have been the author of the *Imitation*, that the Abbot of Vercelli is a myth and that the real author is, beyond question, Thomas à Kempis, a monk of the Monastery of Windesheim in Holland, who was born in 1380, and died in 1471. He wrote other spiritual works, and was held in high esteem for the holiness of his life.

* * *

While Protestant ministers are attacking the Bible, declaring that it is not inspired, that it contains many errors and is no more the word of God than the works of Shakespeare or Milton, the Catholic Church continues to revere the Scriptures as she has revered them from the beginning. Daily in the Mass she reads portions of the Gospels, the Epistles, the Psalms and other passages from both Testaments. Her priests are bound every day to recite the Divine Office which consists almost entirely of extracts from the Scriptures. The laity keep the Bible in their homes and have it explained to them every Sunday from the pulpit. Catholic churches teem with representations of biblical scenes and biblical lessons. In the words of the Council of Trent, the Church "receives and venerates with equal love and reverence all the books both of the Old and the New Testament, since *the One God is the Author of Both.*" And the Council of the Vatican declares that the Scriptures "written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, *have God for their Author.*"

The Holy Father has granted to all the faithful who shall have devoutly read the Scriptures for at least a quarter of an

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hour an indulgence of 300 days, to be gained once a day, provided that the edition has been approved by legitimate authority. Furthermore, the Sovereign Pontiff grants monthly a plenary indulgence to all those who shall have read in this way, every day of the month, provided that after confession and communion those who have fulfilled the conditions, shall have offered up the customary prayers for the intentions of the Holy See.

* * *

A few years ago a Jewish officer in the French army, Dreyfus by name, was accused of selling military secrets to a foreign power. He was tried by a court-martial, convicted and sentenced to confinement on Devil'sIsland, where he still is. After a time, however, his friends found, or pretended to find, reasons for believing him innocent. The judgment of the court-martial was impugned and a reopening of the case was demanded. These demands were opposed, and hence the beginning of the violent struggle now agitating France. Those opposed to revision maintain that the whole agitation is an attempt of the Jews to gain control of the army. The Jews form one five-hundredth part of the population of France, yet they have succeeded in possessing themselves of one-quarter of the personal property of the country. They control the markets and are said to control the executive, legislative and judicial departments of the government. If they can only get the army, their power will be complete.

The outcry against them proceeds not from religious animosity, but from an opposition to their supremacy in the social and financial world. Not only Catholics are arrayed against them, but radicals, atheists, ex-communists and even a large portion of the Protestants—in a word the great majority of Frenchmen—whatever be their politics or religion.

Naturally each party is trying to make capital out of the agitation. The anti-clericals blame the whole trouble upon the Jesuits, and their accusations, which nobody takes seriously in France, have begun to spread into English publications, such as the *Nineteenth Century*. It is well known that the Jesuits have some institutions where young men are educated who intend to enter the army. The Jesuits are accused of trying to get control of the army by filling it with officers of their own training, who are instructed to gradually force out all Jews and even Protestants. These absurd accusations are ably refuted in *The Month* for February in an article entitled "The Jesuits and the Dreyfus Case."

The object of the anti-clericals is to crush Catholic education. The Catholic revival in France, growing stronger every day, fills them with alarm.

One-half the youth of France, even the children of non-Catholic parents, are now being educated in Catholic schools in spite of all the favor shown by the Government to the public schools. Hence the anti-clerical party hopes, by making the Jesuits odious, to begin the campaign against Catholic schools, and so prevent the return of France to the Church.

* * *

The *Catholic Quarterly Review* for January is an unusually excellent number of that most excellent periodical. We commend especially the articles on "Missionary Countries Old and New," by Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J., and "Charles Carroll of Carrollton," by J. O.

* * *

Protestantism has never been a success in France. Its severe and doleful accents could never charm the ear of the warm-hearted Frenchman. At present the Protestants form but a small fraction of the population, yet, curiously enough, they seem to fill the most important places in the Department of Public Instruction, and the only theological faculty supported by the Government is Protestant. This, says the *Etudes* for February, is another phase of the anti-

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clerical programme. Agnosticism and atheism find an effective ally in the undogmatic and colorless Protestantism of the day, which, in fact, scarce differs from agnosticism in anything but name.

* * *

The Sacred Heart of Jesus, After St. Alphonsus is a little book of prayers and meditations breathing the spirit of ardent devotion. We earnestly hope it will have a wide circulation, the more so as the proceeds are to be applied to one of the worthiest charities of the Archdiocese of New York—the support and Catholic education of its colored orphans.

* * *

A correspondent of the New York *Times* writes as follows: "According to your tables the appraised value of the Roman Catholic churches in the Borough of Manhattan is in round figures $20,000,000. However, there are included in the list of Roman Catholic church property about forty parochial school houses. Few tax-payers realize what an immense yearly saving these free schools are to the city. In these schools about 40,000 children are educated free of charge, and without any financial help from the city. The average cost per capita of children educated in the public schools is about $21 a year. Therefore to educate 40,000 additional children in the public schools would entail a yearly expense to the city of $840,000. Furthermore, if Roman Catholics did not educate these children and provide schoolhouses for this purpose, the city would be compelled to buy land and erect about thirty new schoolhouses for their accommodation. The outlay for thirty schoolhouses and land can be set down at an average of $300,000 each, which would produce a total outlay of $9,000,000. Nine million dollars at three per cent interest represents a yearly charge of $270,000. Thus the aggregate expenditure of the city for the education of 40,000 additional children would be $1,100,000 a year. These facts speak for themselves and show conclusively that as far as Roman Catholic churches are concerned the city loses no revenue."

* * *

A little treatise on *The Holy Water of St. Ignatius of Loyola*, by a father of the Society of Jesus, published at the Sacred Heart Church, Chicago, gives an account of several miracles obtained by the use of this water, and prayers, which may be said by those who wish to experience its good effects.

* * *

At the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, Mount Loretto, Staten Island, New York, there has been published a little pamphlet containing the Constitution of the Catholic Charities Association of the Archdiocese of New York, and much other valuable information for those interested in charitable work.

* * *

The Other Side, or *the Philippines and the Catholic Church*, published by the Truth League, 317 Willings Alley, Philadelphia, is a tract of seven pages which gives a true account of the state of things in those much talked-of islands. Thanks to the efforts of Catholic missionaries, the inhabitants are for the most part civilized. Every parish has a school for boys and another for girls, and the majority of the natives can read and write. A large majority of the Visayas and Tagalos own the land they cultivate. Crime has hitherto been so rare that a police force was not necessary. The native Christian population has increased in 150 years from 942,000 to 6,800,000.

Compare these facts with the results of Protestant missionary work in Hawaii. In 1821, when the American ministers first arrived, the population was 150,000. Sixty years later it was reduced to 40,000 and seven-eights of the land was in the possession of the missionaries or their families.

The reports about the wealth of the clergy in the Philippines are fables. The Orders own no land except a few estates

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given for the support of hospitals, colleges and seminaries. In the parishes they own only the churches and parochial residences and the priests have to depend for support on salaries paid by the government. These salaries range from $500 to $800 a year in silver. Unless a parish has over ten thousand inhabitants, only one priest is allowed and should he have an assistant, both must live on the same salary, *i. e.*, from five to eight cents a year from each member of the congregation to support two men. There is no Catholic country in the world with so few priests in proportion to the population. That the clergy do not live in idleness is proved by the list of 312,000 baptisms, 49,000 marriages, 164,000 church burials and 4,000 conversions of adult Mohammedans in one year, to say nothing of the schools, hospitals, etc., etc., which the priests direct. The charge of immorality among the clergy is simply a calumny. Such charges are unknown among the missions. A scandalous clergyman would be at once removed by his bishop or religious superior. We have not seen so much in the papers lately about the degraded state of clergy and people in the Philippines. We suppose the authors of these lies are beginning to feel ashamed of themselves.

* * *

During the past year, thousands of pieces of Catholic reading matter have been circulated among the colored people of Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. This valuable aid in mission work has been distributed from the mailing room of St. Joseph's Colored Mission House, Richmond, Va. Old Catholic papers, prayer-books, pictures, rosaries, medals, and illustrated Catholic magazines are sent to this Mission House by kind Catholic friends, and then assorted and shipped to various missionary points. This feature of the missionary work among the colored in the South was increased greatly last year, but with the coöperation of the Catholic laity a much larger development in this line is hoped for in the year 1899. It is suggested that the children bring the old Catholic reading matter from home to their schools. The collection thus made could be boxed and freighted to the Mission House. This practice will interest young hearts in the mission work of the Church. Catholic reading matter, and especially the illustrations found in our Catholic magazines, speak loudly and effectually to the imaginations and minds of both the educated and the untutored children of the colored race. Send by freight, never by express, to

REV. THOS. B. DONOVAN.

* * *

We quote the following from the scholarly speech of Nelson G. Green, before the joint Committee on Education of the Legislature of the State of New York :

"It is a sound Catholic doctrine that three agencies must be reckoned with in the practical education of our youth. The first may be called the original jurisdiction of the parent over the training and uprearing of his offspring. That is the right that the father has by nature to control and conduct the education of his child. This right is inalienable, and he can be deprived of it only in two ways—(1) by consent, and (2) by such neglect as will operate as a forfeiture. In this original jurisdiction there is no authority, human or divine, which can, against his will, wrest from the parent the right to control the education of his child.

"The second agency is that of the Church. It is an unqualified doctrine among Catholics that the Church is the sole repository, by the grace of Almighty God, of the authority to teach in matters of religion and morals. You may not believe this, and, for the purpose of this discussion, you are not obliged to; but, it is necessary that you should understand the doctrine itself that you may appreciate to the full the gravity of the questions involved. The authority which the Roman Catholic Church has over the education of the children of its penitents, is not the natural right of the parent, but is an authority delegated to it by the father, or such person as may stand in

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parental relation to the child, either by consent, on the one side, or by reason of neglect or failure on his part, on the other, to exercise this natural right, thus resulting in the spiritual degradation of the child. Even the divine authority of the Church to teach morals and religion does not justify it, and will not uphold it, in assuming an authority over the children except by the operation of these two rules.

"The third agency is that of the State. The authority of the State in the matter of education is neither the natural right of the parent nor the delegated right of the Church, but is a duty and an authority inherent in its own sovereignty, whereby the State is empowered, and is bound, to furnish to its citizens a means of education whereby all of the children within its boundaries, may be educated at the public expense. The authority of the State is limited to this, and the Legislature can only pass such laws and provisions relating to the system as will best preserve its efficiency and usefulness to the great body of citizens taking advantage thereof."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM B. HERDER,

St. Louis, Mo.

The Ideal New Woman. After real old models. From the French of the Countess Ernestine de Trémandan. Pages, 240. 16 mo. Cloth.

A Harp of Many Chords. By Mary F. Nixon. Pages, 232. 16 mo. Cloth.

FROM THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,

London, England.

Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. Fifth Series. Pages, 160. 16 mo. Cloth. 1 s.

Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. Fifth Series. Nos. 21 to 25. Pages, about 30 each. 16 mo. Paper. One Penny each.

The Catholic's Library of Tales. Aunt Marcia's Conversion. By Frances Noble. Pages. 32. 16 mo. Paper, 1d.

The Priest of the Eucharist. A sketch of the life of the Very Rev. Peter J. Eymard, founder of the Society of the Most Holy Sacrament. By Lady Herbert. Pages, 95. 16 mo. Paper, 6d.

Dr. Horton on Catholic Truthfulness. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith. S.J. Pages, 65. 16 mo. Paper, 3d.

Dr. Horton and Rome. By James Britten. Pages, 4. Paper.

Are Catholics Allowed to Lie? Pages, 4. Paper.

The Methods of a Protestant Controversialist (the Rev Dr. Horton). By James Britten, K. S. G. Pages, 23. 16 mo. Paper, 1d.

The Meaning and Aim of Christian Democracy. By C. S. Devas, M. A. Pages, 16. 16 mo. Paper, 1d.

Christian Democracy in Pre-Reformation Times. By Dom. F. A. Gasquet, D. D. Pages, 16. 16 mo Paper, 1d.

A Short Treatise on the Holy Exercise of Meditation. By a priest of the Society of the Christian Retreat. Pages, 32. Paper.

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RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, February 1 to 28, 1899.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Alaska (V. A.). . .	Douglas City, Alaska. . . .	Our Lady of the Mines . . . . . Church	Feb. 18.
" "	Juneau, Alaska	Nativity B.V.M. . . . . "	Feb. 18.
Alton	Carrollton, Ill.	St. John's. . . . . "	Feb. 15.
*Belleville.	Fayetteville, Ill.	St. Pancratius' . . . . . "	Feb. 2.
Cleveland.	Barberton, O	St. Augustine's . . . . . "	Feb. 17.
"	Kelley's Island, O.	St. Michael's . . . . . "	Feb. 4.
"	Tiffin, O.	St. Francis' . . . . . Orphan Asylum	Feb. 22.
Concordia.	Zurich, Kans.	St. Ann's . . . . . Church	Feb. 13.
Dallas.	Clarendon, Tex.	St. Mary's . . . . . "	Feb. 14.
Denver	Denver, Colo	St. Mary's . . . . . Academy	Feb. 15.
Erie	Fryburg, Pa.	St. Michael's . . . . . Church	Feb. 6.
Hartford.	Waterbury, Conn.	St. Thomas' . . . . . "	Feb. 21.
La Crosse.	Ashland, Wis.	St. Agnes' . . . . . "	Feb. 1.
Milwaukee	Milwaukee, Wis	St. Hedwig's . . . . . "	Feb. 27.
* "	" "	St. Mary's . . . . . "	Feb. 20.
"	" "	Mercy . . . . . Convent	Feb. 25.
Nesqually.	Aberdeen, Wash	St. Aegidius' . . . . . Church	Feb. 8.
"	Elma, Wash.	St Joseph's . . . . . "	Feb. 8.
"	Hoquiam, Wash. . . .	Our Lady of Perpetual Help . . "	Feb. 8.
"	Montesano, Wash	St. John Baptist's . . . . . "	Feb. 8.
New York	Yonkers, N. Y.	Sacred Heart . . . . . "	Feb. 24.
Philadelphia.	Phœnixville, Pa.	St. Mary's. . . . . "	Feb. 5.
St. Louis	Adair, Mo.	St. Mary's. . . . . "	Feb. 2.
"	Kirksville, Mo	Holy Cross . . . . . "	Feb. 3.
San Francisco. . . .	Haywards, Cal	All Saints'. . . . . "	Jan. 22.
Santa Fe.	San Geronimo, N. Mex. . . .	. . . . . "	Feb. 16.
Trenton.	Washington, N. J.	St. Joseph's. . . . . "	Feb. 23.

Aggregations, 27; churches, 24; convent, 1; school, 1; institution, 1; *German-speaking Centres.

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of February, 1899, from the 1st to the 28th (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Alton	Shelbyville, Ill	Immaculate Conception . . . . . Church	2
Baltimore.	Taneytown, Md.	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	3
Boston.	Maynard, Mass.	St. Bridget's. . . . . "	24
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Mercy . . . . . Convent	2
"	Long Island City, N. Y. . .	St. Mary's . . . . . Church	7
"	Sea Cliff, N. Y.	St. Boniface's . . . . . "	7
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Columbkille's. . . . . "	8
Cincinnati.	Clifton, Cincinnati, Ohio .	Sacred Heart. . . . . Convent	6
Cleveland	Cleveland, Ohio	St. Bridget's . . . . . Church	5
Erie	St. Mary's, Pa.	St. Mary's . . . . . "	6
Fargo.	Devil's Lake, N. D.	Sts. Peter's and Paul's . . . . . "	6
Fort Wayne.	Notre Dame, Ind	St. Mary's . . . . . Academy	6
Green Bay.	Oconto, Wis	St. Joseph's . . . . . Church	6
Manchester	Claremont, N. H	St. Mary's . . . . . "	12
New York.	Melrose, New York, N. Y. .	Immaculate Conception . . . . . "	5
"	New York, N. Y.	St. Jerome's . . . . . "	28
Ogdensburg	Antwerp, N. Y	St. Michael's . . . . . "	1
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa	Assumption. . . . . "	17
Pittsburg	Herman, Pa.	St. Mary's. . . . . Monastery	6
"	Pittsburg, Pa	Holy Cross . . . . . Church	16
Rochester	Hornellsville, N. Y.	St. Ann's . . . . . "	2
Sioux Falls	Yankton, S. D.	Sacred Heart. . . . . "	1
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Ann's . . . . . "	3
Syracuse	Binghamton, N. Y.	St. Paul's. . . . . "	4

Total Number of Receptions, 25. Total Number of Diplomas issued, 183.

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CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, APRIL, 1899.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **Religious Communities in Italy.**

1	*S.*	Holy Saturday ✠	Prudence.	1,577,625 for thanksgivings.
2	**S.**	**Easter Sunday.**—A.I.,A.C.	Rejoicing with Christ.	7,214,602 in affliction.
3	*M.*	Easter Monday.—St. Benedict, the Moor, C. (O.F.M., 1589).	Civility.	1,139,424 for the sick, infirm.
4	*T.*	Easter Tuesday.—St. Plato, C. (about 813).	Trust in Jesus.	2,094,195 for dead associates.
5	*W.*	St. Vincent Ferrer, C. (O.P., 1419). Pr.	Docility.	38,957 for Local Centres.
6	*Th.*	B. Juliana, V. (Corpus Christi, 1258). H.H.	Adoration.	215,099 for Directors.
7	*F.*	**First Friday.**—St. Hegesippus, C. (180).—1st D.,A.C.	Diligence.	1,279,479 for Promoters.
8	*S.*	St. Perpetuus, Bp.C. (494).	Respect for Relics.	2,677,015 for the departed.
9	**S.**	**1st after Easter.**—Low Sunday.—St Waltrude, V. (VII. Century).	Modesty.	1,673,644 for perseverance.
10	*M.*	St. John Damascene, C.D. (780).	Reverence.	261,621 for young persons.
11	*T.*	St. Leo I., P.C.D. (461).—A.S.	Courage.	663,567 for 1st Communions.
12	*W.*	St. Isidore, Bp.C.D. (636).	Right use of time.	1,549,718 for parents.
13	*Th.*	St. Hermenegild, K.M. (Spain, 586).—H.H.	Steadfastness.	1,191,058 for families.
14	*F.*	St. Justin, M. (167).	Meditation.	436,728 for reconciliations.
15	*S.*	St. Peter Gonzales, C. (1246).	Right intention.	1,046,437 for work, means.
16	**S.**	**2d after Easter.**—St. Benedict Jos. Labre, C. (1783).—C.R.	Poverty of Spirit.	137,591 for the clergy.
17	*M.*	St. Anicetus, P.M. (161).	Vigilance.	7,280,704 for religious.
18	*T.*	St. Apollonius, M. (about 186).	Apostolic Spirit.	104,854 seminarists, novices.
19	*W.*	St. Leo IX., P.C.D. (1054).—St. Expeditus, M. (IX. Century).	Promptitude.	71,960 for vocations.
20	*Th.*	St. Agnes of Monte Pulciano, V. (O.S.D., 1317).—H.H.	Patience.	38,408 for parishes.
21	*F.*	St. Anselm, Bp.C.D. (O.S.B., 1109).	Fidelity.	564,919 for schools.
22	*S.*	SS. Soter and Caius, P.P., MM. (170-205).	Kindness.	55,908 for superiors.
23	**S.**	**3d after Easter.**—Patronage of St. Joseph.—2d. D.	Devotion to St. Joseph.	54,255 for missions, retreats.
24	*M.*	St. Fidelis, M. (1622).	Zeal for Souls.	64,289 for societies, works.
25	*T.*	St. Mark, Evangelist (68).—Great Litanies.	Instruction of children	1,144,096 for conversions.
26	*W.*	Our Lady of Good Council.—SS. Cletus and Marcellinus, PP., MM.	Good advice.	1,729,146 for sinners.
27	*Th.*	St. Turibius, Bp.C.—B. Peter Canisius, C. (S.J., 1597).—H.H.	Christian education.	998,998 for the intemperate.
28	*F.*	St. Paul of the Cross, C.F. (Passionists, 1775).—A.C.	Love of Christ crucified	578,422 for spiritual favors.
29	*S.*	St. Peter, M. (O.P., 1252).	Spirit of Faith.	1,315,500 for temporal favors
30	**S.**	**4th after Easter.**—St. Catharine of Sienna, V. (O.S.D., 1380).—Pr.	Loyalty to the Pope.	1,604,684 for special, various.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship.* (D.—*Degrees.* Pr.—*Promoters.* C. R.—*Communion of Reparation.* H.H.—*Holy Hour*); A. I., B. I.—*Apostolic, Bridgettine Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study.*

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	**Acts of Charity**	4,551,583	11.	**Masses heard**	162,792
2.	**Beads**	828,468	12.	**Mortifications**	540,373
3.	**Way of the Cross**	60,778	13.	**Works of Mercy**	311,988
4.	**Holy Communions**	115,507	14.	**Works of Zeal**	213,949
5.	**Spiritual Communions**	304,726	15.	**Prayers**	2,335,209
6.	**Examens of Conscience**	401,539	16.	**Kindly Conversation**	1,574,103
7.	**Hours of Labor**	1,913,503	17.	**Sufferings, Afflictions**	36,710
8.	**Hours of Silence**	346,367	18.	**Self-conquest**	201,776
9.	**Pious Reading**	143,700	19.	**Visits to B. Sacrament**	191,928
10.	**Masses read**	4,058	20.	**Various Good Works**	1,315,492
		Total,	15,655,369.		

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

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THREE THOUGHTS FOR EASTER.

By Rev. William J. Ennis, S.J.

QUEM QUÆRITIS?

WHAT subtle answer make, O you who run
To gather gossamers in Life's brief sun?
For when Life slips to darkness down the vale,
Death finds you tangled in the web you've spun.

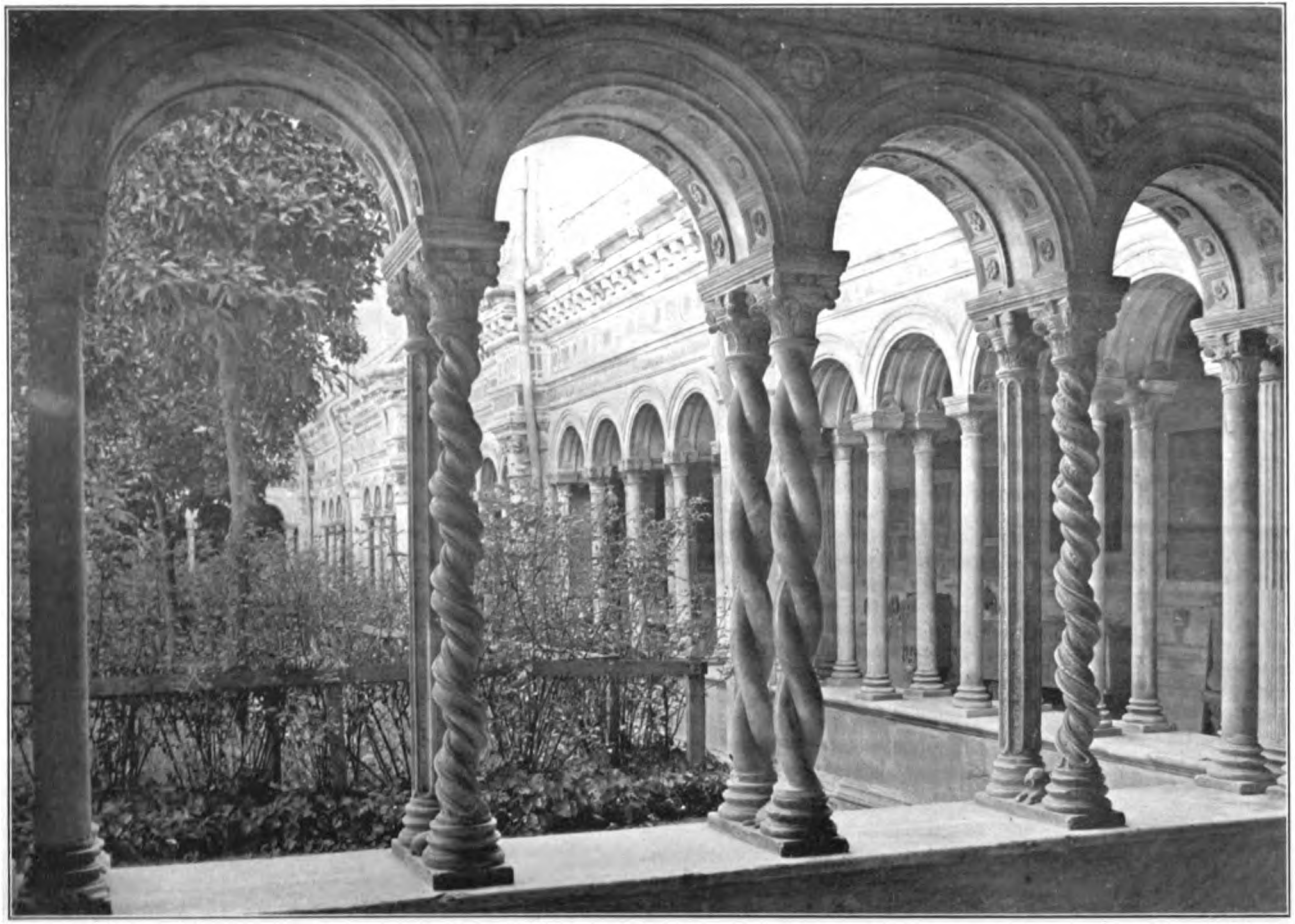
NON EST HIC.

Seek not 'midst lotus-meads of lower sense!
Nor in the whitened tombs of Pride intense
Where "cold hic jacets" mark a lifeless faith!
Such quest shall not have Christ as recompense.

SURREXIT.

Shall we look Earthward grasping things of clay,
While sense refuses soul her ampler sway?
Did Christ arise for this by power divine?
For low ideals did He make Easter Day?

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CLOISTER OF ST. PAUL'S BASILICA ON THE OSTIAN WAY (XIII. CENTURY).

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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXIV. MAY, 1899. No. 5.

A VILLANELLE.

By Rev. J. B. Jaggar, S.J.

"*Mane nobiscum, Domine, quoniam advesperascit.*"

STAY with us, Lord, 'tis day's decline,
The shepherd drives a-fold his sheep,
While one lone star doth sadly shine.

The hours we wasted which were thine,
Tares have we sown but tares to reap,
Stay with us, Lord, 'tis day's decline.

Deeply we drank of care's dark wine,
And now our souls remorseful weep,
While one lone star doth sadly shine.

Our toil was in the world's hot mine,
We tarried long by Satan's keep—
Stay with us, Lord, 'tis day's decline.

We plucked fell fruits from pleasure's vine,
Only our hearts in woe to steep,
While one lone star doth sadly shine.

Oh, let us not in grief repine,
Nor fall in sinfulness asleep ;
Stay with us, Lord, 'tis day's decline,
While one lone star doth sadly shine.

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WITH ST. PAUL IN ROME.

By P. J. C.

(*Continued.*)

XI.

THE PERSECUTION OF NERO—THE MAMERTINE PRISON. A.D. 65–66.

IT was the common report in Rome at the time that Nero, attired in theatrical dress, had watched the progress of the flames from a high tower, singing verses on the burning of Troy. It was rumored, too, that servants from the imperial palace had been seen kindling fires in different parts of the city, or trying to extend the area of the conflagration. Such reports worked up public feeling to a state of frenzy, and the people would probably have rushed to the Palatine and made short work of the imperial miscreant, had they not been deterred by the Prætorian guard.

Nero, with all his villainy, was a man of considerable ability and a famous builder. Steps were at once taken to rebuild the city on a more regular plan, with more splendid edifices, and it was thought, no doubt, that the excitement of the new works would serve to calm the angry feelings that had been roused.

Soon an imperial edict appeared imputing the crime of firing the city to the Christians, and forthwith the terrible persecution began.

We have it on Tacitus' authority, already quoted, that the people disbelieved the charge: yet they welcomed the persecution with its unspeakable horrors, and assisted passively, to say the least, at the gruesome spectacles of torture and death exhibited in the Vatican gardens. The Christians were looked upon as public enemies, "convicted of hatred to the human race," and as such deserving of exemplary punishment.

How account for this hostile feeling, when the Christians were known to make charity their characteristic virtue?

Several causes concurred to produce it.

1. *The slanders of the Jews.* The same satanic hatred which had condemned the Redeemer to the cross thirsted for the blood of His disciples, especially of St. Peter and St. Paul, and pursued them even to Greece and Rome. A scheme was devised by the Sanhedrim at Jerusalem to make them odious over the whole world, and especially at Rome.

St. *Justin Martyr* says: "With this view their emissaries were sent into all countries with rescripts, or letters, (1) setting forth that the Nazarenes were an execrable sect, who adored as God one who had been put to death as a criminal, pretending that He had arisen on the third day, whereas His dead body had been stolen by themselves while the Roman guards were asleep; and that they were wont in their mysteries to immolate a new-born infant, sprinkled over with flour, and to feed upon its flesh and blood, previous to indulging in the most unnatural excesses."

The same slanders are reported by Tertullian, Athenagoras, Theophilus Antioch., Origen, etc. (see *Mazzella*, De Religione).

2. *The opposition of Statesmen*, who regarded the pagan religion as the great bulwark of Roman power, and held that both were threatened by the growth of Christianity.

3. *The antagonism of the pagan priests*, who derived emolument and influence from the pagan religion and its sacrifices, and who saw the temples less and less frequented as Christianity extended.

4. *The contempt of the philosophers*, who, though they could not fail to recognize the sublimity of Christian truth

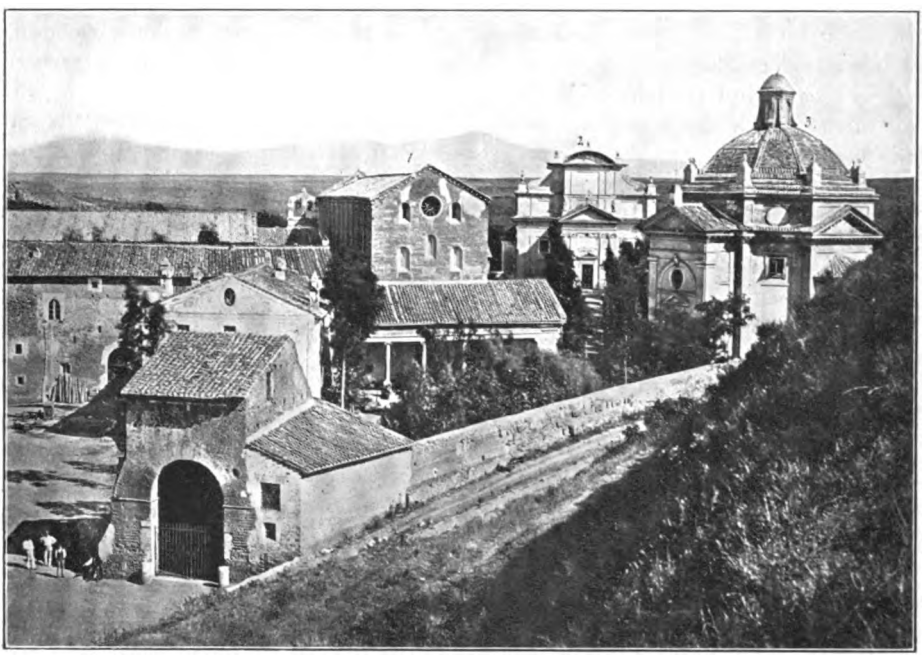
(1) A copy of one of these letters is still kept at Worms.

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and morality, were so depraved by sensuality, or so puffed up with self-conceit, that they refused to submit to it, and spoke of it as "folly," or as a dangerous superstition.

5. *The enmity of the artists*, who were employed in the service of idolatry.

6. *The hatred of the people*, who delighted in the revelry of the pagan feasts, and were irritated on seeing the Christians keep severely aloof from these public orgies.



TRE FONTANE, SCENE OF ST. PAUL'S MARTYRDOM.

1. Ancient Basilica of SS. Vincenzo ed Anastasio.
2. Church of S. Paolo alle Tre Fontane (on the place of the martyrdom).
3. Church of S. Maria, Scala Cœli.

7. *The hatred of the pagan world* generally, because the modesty, purity, austerity of the Christians were an open rebuke of the profligacy and corruption of the age.

(See Mazzella, Wilmers, etc.)

The two princes of the Apostles were arrested and cast into the *Mamertine prison*, where they are said to have lingered nine months.

To the brief account of this prison given in the sketch on "*St. Peter in Rome*," the following particulars may be added.

It consists of two chambers or dungeons one above the other.

The *upper* dungeon is mentioned by Livy as having been made by Ancus Martius, the fourth King of Rome, in 640 before Christ.

It is an irregular quadrangle formed of enormous blocks of volcanic stone, fitted together without cement, dark and fearful even still, though its walls have been pierced by modern doors. An inscription on the front records that the building was restored B. C. 22.

The *lower* dungeon was called *Tullianum*, perhaps from Servius Tullius, who according to Varro, excavated it out of the solid rock, B. C. 578; or from "tullus," an old Latin word for a jet of water. It is elliptical in form, nineteen feet long, ten feet wide, six and one-half feet high. The vaulting is formed by

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the gradual projection of the side walls until they meet. Originally the only access to each dungeon was by a hole in the ceiling through which the prisoner was lowered.

Sallust depicted it as a dark, filthy, frightful den, twelve feet under ground, walled in and covered with massive stone walls. It is hard to conceive a spot more appalling at the time the Apostles entered it; the total darkness, the fetid atmosphere, the accretions of filth, the intense cold, the tragic associations of the place must have made confinement in it worse than death.

The charity and assiduity of the early Christians in visiting their brethren in prison, bribing the guards to gain admission, are well known from the acts of the martyrs. St. Peter and St. Paul had a special claim on their charity, as being their fathers in the faith and the pillars of the Church. They must then have received frequent visits from the faithful, Christians even of senatorial rank groping their way through the two narrow openings to throw themselves at the feet of the Apostles. They would bring with them food and other alms, and probably also all that was necessary for the Holy Sacrifice. The words spoken on these occasions led to the conversion of SS. Processus, Martinianus and some forty others, who afterwards suffered martyrdom for the faith.

St. John Chrysostom (hom. 8 in Ephes.) thus speaks of St. Paul's imprisonment: "To be a prisoner for Christ is a title more illustrious and more glorious than to be an apostle, a doctor, or an evangelist; a dignity far beyond that of any kingdom or consulate. One that loveth Christ would rather be in chains for His sake, than be in heaven. No glittering diadem so adorns the head as a chain borne for Christ. Were the choice offered me either of heaven or of this chain, I would take the chain. If I might have stood with the angels above near the throne of God, or be bound with Paul, I should have preferred the dungeon. Nothing is more happy or more glorious than to wear this chain. I do not account Paul so happy for having been taken up in a rapture to paradise, as that he bore this chain."

XII.

THE MARTYRDOM AT AQUÆ SALVIÆ—LE TRE FONTANE, A.D. 67.

The two Apostles being condemned to death, were led in chains through the Forum, along the Vicus Tuscus, through the Forum Boarium, and by the Ostian gate, and according to a pious tradition, they separated on the Ostian way, where now stands the *Chapel of the Parting*.

We may picture to ourselves the sad yet triumphal procession of the two Apostles going to meet the death they so ardently desired, surrounded by soldiers and executioners, and followed by a motley rabble, such as Cardinal Newman describes in Callista—"filthy beggars, who fed on the offal of the pagan sacrifices, the drivers and slaughterers of the beasts sacrificed, who frequented the Forum Boarium, tumblers and mountebanks, who amused the gaping market-people; dancers, singers, pipers from the low taverns and drinking houses; infamous creatures young and old, men and boys, half naked and not half sober; wild beast keepers from the amphitheatre, troops of laborers from the fields,"—all attracted by the excitement of the execution of the two great leaders of the Christians and shrieking with ruffian voices the words, *Christianos ad leones*.

Close to the two saints followed a little group of their faithful disciples, absorbed in prayer and silently weeping, wishful to receive their last blessing and to give honorable interment to their remains.

At the parting of the two Apostles, some of these went with St. Peter to the scene of martyrdom on the Vatican, others accompanied St. Paul to Aquæ Salviæ, threading their way silently through the dust and tumult, "under the bright sun of an Italian midsummer."

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"The place of execution at Aquæ Salviæ was not far distant, (1) where the sword of the headsman was to end the Saint's long career of sufferings, and release that heroic soul from that feeble body" (Conybeare & Howson).

The Apostle had longed for death, to be dissolved and to be with Christ (Phil. 1, 21, 23): his constant lament had been that while still in the flesh, he was absent from the Lord. (2 Cor. 5, 6.)

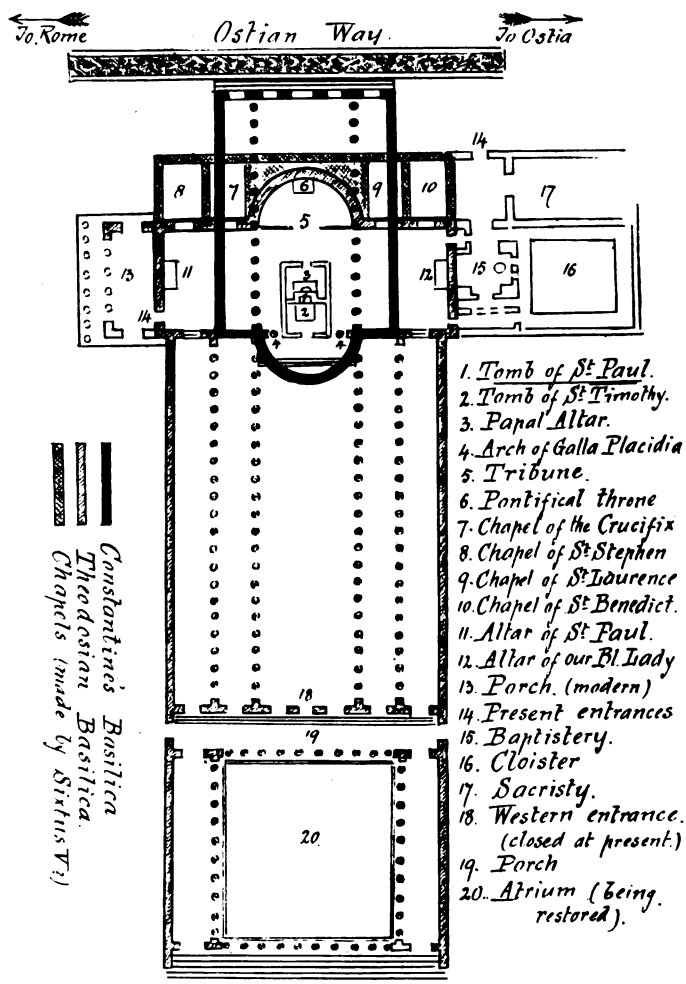
Prudentius (de Cor. hymn 6, alias 12) represents him as having had a revelation of the day and hour of his death.

St. Jerome, St. Peter of Alexandria, St. John Chrysostom, Eusebius, Prudentius, and other early writers, testify that because of his dignity of Roman citizen, he was not crucified like St. Peter, but beheaded.

Aquæ Salviæ (Tre Fontane), is about six miles from the Roman Forum; the road to it branches to the left of the Ostian Way a little beyond St. Paul's.

From certain words of St. Clement, who may have witnessed the martyrdom, it is thought that Nero was present. (Tillemont, I. art. 50.) A small cell under the church *Scala Coeli* at Tre Fontane, is pointed out as having been occupied by the Apostle for some hours pending Nero's arrival, and a bas relief in the same church represents Nero as present.

There are three churches close together within the monastic enclosure at Tre Fontane—SS. *Vincenzo ed Anastasio*, *Sa. Maria Scala Coeli*, S. *Paolo alle Tre Fontane*.



St Pauls Basilica, on the Ostian way. about 4 miles from the Roman Forum.

This last is on the site of martyrdom. and in it are shown: 1, the *marble column* to which he is said to have been bound at the time of execution; 2, the *three fountains* that burst up on the

(1) About six miles from the Forum.

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three spots where the severed head (which is said to have made three leaps) struck the ground.

A memorial chapel was erected here in the fifth century, and the property, which belonged to the family of St. Gregory the Great, was given by him in the sixth century to the Basilica of St. Paul, that the rents might be applied to providing perpetual lights around the Apostle's tomb.

There is much to interest at Tre Fontane, and information may be sought in the ordinary guide books.

It was at one time the home of St. Bernard, who, while saying Mass in the second church above mentioned, had a vision of angels conducting to heaven souls released from purgatory. In 1867 it was bestowed by Pius IX. on the Trappists, who have planted large groves of eucalyptus, as preservatives against malaria.

XIII.

THE TOMB ON THE OSTIAN WAY—TEMPORARY TOMB ON THE APPIAN WAY. FIRST CENTURY.

The Apostle's friends would have no difficulty in obtaining his remains (Allard. Hist. des Persec. I., p. 315), and having wrapped them in linen and spices, according to the Roman custom, they bore them reverently to a grave in the vineyard of the Roman matron Lucina, where a *memoria* or memorial chapel was built, probably by St. Anacletus, in the first century. These *memoriæ*, as was stated in the sketch on "St. Peter in Rome," were respected as inviolate by the Roman law, even in the case of Christian bishops. The memorial chapel remained till Constantine erected his Basilica, about A. D. 326 or 330, when care was taken to have the tomb of the Apostle undisturbed.

The temporary tomb at the catacombs of St. Sebastian, on the Appian Way (at the close of the first century or beginning of the second) has already been referred to. ("With St. Peter in Rome," Part III., n. 2.)

Lanciani (Pagan and Christian Rome, p. 345) says: "The great interest of the cemetery (on the Appian Way, afterwards called St. Sebastian's catacomb) is derived from the shelter which the bodies of the Apostles are said to have had in its recesses during the fiercest times of persecution. The temporary transferment of the remains of SS. Peter and Paul from the graves on the Via Cornelia and the Via Ostiensis to the Catacombs is not a mere tradition. It is described by Pope St. Damasus in a metric inscription, and by Pope St. Gregory in an epistle to the Empress Constantina, No. 30 of Book IV. There is evidence even of a double transferment and concealment. The cubiculum, called *Platonia*, was decorated by St. Damasus with marble incrustations. According to the acts of St. Sebastian (Jan. 20), he expressed the wish to be buried '*ad catacumbas*, at the entrance of the crypt, near the memorial of the Apostles'

"These events were represented in the frescoes of the old portico of St. Peter's, destroyed in 1606–7, by Paul V. One of them showed the bodies of the Apostles, bandaged like mummies, being lowered into the place of concealment; the other, Lucina and Cornelius bringing back the bodies to their original graves in the Via Cornelia and the Via Ostiensis."

XIV.

CONSTANTINE'S BASILICA, A.D. 326 OR 330.

In the fifth lesson of the office for the feast of the Dedication of the Basilicas of SS. Peter and Paul (November 18), it is stated that Pope St. Silvester consecrated the Basilica of St. Paul on the Ostian way, which had been erected with great magnificence (*magnificentissimè*) by the Emperor Constantine, and that the same Emperor enriched the two Basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul with the grant of many lands, and adorned them with

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magnificent gifts (muneribus amplissimis)

In the erection of this Basilica, as also in that of the Theodosian Basilica which supplanted it, the Apostle's remains were left in the tomb in which they had originally been laid. The Liber Pontificalis, I. 178, says that Constantine enclosed the body of St. Paul in a coffin of solid bronze, and bestowed many royal gifts on the Basilica.

Butler says (November 18): "The yearly revenues which Constantine granted to these churches (of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. John Lateran, and some others in Rome); amounted to seventeen thousand seven hundred and seventy golden pence, *i. e.* about thirteen thousand pounds sterling. counting the pieces gold for gold; but as the value of money was then much higher than at present, the sum in our money at this day would be much greater. These churches had also a yearly income of about one thousand six hundred pounds upon the spices which Egypt and the East furnished." Precious spices, spikenard, frankincense, balm, storax, cinnamon, saffron, etc, were also yearly supplied in large quantity for the censers and lamps.

Anastasius Bibliothecarius gives a long list of the rich vessels of gold and silver, which Constantine gave for the service of these churches.

XV.

THEODOSIAN BASILICA. A.D. 388. ITS DESTRUCTION BY FIRE ON JULY 15, 1823.

The Basilica of Constantine, rich and magnificent as it was, lasted but a short period. It was soon found to be too small for the number of pilgrims, and contrasted unfavorably in size with St. Peter's Basilica. Its smallness is accounted for by its orientation; it faced the East, and the Ostian way, which ran close by, prevented its extension in this direction.

"In 386, Valentinian II., Theodosius and Arcadius asked Flavius Sallustius, prefect of the city, to submit to the Senate and people a scheme for the reconstruction of the Basilica, so as to make it equal in size and beauty to that of the Vatican. To fufil this project, without disturbing either the grave of the Apostle or the road to Ostia, there was but one thing to do; this was to change the orientation of the church from east to west, and to extend it at pleasure towards the bank of the Tiber. The consent of the Senate and people was easily obtained, and the magnificent temple, which lasted until the fire of July 15, 1823, was thus raised, so as to face in a direction opposite to the usual one." (Lanciani.)

Prudentius, the great Christian poet, A.D. 400, thus describes this Basilica: "On the other side (of the river) the Ostian way marks the name of Paul, where the river flows against the left bank. It is a place of royal grandeur; a good Sovereign (Theodosius) raised this fabric. The roof he covered with golden plates, so that it flashes like the dawn; and under he drew four ranges of marble pillars, with carved arches."

The Basilica was begun in A.D. 388 and completed by the Emperor Honorius in 395.

Popes St. Hormisdas (514), St. Gregory the Great (590), Adrian I. (772), St. Leo III. (795) enriched the Basilica with costly gifts, gold and silver chalices, also candelabra, statues, figures of angels of solid silver, and many even of gold. Adrian I. covered the shrine or tomb of the Saint with plates of silver and adorned it with gold and silver statues. St. Gregory the Great gave to the Basilica the property of Aquæ Salviæ, to provide perpetual light for the Apostle's tomb.

The length of the Theodosian Basilica was four hundred and eleven feet; the transept measured two hundred and seventy-nine feet; the body of the building was two hundred and ninety-five by two hundred and fourteen feet.

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The nave and aisles were separated by four rows of marble Corinthian columns, surmounted by a fine open work roof, formed of immense beams and rafters of pine wood. Altogether there were one hundred and thirty-eight columns of white marble, pavonazzo and porphyry, said to have been taken from the baths of Caracalla, or the Mausoleum of Hadrian, forming a collection that was unique in the world.

The great chancel arch, with its splendid mosaics, still preserved, was the gift of *Galla Placidia*, sister of the Emperor Honorius, A. D. 440. The walls of the nave above the arches were covered with frescoes of the fifth century, representing biblical subjects.

It is interesting to note that the Kings of England were the protectors of this Basilica up to the Reformation, and in the arms of the monastery may still be seen the ribbon of the Order of the Garter.

This magnificent Basilica, one of the wonders of the world, which had escaped the modernizing mania of the Renaissance, was almost totally destroyed by fire on the 15th of July, 1823, the night which preceded the death of Pope Pius VII.

Through the negligence of workmen, employed to do some repairs, the roof first caught fire, and crashed down into the nave and aisles, where the flames raged with such fury that the marble columns (except forty of the side aisles) were completely calcined, and the thirty porphyry columns surrounding the tomb of the Apostle were split into fragments by the intense heat.

The only portions that escaped the fire were the western façade, with its mosaics of the thirteenth century; the great arch of Galla Placidia, with its splendid mosaics of the fifth century; the tribune, with its mosaics of the thirteenth century; some portion of the mosaic portraits of the Popes; a colonnade erected by Benedict XIII.; forty pillars of the side aisles, and a few ancient monuments.

The magnificent *cloister* (thirteenth century), surrounded by arcades, supported by beautiful coupled columns of various shapes, was also uninjured by the fire.

Note. Formerly a splendid portico, two thousand yards long, connected the city gate (Porta Ostiensis) with the Basilica. It was supported by a thousand or more marble columns and its roof was covered with sheets of lead.

Pope Adrian I. is said to have restored this portico about A. D. 770. Every vestige of it has long since disappeared.

XVI.

THE PRESENT BASILICA.

Steps were taken almost at once to restore the Basilica so sadly destroyed, and large donations were made by the Popes, by Catholic sovereigns and princes, and by the faithful throughout the world. Under Leo XII. the majestic edifice began gradually to rise from its ashes, A. D. 1825. In the reconstruction the plan and dimensions of the previous Basilica were preserved.

In 1840 the transept and high altar were finished and consecrated by Pope Gregory XVI.

On December 10, 1854, the completed edifice was solemnly consecrated by Pope Pius IX., in presence of one hundred and eighty-five Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops, assembled at Rome for the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Their names are recorded on the marble tablets let into the walls of the tribune.

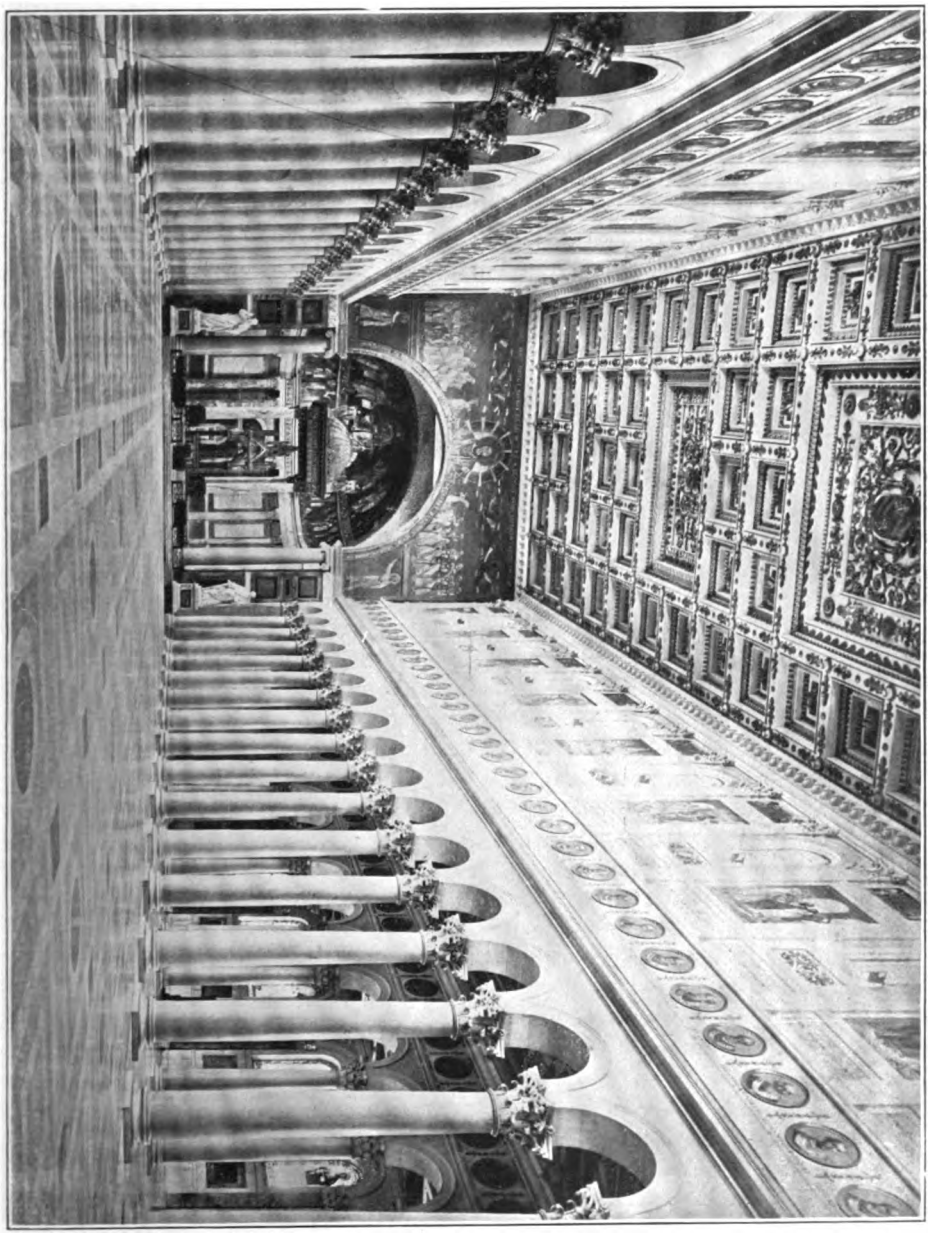
A description of the restored edifice may be found in any of the ordinary guide books of Rome.

Exteriorly the building is severely plain, except the new façade and atrium in progress: but interiorly it presents a scene of unrivalled splendor, in some ways more impressive than St. Peter's.

The best view of the interior is from the western entrance: we seem to be gazing at a very forest of gigantic granite pillars, each pillar being a single block.

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The wonder is how they were quarried, and how they were brought to their present site. The roof is of carved wood work, richly gilt. The walls on all sides glow with color, being incrusted with costly marbles, and the pavement, also of marble, reflects the beauty of walls and pillars on its polished surface.



ST. PAUL'S BASILICA, SHOWING THE APOSTLE'S TOMB AND THE ARCH OF GALLA PLACIDIA.

THE TOMB OF THE APOSTLE.

Beneath the triumphal arch of Galla Placidia stands the High Altar, covering the tomb of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Formerly it was surrounded by thirty pillars of porphyry and precious marble, but these were destroyed by the great fire. Amid all the changes and vicissitudes of the Basilica, the tomb

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itself has remained undisturbed. The high altar is crowned by a Gothic canopy resting on four porphyry columns. This again is surmounted by a large baldacchino, supported by four yellowish columns of Oriental alabaster, beautifully veined, the gift of Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt. The malachite pedestals were presented by the Emperor Nicholas I., of Russia.

In front of the high altar, towards the nave, is the chapel or confession of St. Timothy, where his remains are deposited close to those of his beloved master and father.

Kneeling at the tomb of the Apostle we recall the words of *St. John Chrysostom*, in one of his homilies:

"Show me the tomb of Alexander: tell me the day of his death. You are unable. Yet the glorious body of Paul may be seen by any one who will visit the royal city: and the exact day of his death is known to the whole world. The deeds of Alexander are forgotten, even by his own nation: those of Paul are known even by barbarians, and the tomb of the servant of Christ is more glorious than the palaces of Kings." (Homil. 26 in 2 Cor. and Hom. 4 in 2 Tim.)

Elsewhere the same Father exclaims: "Who will grant me the privilege to embrace the body of Paul, to rivet myself to his tomb, and to see the dust of his mouth—that mouth with which he spoke before kings, with which he silenced tyrants, and made the whole world draw nearer to God! the dust of his heart, which was capacious enough to embrace whole cities, peoples, and nations! the dust of his hands, those hands which were in bonds, and with which he wrote his epistles! the dust of those feet which traversed the universe, and were not weary!" (Hom in Ep. ad Rom.)

XVII.

SAINTS AT ST. PAUL'S.

Of the many saints with whose names the Basilica is associated a few may be here mentioned:

1. *St. Odo*, Abbot of Cluny, resided in the adjoining monastery for a time, while engaged on some monastic reforms at the request of Pope Leo VII.

2. *St. Brigid of Sweden*, frequently came to St. Paul's to pray, and she is said to have received revelations from the miraculous crucifix preserved in the first chapel to the left of the Tribune.

3. *St. Frances of Rome*, constantly visited St. Paul's, the vineyard of her convent being close by. On feast days and on the Lenten station days, she would humble herself by sitting among the poor on a low form at the church door, asking alms of all who entered, and distributing to the poor at the end of the day what she received.

4. *St. Ignatius of Loyola*, and his first companions made their solemn profession at St. Paul's on April 15, 1541.

5. *St. Charles Borromeo*, in the jubilee of 1575 visited St. Paul's, and the other six churches with the whole of his household, making the pilgrimage on foot.

6. *St. Philip Neri*, made countless visits to the seven churches, praying with ecstatic fervor before the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul.

7. The same is related of St. John Baptist de Rossi, St. Camillus de Lellis, St. Benedict Joseph Labre, etc.

XVIII.

REMARKABLE RELICS.

1. The *heads of St. Peter and St. Paul* are preserved in silver shrines in the Basilica of St. John Lateran. They are in the upper part of the magnificent Gothic canopy that crowns the high altar in front of the Tribune, and are exposed for veneration on great feast days.

2. *Chains of St. Paul* preserved at the Basilica of the Apostle, and venerated on his feast days.

St. Gregory the Great (l. 3. Ep. 30.) speaks of miracles wrought by these chains. Filings from them enclosed in silver and gold crosses, were often sent as relics.

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3. *Pillar* at which St. Paul was bound at his execution, in the church at Tre Fontane.

XIX.

O ROMA FELIX !

The hymn of the Church on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul contains the following words :

"O happy Rome ! thou who wast consecrated with the glorious blood of the two Princes (of the Apostles).

"Empurpled with their blood thou alone surpassest whatever else of beauty earth possesses !"

I. *Rome has been divinely blessed and privileged* in being selected

1. As the See of Peter, the centre of faith and unity.

Matt. 16, 18. "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church."

S. Ambrose. "Where Peter is, there is the Church."

S. Cyprian. "He who resists the Church, he who abandons the chair of Peter on which the Church is founded, shall he flatter himself then he is in the Church?"

2. As the scene of St. Peter's triumph over Roman paganism, supported as this was by all the colossal power of the Roman Empire.

S. Leo says, that St. Peter entered Rome as a conquerer. By divine appointment his mission was to attack, overthrow, and hurl down to the dust all that the imperial city most gloried in, cherished, and was determined to defend with resistless fury ; and on the ruins of all this to plant the symbol of the crucified.

3. As the scene of the last labors of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who came to join the Prince of the Apostles in laboring to perfect the Roman Church, of which the faith had already become "renowned through the whole world," that faith, which in the See of Peter alone of all the apostolic Sees has never been blighted with the faintest breath of heresy.

4. As the scene of the glorious martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul, drawing forth from St. John Chrysostom the enraptured words quoted above. ("With St. Peter in Rome." Part III. n. 15.)

5. As the scene of the conflict and victory of hundreds of thousands of Christian heroes. To instance only one band of martyrs in a place mentioned above ; beneath the pavement of the church of Sa. Maria Scala Coeli at Tre Fontane, lie the remains of *St. Zeno* and *twelve thousand companions*, martyrs who were employed in building the baths of Diocletian and afterwards cruelly martyred by that tyrant.

6. As the scene of the great conflicts and triumphs of the Church in every successive age recorded in her history, showing the marvellous providence of God over His Church, and over the Chair of Peter.

7. As the scene of the miracles and holy lives of countless saints, with whose memory every part of the city is associated.

8. As the centre to which Catholic hearts in every age have affectionately turned, to which long and toilsome pilgrimages have ever been made in order to kiss the soil sanctified by the blood of so many martyrs.

II. *What have St. Peter and his successors done for Rome and Italy ?*

1. They destroyed the monster of Roman paganism with all its unspeakable and sickening abominations.

2. They changed the whole face of Europe, rescuing the degraded slave from bondage, protecting the rights of the poor and defenceless, putting down infanticide, exalting the position of woman, teaching the nations to be pure and chaste, shedding everywhere the blessing of holy charity and peace.

3. They founded Christian Rome and made it to be a centre of enlightenment and salutary influence to all the rest of the world.

4. They rescued Italy over and over again, from age to age, from Vandals, Greeks, Lombards, Saracens, etc. This

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the infidel Gibbon is forced to acknowledge: "Like Thebes, or Babylon, or Carthage, the name of Rome might have been erased from the earth if the city had not been animated by a vital principle, —the dynasty of the Popes—which again restored her to honor and dominion." (Hist. of Rise and Fall. etc.)

5. They civilized and converted the wild barbarian hordes, that rushed in from the North on the decaying Roman empire from the fourth to the tenth century, and in converting them transformed the whole of Europe, covering it with churches, minsters, colleges, universities, etc.

6. Their beneficence is thus extolled by the same infidel Gibbon. "The public and private indigence (of the Romans) was relieved by their ample revenue; and the weakness or neglect of the Greek emperors compelled them to consult, both in peace and war, the temporal safety of the city. The same character was adopted by the Italian, the Greek, or the Syrian who ascended the chair of St. Peter, and after the loss of her legions and provinces, *the genius and fortunes of the Popes again restored the supremacy of Rome.*"

7. They rescued Europe once more from hopeless slavery, when barbarism, brutal feuds and tyranny replaced the Carlovingian Empire. Sir James Stephen, a Protestant, writing in the *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1845, says: "To the Popes, to the Popes of the middle ages was assigned a province, their abandonment of which would have plunged the Church and the world into the same hopeless slavery. To Pope Gregory VII. were first given the genius and the courage to raise himself and his successors to the level of their high vocation."

8. They projected and organized the Crusades, persuading the Christian sovereigns of Europe to abandon rapine, violence, internecine conflict, and "to take the cross" against the common enemy of Christendom.

9. They planned the victories of Lepanto, Vienna and Temeswar, without which Europe at this day might have formed part of one vast Ottoman Empire.

10. They humbled tyrants like Henry IV. and the three Fredericks of Germany, and defended, pacified, preserved the oppressed states of mediæval Italy.

11. During their absence at Avignon, Rome fell into a state of decay, misery and barbarism. At their return the city revives, and a new and remarkable era opens with the accession of Nicholas V.

12. They preserved the ancient monuments of Rome. But for them the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the Mausoleum of Hadrian, etc., would have long since disappeared. The beautiful columns of S. Lorenzo, S. Maria Maggiore, etc., would never have survived all the political storms that have swept over the city, if they had not been preserved in the churches.

13. They fostered the arts of music, painting, sculpture, architecture, etc., and attracted to Rome the mightiest geniuses in these arts that the world has ever seen.

14. The modern city, founded on the ruins of the primitive and mediæval cities, the States too of the Church under the Popes for some three hundred years before the captivity of Pius VI., enjoyed almost uninterrupted peace and prosperity.

Contrasting the Papal dominion with the present Piedmontese usurpation, it is safe to say that under the Popes, the taxes were fifty times less, the people fifty times happier, provisions five or six times cheaper, public charity more active, the arts more fostered, religion better practised, the sacraments more frequented, morals more pure, suicides less frequent, prisons, hospitals, orphanages, refuges for the poor better administered, education not poisoned as now with atheism and infidelity, the well-being of the people better consulted. Even the Protestant correspondents of the English papers are forced to confess that the present government of United Italy is a

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TOMB OF ST. PAUL IN HIS BASILICA, LOOKING TOWARD THE NAVE.

scandal. The desolation of Rome during the Avignon period lasted over sixty years: its present desolation has lasted since 1870, and the prayers of all good Catholics are offered for its speedy termination.

Lament 1, 9, 10. "Behold, O Lord, my affliction, because the enemy is lifted up. The enemy has put forth his hand to all her desirable things: for she hath seen the Gentiles enter into her sanctuary, of whom thou gavest commandments, that they should not enter into thy Church."

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THE PASCHAL JOY.

By P. J. Coleman.

FROM orient skies the sun of Easter flashes
And lights the Cross on Calvary's summit dim.
Put off, my soul, thy penitential ashes
And join the Paschal hymn !

Melodious echoes of the sweet evangel
Of man redeemed from death by Love, the King,
Chanted of old by choiring saint and angel·
The winds of April bring.

" Awake ! awake ! The Crucified is risen !
The darkness dies; the shades of sin depart.
The Lord of Life hath vanquished Death's dark prison
And broken Death's grim dart."

Exultant ocean with symphonic voices
From all its deeps its diapason pours,
And, organ-like, touched by the storm, rejoices
Around earth's ransomed shores.

Awaking earth leans listening ear to capture
That song sublime, and lo ! in reddening rose
And efflorescence manifold the rapture
From her full heart o'erflows.

The hawthorn hears and like a timid vestal
In bridal blossom veils her verdurous brow.
The emulous orchard, rich in raiment festal,
Bejewels every bough.

In reverence before its risen Master,
Where censers smoke and perfumed vapor drifts,
Its frosted vase of flawless alabaster
The fragile lily lifts.

So may our prayers, like fragrant incense blending,
Waft to His throne love's breath divinely sweet,
And may our hearts, like lilies lowly bending,
Find favor at His feet !

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THE RING OF THE MAZZI.

By B. E. Wade.

WHY it was Filippo Mazzi has never been able to imagine to this day; but certain it is that he can remember awaking on that beautiful Spring morning with the feeling that something unusual was going to happen to him. Not that he was any the less happy, nor that he was troubled by vague foreboding of evil; and, on the other hand, he experienced no joyful anticipations of pleasure to come, nor happiness in store for him. Only the fact that something out of the ordinary was going to occur, fixed itself in his mind, and persisted in staying there. He half believes it came to him in a dream, and knows that it made so deep an impression that it remained with him until it actually happened.

Filippo was, generally, not an early riser, and the sun, peeping over the mountain and into his window each morning, more often found the brown curls resting on the pillow and the long dark lashes measuring their length on the soft, dusky cheeks than otherwise, for Filippo was a growing lad, and growing lads, as everyone knows, need to sleep the last few hours of the night, when the day is only just beginning to make up its drowsy mind to dawn. However, it is a lazy lad who will let the sun blink in vain, and who will not open his eyes to say good-morning to so loving a friend—for loving, indeed, is the sun to an Italian boy, as one can tell by the healthful brown color kissed into the rosy cheeks, the sparkle put into the youthful eyes, and the warmth and passion poured into the tender heart; and what but the sun can do all these things? Filippo was by no means a sluggard, and the first morning ray sufficed to call him forth from his bed, and to make him hasten to his window to draw a deep breath of the pure, fragrant air.

But on this particular morning things went differently with him. In the first place, he was awake long before the sky began to redden with the approaching of the sun. When he awoke from a pleasant, dreamless sleep, only a faint white light told him that the night was over. He lay quite still for several minutes, not trying to doze off again, but endeavoring to think whether he had ever seen how the day looked before the moon had faded away; for he thought the light he saw must be from the moon. Then he went to his window and saw that it was really daylight after all, and that the poor, feeble moon, now a mere ghost of itself, was altogether too pale to be of any consequence whatever. A sort of mist seemed to wrap the city of Florence about. He looked down the hillside and saw the spires and towers stretching up as though trying to get out of the mist. How unreal the Campanile appeared! Only the top was visible, and the lower part, being entirely hidden, he could easily imagine the graceful tower a portion of some fairy palace concealed from his sight. Then he spied the dome of the great Cathedral, and thought no more about fairies, but dropped to his knees, with a prayer on his lips. Somehow or other, he was possessed with a strange fascination when he gazed at the Duomo, and something seemed to draw him toward it. He must, at least, look at it again, so, while dressing, he frequently went to his window, and always his eyes wandered in that direction.

At length he was ready to leave his room. Unconsciously, his eyes glanced from one object to another, and when he beheld a small silver crucifix on his writing-desk, he went over, and taking the crucifix, held it in his hand a few seconds. Filippo's mother was dead, and she had herself given him the crucifix. It was

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her last gift to him. He had kept it where he might see it every day, but never until this morning had he thought of wearing it. Hardly realizing what he was doing, he began rummaging in his drawer for a stout cord, and having found one, he fastened it to the crucifix, and hung it about his neck, beneath his jacket.

The house was quiet as he descended the stairs, for the servants were not yet about. The long corridors were dark and shadowy, and his father's library seemed larger and more expressive of the mines of learning contained therein than usual. He entered, and paused before the huge table in the centre of the room. Once more he acted as though impelled by another will than his own. He picked up his father's pen, dipped it into the ink, and wrote on a fresh sheet of paper these words, but in his native tongue :

"The day has not yet fully come, my father, but I would go at sunrise to the great Cathedral for the early Mass, and if I fail to join thee at the morning meal, thou must not miss me, nor yet delay in my behalf, for the way is long, and it will be some hours ere I return. Moreover, I shall, perchance, break my fast at some bake-shop. Think not of my absence, dear father, but let the books of which thou art so fond console thee for the short time I shall be away from thee. And now, I bid thee farewell.

"Thy dutiful son,

"FILIPPO."

He placed the note on the open volume that lay just as it had been left the night before, knowing that the paper would the sooner catch the eye of his father there than anywhere else, as the library was sought by the scholar long before the breakfast-room. This done, the boy caught up his felt hat from an ancient carved chest in the hall, unbarred a side door, and stole softly out into the garden. He took one backward look at the old house, peacefully sleeping amid the surrounding rose-bushes and ed his hand toward an upper window, over which the curtains were still closely drawn, then ran lightly down the steps of the terrace and passed through the iron gates to the cypress-lined path leading into the streets of Florence.

Out in the Via Romano he heard shouts of laughter, snatches of song and merry jests, and, turning about, he saw a little procession of carts drawn by mules. The carts, he noticed, were laden with fresh vegetables, fruits, cheese, eggs, milk and casks of wine ; then Filippo bethought him of his breakfast, and not caring to wait until he came to a bake-shop, with so good an opportunity close at hand, he approached the cavalcade, and for a few quattrini bought a small flask of milk, a tiny loaf of freshly-baked bread and some fruit. Seating himself on a bench near by, he watched the mules jog on, while the gay contadini walked beside the carts on their way from some castello outside the Porta Romano to the Mercato Vecchio, in the heart of the city, where they would easily dispose of their wares.

The sun had risen and was gilding the Campanile when Filippo entered the Via Maggio. This street had always been very attractive to him, on account of the funny old shops, in which he would spend many an hour examining the odd cabinets, tall clocks, historical miniatures, watches, fragile snuff-boxes and other curiosities which deeply interested him. He gave but a glance now at the windows, and only a nod at old Jacopo, who had just opened his door and was drinking in the morning air while he awaited his first customer, for, owing to certain pleasant associations connected with these streets, Filippo had chosen a roundabout journey to the Duomo, and he was forced to hurry the faster for this reason.

On he went through the Fondaccio di San Spirito, the Via San Agostino, and into the Via de' Serragli, where some of the flat house-tops were already occupied, and a young girl, busily engaged in training a vine along a railing, laughed down at him.

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Not long after he had re-crossed the Via de' Serragli near its end, he reached the Ponte Vecchio where the goldsmiths and silver workers held sway, their tiny shops with quaint locks on the doors, clinging to the old bridge like barnacles to a rock. In the gay Via Tornabuoni, an aged woman limped up to him, beseeching him to buy a nosegay of violets. She was so forlorn, that he could not resist, but handed her a few coins and fastened the flowers in his jacket as he hurried off, she wishing him a good Easter.

He had to thread his way through a number of streets, and pass more than one notable Church and Palazzo, before he found himself at the steps of the Cathedral. He paused for a moment to regain his breath after his fast walking, and then went into the building with the crowd of worshippers that had gathered outside. He was none too soon, for Mass was about to begin. Reverently he knelt in the great Duomo, and now it was that something unusual occurred. Filippo was still kneeling, when a young fellow who had seated himself next to the boy, just as the last comers were taking their places, whispered to him:

"Filippo, my lad, on thy way home, step aside into the shop of the goldsmith at the far end of the Ponte Vecchio, toward thy left, and await my coming. I shall not speak to thee again until we meet there, nor do thou attempt to address me here. Only turn thy head and look at me closely, so that thou canst make sure of recognizing me when next thou seest me, and keep thy tongue silent, and thou wilt be a wise youth."

Filippo was greatly surprised at these words, and as soon as the chance offered, he turned toward the stranger. He saw a handsome young man, of rather slender build, but the first sight of that face convinced the boy that he should know its owner readily enough wherever he might see him. The fellow did not pay him any further attention, but sat gazing fixedly at the priest, and appeared wholly absorbed in his own devotions. A curious ring on the stranger's finger, had a strangely familiar look, but at the time, Filippo could not tell why.

Mass being over, Filippo's companion slipped out, and speaking to no one, became lost among the people, and the boy, putting his hands to his curls in a dazed sort of fashion, came out into the Piazza. and stared around him. His friend, if friend he were, had disappeared.

Filippo sauntered on toward the Ponte Vecchio, but made so many little detours while trying to collect his thoughts that it took him much longer to reach his destination than under ordinary circumstances. He remembered his promise to his father, that he would return as soon as possible. Suppose the stranger should want to detain him, or prevent him from going home at all! And then, again, what did the mysterious message mean, and why was he to go to this shop? He was in a sorely perplexed state of mind, but no sooner did he decide that he ought to walk boldly past the shop or take a different route altogether than the desire to follow that piece of advice became strong with him. It was the same inexplicable fascination that had drawn him toward the Duomo a few hours since that finally forced him to walk briskly, with no further deviations, to the shop at the end of the Ponte Vecchio.

When he entered the door he found no one save the old goldsmith himself, who came forward to see what he could do for his supposed customer.

"Ah, 'tis thou, my son. If my old eyes do not deceive me, thou wilt be the child of Francesco Mazzi of the Villa Rosa. Is it not so?"

"Yes, I am Filippo Mazzi."

"And where is thy father, that thou art so early abroad alone? And how is it thou hast escaped thy Fernando's watchfulness?"

"They still slept when I came from my home. I was awake before the sun, and would attend Mass at the great Cathedral; but I left a letter for my father, and he will not worry."

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"So! How can I serve thee, then? What pretty trifle wilt thou be seeking among Giuseppe's jewels?"

"I want nothing, sir, but am awaiting a friend who said he would come here, but I see him not. Has one been seeking me this morning?"

"Yea, surely, I do remember now. He asked for thee, and because thou didst tarry he said he would go, but to say to thee, if thou camest, to look for him in a few moments. Thou canst amuse thyself with the trinkets meanwhile."

At the Villa Rosa a little excitement prevailed when Filippo's absence was noted. Fernando, his tutor, went in affright to the master with the tale that the lad was not in the house. The grounds were searched, but nothing came of it. The finding of the note in the library set the father's mind at rest, although he thought his son foolish not to take Fernando for company; and so said Fernando, but was secretly relieved at not being dragged out on that long walk at so unearthly an hour. But as the day wore on, and no merry face smiled in at the library door, Francesco Mazzi forgot his books, and Fernando and a servant hastened toward the city in search of the missing one.

Filippo, notwithstanding a slight uneasiness, was absorbed in the goldsmith's display, and was attentively listening to the good-natured man's stories about two brooches of historical value when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and his new acquaintance stood at his side.

"Filippo, art ready to accompany me? Thou wert slow in coming, as I bid thee."

"I was but thinking of my father. He will miss me, and I must go to him."

"Thou shalt go to him, never fear, but with me first. There is a message I would have thee deliver to him."

"Then tell it me, and let me go."

"Nay, it is too long, and must be for thy ears alone. Thou shalt come with me to old Galileo's tower. That is not far from thy home, and we shall not be disturbed."

He turned toward the door as he spoke, and the goldsmith whispered to the boy:

"Go with him, my son. Do not fear him. Look thou at his ring and think if thou knowest one like it. Ah, old Giuseppe knows his rings when he sees them. Thy friend—ha, ha!" and he chuckled to himself.

Filippo walked on silently for awhile. Then he said:

"I know not what thy name may be, sir, nor what thou wouldst have with me when thou couldst thyself come to my father's home and give him the message in thine own words."

"Thou canst call me Antonio, but speak not to me of coming to thy house, for thou alone, Filippo, must tell thy father what I say."

Thereupon, the boy said no more until they passed near the Via de' Bardi, left behind the Villa dell' Ombrellino, or Villa of the Little Umbrella, and ascending a steep, winding street, quitted the highway, and found themselves in the beautiful garden of the ancient astronomer. Antonio led the way through the thick, soft grass, bright with countless blossoms, from which the sun had not yet stolen the dew, and, selecting a spot to his liking, threw himself down among the flowers, and motioned Filippo to a seat beside him.

"This is the chance for which I have longed many months, my Filippo, and I could not tell why, but a voice from the Duomo seemed to call me to the early Mass, this morning; when I saw thee there, I knew the reason at once. Thou hast been watched closely at the Villa Rosa, and I saw thee many times, but always with thy father, or thy tutor, such I take him to be, or with some servant. Never didst thou go out of the gates alone, and my patience was well-nigh exhausted, when fortune saw fit to favor me. Thou dost not know me, but I have known thee from a child up. Thou shalt hear my tale, and listen well, that thou mayst repeat it to Francesco Mazzi.

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Do not shrink from me, for I shall do thee no harm."

Filippo had moved away, but came back and seated himself. He had loosened his jacket as the sun rose higher, and this movement, as he sat down, caused the crucifix to swing out from its place of concealment.

"Ah, my mother's crucifix!" cried Antonio, reaching out his hand toward it.

"My father's ring!" exclaimed Filippo at the same moment, spying it on Antonio's finger, as the light flashed from a gem peculiarly set.

Both were silent for a moment, and then the elder spoke.

"Thou art more astonished than I, Filippo, and no wonder, for thou hast never seen me before, and my name is not spoken in thy presence. Years have passed since I beheld the mother's crucifix thou now wearest, and at the sudden sight of it, I was so overcome, that I betrayed to thee in my excitement what I had intended to lead up to more gently, for I am thine own brother. I have a story to tell, but another time will do, if, as I hope, my father will receive me. He will be worried if thou prolong thy absence, for it is already past the hour when thou shouldst have been expected, and I hasten to give thee this token by which he shall know me. It is not his ring, but one that he gave me, because I had a fancy for his own. Giuseppe made them, and set them with costly gems my father picked up in his travels. Take this one of mine, and when thou goest home, and art alone with thy father in his library, give the ring to him, and ask him if it may speak to him of an outcast son who desires no other happiness than that of finding forgiveness and a welcome at Villa Rosa. Say to him that if he can once more love the wayward Antonio, to send thee here to me, this very afternoon without the ring. If, however, he cannot forget the grievances of old, to send thee with the ring, and I, knowing my fate by this sign, can at last feel a father's love or leave forever the home of my childhood, the city of my birth. He will hear thy pleading, for I know how dear thou art to him, and O, Filippo, I pray that thou mayst come alone without the ring. He can trust thee with me. Make haste now, that he may have no fear for thy safety. I shall be here by an hour after midday. Above all things be sure thou tellest him where thou didst find me."

"Thou my brother! I did never suspect I had one! If this be true, Antonio, the voice that sent thee forth this morning, was the same that told me to take the crucifix and go to the Duomo. I believe it was in truth for this purpose I had to obey the call. Surely, my father will welcome thee. I will go."

Antonio accompanied him as near the gates as he dared, and then disappeared by way of one of the short streets. Filippo encountered Fernando and the servant not far from the grounds. They were setting out on their search, and were not a little agitated at the cause of this unusual errand.

"There is the lad, now, by my head!" cried Fernando, "and thy father in such a state of worry, he cannot keep his mind on his books, but paces the halls without ceasing! How couldst thou give him this fright?"

"It is all right, Fernando," was all the truant replied, "I will go to him."

Francesco wept with joy at finding his Filippo safe and again under his protection.

"But what ails thee, lad? Hast seen a spectre, that thy cheeks are so pale, or has any evil befallen thee?"

"No, my father, only a joy which yet I cannot realize. I have a message for thee from one thou surely must love for my sake," and drawing his father into the library, he closed the door, and relating all that had occurred, concluded by laying the ring on the table in front of his father, and dropping beseechingly to his knees at the side of the big armchair.

Francesco Mazzi sat as one struck dumb:

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nor did he stir until a sob from Filippo aroused him from his stupor. He rested his hand caressingly on the brown curls, and suddenly asked:

"Where didst thou say he came to thee, my son? In the Duomo, at Mass? 'Tis truly wonderful, for he was a heedless fellow, and cared but to get into the company of those who by their lives of idleness and sin, destroyed his love for higher things, and brought to naught my instruction. His mother was more patient with him than I, but while thou wert yet a young child, I gave him his portion and bade him go whither he would, and lead that life which pleased him best. From that day to this, I have heard no word from him, nor discovered how he fared. Fearing thou, too, wouldst be tempted into the paths he chose, I have guarded thee carefully, and told thee nothing of Antonio's existence, lest I lose thee also. Canst thou tell me how he looks, Filippo?"

"I can never forget his face, my father. It is so grand, and he is too noble and proud in his bearing to do wrong to anyone. He is sad, too, and in the great Cathedral his eyes at times grew tearful, and he sighed as though troubled over something, but I did not then know what it was. Ah, let me go to him without the ring, for if I am sent with it he will see thou canst not forget, and will depart forever. He truly repents, else why should he care to beg of thee to receive him? Why did the sight of my mother's crucifix touch him so deeply?"

"Quiet thyself, my son, for it shall be as thou sayest. We shall partake of refreshment, for it is high noon, and thy breakfast can have been but a scanty one. Thou wilt need the food to strengthen thee for the task before thee."

Filippo could hardly wait until the appointed hour arrived. His father walked down through the roses with him to the gates, and then watched until the little fellow was lost from view. He trusted Antonio's word this once, and that it was a firm trust Antonio might know by the fact that Filippo came alone.

"At last, Filippo, and now I may know the worst!"

"Nay, the best, my Antonio, for I come to thee without the ring, which our father is keeping till I bring thee home, when he will once more place it on thy finger, to show thee that thou art forgiven, and that he believes in thee as fully as I do myself. Kiss me, my brother!"

Antonio clasped Filippo in a loving embrace, and then, hand in hand, the two wandered under the olive trees out from the garden and, as in a dream, passed along under the dark cypresses and in at the gates of Villa Rosa. The father, who had seen them approaching, retired to his library, where he awaited them. At last their footsteps sounded in the outer hall, and, opening the door, he said no word, but held out his arms to the son whom he had missed in spite of all.

Filippo recited no tiresome lessons to his tutor that day, but sat, instead, with his father and brother, and heard the history of Antonio's life.

Antonio, on finding himself the owner of a considerable sum of money, which he was free to use as he chose, at first began to get out of it all the worldly enjoyment it could give him. He lived for a number of months in Arezzo, but the place seeming too small and dull to suit him, he went to Naples, where he became a reckless spendthrift. Taking a fancy to see Rome, he journeyed thither, and fell in with a small band of pilgrims. One of these, observing Antonio's weaknesses and utter disregard for holy things, would not let the young man alone, but, after reaching the city, took rooms near Antonio's, and so earnestly besought him to leave his sinful life and seek to live that which was pure and noble that Antonio, feeling a sense of homesickness for the Villa Rosa and Florence, yielded to this influence, and set himself to work to earn his father's welcome, and determined to keep the name he bore above disgrace. He was now the constant

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companion of this friend, going with him daily to St. Peter's. He became studious, devoting himself to such branches of learning as interested him most. He had also travelled a little, and had seen something of the world.

His father heard all this with surprise, and Filippo, with the thorough enjoyment of a child. Then the three walked out into the sunshine, where the breath of the roses seemed to breathe peace and contentment to their hearts, and great was the joy they felt.

A day or two later Giuseppe received another visit from Filippo, but this time the lad was accompanied by his father and brother.

"I am honored, sirs," said the goldsmith, "and which one of you am I to serve?"

"The boy will speak for us," said the father.

"It is about the rings, Giuseppe," said Filippo. "My father has given me this gem, which I want thee to put into a ring made after the pattern of the two thou hast already made. Also, thou must mark in each ring our three names. In my father's write, 'Francesco, Antonio, Filippo.' In my brother's, 'Antonio, Francesco, Filippo,' and in mine, 'Filippo, Francesco, Antonio;' then, Giuseppe, they will be sure never to get separated again."

ST. GERLACH OF HOUTHEM.

WARRIOR, PENITENT, PILGRIM.

By Frederick A. Houck, S.J.

SAINT Gerlach was born of noble parents in Houthem, Limburg, a small village near Valkenburg in the south of Holland. This little hamlet lies in the charming valley of the Maas, which is formed by an offshoot of the Ardennes in France. A graceful series of hills, extending through southern Holland from southwest to northeast, bounds it on the north and south. Besides an exceedingly fertile and pleasant farming country the Valley of the Maas boasts the Geul Creek, a stream of considerable size, which like a silvery thread runs through the Province of Limburg and then pours its clear waters into the Maas. The extensive manor of the Gerlach family was traversed by the Geul and lay about five miles north of the venerable old city of Maestricht.

Politically, the village of Houthem, at Gerlach's time, belonged to the district of Maestricht and was immediately subject to the Lords of Heinsberg-Valkenburg; this principality, however, together with the whole Liège Province, belonged to the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation.

In the year 1381, Valkenburg and vicinity, including Houthem, lost their independence and became, under Wenceslaus, subject to the Dukedom of Brabant. About the year 1540, Philip II., son of Emperor Charles V. of Spain, obtained possession of it, together with Burgundy. About a century later Maestricht, Hertogenbosch, Breda, Bergen-op-Zoom and many other fortified towns and cities in the Low Countries were surrendered again by Spain; finally, according to the treaty made by the King of Spain and the Netherlands, and signed on the 16th of October, 1662, Valkenburg and vicinity was ceded to Holland under whose dominion, with the exception of a few years, it has remained ever since.

At the time of St. Gerlach's birth, Houthem did not possess a church or chapel, but belonged to the neighboring parish of Meersen. As early, however, as the close of the 12th century it had a

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chapel and priest of its own. Later on the parish at Houthem came under the spiritual charge of the Norbertines. It belonged to the diocese of Liège till 1561, since which time it has been subject to the Bishop of Roermond, Limburg, with the exception of about forty years in the beginning of the present century.

Not much is known of the Saint's parents and early education. If it be allowed to amplify the scanty materials extant concerning the ancestors of Gerlach, it would seem that they had distinguished themselves in feats of warfare and chivalry.—Gerlach, in the Limburg dialect "Geerling," signifies "Renowned in war;" "ger," or "wer" (in French "guerre") is "strife." or, "war" and the final syllable "lach," or, "laucht" is in German "renowned." The elder Knight Gerlach was an honor to the name he bore. He was a nobleman of high rank and a cavalier whose name was mentioned with respect. Whether, or not, he took part in the first crusade is uncertain. But, having been schooled in the trade of adventure and war, Knight Gerlach wished that his son be brought up in the same career. It is not known whether little Gerlach served as page, or later, as esquire at some princely court. According to the custom of the times this would have been a necessary condition for his attaining the dignity of knighthood, had not his father been of high noble rank.

However, it seems that but little attention was devoted to young Gerlach's school education. Ignorance of letters, chiefly due to the small number of educational institutions, characterized the chivalry of this period. Even among the nobility illiteracy was not uncommon. The handwriting of many a young nobleman of that time, like that of de Bracy, if, indeed, it took any particular form, "often looked more like spear-heads and sword-blades than alphabetical characters." Hence we may conclude that the elder Knight Gerlach was no exception to the rule. Not having experienced the need of a liberal education, he deemed such to be superfluous for his son.

The deeds of chivalry, on the other hand, were lauded and pointed out as the surest road to fame. It did not require much persuasion, however, to influence the young Gerlach to adopt the adventurous and romantic career of a knight. Being exceedingly well built, strong, agile and of an indomitable will, he made it the object of his life to excel in the use of lance and sword, never to allow an insult to go unavenged, or to permit the least stain of weakness regarding this point to deface his escutcheon. To add new lustre to the glorious name he had inherited, was to be his constant aim. To attain skill and glory in the sports of chivalry soon became the younger Gerlach's ruling passion. Daily he might be seen preparing himself, in some manner or other, to meet an enemy with advantage at the next passage-at-arms. And yet what else were these exercises than the offering of sacrifice to the demon of vain-glory, or some other inordinate passion?

Although Gerlach appears to have been by nature open in deed, and true in word, his insatiable thirst for renown often made him indifferent to the justice or injustice of the means employed in attaining it. This inordinate longing for glory made him cold to the sentiments of others when they stood in his way, or when they hindered him in executing his ambitious designs. His conception of chivalry was far from that of a true and noble knight, such as the Church was striving to introduce. The applause of an admiring multitude at a blow well parried, or at the unhorsing of an antagonist, was his highest ideal. Gerlach was wont to scorn the unskilful or ill-fated knight, and to esteem the successful champion of the lists as worthy of the highest honors. Everything was subordinated to the attainment of worldly distinctions.

By his companions-at arms Gerlach was considered a daring and jolly good fellow.

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But he was popular more on account of his skill in the sports of his time, than his personal good qualities. His unusual natural talents for nobler and higher occupations remained undeveloped, and, like the streams that fail to flow onward towards the sea, soon became stagnant. A boundless greed for renown gradually predominated over him, and stifled every higher sentiment. The closest ties of friendship and love were often rent, in order to satiate this ever increasing passion.

In the course of time, also, a greed for greater wealth manifested itself in his dealings with others. Gerlach was by nature of a fiery temperament. Thus we read that in a fit of passion, when still a boy, he kicked his own mother. And, after he had become heir to the immense fortune of his father, he was not free from cruelty and oppression towards those who were dependent upon him for a livelihood. Though noble in birth, he was far from being so in his treatment of his poor tenants, or with those in need. Gerlach was, in fine, an unscrupulous knight, ever ready to enter upon a hazardous adventure if it offered any chance for increasing his fame or fortune; he was a selfish and daring cavalier, with little, or nothing, of Christian chivalry about him, save the name.

About the year 1146, some years after Gerlach had been elevated to the dignity of knighthood, the Count of Juelich, one of the most powerful noblemen within a radius of many miles, announced that a passage-at-arms was to take place in his native place. Heralds were sent out to extend personal invitations to all the knights in the western part of the Empire, and, accordingly, also, to Gerlach.

The tournaments of the Middle Ages formed one of the principal sports of that period and, at the same time, offered glory and fame to the successful combatant. We, in our times, can hardly form a just estimate of the grand scale on which these military and chivalrous exercises were sometimes carried on. Occasionally these contests were also appealed to by a condemned or accused party as a supposed means of proving his innocence. But by far the greater number of combatants who entered the lists, did so from the mere desire of displaying their skill in handling the lance and sword.

To miss this occasion of exhibiting his dexterity and valor was to Gerlach a possibility out of the question. From his earliest years his father had taken great pains to instil into young Gerlach's mind a great love for feats of chivalry. Besides, being a man of great wealth and knight of high standing Gerlach possessed every advantage for acquiring distinction in these exercises, which money and influence could procure. It is needless to add that he had profited by them, and that he now strained every nerve to play a successful role in the coming tourney at Juelich.

On the day previous to this memorable display of arms, a perfect model.—judging from a physical standpoint, — of mediæval chivalry, riding at the head of a body of cavalry and escorted by a large number of esquires, he could be seen on the highway leading via Meersen and Juelich to Cologne. They were all on their way to the historic town of Juelich, or, as the Romans called it, "Juliacum." This ancient city lies about twenty miles east of Houthem, about midway between Aix-le-Chapelle and Cologne, on the River Roer. It was a city of importance in the Middle Ages and strongly fortified. Juelich is said to have derived its name from the fact that Julius Caesar camped there for several days on his brilliant campaign against the tribes of Gaul about twelve centuries previous in the year 55 B.C. As Gerlach, a victim of ambition and vain glory, now rode leisurely over this same highway in quest of new honors, he, no doubt, harbored much the same sentiments as "he who preferred being the first in an obscure village lying at the foot of the Alps, to being the second man in Rome."

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The features of Gerlach's countenance possessed the soldier's undaunted firmness of expression and his heart was, most probably, as hard as the steel corselet which encased it. Mounted on a stately charger, whose trappings were of the costliest kind, he was cased cap-a-pie in full armor. A large silver casque, adorned with flowing crest, graced his head. His broadsword hung loosely from his belt and the heavy lance, in his sinewy right hand, glimmered in the sunlight. His protected knee-boots were furnished with long and sharp rowels.

Upon his arrival in Juelich, Gerlach saw with delight that preparations were making for an unrivalled exhibition of chivalrous sports. As soon as he was recognized, shouts of joy arose on all sides and warm was the welcome he received; for, besides being an imperial knight of noble lineage and an active officer in the standing army, Gerlach possessed the reputation of a brave and skilful combatant. To-day's tourney was looked forward to by all with great pleasure, for it promised to be a memorable one in the annals of this stronghold.

Long before day-break large crowds had gathered around the lists, each striving to secure a good place. Many thousands of the commonalty already occupied the seats arranged like an amphitheatre, in the campus near the Count of Juelich's castle, as the advent of the nobility was hailed with joyous shouts by the excited multitude. The flower of the western portion of the Empire were now assembled and awaited with eagerness for the contest to begin. As soon as the Count of Juelich, surrounded by numerous guests of high rank, had taken his seat, a blast from the trumpet announced that the contestants might now advance and begin the combat.

Among the foremost of the knights to answer the summons of the heralds was the valiant and haughty Gerlach. He advanced with an appearance, both commanding and self-confident, displaying a spirit of bravado at every movement. His approach was welcomed with cheers of delight by the nobility, with many of whom he was allied by birth. He appeared to be in high spirits at having this opportunity of adding new lustre to the glory obtained in former sports of the kind. Flushed with the great success he had hitherto enjoyed, Knight Gerlach confidently rides forward and hurls his gauntlet at the feet of the most valiant combatant. The challenge is accepted. They are just about to advance against each other in the lists, when the loud shouting of one of his faithful esquires reaches Gerlach's ear!

To the great astonishment of all, this messenger forces his way through the heralds and guards and tells the Knight the sad news which he had brought in all haste from Valkenburg. No sooner has Gerlach heard the words: "Thy Lady has been thrown from her carriage and fatally wounded; as I left, she appeared to be dying"—than his countenance assumed an ashy paleness. A loud cry of anguish escapes his lips. "My God, my God, is it possible!"

On seeing the Knight Gerlach thus struggling with the deep grief which had overpowered him, a dead silence of several moment's duration, came over the vast assembly. The commoners, not knowing the cause of the Knight's sudden retreat, at once suspect foul play and express impatience at the delay. Many of the noblemen present, upon learning the cause of Gerlach's inconsolable grief, hasten to assure him of their condolence. Others, again, observing his strange manner of acting, express doubts as to the man's sanity. "He has lost his mind. Remove him from the lists," they cry. And, indeed, for a person who is ignorant of the wonderful and sudden transformations which divine grace at times produces in the human soul, Gerlach's actions, on this occasion, might have been with some degree of correctness thus interpreted.

On the one hand, inexpressible was his bereavement over the loss of his

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Lady. He could not believe that his beloved consort, whom he had left on the preceding day in the bloom of youthful beauty, should now be a corpse—that he had been bereft of her to whose service he had been devoted for many years and whom he loved more dearly than life itself. On the other hand, never had he experienced such a disgust for the vain pomp and glory of this brief life. As if in a paroxysm of conflicting passions struggling for the upperhand, he threw aside his shield, helmet and lance. A radical moral change seemed to be taking place in him. A ray of divine grace had evidently entered into his soul and awakened his slumbering Faith, which, like a coal buried beneath the ashes, had for years been inactive, to new life.

Gerlach, enlightened by the light of Heaven, now began to see things as they are and to estimate them at their real, and not at their apparent value. As a flash of lightning over a yawning chasm reveals nothing save what is terrifying, thus the ray of heavenly light, which now illumined the mind of Gerlach, revealed the abyss of hell, into which he had so often merited to be hurled, yawning at his feet. In an instant the vanity of this world's glory, the emptiness of temporal pleasures, the folly of his past career and the guilt of his sinful life flashed upon him. Who knows what thoughts passed through the mind of Gerlach during those brief moments of interior anguish? His former misdeeds crowded in quick succession upon his mind and excited the bitterest remorse. As an ominous cloud, steadily increasing in size and power, sweeps over the heavens and darkens the light of the sun, so the sins of bygone years rested upon his memory and enveloped his soul in the deepest gloom.

However, although the past excited sorrow and remorse, yet, the future which dawned upon Gerlach was not one of dark despair. The heavenly grace which entered his soul, was not rejected. The Faith which he had received in the holy Sacrament of Baptism once more became a living, active principle. Hence, it had the effect on him, which the lightning's glare that reveals the rocks and cliffs towards which his ship is heading, has upon a careless pilot.

Dismounting from his handsome charger he lays aside everything which pride and vanity covet. He then mounts a mule, and with uncovered head sets out in the deepest grief and distress of mind, to his desolated home.—But, how different from the proud and haughty knight who, in quest of human glory, had on the previous day passed in the contrary direction! A moral transformation, such as belongs to divine grace, which changes lions into lambs, is taking place within the soul of this humbled and contrite knight.

When, upon his arrival home, he learned that his Lady had passed away shortly after the accident, his affliction and sorrow were pitiable to behold. His enlightened intellect, however, accepted the severe blow as having been dealt by Heaven. His strong will, assisted by the grace of God, finally subdued the deep grief of his soul. After the storms, with which his mind had been agitated, subsided, he became strengthened in his resolution to amend and henceforth to live for God alone.

No sooner had the grace of God revealed to Gerlach the deplorable state of his soul, than he determined to amend. Recognizing his deep guilt, he was resolved to wipe it out. When temptations arose against his resolutions and God's mercy, he would constantly repeat to himself the words of Holy Scripture: "God's mercy is infinite," "nor will He despise a contrite and humble heart." Thus the divine grace which had so often invited him to a better life had finally won the day. He now determined to enter upon a new life of penance and charity.—But how and where?—This, thought he, should be decided by another. He wished that the new plan of life, upon which he was about

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to enter, should be determined by Christ's Vicar on earth.

Accordingly, after Gerlach had laid his beloved wife to rest and left the management of his estate to a trustworthy steward, he laid aside his costly garments. A close-fitting hair-shirt and, over this, a coat of mail, made of iron rings, were put on in their stead. He then donned a pilgrim's cloak which, in order to hide his instruments of penance, he girded closely with a leathern belt. A worn-out mantle, shabby head-covering and pilgrim's staff completed the outfit of the holy penitent. Bidding those of his relatives and friends, whom he chanced to meet, a long farewell, he set out on foot for the Holy City.

On the way thither he visited the shrines of the Saints venerated in cities through which he passed. Great, indeed, must have been the hardships connected with such a journey over rough roads, hills and mountains! Even on horse-back this pilgrimage would have been fraught with the greatest fatigue and hardships. Unmindful, however, of sufferings, Gerlach sought to make the journey to Rome as difficult as possible. He wore no shoes and limited his food to that which was absolutely necessary. Who can estimate the privations connected with a journey of this kind, especially for a man like Gerlach? For, it must be borne in mind that he had been brought up in accordance with his noble rank, amid all the comforts wealth could afford. True, he had often in life undergone great hardships, but, not from a love of God. His love of adventure had made them easy. Never had he experienced the pangs of hunger or pinching cold, against which poverty is unable to protect itself. Long and difficult was this pilgrimage, especially the portion of it which led over the Alps.

What a joy it must have been, then, for Gerlach as he at length beheld, after many months of wearisome travelling, the lofty spires of Rome looming up in the distance! What spiritual delight and encouragement to know that from this sacred spot thousands of martyrs and confessors had taken their flight to Heaven! Rome's soil had drunk the blood of the early Christians and given life to that mystical tree whose branches envelop the earth. The heart of Christendom had finally been reached!—Here, from the Vicar of Christ, he hoped to obtain the coveted permission of entering upon a life of severe penance and Christian charity.

Upon his arrival, Gerlach at once betook himself to the Vatican and petitioned for an audience with His Holiness, Pope Eugene III. His rank and mission gained him admittance to the Pope without much delay. The latter, recognizing the deep religious spirit of the pilgrim, received him with the greatest kindness. The Holy Father even condescended to hear his confession and, having heard it, he gave Gerlach absolution from his sins and a penance. But no penance seemed sufficiently great to the humble Gerlach. Finally, in accordance with the contrite and willing spirit of the pilgrim, the Pope imposed a very severe penance upon him—Gerlach was to go to the Holy Land and there spend seven years in the service of the poor and sick in some hospital.

With the greatest delight did he enter upon the fulfilment of this heaven-imposed satisfaction for his sins. To be able to serve Christ, our Lord, in the poor and sick, especially in that land where He had died on the Cross for the sins of mankind,—was to his mind an inestimable grace. Having, therefore, learned the will of God for the next seven years, from His Vicar on earth, Gerlach lost no time in carrying it into execution. As soon as practicable he set out with joyous heart for the Holy Land. What a pleasing sight the soul of this penitent must have become to the eyes of God. What an object of delight to the Kingdom of Heaven! Only a short time ago his soul was still dark and

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hideous, reflecting none of the supernatural light which God shed upon it. But, as a piece of worthless carbon is changed by the physical and chemical power of nature into a precious diamond, so Gerlach's soul, by the wonderful powers of divine grace and his own free will, has been changed into a jewel, destined one day to adorn the crown of our Holy Mother Church. But his soul was still a diamond in the rough and had to be subjected to the file of penance and self-denial.

Shortly after his audience with the Pope Eugene III., Gerlach left Rome for Jerusalem, where he arrived about a month later. At this time, about the year 1147, the greater portion of Palestine was under Christian sway. In the year 1099 Godfrey of Bouillon had taken possession of Jerusalem, and deposed its Turkish Governor. His brother, Baldwin I., in the following year established the Kingdom of Jerusalem, which comprised the whole of Palestine. Moreover, Antioch and Tripolis were also governed by Christian rulers. Edessa, it is true, had, only a few years before, been reconquered by the Turks, and 30,000 Christians slain, still, the power obtained by the Christians during the First Crusade in Jerusalem and vicinity, was still in their possession.

It was, consequently, a source of exceeding pleasure to Gerlach to find the scenes of Christ's earthly pilgrimage in the hands of those possessing the same Faith as himself. Upon his arrival, he first visited all the holy places made memorable by the passion and death of our Saviour. What must have been this holy pilgrim's sentiments upon entering the Garden of Olives,—the Hall of the Last Supper, or, when making the Holy Way of the Cross on the very road which drank up his Saviour's most Precious Blood. If our heart thrills with emotion while treading the ground where some great battle has been fought, how much more must the sight and touch of the land made sacred by the passion and death of the Son of God, appeal to the imagination and heart of the pious believer! The Holy Places were like an eloquent sermon, and seemed to exhort him to penance and prayer. They vividly recalled the consoling truths of the Incarnation and appealed to his deepest gratitude and love. They inspired him with the hope that his sins had been forgiven, and encouraged him to enter upon a life of virtue.

Having, with great reverence and consolation, visited the Holy Places in and about Jerusalem, Gerlach next directed his steps to a Catholic Hospital for the sick. There were at this time many institutions of the kind in the Holy City. Pilgrims to the Holy Land were no longer abused by the insolent Turks as in former years. Owing to the salutary influence of the Crusaders, Catholic institutions and hospitals for the harboring of sick pilgrims might be seen in all parts of the city. Among others was the large institution in charge of the Brothers of the Hospital. Their hospital had been founded in the year 1128 by Gerlach's countrymen for the benefit of poor and sick pilgrims. Hence, what was more natural than that he should apply for employment among these noble and self-sacrificing "Servants of their Masters, the sick?" However, upon his presenting himself, the good Brothers soon discovered that Gerlach's shabby clothes ill suited him. The noble bearing and polite manner of Gerlach showed him to be a man of rank and ability. Gladly would the Brothers accept the applicant's services, but, what suitable employment could they offer a man of his position? They, accordingly, proposed one of the most trustworthy and responsible offices that could be entrusted to a man of Gerlach's capabilities. But, to their astonishment, they learned from Gerlach's own lips that he would accept none but the most menial position in the Hospital, that he sought not honors and distinctions, but wished, as our Blessed Lord had done in Nazareth, to spend as

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hidden a life as possible in the service of God and his neighbor. Nothing would satisfy his humility and his noble aspirations save the humble occupation of tending the cattle and swine belonging to the Hospital The good Brothers finally accepted Gerlach's services in this menial capacity. What sublime humility! Gerlach, a man of distinguished rank and great wealth, a man whose name was mentioned with the greatest respect, becomes, of his own free will, a swineherd!

The allurements and glitter of worldly honors, pleasures and goods no longer led him astray, for, he had once for all abandoned the world and its pomp. It was during Gerlach's stay in Jerusalem that a German army of Crusaders under the Emperor Conrad III., after sustaining heavy losses by treachery in the defiles of Iconium, arrived in the Holy Land. What a surprise it must have been to these, his former companions-in-arms, to see the valiant and successful Knight Gerlach clad in shabby garments and following the vocation of an ordinary farmhand! Gladly would they have received him into their ranks, conferred upon him the highest military distinctions, and fought under his leadership. But, Gerlach cared not for human honors. His conversion had been sincere and thorough. To be despised for Christ's sake, and forgotten, was the one distinction he sought. From a spirit of penance he would, henceforth, shun whatever the worldly-minded love and desire, and seek what they despise and abhor. Enlightened by divine grace, he clearly saw that everything in this world is to be valued only in proportion to its usefulness in serving us to attain Heaven, the glorious end for which we have been created.

His menial services around the Hospital, however, did not satisfy Gerlach's spirit of penance and mortification. His deep contrition and love of God prompted him to do far more than the penance imposed by His Holiness, Eugene III. Though Gerlach was all kindness to others, he daily practised the greatest austerity in his own regard. The nourishment he allowed himself was scanty and of the poorest kind. He chastised his body as if it were a stubborn beast of burden. Indeed, his life seemed to be a holocaust offered on the altar of prayer and mortification. By means of his severe penances he obtained God's favor, and drew down upon himself and others abundant grace. Whilst watching the cattle or sheep, on the neighboring hillsides, he was wont to pray from morn till night. Evenings, and several hours of the night, were employed in the service of the sick. Thus he divided his time between prayer, work and suffering.

One day as Gerlach was thus acting as shepherd, he accidentally stepped on a sharp thorn. The wound was exceedingly painful and slow in healing. But Gerlach did not allow the acute pain it caused to keep him from his usual occupation. On alluding to the wound, he would refer to it as a special favor of Divine Providence. "For," said he, "it was with this same foot that I, when a boy, in my base ingratitude and hotheadedness, kicked my beloved mother. What kindness of Almighty God to have, like a good parent, thus punished me for my sins against the Fourth Commandment! Should I not gladly bear this little pain in atonement for that ungrateful act, and for having so often abandoned the path of duty, whilst Jesus my Saviour and Lord suffered his feet to be cruelly pierced out of love for me!" Thus in holy contemplation, penance and deeds of charity passed the blessed years of atonement which Gerlach spent in the Holy Land! A glance towards Calvary and the thought of the heartrending scene which was enacted there eleven centuries previous, made every trial easy and lightened every burden.

When the seven years' penance, imposed by His Holiness, Pope Eugene III., had been accomplished, Gerlach, after due deliberation and prayer, decided to return to his native land. Gladly would he

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have remained in Palestine and there, amid the sacred scenes of our Lord's earthly pilgrimage, spend the rest of his days in prayer and holy contemplation. Such a life would have been more in accordance with his natural inclinations. For, he lived and labored for his Creator alone, and surely no country on earth is more calculated to elevate one's thoughts and desires heavenward, than the one which witnessed the divine mystery of the Incarnation. However, the conviction that he could promote God's glory most, in the place where he had offended against it by a life of sin, grew stronger in Gerlach's mind from day to day.

The scene of a sinful career should become, with God's grace, the scene of a life of penance and prayer. Those who had been scandalized by his proud, arrogant and irreligious spirit, should be edified by an humble, unassuming and conscientious life. His vassals and servants, whom he had often treated with harshness and contempt, should henceforth experience at his hand the benign influence of Christian charity. Due reparation, even to the last farthing, should be made where wrong had been committed. Gerlach wished, moreover, if it were God's will, to distinguish himself as a Knight of Christ in the country of his birth, where, as an Imperial Knight, he had been guilty of so many excesses.

Imbued with this noble spirit, Gerlach took leave of the holy places in and about Jerusalem, and went to Rome in order to propose his plan to the Pope, for, he well knew that man is the poorest judge in matters concerning his own spiritual welfare, and that an humble and submissive spirit in regard to God's Holy Will must form the basis of every action. Fully convinced that Christian obedience is the queen among the virtues, Gerlach wished to learn the will of God from His Vicar on earth and then to carry it into effect.

Upon his arrival in Rome, he at once proceeded to the Vatican and, throwing himself at the feet of Hadrian IV., who, during his stay in Palestine, had succeeded Eugene III., begged His Holiness to determine a mode of life for him, which he might follow to God's greater glory. The Pope thereupon proposed that he enter one of the Congregations or Religious Orders, which, at that time, were doing so much good in the Church. But the rules of the various Orders and Congregations, thought Gerlach, were not in accordance with the path of perfection which Almighty God wished him to follow; for, replied the holy pilgrim, "I have solemnly vowed never to mount a horse, always, throughout life, to wear a hair-shirt, to abstain from meat and intoxicating drinks and daily to observe a strict fast. However, my will is entirely subject to that of your Holiness, in whom I acknowledge Almighty God's representative, and I am ready to adopt that manner of life which is made known to me."

Upon hearing these edifying and self-sacrificing words, the Holy Father, enlightened by Heaven, bade him return to his native land, and there to devote the income of his manorial possessions to charitable purposes.

The Pope, thereupon, had his counsel as to the plan of life Gerlach was to adopt drawn up in the form of an Apostolic Brief and handed it, with his blessing, to the holy penitent. Great, indeed, was Gerlach's gratitude for this apostolic favor. His desire to lead a retired life of penance and charitable deeds, where he had so often offended his Creator, had been ratified by Christ's Vicar. Full of spiritual consolation he took leave of the tomb of the Apostles and returned to Houthem, the village of his birth. Having had his path marked out to him by God's representative in spiritual matters, he could be certain that every step he advanced on it would bring him nearer the object of his love—nearer his heavenly goal, for, "the path of the just, as a shining light, goeth forwards and increaseth even to perfect day."

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TO MY QUEEN OF MAY.

By Francis W. Grey.

SOFT as the light of Paschal moon,
Shining on rippling southern seas ;
Or music of the summer breeze,
That stirs the sleeping woods at noon :
Sweet as some loved familiar strain,
That moves the weary heart to tears,
Welcome, as after many years
Of wandering, is our home again :
So is Thy beauty, Queen most fair !
Sounds to the music of Thy name,
Whose praise let every voice proclaim,
Whose glories every tongue declare.

Dearer than all the world hath best,
More dear than any words can say,
To Thee in every need I pray,
Sweet comforter of souls distrest ;
What time my foes assail, to Thee,
Mother and Queen, I lift mine eyes,
To Thee my voice, my cry shall rise,
For Thou wilt help, wilt succor me ;
In ev'ry hour of pain or woe,
Mother of Pity, be Thou near,
To banish ev'ry doubt and fear ;
That all Thy sweetness I may know.

Yea, fairer than the Paschal moon,
Shining on rippling southern seas ;
And soft as is the whispering breeze
That stirs the sleeping woods at noon ;
Sweet as are Vesper-hymns, that rise
From convent choirs to God in heaven,
Or distant chiming bells at even,
Telling of peace beyond the skies :—
Oh Queen ! Thy beauty is to me,
Thy Blessed Name more soft, more sweet :
Behold Thy servant at Thy feet,
To give himself, his all, to Thee.

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THE KEY WEST CONVENT-HOSPITAL.

By L. S. Flintham.

FORMING the extreme southern boundary of the United States, just at the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, is situated the island of Key West. Out of the depths of the ocean's bed the busy coral has thrown up this firm foundation, seven miles in length, upon whose now fertile soil the palmetto and the orange rear their graceful heads.

Protecting it is Fort Taylor, a case-mated fortification, whilst the city holds within its limits one of the two light-houses which the island boasts. Key West is a port of entry, and by reason of its proximity to the Gulf, is an important naval station, and figured prominently as such during the recent war.

But it is not amongst its busy indus-



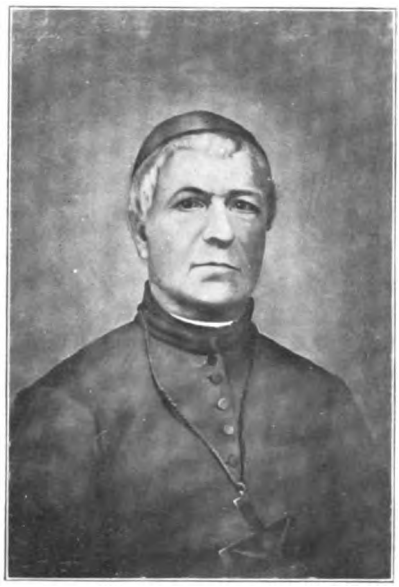
CONVENT OF MARY IMMACULATE, KEY WEST, FLORIDA.

On the island is built its namesake city—a city unique in its geographical position, being the most southern in the country—unique in its industries, since it is the largest cigar manufacturing city in the Union, and its sponge fisheries the most important. Regarding that peculiar industry known as "wrecking," there is still remembered the exclamation of the early inhabitants, who were wont to cry out when some unfortunate vessel foundered on the treacherous rocks near by, "God is good to us. He has sent us a wreck!"

tries, the noisy bustle of commerce, that our footsteps fain would linger, but out of the reach of their stir and strife we find our way to a certain picturesque building, rising gracefully above a profusion of palmetto, pawpaw, fig and almond trees. Here, too, grow the date palm, the sappodilla and the tamarind, mingling their foliage with that of the lime and orange.

Such is the Convent of Mary Immaculate, presided over by Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, and many of our "boys in blue" have the pictures of

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REV. F. HOMORAT, O.M.I.

both sisters and convent enshrined in their hearts forever.

It is well known, for the Sisters of the Holy Names were among the first of many noble patriots to give their all to their country, offering their convent and their services at the earliest rumors of the impending conflict for the needs of the sick and wounded.

Is it not natural then to ask: "Who are these Sisters of the Holy Names? Whence came they?" Their history is full of interest, and carries us away from the balmy southland to a region of snow and ice—our northern neighbor, Canada.

Eulalia Durocher, the woman destined by God to herald far and wide His holy name, was a maid of noble family. St. Antoine, on the River Chambly, was the place of her birth, and October 6, 1811, the date.

Angels must have whispered holy counsels fresh from heaven in the ears of the feeble babe, for from her early childhood the sweet Eulalia determined to consecrate her life to God, nor could apparently insurmountable obstacles dissuade her from her plans.

Though the destiny of the New World had long since been entrusted to the Anglo-Saxon race, and the wounds of defeat nearly healed, yet the old Canadian settlers looked with sad foreboding on the encroachments of the stranger, and the unhappy influence of a new religion in their well-beloved land.

Montreal's second Bishop, Mgr. Bourget, was a political, social and religious power, and realizing clearly the needs of his diocese, he set himself the task of supplying to his rapidly increasing flock a more extended religious education than they had as yet enjoyed.

The Oblate Fathers, who have ever labored so zealously in Canada for the cause of education, were with him heart and hand, and Mlle. Durocher proved one of the means towards the end they had in view.

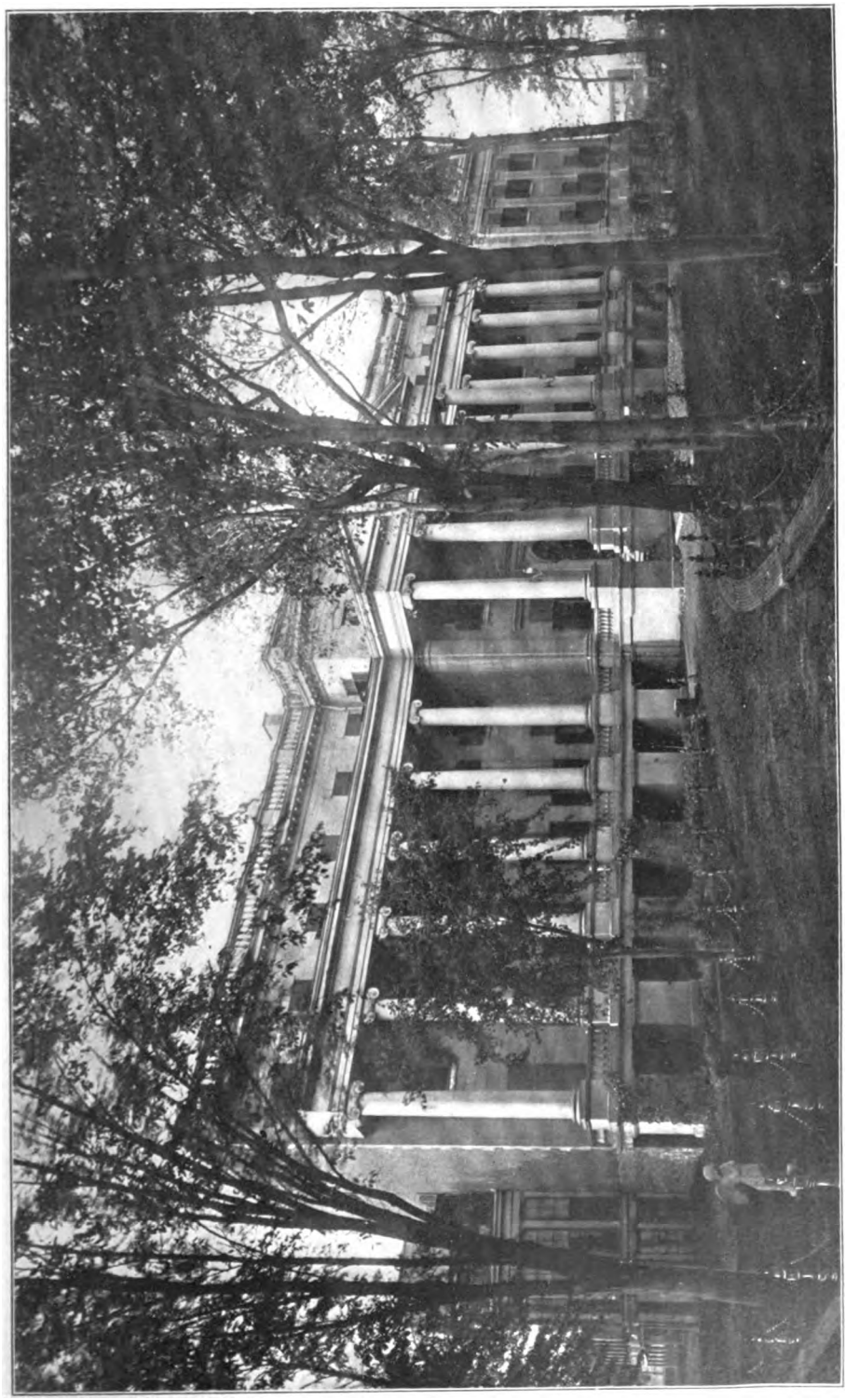
A proposal to bring to this country members of the Order of Jesus and Mary from France, and to have Mlle. Durocher join them, not proving feasible, Father Telmont, O.M.I., her spiritual director, set about forming a new religious community, which should devote itself to the better education of youth.

On November 1, 1843, in a small house at Longueil, on the St. Lawrence River, opposite Montreal, with the blessing of Bishop Bourget, the Congregation of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary saw its beginning. Its first members were Mlles. Durocher, Dufresne, and Céré. Father Homorat, O.M.I., acted as Superior, and Father Allard as Novice Master. After a year's probation, the postulants pronounced their vows, Mlle. Durocher, under the name of Sister M. Rose, being appointed superioress and mistress of novices.

The lives of these gentle women were truly noble. Bound together by angel sympathies, they faced poverty and hardship with such undaunted courage that others, inspired by their holy example, speedily joined them.

For only five years was Mother Rose spared to her little community. God

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CONVENT OF THE HOLY NAMES OF JESUS AND MARY, HOCHELAGA, MONTREAL.

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REV. F. TELMONT, O.M.I.

judged her ripe for heaven, and removed her from the earth. But in that brief space a life work had been accomplished.

That the zealous, generous spirit of the foundress had been imbibed by each of her spiritual children, is evidenced by the rapid spread of the Congregation. Not only in the two Canadas have Sisters of the Holy Names planted their standard. They have braved Manitoba's icy clime, and crossing the border have penetrated to the extreme west and south of the great United States.

Like a chain of forts guarding the interests of Jesus and Mary, their houses extend from Southern California to the northern part of Oregon and different cities of New York to Michigan.

Though the Christian education of poor children has ever been the chief care of these religious, yet in order to provide the means necessary to carry on their work, from the beginning they have directed academies, teaching the higher branches and instilling that cultured grace found only in the "convent girl."

In 1860 the Mother-House was transferred to Hochelaga, a suburb of Montreal. In 1877 the Congregation received the approval of the Holy See, and to-day numbers more than a thousand members and counts its years by the number of its missions, the fiftieth being opened just in time to round out its golden crown of jubilee.

But it is to Ponce de Leon's "land of flowers" that we turn to find the mission in which we are most interested. Urged by the pleadings of Mgr. Verot, Bishop of Savannah, and Father Allard, a Canadian by birth, but at that time pastor of St. Mary's Star of the Sea, Key West, the Sisters of the Holy Names willingly responded to a call that promised a fruitful yield for their labors.

A community of five Sisters, aglow with true apostolic zeal, took up their residence in Key West. The house destined for them had served as a barracks for soldiers during the Civil War, which had recently closed. After the departure of the soldiers it had been frequented by goats, with which Key West at that time abounded.

So energetic were the nuns, however, that, with the aid of quickly-acquired friends, the house was soon made habitable, and in November (they had arrived in October), the Sisters were able to open classes.

In the first year of Southern life we find recorded new confraternities formed among the convent girls, such as the Children of Mary, the Society of the Holy Angels, the Infant Jesus Society, and others. Numerous conversions were also wrought, and among the Cuban population, in particular, the Sisters found much scope for the exercise of their piety. Many of these people had flocked to Key West, seeking there the living which the troubled times at home prevented them obtaining. Promptly adapting themselves to their needs, the nuns made a study of the Spanish language, with such success that soon a school was opened for the Cuban children.

An early blow to the Sisters was the

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death of Sister M. Angelique, who succumbed to the dread disease, consumption. She had one month before taken her vows in the presence of many people who witnessed such a ceremony for the first time. The young nun had brought about the conversion of several of her pupils, and on her deathbed secured a promise from the physician who attended her that he would study Catholic dogma. The happy result was his admission into the true fold.

Another trial was in store for the



WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND HOSPITAL CORPS IN THE CONVENT GROUNDS.

struggling community. Yellow fever, that scourge of the tropics, laid his poisonous hand upon the people of Key West, and the good pastor, Father Allard, being absent on a visit to Canada, Father McDonald, the only remaining priest, was left alone to minister to the afflicted congregation.

Very soon he, too, succumbed to the terrible scourge, and medical aid proved powerless. Then was enacted a strange and touching scene—two Sisters assisting at that holy deathbed, with no priest in reach to give the consolations of religion to him who had so often administered them to others. Despairing of any priest arriving for the burial, the Sisters, with the aid of some pious Catholics, bore his body to the grave, where, after chanting the prayers for the dead, they laid him down to rest.

Father McDonald was succeeded by Father Enciso, who likewise fell a victim to the plague, but two brother priests consoled him in his last hours, one of whom also gave up his life a few days after his landing. Some of the Sisters contracted the disease, but happily all were spared.

Notable among the conversions wrought at this time was that of Major-General T. W. Sherman, a relative of the great commander-in-chief. Himself and wife, together with their little son, received the waters of baptism in the pretty convent chapel, and as an expression of gratitude for the tender interest of the nuns he presented the latter with his carriage and the span of handsome horses he so fondly loved.

Early in 1872 another dread disease,

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smallpox, visited the island and the city of Key West. The schools were deserted. The condition of the victims became appalling. A pest house was built on an isolated part of the island, and again the Sisters of the Holy Names showed themselves angels of mercy. The tender of their services was gratefully accepted by the city authorities, and bravely three of the community, Sisters M. Octavia, Monica and Maurice, exiled themselves from their convent home and entered with zeal on their self-imposed task.

The patients were largely negroes, who were rendered most loathsome by the horrible malady. The Sisters' devotion secured the result for which they continually prayed, for not one of the many who died in that hospital but received the consolations of religion ere he entered into eternity. The attending physician spoke eloquently of the Sisters' unfailing kindness, and, won by the example before him, he himself sought instruction and admission into the bosom of the Church.

Nor did their self-abnegation fail to make an impression upon the hearts of the more bigoted people of the place. They declared their prejudices against the Catholic faith entirely eradicated, since that religion alone could inspire such perfect sacrifice.

The scourge ended, the Sisters turned their attention to their schools, which now grew and flourished to such an extent that larger accommodations for teachers and pupils became necessary. The old building was sold, and a larger piece of ground was purchased, upon which the initial portion of the present convent was erected. Entertainments, fairs, etc., given by the Sisters, helped to swell the needful funds; most of the ground was cleared by the patient lay Sisters, nor did Mother Theresa herself scorn to handle rake and spade.

Thus began the convent of Mary Immaculate, the beauty of which has from time to time been enhanced by subsequent improvements. Within, the accommodations are complete, embracing a series of attractive class rooms, music and drawing rooms, and all the accessories of a modern academy, where there is imparted a thorough, practical, yet polished education. Every year young ladies are graduated from the institution, though among these are seldom found the dark-eyed signoritas of Cuba, who predominate in the lower classes. To these, hymeneal engagements offer more attractions as they get up in their teens, than the duller pursuits of the arts and sciences.

On the evening of February 15, 1898, the Commencement exercises of the pupils of this academy were in progress at the San Carlos Opera House. Miss Sybil Curry, the daughter of a well-known Protestant gentleman of Key West, was the graduate of the evening. In the midst of the charming drama, which was a feature of the programme, a loud crash as of a gallery giving way suddenly threw the audience into confusion. Their fear was quelled, however, when all were assured that no accident had happened to the hall. The next morning the whole city knew, as all the world knew, the meaning of that sudden sound. It was the explosion of the Maine!

Excitement ran high in Key West. Rumors of war were carried from lip to lip, reaching at length the portals of the peaceful convent.

Then arose the question: "Ought we, in case of actual hostilities, to offer our houses for hospitals? Apart from the spiritual consolation we might procure for the sick and wounded, would it not be for the greater honor of religion that we remain firm at our posts?"

In the light of past events we need not wonder at the answer to that question. They who had dared the ravages of small pox and yellow fever were not likely to turn their backs upon their suffering brothers about to face death at the call of country.

One morning, shortly before the formal declaration of war, the Superior of the

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convent called on the commander of the Naval Station, and on being asked what service the latter could render her, replied that she sought no favors, but had come to offer the service of herself and her Sisters in the event of actual hostilities. Their convent, on account of its location, would be most desirable as a hospital, and this, and their two schools, were at the disposal of the government.

The generous offer was promptly accepted with cordial expressions of gratitude, as the following letters will testify:

Letter of the Commander-in-Chief of the squadron, W. T. Sampson, to Jas. M. Forsyth, Commander of the Naval Station at Key West.

U. S. Flagship, "New York,"
off Key West, Fla.,
April 7, 1898,

SIR:—1. Acknowledging your letter of the 5th instant, stating that the Lady Superior in charge of the schools of the "Sisters of the Holy Names, Convent of Mary the Immaculate," at Key West, has called on you, and offered, in case of war, to place the convent and two school buildings of the Order at the disposition of the naval authorities for hospital purposes, and that the Sisters tender their personal services as nurses.

2. I cordially agree with your opinion expressed, that this is a most generous and patriotic tender, and beg that you will make known to the Lady Superior, and to the Sisters, my appreciation of their offer, and acceptance in case it becomes necessary.

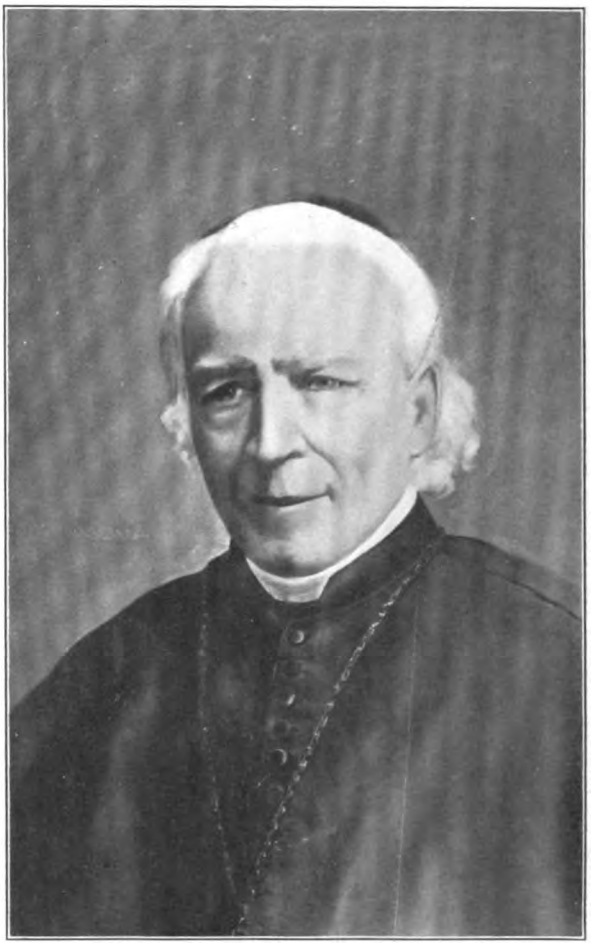
Very respectfully,
(Signed) W. T. SAMPSON,
Captain U. S. N., Commander-in-Chief U. S. Naval Force, North Atlantic Station.

Letter of Commander Forsyth to Sr. M. Florentine, Superior:

COMMANDANT'S OFFICE,
U. S. Naval Station, Key West, Fla.
April 11, 1898.

MADAM,—I enclose for your information copy of a letter received from the Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Naval Force, North Atlantic Station.

I trust you and the Sisters will understand that every officer and man of the fleet join with the Commander-in-Chief and myself in hearty appreciation of your kindly action.



THE LATE MOST REV. IGNATIUS BOURGET.

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Very respectfully,
(Signed) JAS. M. FORSYTH,
Commander U. S. N.,
Commandant.

A Protestant minister thus comments upon the course pursued by the Sisters: "Their decision was beautiful in its unselfishness, for not only did they who offered the use of their convent become faithful nurses, but they asked no remuneration at the hands of the Government either for the use of the convent or for their services as nurses, the only stipulation being that the convent should be returned to them at the end of the war in as good condition as when it was accepted by the Government."



RT. REV. F. ALLARD, O.M.I.

On April 21, Dr. Hall arrived from Washington to oversee the preparing of the new hospital. The next day most of the pupils were dismissed. Reluctantly they bade farewell to their beloved teachers and to their peaceful convent home, now ruthlessly attacked by the hammer.

In two days the convent and schools presented an entirely different aspect. Desks, pianos, libraries and all other encumbrances were whisked away as if by magic. A gentleman of the city placed an empty tenement at the disposal of the Sisters, who made use of it as a storage house. A very few apartments were retained for the Sisters' own use, they confining themselves to the smallest possible quarters. The parlor became a drug store; the spacious class rooms of the first floor were converted into wards for the wounded soldiers, the offices and operating rooms being on the second floor.

One of the hardest sacrifices of that trying week was the parting with their invalid Sister M. Damian, whom extreme weakness prevented from remaining amid such exciting scenes. Being unable to take a sea voyage, she accepted the kind hospitality of a former pupil, who sehonored guest she remained throughout the Summer.

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News of the action taken by the Sisters at Key West was speedily spread to other members of the congregation, and from all parts of the country—from California, Oregon, Manitoba and Ontario—came numberless offers from zealous souls, anxious to aid their southern Sisters in caring for Uncle Sam's brave boys.

For some time after the declaration of war, the patients sent to the general hospital—such was the convent called—were mostly sailors suffering from heat prostrations, measles, etc. Among the first to receive the loving care of the nuns was the now famous Father Chidwick, the hero of the Maine. Upon recovering from the erysipelas from which he had been suffering, Father Chidwick celebrated Mass in the convent chapel, using the chalice given him by the crew of the Maine, and which had just been rescued from the deep.

During their leisure time, the Sisters prepared themselves for their new duties as nurses by attending the daily lectures which Dr. Armstrong kindly volunteered to give them.

May 12 was a red letter day at the Convent of Mary Immaculate, for it brought the first wounded heroes to her welcoming arms. Among them was the brave Lieutenant Bernadou, of the torpedo boat Winslow.

The medical faculty of the general hospital consisted of nine doctors, under the direction of a major. They were Major W. R. Hall, Major W. C. Borden, Major S. T. Armstrong, Captain H. A. Shaw, Dr. B. E. Baker, Dr. H. P. Jackson, Dr. E. G. Ferguson, Dr. A. E. De Lipsey, Dr. F. M. E. Usher, Dr. H. Mann, Dr. R. C. Eve, Dr. T. A. Clayton, Dr. R. G. Plummer.

Four trained nurses from Washington were in charge of the different wards, and these were aided by the Sisters, twenty in number. The greatest harmony prevailed among all, and the nuns treasure many letters from members of the staff that plainly indicate the honest admiration which their sacrifices inspired.

Along those wards where the fever-stricken and the wounded lay, passed the sweet-faced, quiet sisters, soothing each sad heart with kindly words of cheer, moistening the parched lips with cooling drinks, or sitting by the bedside penning bright letters to the waiting ones at home, comforting those aching souls with messages of hope and love.

Time and again during all these cruel days the secular press took occasion to laud the zeal and patriotism of the Red Cross and other nurses who ministered to the suffering soldiers. But how little space, if any, was given to the labors of our good Sisters, whose sacrifices were incalculable, though they looked not for praise of men!

In the fever-stricken camps of the southland, Sisters of Mercy and Sisters of Charity watched night and day, surrendering health, and sometimes life, that their brothers might live, yet in the volumes that will immortalize the work of our nurses in the war, I wonder how many times the labors of Catholic Sisters will be found recorded?

There is one class of men, however, who will for the balance of life lift their hats with reverence whenever the dark-robed form of a Sister comes in view. They are the soldiers. At Key West, when the Lady Superior visited the wards each day, a chorus of voices was raised extolling the goodness of the nuns. One brave captain afterwards said, "Had they been my own daughters they could not have done more for me. They are veritable angels!" Many who went to the hospital despising the Catholic faith renounced their bigotry forever, won by the sublime charity it evokes from its members. In the Sisters' hands the soldiers were docile as children, and were wont to say, "Dr. Hall is Major, but Mother Superior is General!"

The news of Sampson's splendid victory filled every inmate of the general hospital with deepest joy. The flower of the Spanish navy destroyed! Cervera and thirteen hundred men in our posses-

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sion! A conquest making as memorable the Fourth of July, 1898, as that other great Fourth which Columbia will celebrate so long as the Stars and Stripes drape her noble form.

To patients of the Key West hospital it was indeed a day of rejoicing, and it was a touching sight to witness those poor crippled men dragging themselves to the gate in order to see and cheer the Stars and Stripes, which Mother Superior had ordered hoisted from the cupola. One poor fellow managed to climb up a mulberry tree to fasten a flag to its branches. They were like children in their joyous excitement, and that nothing should be lacking to make the occasion memorable, the Mother had cream and cake served under the pleasant shade trees, whilst it was whispered that the Major treated them, too—but not to cream and cake.

But the bitter part of that glorious victory was yet to be experienced Hourly the wounded from Santiago were expected, and preparations for their care were made with all possible speed. Every available inch of room was utilized, and, that none might be turned away, tents containing over a hundred beds were erected on the grounds.

July 5 the ambulance arrived, followed by tramways laden with wounded. There were at least twenty officers, all with some limb bandaged up. Then came the poor soldiers, dusty, suffering, exhausted. Those who could not walk were borne on litters by companions less afflicted than themselves. It was a sight that will ever live in the memory of those who for the first time beheld some of the horrors of war.

With the utmost tenderness and cordiality the hospital staff received them, and when all were comfortably settled the Major informed the Sisters that one hundred more were shortly expected, adding, "I rely on you, for you are my best disciplined soldiers."

In less than a week after that bloody conflict over three hundred patients were under the Sisters' care. The pupils who had remained at the convent gladly shared in the good work of their teachers, and, forming themselves into charity clubs, visited the wards every day, distributing linen, cigars and dainties. To use the Sisters' words, "The poor boys thought them charming," and we may safely judge, from our knowledge of schoolgirls in general, that sudden pictures of a "boy in blue" since last Summer oft hide unbidden the prosy page that soft brown eyes are conning.

The Sisters of the Holy Names have not seconded the cry of indignation that has risen on every side against the treatment of our soldiers during the late war. No inmate of the Key West hospital had just cause for complaint. The physicians were able and humane men, who showed paternal kindness to their patients. The Government furnished excellent and abundant fare. The nursing, as we have shown, was excellent, and delightful breezes that temper the Southern clime, fluttering in and out the windows of the spacious dormitories, made the place an ideal one for the convalescent.

One young man regretting his slowness in using the pen that he might extol the goodness of the Sisters, was answered by a Jewish companion: "So soon as I am well—that shall be my first duty." Catholics and Protestants alike never wearied in earnestly voicing the gratitude that filled their hearts.

But it was not in the praise of men that the Sisters found happy returns for the sacrifices of that memorable Summer. The many conversions wrought by their example and patience were more the subject of rejoicing to them than their splendid victories to the generals.

Of the six hundred sick and wounded who came to the hospital, thirty returned to the practice of their religion which they had neglected for ten, twenty, and sometimes forty years. But who can calculate the good that time alone will show —the far-reaching effect of the "word in season," of the gentle sympathy fall-

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ing like April rain on longing soil to nourish the dormant seed below?

Under the spreading tropical trees, with the soft zephyrs from the Gulf playing around them, Father Faget, S.J., gathered his class for instruction. Father Friend, S.J., pastor of St. Mary's Star of the Sea, frequently visited the sick and convalescent, and his genial face was welcomed alike by suffering patients and weary nurses.

Not in Key West alone did Sisters of the Holy Names succor the needy during the Spanish-American war. Others of that Congregation at Tampa City, Port Tampa and West Tampa, displayed the same active interest.

Early in June troops were sent to Tampa in advance of provisions, and we can readily imagine the distress that ensued. Many of the 69th New York, officers and men, had not tasted food for forty-four hours when they appeared at the convent doors. Tables were placed on the grounds, and one whole day Sisters and pupils served twelve hundred hungry men, the next day eight hundred.

There must have taken place another "miracle of loaves," for all seemed to wonder how so much food was found!

At another time, whilst some poor, starving men were having their hunger appeased with sandwiches and coffee in the pleasant convent yard, a detachment of cavalry approached. The men, themselves craving food, halted and looked longingly at the tempting fare.

The commander, however (we wonder how he could do it), ordered them not to dismount, whereat Sisters and pupils hastened to their sides with basket after basket of food, which was thankfully devoured by the famished men.

* * * * *

I have endeavored to paint a humble picture of how one religious community, during the war just closed, upheld our highest ideal of true womanhood.

Honor to them, and to the scores of other brave women who responded without question to the call of duty, whose offers of service were in some cases scorned, until the inefficiency of others not religious urged the request that Catholic Sisters repeat the history of Civil War achievements.

Then, in the self-abnegation of a spirit that resents no wrong, they went with willing hearts and ready hands, and the recording angel has traced their deeds in gold.

Life flows on as peacefully as ever in the Convent of Mary Immaculate, and where late the listening air caught the struggling breath of stricken heroes, bright girlish faces now come and go.

Peace to the fallen; peace to those yet spared to the better serving of God and country, and long life and prosperity to the gentle subjects of our sketch—the Sisters of the Holy Names.

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AVILA OF THE KING.

SUCH has been the proud title borne for centuries by this famous city, as its coat-of-arms attests :

"Avila of the King, very noble and very loyal."

And should all record of its former glory have passed away from written pages, there remain such marvellous proofs of what its strength must have been in the long struggles between Moor and Christian, that its history may still be read in very solid masonry.

But the glory of its belted knights, and the renown of its valiant women, great as they are and ever shall remain while history lasts, grow dim and hide away behind the fame of her who has made the name of Avila known in every Christian land; and St. Teresa's Country has now become the beloved appellation of the Province of which Avila, her native city, is the capital.

According to some historians the city was founded by Hercules or perhaps Alcides, his son, who named it Avila, after his mother, an African by birth. Ptolemy even asserts that it was built before Rome existed. However great the obscurity which surrounds its origin, and even its founders, there is no doubt that Avila was one of the most celebrated cities of Spain from time immemorial. Not only was it the capital of the Province which bears its name, but it was also the great stronghold on the frontiers of Estramadura—the brave fortress which so often kept the Moors at bay.

The city rests on a gently sloping hillside, a spur of the Guadanama range about eight thousand and ninety feet above sea level. Close by flow the cool waters of the Adajo and Grazal. The country around the city is hilly, rough, and wild looking enough, but afar off the mountains of Avila, Puertos del Pico, Menga and Villatro form a goodly circle. The climate has always been famous; it is dry, pure, and in Winter very cold, yet so health-giving, that even the royal families of Spain sought its pleasant breezes during the Summer months. Ferdinand and Isabella, the "Catholic kings," caused a magnificent residence, half palace, half monastery, to be built there as a Summer resort for themselves and their children. It is strange that when the plague raged in the town and provinces around, Avila was spared. Even in our own times, when the cholera was scourging Madrid and the neighboring towns, Avila again was exempt from the general epidemic. Numbers of people flocked to the town for safety and not a single case occurred there. St. Teresa is looked up to as their great protectress and is thanked with devoted love for the care she takes of her fellow citizens. To her the inhabitants attribute their preservation from many evils; they rank her above the most valiant of the many illustrious women who have been born and lived within the castled walls of Avila, and who in time of need were its brave defenders too.

What vicissitudes that city has experienced, and how often has it exchanged rulers! No better testimony to its great importance as a stronghold can be given than the tenacity with which Moor and Christian disputed the possession of its keys. During the eighth and ninth centuries, and far into the tenth and eleventh, the change of conquerors form the warp and woof of a history which is perhaps unparalleled in the chronicle of sieges.

In the year 714 Tarika broke into Avila, pulled down the walls and caused them to be reconstructed by his Mussulmans. In 735, Don Alfonso the Catholic reconquered the city with great difficulty, and the Christians held sway till 767, when Abd eer Rahman, Calif of Cordova, wrested the power from them.

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Don Alfonso III., surnamed the Great, turned out the Moors in 864, but eleven years later the Christians were expelled, and the Moors once more became masters.

In the time of Don Ramiro II. (910), the Christians became possessors of the city, and held it for nearly fifty years, till Almanzor seized and razed it to the ground in 968.

The year 980 saw Avila, ruined as it was, once more under Christian rule, conquered by Count Fernandez, only to be retaken a few years later by the Moors. Don Sancho, the Count's son, expelled them, and just as the town was being repopulated by numbers of Christian families whom Don Sancho had induced to settle there, the fierce Arabs, under their chief, Almudafar, again threw down the walls. Finally, when peace was proclaimed between Saracen and Christian, the king, Don Alfonso VI., ordered his son-in-law, Don Ramon, to rebuild the city and fortify it anew.

Urraca's husband must have been a man of action, for he lost no time in complying with the wishes of his father-in-law. The Bishop of Oviedo was summoned to bless the foundations. The able architects, Casandro, a Roman, and Florin de Pituenga, a Frenchman, were charged with the construction of the walls. Alvar Garcia, a Spaniard, undertook the cathedral and churches. Nineteen hundred men, two hundred of whom were Moorish captives, worked daily for an allotted number of hours. The walls were three thousand five hundred metres in length, and round towers, eighty-eight in number, were placed at equal distances around the walls, and formed part of them. Material to build they had in plenty and variety. One may still see Phœnician signs on some stones, Roman on others, and very many with Moorish hieroglyphics. The various destroyers and rebuilders had each left some trace of their nationality on the devoted walls.

Simultaneously with the fortifications and forming a portion of them, rose the beautiful Gothic Cathedral. Don Alvar Garcia de Estella, as above mentioned, was its architect, and he did a noble work. There were also built the churches of San Pedro, San Vincente, San Andres, San Nicolas, and the Alcazar. So earnestly and urgently were those works carried on, that most writers agree they were all completed between the years 1090 and 1099. It seems incredible that so much and such beautiful building could possibly have been done solidly in such a short space of time, but whatever the length of time expended in its construction, the greater part yet remains to prove it had been thoroughly well done.

The next care of the wise king was to invite many families to settle in the city in order to repeople it. Great honors and privileges were promised to all who responded to the call. Numbers of noble families of Burgos and the Asturias accepted his offer, thus forming the nobility of Avila. Notable among them were the Estradas, Abrajos, and Serranos.

Fortified houses rose rapidly inside the walls and to the lordly owners was confided the custody of the various round towers. Three hundred armed men defended the interior of the city; two hundred horsemen were set to watch the outposts. Thus Avila was so well defended that no enemy thought of molesting it till the year 1110, when all its brave fighting men went forth to do battle with the Moors either at Cuenca or Toledo, where they were completely routed and almost all were slain.

Then the Moorish leader Abdalla Alhacem, believing the city of Avila to be quite undefended, encamped at some distance from it, and began to make preparations for an assault. And now occured one of those noble actions which Spanish women are capable of performing when roused by a strong feeling of patriotism or religion. The Governor of Avila, Fernan Lopez, or as some historians say, Blasco Jimeno, had gone forth

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as related above, with almost all the fighting men. Very few remained behind except the old, feeble, and boys, and they were almost the only defenders of the city. Abdalla, with his horde of Mussulmans was near. Who was to hold the garrison against him? Whom should they appoint to guard the keys in Don Blasco's absence? The bells of the Council House rang out; the people assembled, and Doña Jimena Blasquez, the Governor's noble wife, was unanimously chosen to rule in her husband's place. Well must the citizens have known the great qualities of the lady they selected as their chief; nor did she disappoint their hopes. She assumed the perilous office and promptly set about fulfilling its duties.

With the clear cool head of a veteran commander, she summoned together her scanty forces and portioned out to each his work. The city gates were locked, with the exception of a strongly defended sally port. She ordered trumpets to be sounded from the various towers of the city, especially from the heights near the Adaja. The few guards and sentinels she had still at her disposal she placed all around the outer walls of the city with orders to retreat within the postern in case of danger. The heroine passed the night on horseback, riding from sentinel to sentinel, reanimating their courage, and even distributing their rations. Meanwhile, Sancho de Estrada with only twenty horsemen, reconnoitred the Moorish camp and found the guards sleeping. No one saw him, or his twenty horsemen, or if any of the more wakeful did, they ignored his presence, for he returned to the city unmolested and unpursued.

The following morning on returning to her home, Doña Jimena summoned her daughters and their maids to her apartment and divesting herself of female attire put on a coat of mail and helmet, exhorting them to do likewise for the love of home and fatherland. They did as she bade them, and armed like warriors, proceeded to the market place, where a multitude of women were lamenting aloud the awful fate that threatened them should the Moors gain entrance to the city. Jimena with her daughters and maids appeared suddenly in their midst and raising her voice she cried out:

"My friends, do as we do and God will defend our city and give us victory."

Scarcely had she ceased speaking when the women, fired with enthusiasm, rushed away to arm themselves as best they could, and very soon returned to place themselves at the service of Doña Jimena. She ordered all to mount the walls and crowd as much as possible at every point, and so numerous were the women in armor and helmet that they really appeared like a strong army in battle array. In the course of the day the haughty Abdalla with three companions rode leisurely toward the city to reconnoitre. Within a mile of it he halted. Well for the brave women that field glasses were unknown in their day! As he gazed, his insolent assurance changed to surprise, for he believed he saw the city splendidly defended, so great was the display of shield and spear that met his eyes. Returning to his camp he gave orders for retreat, but not till he had caused the destruction of all the houses he found in the suburbs. Later in the day, a shepherd who had fled before the Moors and had concealed himself, saw their departure and immediately hurried to Avila with the joyful tidings. How the women scrambled down from their post of danger! And how joyfully they flocked in procession to give thanks to God in the various churches! Then they seized their brave leader Doña Jimena Blasquez in their arms and bore her in exultant triumph from the Alcazar to her home, for they well knew that they owed the safety of their beloved city to the skill and presence of mind of that heroic Spanish lady.

Three times Avila was the refuge and faithful guardian of baby kings, viz: Alfonso VII., Alfonso VIII. and Alfonso

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XI.; hence the affectionate name "Mother of the Alfonsos" which she so long enjoyed. And when those little kings had grown to manhood, they did not forget the loyal people who had been such true friends in their helpless infancy and who had defended them from the ambitious men who coveted the sceptre held by their tiny hands. It was in the days when Alfonso VII. was gaining such glory for Spain by his prowess, that "Avila of the King" was blazoned on the escutchon of the city. Later on, in the reign of Alfonso VIII., "Very loyal and very noble" were added.

The Fortress-Cathedral was the stronghold of the boy kings, and it was from its cupola the loyal knights of Avila showed the little Alfonso VII. to his stepfather, Alfonso of Aragon (who claimed his guardianship), swearing at the same time they would shed the last drop of their blood in defense of Urraca's son. Some chronicles relate that on withdrawing from the siege of Avila the angry monarch took horrible revenge on the hostages from that city. Sixty cavaliers were beheaded and *boiled in oil.* But we give no credit to this tale, altogether unworthy of the noble Aragonese, who though very stern and deserving of the name "El Bàtallados" which clings to him in history, was neither cruel nor vindictive. The chronicle goes on to relate how the governor, Don Blasquez Jimena, accompanied by his nephew, went out from Avila in pursuit of the King to challenge him to single combat for breach of faith with the city, and how the hostile soldiers fell on the knights and slew them when they had reached the camp. Don Blasquez Jimena is still one of Avila's most cherished heroes. By deeds like his, and countless others the city has won another title, that of the "Caballeros" or the Knights.

Most glorious of all is the name she bears to-day, "Avila of the Saints," and well does she merit the title. Who does not marvel at the "roll call" of holy men and women who at one time or another have sanctified the city by sojourns, long or short, amidst its people or who were born within its walls? Who can disassociate from Avila the names of Teresa of Jesus, Peter of Alcantara, John of the Cross, Pedro del Barco, the saintly Duke of Gandia, Francis Borgia, Baltasar Alvarez, the holy women Maria Vela, Maria Diaz, the humble Anna de Reyes, and a litany of others, far too long to quote here. The modern traveller who visits Avila finds there a bewildering number of shrines and holy souvenirs, each with its own traditions, all of the deepest interest. Preëminent are those of the wonderful St. Teresa. Almost every church and convent possesses some remembrance of her; four in particular claim precedence, viz: the church of St. Teresa; the convent where she was educated, Santa Maria de Gracia; the Incarnation where she took the veil and spent so many happy years; finally the convent of St. Joseph, her first Foundation.

The church and convent of St. Teresa occupy the site of her paternal home, and some of the rooms are still preserved. The room in which the Saint was born is now a beautifully adorned little chapel, which, with its adjoining sacristy, is rich in countless relics of the lovable Teresa of Jesus. The little corner of the garden where the Saint and her brother Rodrigo used to play at being hermits is still preserved with reverent care by the Carmelite Fathers who possess the Convent, and who are extremely kind and courteous in displaying their treasures for the veneration of visitors.

As the Convents of the Incarnation and St. Joseph were in the days of St Teresa, so they still remain. Everything that had belonged to or was ever used by the Saint is preserved with undying love. The cup she drank from, her rosary, old sandals well worn, her chair and prie dieu—in fine, whatever she touched is sanctified and held as priceless. Among the treasures at the con-

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vent of the Incarnation there is a simple little wooden crucifix which emits a delicious perfume. It is believed that no one can perceive the odor who is not in the state of grace. It was therefore with a feeling of reverent dread the cross was approached by the writer, and of deep gratitude when the heavenly fragrance was distinctly perceived.

Apart from all those recollections of Teresa of Jesus, the city itself is deeply interesting. Approaching it in the train which winds through the hills about a mile from the walls, one feels a thrill of emotion and surprise at the sight of those fortifications resting in such grand repose amidst the rugged boulders of granite on the sunny hillside. The railway station and its accompanying bustle are out of harmony with the place, and the noise jars on one's thoughts on entering this mediæval city. Luckily for the lover of tranquillity Avila stands a good mile off, and one can wander through its cleanly, crooked streets without being startled by the whistle and puffing of the engine. There is a peaceful holiness in the very air, born perhaps of the fervent prayers forever ascending from the shrines one meets at every turn. In a flying visit of twenty-four hours very little could be seen satisfactorily, yet to describe all one sees in that short time would fill a small volume, and everything in Avila is worthy of notice. The magnificent Fortress-Cathedral, with its art treasures, saints' relics and tombs, would need some days of visits in order to see everything thoroughly. The palatial monastery of St. Thomas, belonging to the Dominicans, which was built by the "Catholic Kings, Ferdinand and Isabella," and adorned by them in truly royal fashion, is highly interesting. The choir is a masterpiece of carving. In the centre of the church stands the magnificent tomb of white marble, beneath which rest the remains of Don Juan, the holy young son of the Catholic Kings. In one of the side chapels where St. Teresa loved to pray, she had the famous vision of our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph. In fine, there is so much to be seen and admired and venerated, that one would fain return again and yet again to linger a little longer in each hallowed spot.

On stepping from the coach which takes the visitor back to the train and out into the busy world again, it is difficult to realize we have been in a living city, peopled with men and women of the nineteenth century, and while we move slowly away from out the modern little railway station, our eyes linger with loving regret on the towered walls of the Mother of the Alfonsos, city of Knights and Saints, on 'Avila of the King."

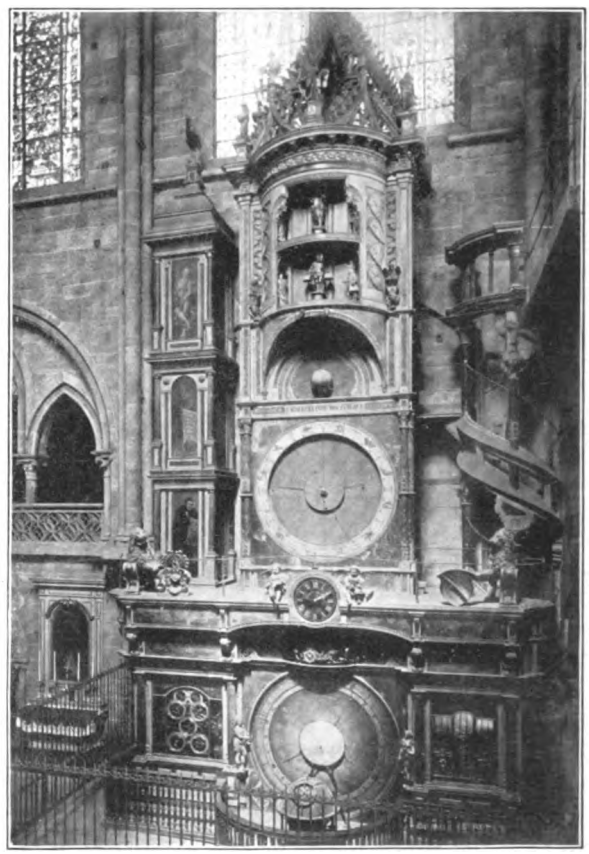
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STRASBURG CATHEDRAL AND CLOCK.

By Rev. James E. McKenna, C.C.

STRASBURG, the city of many sieges, is usually excluded from the programme of the English speaking tourists on the continent, because it does not fall in conveniently with the more popular circular tours arranged by Messrs. Cooke, Gaze, etc.—because, in fact, its accompaniments on the *menu* are not particularly inviting as compared with other bills of fare. It is nevertheless one of the most interesting towns in the Valley of the Upper Rhine. It is the centre of the high road between Germany, France and Switzerland ; the seat of an important bishopric, the residence of the Ministerial Cabinet for Alsace and Lorraine, and the headquarters of the Fifteenth Corps of the German Army. Around its walls raged the fierce struggles between the Roman and Germanic forces in the olden days. Within hail of the town, King Clovis fought that series of bloody battles which ended in the overthrow of the Allemans and the subjugation of Alsace to France. Again the slogan of war was heard in the old fortress when the hardy German rose against his conquerors and drove them out. The history of Strasburg for many centuries is made up of one long series of sieges and battles, of attacks and reprisals, of victories and defeats. During the thirty years' war Germany was unable to defend it against the French, to whom it opened its gates on the 30th of September, 1680. Seventeen years later the peace of Ryswick confirmed the cession of Strasburg to France and a French city it remained to all intents and purposes until the 27th of September, 1870, when its governor, after withstanding a siege of six weeks, hoisted the white flag on the Cathedral spire, and he and his seventeen thousand men handed over their arms to the victorious Germans.

The city's history is interesting, too, as presenting us with a perfectly Utopian picture of Christian Socialism during the centuries when its people formed one great family with the Bishop at its head. Under that government, notwithstanding wars

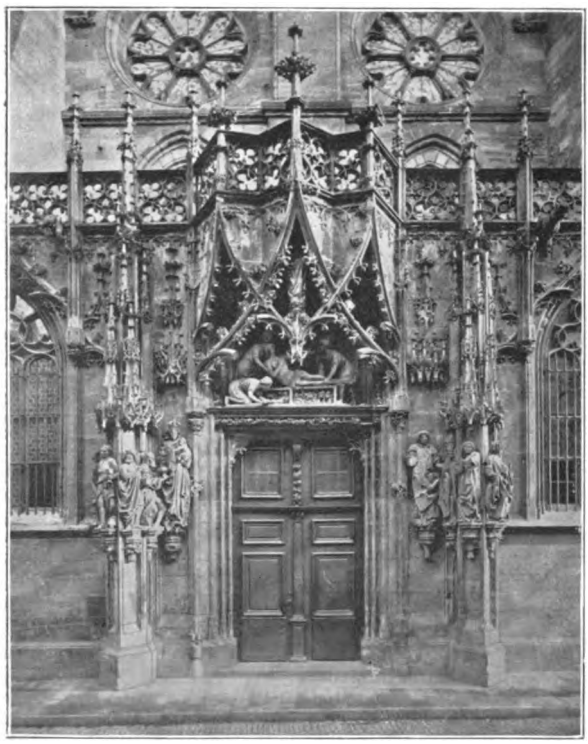


THE CLOCK.

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and rumors of wars, the city prospered, its trade and commerce flourished and its limits extended, until, in the thirteenth century, its population numbered fifty thousand souls. During the lulls in the storms of all those centuries, the arts of peace were strenuously cultivated, and Strasburg came to be recognized as the centre of religious and political life in Germany. Even to-day we can trace the march of mind through a decade of centuries in its glorious Cathedral—one of the noblest creations of mediæval architecture existing in Europe. In it is written, chapter after chapter, a unique history of ecclesiastical architecture from the earliest Roman till the latest Gothic period. "Each period has left its traces. Each leans with an historical title on the preceding one. Centuries speak in the work which they have brought forth, in a distinct language, and what is defective in architectural unison is counterbalanced by its irresistibly picturesque charm." It is a great manuscript in stone upon which "decay's effacing finger" has left no impression. The light terra-cotta-colored sand stone of the Vosges, of which it is built, is proof against atmospheric influence, and retains, *usque ad hodiernam diem*, the finest lines of sculpture as well defined as when they left the sculptors' hands centuries and centuries ago. True, many a shot and shell took effect upon it during the many sieges of the city, but the injuries have been repaired with a judgment, discretion and tender care that is seldom observable in modern restorations.

The oldest portions of this interesting structure—the western half of the crypt, the transept, choir and chapels of SS. Andrew and John, built between 1176–1275, exhibit the stern magnificence of the old Romanesque style—blended with the beginnings of the more graceful Gothic. In some of their parts we find the solemn dignified Roman basements surmounted by clusters of slender Gothic shafts—a clear evidence of artistic progress, of the victory of mind over matter. The cold formal proportions and harmonious effects of the triple aisled nave present us with, perhaps, the most interesting surviving example of the florescence of the Gothic style, which reached its culminating point in the middle of the thirteenth century. The three storied façade bears a striking resemblance to the façade of Notre Dame de Lourde, Paris, and shows in many details, the encroachment of French tastes. The camera brings out its wealth of graceful sculpturing, while the pen is powerless to describe it.



PORTAL OF ST. LAURENT.

As in most other continental cathedrals, the *portals* are here a noteworthy feature of the building—but

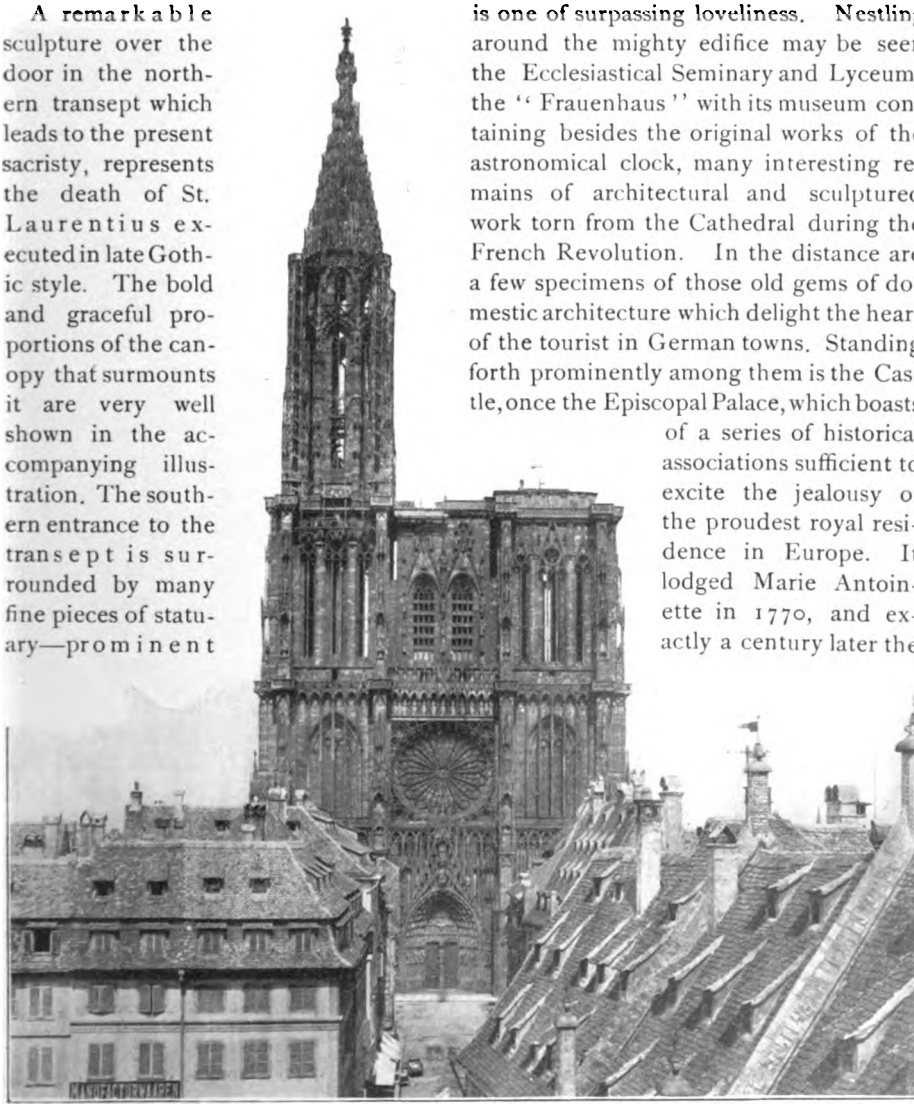
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here too we must rely on the camera to do justice to the sculptor's conceptions of Scripture mysteries. In the northern side is represented the strife between "Virtue" and "Vice," and on the southern the contrast between the "Wise and Foolish Virgins" is vividly portrayed. Above the centre door in the western side is a striking figure of *King Solomon*, guarded by lions (1 Book of Kings, x. 19.) and over it again a fine statue of the Blessed Virgin and Divine Infant.

A remarkable sculpture over the door in the northern transept which leads to the present sacristy, represents the death of St. Laurentius executed in late Gothic style. The bold and graceful proportions of the canopy that surmounts it are very well shown in the accompanying illustration. The southern entrance to the transept is surrounded by many fine pieces of statuary—prominent amongst them being symbolic representations of Christianity and Judaism, said to be the best productions of the mediæval chisel that have come down to us.

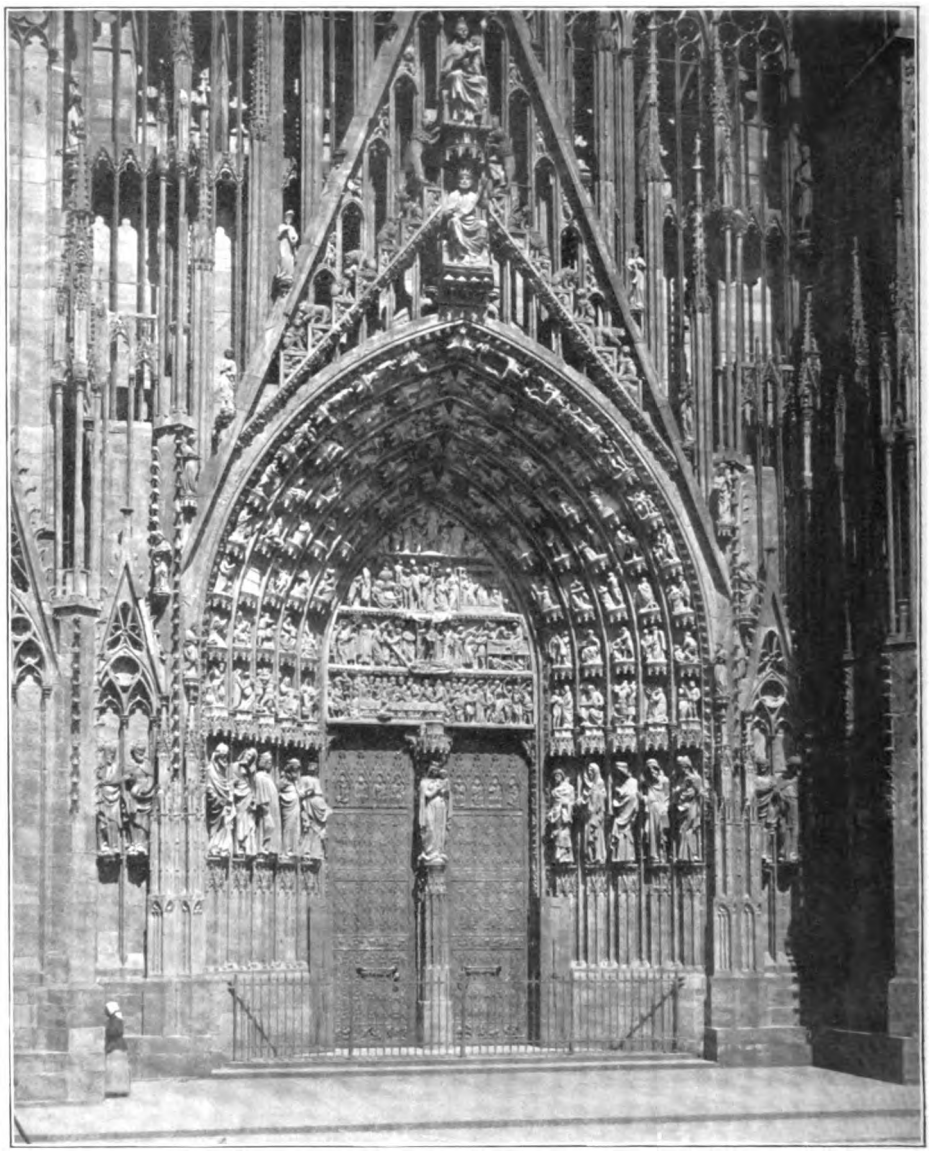
The artistic maze of fretwork and statuary which has secured for the façade and towers, and lofty spire, a place among the modern wonders of the world, is a unique production of human genius. It must be seen to be valued at its worth. Even the camera can give only a poor idea of its magnificence.

The view from the summit of the tower is one of surpassing loveliness. Nestling around the mighty edifice may be seen the Ecclesiastical Seminary and Lyceum, the "Frauenhaus" with its museum containing besides the original works of the astronomical clock, many interesting remains of architectural and sculptured work torn from the Cathedral during the French Revolution. In the distance are a few specimens of those old gems of domestic architecture which delight the heart of the tourist in German towns. Standing forth prominently among them is the Castle, once the Episcopal Palace, which boasts of a series of historical associations sufficient to excite the jealousy of the proudest royal residence in Europe. It lodged Marie Antoinette in 1770, and exactly a century later the



FACADE OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

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STRASBURG CATHEDRAL—PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE.

distinguished Irish soldier, Marshal MacMahon, resided for a time within its halls. In the interval it sheltered the first Napoleon, and Josephine, Charles X., Louis Philippe, and a host of other celebrities. The quondam Palace and Castle is now a part of the University—devoted to the philosophical and philological faculties.

Among the quaintly shaped roofs to the east you may see *Old St. Peter's*—a magnificent church which contains among many artistic treasures, four famous reliefs in wood, representing scenes from the *Life of the Prince of the Apostles*, sculptured by Veit Wagner, a sixteenth century artist.

The fortification wall partly hides the view of the citadel, but that inconvenience is soon lost sight of when the eye

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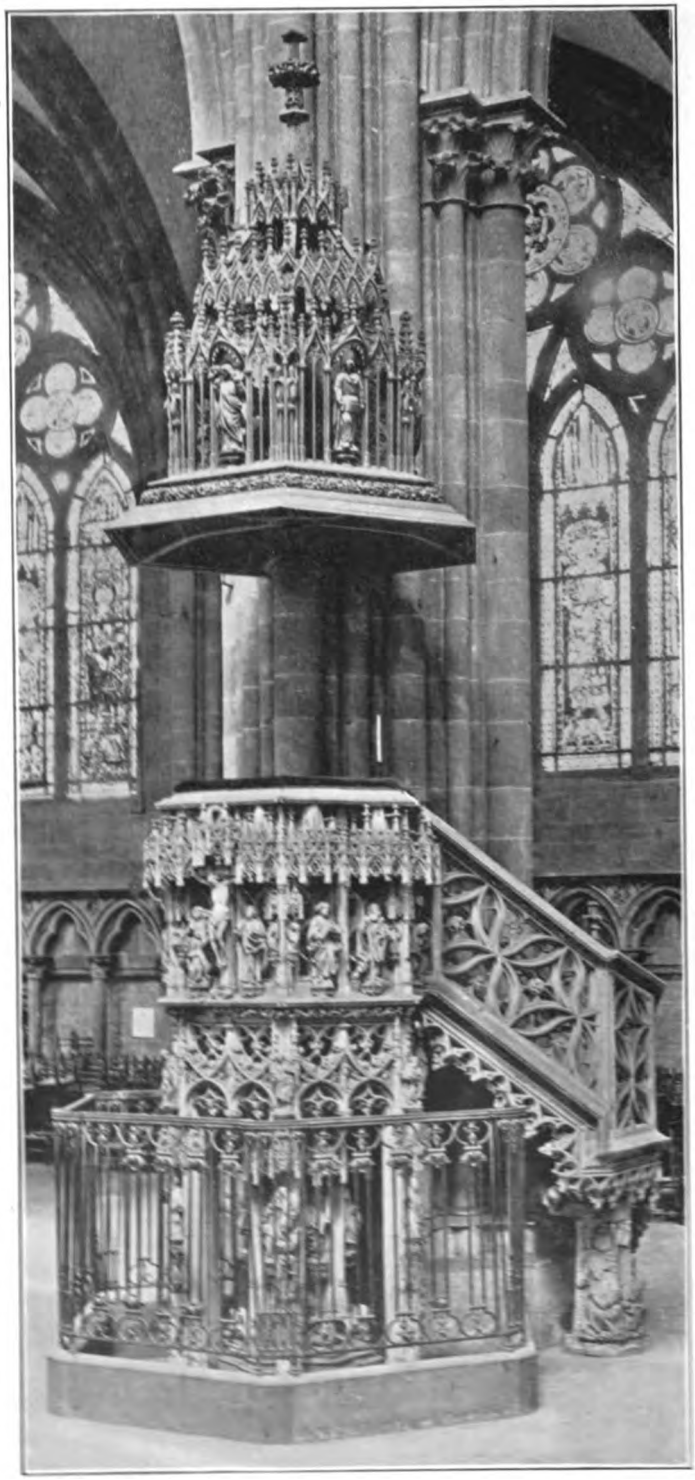


INTERIOR OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

catches a glimpse of the Rhine, meandering under the glinting of a declining sun, through the luxurious riches of the eastern plain. In the further distance is the *Black Forest*, famed in song and story. You may try to say something new about it, but you try in vain.

The entire view from the tower is something to be seen and remembered, a panorama of hill and dale and wood and water, which some highly favored portion of God's creation may equal, but which none surpasses. Exaggeration is out of the question, when one speaks of the impression which the magnificent church and its surroundings make on the thoughtful observer. Its vast proportions, its graceful symmetry, its wealth of statuary, have an overwhelming, bewildering effect. It is the realization of a dream, the expression of faith, and hope and love, as art only can express them.

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On entering the sacred edifice, the words of *Il Penseroso* rush to the mind.

"Let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voiced choir below,
In service high or anthem clear,
As may with sweetness thro' mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before my eyes."

Here surely is a *Domus Dei*, a *Porta Cœli*. An awe-inspiring atmosphere of sanctity pervades the place. You stand in a dim religious light, which, if it does not exactly dissolve you into ecstasies, brings at least much of heaven before your eyes. Here, surely, we have an answer for those who inquire, "Why would not the ointment of the alabaster box have been better bestowed upon the poor than upon the Sacred

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Person of the Saviour?" The effective combination of the different styles of architecture is more apparent here than on the exterior. The severe and sombre Romanesque, grave, dignified and self-restrained, impressive without heaviness and vast without monotony, almost Egyptian in its grandeur, shows off in happy contrast the magnificent chastity of the more graceful Gothic, which, but for its grave surroundings, would terrify a spectator by the sheer audacity of its lightness, and the apparently reckless disregard of the laws of matter with which those clustered columns terminate at dizzy heights in pointed arches, which carry our looks and thoughts and hopes upwards towards that heaven where so many of those who worshipped God beneath them are now enjoying His eternal rest. The light of heaven shining through those old storied windows, made subservient to the purposes of religion, speaks to us of the life and virtues, the struggles and triumphs of God's saints, and encourages us to follow in their footsteps. That massive pulpit, with its richly-sculptured panels and canopy, fittingly symbolizes the Word of Truth which has for nigh a thousand years echoed and reëchoed through this consecrated pile; and those magnificent altars, on which artistic skill has exhausted her resources, each and all repeat to you, as they have done to generations before you, the words of our Divine Lord, "Do this for a commemoration of Me." Those shrines, too, before which so many votive candles burn, and around which so many devout worshippers kneel, are they not a homely, childlike expression of the faith and devotion which reared this lofty temple to the Lord? "This is a terrible place. Surely this is no other than the house of God, the portal of heaven."

In the western transept of this cathedral may be seen a triumph of applied science, dating from the fourteenth century, which modern invention has not surpassed—a glorious memorial of the Church's patronage of science and art in those distant days, when the tempests of human passion drove them "to thought's remotest caves." The names of the mathematicians who designed the *astronomical clock*, and of the bishops under whose patronage it was constructed, are enshrined in the memory of Strasburgians, and there I must leave them Space permits but a brief description of this unique piece of mechanism but the illustration is clear enough.

Immediately inside the railings in the foreground is a large terrestrial globe, which com-



THE ANGELS' PILLAR.

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pletes a revolution in twenty-four hours, and indicates the equinoxes, etc. Behind this is a large disc, containing a self-adjusting perpetual calendar, which regulates itself even for leap years. The figure to the left, the Angel of Day, points with an arrow to the date of the month. The corresponding figure to the right, the Angel of Night, is motionless. The day of the week is indicated in a most ingenious way. In a niche under the dial of the clock are seven chariots, forming a circle, which completes a revolution in seven days. Each of these contains one of the pagan gods from whom the days of the week are named. At midnight the patron of the following day comes to the front and remains there for twenty-four hours, when another takes his place. Over this, in the entablature of what we may call the first story of the structure, is the dial of the clock, the hands of which point to old local time, which is twenty-nine minutes behind the mid-European time, adopted throughout Germany on the first of April, 1892. To the right of the dial an angel is seated, holding an hour-glass, which he reverses when the clock strikes the hour. Another angel on the left holds a gong, on which he strikes the "quarters."

Over the dial there is a plantarium, surrounded by the signs of the Zodiac, and showing all the revolution of the more familiar planets, the eclipses of the sun and moon and all the mutations of the moon calculated for indefinite ages.

The third story is divided into two compartments. Towards the front of the lower one there is a figure of Death with his scythe, and having a gong at either hand. From a door to his left (the observer's right) when the minute hand points to the first quarter, a child walks forward, and with an arrow strikes the quarter on the gong at Death's left hand. (The angel over the perpetual calendar also strikes it.) He then passes before Death, and enters a door at his right hand. At the same time a comely youth appears at the door, and remains there till his time comes for striking the half hour. When he has gone, a full grown man in cavalier garb and sword in hand appears on the scene. At the third quarter he walks forward and strikes the gong with his sword. He is succeeded by a feeble old man, whose eyes are dim, whose beard is grey, who bends under the weight of years. He hobbles round at the fourth quarter, strikes the gong with his crutch and disappears. Slowly and solemnly Death raises the bleached human bone which he grasps in his fleshless hand, and strikes the hour. While he does so, the angel below (to right of the dial) reverses his hour glass. Above this compartment there is another similarly arranged. In the centre of it stands a full sized figure of our Lord holding the cross in his left hand. At 12 o'clock, (12.29 mid-European time) the twelve Apostles emerge in single file from the door at his left and pass in procession before Him. Each turns and bows to Him in passing, while He raises His right hand and blesses them. At the same time the large brazen cock, perched on the turret to the left of the clock, flaps his wings and crows three times. This identical cock has been flapping and crowing (with a few unimportant periods of silence) for over five hundred years, and yet old age has in no way impaired his practices. His performances give us some grounds for believing the wonderful stories told of the loquacious brazen head constructed by Friar Bacon.

The framework which contains this wonderful piece of mechanism and the brazen cock just spoken of, are the only portions of the original clock built in 1352, which have been preserved in the present one. The mechanism, which is really an imitation of the original works now preserved in the Frauenhaus, is quite modern, having been constructed in 1836-40.

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THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM.

Its Past and Present.

The ways are made desolate. No one passeth by the road. Is. xxxiii., 8.

LET us so go together without staff or badge, modern pilgrims by the G. E. Railway, to the once renowned shrine, most famous and honored, in Catholic England. As the train carries us past the low lying marshes of Norfolk we enter in the northernmost part of the county, a pleasant land, well wooded and gracefully rounded.

To our right now appears an ancient mansion of bright red brick, with many a turret and many a pinnacle. It is of the close of the reign of Henry VII. and was in all the freshness of its beauty in the days of his successor. "The royal arms are over the gateway, supported by the greyhound and griffin, with the portcullis in the corners. There are bands of panels with various shields and heads; ogee canopies with crockets and finial; hollow mouldings filled with roses. There are many turrets, octagon and circular, and handsome chimney stacks ornamented with fleur-de-lis and roses, all in moulded brick." A dainty dwelling even for a king—built by Sir William Fermor—whose descendants kept the faith alive till our own day in a corner of Oxfordshire.

A little way further north, the lovely Chapel of the Slipper comes in sight, close to the line. Here it was that pilgrims took off their shoes to walk barefoot to the shrine. An exquisite example it is of transition decorated—with a beautiful window over the west doorway and three niches, one at each side and the third in the gable. Two buttresses support the north and south angles of the façade, dying upwards into graceful pinnacled work. Thank God! this chapel—in old days a Benedictine cell—is once more in Benedictine hands. We owe this to the generosity of a charitable convert lady. A small priest's house is being built at its side and soon again let us hope the Holy Sacrifice will be offered on its restored altar, and the light of the faith will shine out on the land, so long in the shadow of darkness! There is no Catholic church for some twenty-four miles to the east, west or south. But a short time back three married Catholic coast guardsmen, who were living with their Catholic wives and families in the God-forsaken town of Wells, four or five miles north of Walsingham by rail, were all lost on one day, and at one time, off the rough northern coast. Had a mission in Walsingham then been opened these poor men might have had the graces of the recently received Sacraments to aid them in their death struggles, and the priest would have been near to comfort their widows and little families when the bread winners were gone.

Little Walsingham! The heart throbs when the dream of a lifetime is realized and we reach what was once the Lourdes, the Loreto of England. The town is small, quaint, and of red brick, and in the days of faith was almost entirely composed of hostels for pilgrims. We skirt the black wall of the ancient enclosure, black for it is faced with flints, and stand before the great gateway, unchanged after so many centuries. A quaint figure in stone looks out upon you from a small *quatre-foil* window above. We enter by a wicket in the great door and the graceful arch, which once contained the east window of the church, alone rises up before us—a rainbow of ruin, the only remains standing—mute mourner over the fallen sanctuary.

The ground falls rapidly from the gate-

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way, and we have to descend several feet to reach the foundations of the western end of the church. It was of great size, two hundred and forty feet long by seventy-eight in width. To our right are some remains of the north walk of the cloister, and beyond it a portion of the refectory, three soaring arches in the southern wall; in the middle arch the stair that led to the reading pulpit, and the remains of the pulpit in the westernmost. To the left the north wall of the enclosure is standing and the Knight's Gate in its midst. Through the closed gates of this arch, in 1314, rode Sir Ralph Buttetort, armed *cap-a-pie*, horse and all, when his enemy was pursuing him to the death. He had called on our Lady to help him in his sore need, and his prayer was heard. A brass at the gate kept the record of this miraculous favor till the Reformation. The road which led to it outside is still called the Knight's Road. The wall was a mile in circuit. The chapter house and parlors, with dormitory above, stood to the east of the cloister, while a great guest hall occupied the west. At the north side of the church stood the little wooden chapel of our Lady, while over it and containing it had just been constructed when the crash came, a new and glorious stone chapel, some forty-eight feet by thirty. At a distance of two hundred feet from the east end of the church are two circular wells and a bathing place, all formerly covered with buildings, one of which, as will be seen, was a chapel of St. Lawrence. We have many to remember and much to pray for on this sacred spot! And when our devotions are done, let us go back over the centuries and recall as well as we can this celebrated sanctuary.

After the conquest there was living in Little Walsingham—there is a Great Walsingham, now the less, hard by—a noble widow lady called Richeld, a Norfolk surname. The Virgin Mother appeared to the pious dame and bade her build a chapel of the dimensions of the Holy House of Nazareth. The Holy House had not then been transported to Loreto, and the troubled state of the continent and the rule of the Saracens in the East made pilgrimage to it well-nigh impossible. The good lady obeyed the behests of her Heavenly Queen. It would seem to have been built of wood and thatched with straw. And when it had been made the good lady was in doubt as to which of two sites to choose, as both of them—we learn from a poem of about the middle of the fifteenth century—had been marked by miracles. She was inclined to build it near to the wells, on the spot where in after years was a chapel of St. Lawrence. Richeld spent the night in prayer, and in the morning she found it had been already reared more than two hundred feet from the place she had thought of.

The exact place where the chapel stood is not positively certain. The site of the church and its surroundings has been turned into a pleasure garden, and one would need as bold an excavator as the Marquess of Bute to upturn the soil and solve the question. His Lordship has cleared away even his greenhouses to unearth the foundations of the Grey Friars' house and church in his grounds at Cardiff. The very massive foundations of a building were discovered in the course of some excavations to the north of the church, and connected with it, the dimensions of which and its distance from the wells correspond to those given us of what was known as the new work, the erection built over the old Nazareth chapel. If this be the shrine, it would seem that not only was the exterior chapel raised some two feet and a half above the level of the adjoining church, but the holy sanctuary itself was also elevated a step above the floor of the chapel which contained it.

Her son, Sir Geoffrey de Faveraches, "Lord of Walsingham," on the day before he left for a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, between 1146 and 1174, granted to God

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and our Lady and to Edwy his *clerk, i.e.*, priest, the chapel his mother had built with the parish church hard by of All Saints, and certain portions of land, on the condition that it should be given into the charge of a religious order; the whole passed into the care of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine and Edwy is said to have been the first prior.

The sanctuary, with its statue of our Lady, soon became widely known, and kings and nobles hastened to enrich it with gifts of gold and of broad lands. Among these the great historic names are recorded of William de Valence, brother to Henry III., William Longespée, Earl of Salisbury, Randolf, Earl of Chester, Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, and Richard, Duke of York, father of Edward IV., who held in succession the manor or estate around.

Erasmus, the scoffing Voltaire of the sixteenth century, gives us a detailed description, but a painful one, of the shrine, just before its destruction. This cynical account of his pilgrimage from Cambridge to Walsingham, though published abroad, found its way to England and evidently served as the base for a series of inquisitorial questions which the visitors sent by Thomas Cromwell were ordered to put to the Canons. Among these questions was one as to our Lady's milk. It seems certain that this was merely a conventional name for the chalk taken from a well known cave at Bethlehem, not far from the Basilica of the Nativity, called the *Grotto of Milk*, or of *Our Lady*, with whom the place is connected by a tradition, that she took refuge therein from the fury of Herod and on the floor of which some of her milk escaped.

Probably the pilgrims carried away as a memorial some of this chalk, mixed with water, and possibly some may have mistaken the real meaning of the name. We find the relic was kept at the High Altar of this church.

Like the Holy House, its model, the little sanctuary had a narrow door on each side. (1) No light came from outside, but the interior was dazzlingly brilliant with the precious jewels, the gold and silver reflecting back the sheen of the many candles burning around our Lady's Statue, which stood at the right hand side of the altar.

The simple faithful looked upon the milky way as a heavenly sign-post showing the way to the English shrine of Our Lady by the Sea. For, if Walsingham does not look out like Loreto on the broad waters, it is not further from the German Ocean than is its Italian prototype from the blue Adriatic. Thither came a long procession of England's Kings. On the eve of the Annunciation Henry III. was the first to visit it just before his unfortunate expedition into Gascony, which took place in the May of 1242. The great church was then not begun. It soon grew to be a magnificent building, with two western towers as well as one in the centre. A great bell, probably one of a peal, rang out the hours of prayer. And we find one of the priors working with his own hands at the magnificent high altar. Money poured in. We read of the offerings amounting to £3,000, in modern value, in a year, while the income was almost £4,500. Edward I. had a special reason to honor the shrine. For, to the protection of Our Lady of Walsingham he attributed his escape from grievous peril. When a young man he had been playing at chess with a knight in a vaulted room, when suddenly and without any reason he got up and went away. As soon as he had left a great stone fell on the very spot where he had been sitting. He twice paid visits to the shrine, first on January 8th, 1282, before marching into Wales, and again on Candlemas day in 1296, on the outbreak of the war with Baliol, King of Scotland. There, in the

(1) These doors at Loreto were only opened some centuries after to enable the crowds to pass through, just as the same need dictated their presence at Walsingham. Originally the Holy House had but one door.

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holy chapel, he bound himself and his successors, by vow, to a treaty of alliance with the Court of Flanders. In his footsteps followed his ill-fated son, Edward II., in 1315, in the midst of the troubles of his reign. Thither, too, came his cruel widow, Isabella, in 1332, let us hope a penitent, from her stately prison palace of Castle Acre in Norfolk. It is not far from the shrine. Edward III. came here in 1361, on his return to England after the peace with France, which closed with glory for a time the long and hotly contested war. At about the same time he paid the expenses of John, Duke of Brittany, to make the pilgrimage. And the Duke of Anjou, his cousin, in the same year, one of the hostages, and the Scots' King, David Bruce, both obtained permission to come on pilgrimage to the Norfolk Shrine. Thither came, in 1427, another royal widow, Queen Joan of Navarre, after the death of her undutiful son Henry V. and her release from captivity. The virtuous Henry VI., on his recovery from his mental affliction and just before the outbreak of the civil wars of the Roses, came to offer his thanks at our Lady's feet. His supplanter, Edward IV., visited Walsingham with his fair wife, Elizabeth Woodville, in 1464, when he himself was to be deposed and cast into prison. Henry VII. went thither on pilgrimage at Christmastide, in 1487, and after the defeat of the impostor, Lambert Simnel, at the battle of Stoke, sent his standard to the shrine. We find that sovereign again at Walsingham in 1505, with his youthful son and heir, the future Henry VIII., then a fair-haired boy of fifteen, just affianced to the Spanish princess, Catherine of Aragon. Henry VII., in his will, left a costly image of himself, kneeling, of silver-gilt, as an *ex-voto* to the shrine. He willed a like offering to the tomb of St. Thomas of Canterbury. How little he realized the fate which awaited both sanctuaries and his precious offerings at the hands of his unnatural son!

In the second year of his reign, 1511, whilst still in the radiance of his youth, the favorite and the hope of his people, Henry VIII. came on pilgrimage to Walsingham. It was in Winter time, between the feasts of the Epiphany and the churching of his royal wife, a visit probably of thanksgiving for the birth of Henry, his first child, and he made his offering of £1, 3s, 4d, in the money of the day. The infant however only lived six weeks. How fatal to Mary's dowry was that child's death! There were three pilgrims' pathways which still exist, green roads, converging from the great centres upon Walsingham, from London, from Norwich, and from the north; and Henry seems to have ridden along one of these from his court to the splendid mansion, then just built at Barsham. Common report of the time was that Henry walked barefoot from the hall to the shrine, and offered to our Lady a precious necklace.

After the English victory over the Scots at Flodden Field, 1513, which had been won during the absence of Henry, who was then fighting in France, his gentle wife Catherine went to offer her thanks and to fulfil a vow at the holy chapel of Norfolk. In her will she directed that a man should make a pilgrimage at her expense to the shrine and distribute one hundred nobles in charity on the road. Were her wishes carried out? She died in 1536, just at the time of the ruin!

Two more pilgrimages deserve mention. One was of the great statesman, Cardinal Wolsey, in the August of 1517. His Eminence was suffering at the time and hoped to obtain health at the shrine.

The other was that of the captain of one of His Majesty's ships, who, when in danger of shipwreck called on Our Lady of Walsingham and vowed never to eat fish or flesh until he had been on pilgrimage to her. The Lord High Admiral, Sir Edward Howard, writes to King Henry VIII., in the April of 1513, informing him of the leave granted, and

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expressing surprise that the vessel, which had gone with full sail on a rock, had not been broken to pieces. The monarch himself paid annually the royal chaplain to sing Mass before Our Lady of Walsingham, for the souls of Edward I. and II., and he kept a wax candle burning before her statue. After the visit of Erasmus in 1511, Henry presented stained glass to the *new work* which, as has been mentioned, had just been built over the shrine.

But the fascinations of Anne Boleyn, the evil counsels of Thomas Cromwell, his lust of gold to satisfy his grosser pleasures and the greed of his hungry followers, his rending of the garment of Catholic unity, had turned the heart of the Tudor King into that of a sacrilegious robber and murderer. And, in the universal ruin, Walsingham met with no pity. Nay more, to find some plea for his crime, he let loose on the religious house some of the vilest of men with orders to discover or invent grounds for its suppression. Shameless accusations were made by these hired slanderers against the victims, whose only offence was to stand between the loot and the covetous Achab. Eight canons were said by these credible (?) witnesses to have confessed to disgraceful crimes. The very fact that the people of Walsingham rose in their defense, that fifteen of the canons, one, George Gysborrow, being the sub-prior of the house, were condemned as traitors, that five of these are said to have suffered the degrading and awful death then accorded by the English statutes, proves sufficiently how false the slanders against their morals—as there would not have been needed a fresh charge, nor would the people have stirred to protect them. Two of the townsfolk were hung, drawn and quartered, no doubt as a warning, in great Yarmouth.

Sir Richard Southwell, while on his base work as burglar to Thomas Cromwell, complained that even while engaged in plundering the treasury, in July of 1536, from Saturday night to the Sunday following, the offerings of the faithful had amounted to £2, 13s, 4d, besides the votive wax candles, a sum of over £11, in the money of to-day. And we learn from a letter of one of the Vicar General's creatures, a year and a half later, what means were taken to stamp out all veneration for the holy place and for the statue. A poor woman for recounting a miracle, which she declared had happened after the venerable statue of our Lady had been removed to London, was punished by "no law but" at the ruffians' "discretion." She was put in the stocks in the early morning, on a market day, with a paper on her head bearing an inscription, "A reporter of false tales," and when at nine o'clock the market place was full, she was placed on a cart and carried about the town, staying where the crowd was thickest to be pelted by the *gamins*.

"How be it," the writer concludes, "I cannot but perceive, but the said Image is not yet out of some of their heads."

The last keeper of the chapel and its treasures, a priest, Hugh Blyford, was fortunate enough to die in 1534, and to be buried in the chapel. How enviable his fate to depart in peace before the destruction! The spoilers seem to have left behind no account of the jewels, and plate, and precious vestments, and to have destroyed all records of the miracles and the history of the shrine.

To any who know how the signatures were procured from the inmates of religious houses to the document acknowledging the King's supremacy, it is not surprising to hear that some twenty-one canons are said to have acknowledged Henry's newly claimed authority.

Richard Vowell, the last prior, surrendered the house to Henry VIII. Generally a pliable superior was put in office by the King's visitors *ad hoc*. Vowell received a pension of £100 a year for his betrayal.

The statue of our Lady was sent up to London to be contumeliously burnt at Chelsea in 1539. Was that place chosen as a fresh insult to the memory of the

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martyred Chancellor, B. Thomas More, whose residence had been there?

Thomas Sydney, Governor of the Hospital(1) is said by Spelman(2) to have been commissioned by the people to buy the site of the ruined abbey for the town, and he bought it and kept it for himself. To this successful thief, the crown, in the reign of Edward VI., gave the Churches of All Saints and St. Peter's in Walsingham the great, and the Parish Church of Walsingham the less. Thomas Sidney, his son, married Barbara, daughter of the favorite minister of Elizabeth, the unscrupulous Sir Francis Walsingham(3)—the Machiavelli of her Court and Cabinet, and thus rose to great wealth. Thomas the II. had by Barbara, two sons, Thomas the III. and Henry. The elder married the daughter of Sir Robert Southwell, the favorite of Henry VIII. She thus became aunt to Father Southwell, S.J., the poet and martyr. But their great matches did not shelter them from the curse against sacrilege. Both brothers died without heirs, and Henry III. whose pompous tomb is in the beautiful old parochial Church of Little Washingham, left the property to his distant cousin, Robert Sydney, the Earl of Leicester. It afterwards passed to one of the Rookwoods—the well known Catholic family.

Henry VIII., who varied his teaching with every whim, at his last end, in his will, says: "In the name of God, and of His glorious and Blessed Virgin, Our Lady, St. Mary, we do instantly require and desire the Blessed Virgin Mary, His Mother, with all the holy company of heaven, continually to pray for us and with us, while we live in this world, and in the time of passing out of it, that we may sooner attain everlasting life."

Between the Chapel of the Slipper and the priory, are the extensive ruins of the Convent of the Grey Friars. The Friary was founded by Lady Elizabeth de Burgh, Countess of Clare. The church was some one hundred and sixty-two feet long by ninety-six. Spelman tells us the ill fate of its sacrilegious owners, the first of whom was John Eyre, a great holder of church lands, who died childless.

The present owner of the Manor and of the Abbey is of a family which has given two members to the Society of Jesus, Christopher Warner, cousin of the martyr, Father Henry Walpole, and Sir John Warner, whose remarkable conversion and entry into the Society is given in the *Life of Lady Warner* by Father Scarisbrick.

It was worthy of George the First, when he wished to give a distinction to his mistress, to make her Countess of Walsingham. He raised her afterwards to the better known title of Duchess of Kendal.

(1) This was afterwards turned into a jail

(2) *History of Sacrilege.* Reprint of 1846, p. 247.

(3) He claimed descent from the de Walsinghams, who took their name from the place.

THE MARQUIS DE CUBAS.

By T. T.

ON Wednesday afternoon, January 4, 1899, an imposing funeral *cortège* passed slowly and solemnly from the house of mourning in the estrada de la Montera, Madrid, across the famous Puerta del Sol, through the Calle del Arenal, the Plaza Isabel II., the estrada Vergara, estrada Requena, and the estrada Bailen, to the cemetery de la Sacramental de San Justo.

A countless stream of men of all sorts and conditions, from the illustrious

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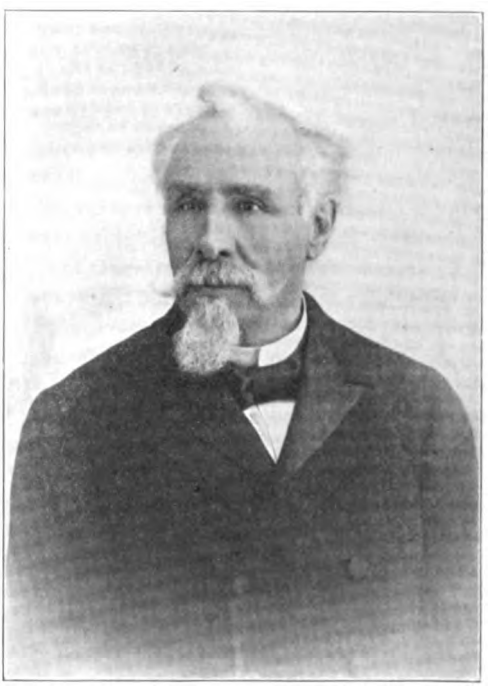
grandee of Spain to the meanest day laborer, was sadly following a poor hearse drawn by two horses, and which bore a plain deal coffin, surmounted by a common black pall edged with yellow, and it was generally known that the corpse was clad in the cheap shroud of the free hospital; for the deceased had with his wonted humility left directions in his will to be habited as a poor hospital patient and buried third class.

Immediately after the coffin came the Papal Nuncio, the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, the Bishops of Madrid-Alcalá and Sion, the representative of the Queen Regent, the leader of the Conservative party, Don Francisco Silvela, the Marquises of Urquijo and Aldama; next the deputations of the Red Cross Society, of the Municipality (*Ayuntamiento*), of the province, of religious institutions, the Catholic workmen's guilds and of the Academies of Literature and the Fine Arts; and finally a multitude of artisans. The streets through which the great funeral filed were densely packed with serried rows of respectful spectators, and the silence was only broken by the oft-times repeated ejaculation: "*Era un justo!*" "He was a just man!"

Who then was the deceased, to whom such honor was spontaneously paid by the Spanish capital? Perhaps a great officer of state, or the leader of a powerful party; or one whose wealth was counted by millions? He had, it is true, filled many influential posts in his lifetime. He had, for instance, on account of his unimpeachable integrity been elected by his fellow-citizens, the head Mayor of Madrid (*Alcalde presidente del excmo Ayuntamiento de Madrid*). But the artifices and intrigues of his opponents had long since reduced him to the rank of ex-alcalde. The province of Avila had sent him as its senator to the Cortes, a post of honor which he held when death surprised him; and on his breast had glittered a row of first-class orders, Spanish, papal and foreign. He was likewise richly endowed with earthly possessions.

Yet it was not his opulence, his high rank, his influence or his decorations which attracted the countless multitude of mourners. Very many great personages who, in their lifetime, surpassed the deceased in wealth and power, have in Madrid been carried to the tomb with not a tenth of the homage shown on the present occasion.

It was love and admiration for a consistent Christian burning with ardent devotion to God and his neighbor, for a citizen of stainless probity and rectitude, for a Spaniard who was the soul of honor, which caused Madrid to give this impressive tribute of grief; to offer their regrets, their sighs and tears to the sanctified memory of Don Francisco de Cubas de Gonzalez-Montes, Marqués de Cubas and Montalba; and who, after the devout reception of the last sacraments, had passed away at half-past ten in the morning of Monday, January 2, 1899.



MARQUIS DE CUBAS.

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Lively piety had been the distinguishing trait of the Marquis, and it had found constant expression in his chosen vocation and his unwearied deeds of charity. Possessing great knowledge and skill as an architect together with his abundant wealth, he had ever used these endowments in the service of God and his fellow creatures. He delighted in designing plans for churches and charitable institutions and then in superintending the artificers employed on their erection.

Madrid possesses in the estrada Claudio Coëllo No. 82, an orphanage dedicated to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, and which is one of the most admirably useful asylums in that city. A pious and benevolent lady of Madrid, Doña Ernestino Manuel de Villena, was the foundress, and a committee of ladies carries on the excellent work For this asylum and the church attached to it, the Marquis formed the designs and carried them out, himself defraying a large part of the expense. The church is a Gothic pile of graceful, harmonious proportions and testifies to the first-rate capability of the builder, while the asylum equally does him credit, being distinguished for its practical utility.

A second charitable institution of the Spanish capital, which will ever remain associated with the memory of the deceased, is the extensive public eating house, *El Comedor de la Caridad*, where in the Winter months which are so bleak and severe in Madrid, many thousands of poor and suffering individuals receive their daily food. This social boon and blessing for the indigent, owes its existence entirely to the indefatigable Marquis de Cubas; who besides has borne a large share of its great outlays.

This high-born architect dedicated much of his time and attention to the work people employed on his numerous buildings. He was in their regard a father. He was never a harsh taskmaster, although he was inflexibly stern with vagabonds and loafers, several of whom attempted to take his life only a short time before he was called by God to his reward. Industrious, honest artisans, however, clung to him with the most grateful fidelity. We have seen them by hundreds at his funeral. They also flocked in crowds to the house of mourning to add their names to the long list of those who had come to offer their condolence to the afflicted family. Their good friend and employer had been strenuous in forming and promoting Catholic guilds for workingmen, and had been the mainstay of their great and successful pilgrimage to Rome in the Spring of 1894.

In close proximity to the *palacio real* of Madrid, rises the new and still incomplete cathedral, dedicated to "our dear Lady of Almudena." It has been a number of years in course of erection. The Marquis most carefully designed the plans and devoted himself to its construction with true self-abnegation, until his life's end. Indeed, but for the enthusiasm, the energy, the generosity of this honorary architect, the work of raising that glorious fabric would more than once have come to a standstill.

All honor to the memory of this great Spaniard, and all honor to the citizens of Madrid, who from the highest to the lowest have felt and acknowledged the true nobility and value of such unfeigned humility and devotion in the service of God and man. May the most noble Marquis de Cubas rest in peace!

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The Beatification of Joan of Arc.

General Intention for May, 1899.

Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

THE Holy Father desires before he dies to give his children one more intercessor in heaven, to place upon the altars of the Church and present to the veneration of the faithful one more of those remarkable personages whom God raises up from time to time to be models of virtue, marvels of sanctity, doers of mighty deeds in the cause of truth and justice.

The heavens show forth the glory of God, the earth is His footstool, nature through all her works displays His power and wisdom. But nowhere do His divine attributes shine forth more splendidly than in the life of a saint. As living beings surpass inanimate matter, as the moral order surpasses the physical, so Christian sanctity, divine in its origin, supernatural in its operations, is far more sublime than anything that nature can produce.

In honoring the saints, we honor God, for we know that all their virtues and all their holiness were the gift of God. This truth they themselves clearly discerned and hence they were always humble even amid the praises of men. In the words of the Queen of Saints, they were always saying: "He that is mighty hath done great things to me; and holy is His name." For they well knew that they could not even pronounce the name of Jesus in a spirit of faith without the Holy Ghost. It is true they coöperated of their own free will with God's graces, and thus merited an ever increasing out-pouring of His favors in this life and eternal glory in the next. But they were deeply penetrated with the truth of the great Apostle's words when he said: "By the grace of God I am what I am; and His grace in me hath not been void." And even though they had labored more abundantly than others, they could say with all truth: "Yet not I, but the grace of God with me."

In the saints therefore, we praise and glorify God who has done such great things to men, who has shown forth in them His mercy, His love, His generosity, His sanctity, His power to lift up the needy from the dunghill and make them sit with princes, even with the angelic princes of the heavenly hierarchy. He hath regarded the lowliness of his servants and that is why all generations shall call them blessed.

The beatification of Joan of Arc would be most opportune at the present time. She comes before the modern world dazzling it by her heroism, winning it by her sweet maidenhood, calling forth the admiration of Catholics and non-Catholics, Frenchmen and Englishmen. She is the ideal and champion of the legitimate aspirations of the day, while at the same time she corrects the errors by which those aspirations are too often clouded.

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To-day men are crying out for freedom and autonomy. Joan gave freedom and autonomy to a down-trodden people. Men are crying out for progress and national prosperity. Joan opened a new era of progress and prosperity to her country. To-day there is a desire to enlarge the sphere of woman's usefulness. Joan led an army to battle and refounded a kingdom. To-day we long for peace and fraternity. Joan put an end to a hundred years' war and two rival nations forget their differences when they think of her.

But what a rebuke is her life to the errors that beset us! The great mistake of our times is the attempt to divorce the natural from the supernatural. Man in his folly thinks he is sufficient for himself; he needs no God, no religion to help him carry out his enterprises. If any one wants religion let him indulge his tastes in private, but let him not be dragging religion into the affairs of daily life. It is too sacred a thing for such contact. It is of another world and is out of place when it tries to meddle with the affairs of this world. Let God remain in the churches where we may, if we please, make a ceremonious call on Him once a week, but let the doors be shut during the days of labor. What has religion to do with business, with politics, with war, with social life?

But Joan comes before us in shining armor with her white banner of Jesus and Mary in one hand, her drawn sword in the other, to enter the field of war, of politics, of social life, in the name of God. She tells us that God's providence guides the destinies of nations as well as of individuals, that nothing here below escapes His all-seeing eye, nothing is far from His all-pervading presence, that nothing can happen but by His command or with his permission. She tells us that by Him kings reign and that of Him are ordained the powers that be, and that if He humbles a nation for its correction He can also raise it up again. She tells us that every enterprise of life ought to be undertaken for Him and in His name.

She teaches us reverence for authority. She sought out the King in his retirement and humiliation when almost all had forsaken him, because he was the lawful ruler. She insisted on having him crowned and anointed by God's minister. She showed respect to her very judges who in defiance of all law and justice condemned her to a terrible death.

But above all she teaches us how retirement, contemplation, mysticism, so far from unfitting one for great actions, are the best preparation for them. The ordinary good Christian practises ordinary virtue; the contemplative does the deeds of heroes and of giants. His is a life of union with God and partakes of the power of God. Witness the life of St. Bernard, St. Augustine, St. Francis Xavier and so many other contemplatives and mystics who have achieved such marvels in the active life.

Joan's vocation, certainly an extraordinary one, made it necessary for her to don the accoutrements of a warrior, to live among men and be a leader of men. But she never thought of trying to ape the ways of men. Strong in her vow of virginity, she ever displayed the simplicity, the gentleness, the modesty, the delicate refinement that are woman's crown and glory, that charm the upright, shame the dissolute and compel the respect of all.

She rides forth then, that warrior maiden, that mirror of knighthood and of womanhood, the champion of the Apostleship of Prayer, fighting by day and praying by night that God's kingdom may come, that Christian principles and Christian charity may reign throughout the world.

Let us pray then with the Holy Father that we may soon be able to invoke her as Blessed, and that her beautiful life and powerful intercession may inspire the faithful with fresh ardor and win over to the truth those who still dwell amid the darkness of error.

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TWO MINOR MINERS.

By M. A. Spellissey.

TO Richard Blount, rowing on the wandering, coquettish "Blue Juniata," that brilliant morning in June, the earth was just created. For him the sun shone, the birds sang, for him the sparkling water danced and rippled, for him the buttercups and silver daisies bloomed, for him the majestic trees waved their leafy branches, for him all nature sang in one thrilling chorus, delighting every sense, and Richard found it intoxicating. The greater number of Richard's nineteen years had been spent in a coal mine. Each morning saw him engulfed with hundreds of his sooty kind, who, after a brief suspension, were lowered into gloom, there to toil their young lives away. Dick had never grumbled at his lot, but took to it with the rest of his neighbors; indeed, he and his brother, Tom, were rather proud the first morning that they started off to work, but that was before their father "took to drink." Dick bore a good deal of ill treatment before he and Tom determined to run away, but at last the conviction was borne in upon them, that they might do more for mother and for the little brothers and sisters, if they too stepped out from the destitution and squalor of the wretched shanty they called home.

They chose a Sunday for their departure, and enjoyed their new experience for the first few days. When they could get work they worked, but they found themselves regarded with suspicion, and they concluded to keep steadily on until they could find employment in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, wondrous tales of which had reached them in their western home.

They had tramped many hundred miles before they borrowed the boat at Lewistown. The owner was not in sight, so the boys slipped the boat from its moorings and seated themselves in "The Laura" with great satisfaction; they were footsore, hungry and dispirited. On the day they left home their father was in a drunken stupor, a consequence of the carouse of the night previous. This enabled them to reserve a portion from their month's pay when they handed him their envelopes as usual. They were now penniless. In their own district a rude hospitality toward the wayfarer was the custom, but the unsophisticated lads found forced bitterly upon them the sad discovery made by the Indian in Paris, and so exquisitely portrayed by Chateaubriand in "The Natchez," that luxury breeds selfishness, insensibility and cruel indifference to the miseries of man's fellow-man. As the boat sped onward the lads enjoyed immensely the rest and motion amidst the beauties of an ever-varying landscape. Dick's brawny arms welcomed the exercise of rowing. When weary he laid aside the oars and prepared to rest, first tying the boat in the shade of a giant sycamore tree.

"What will you do with 'The Laura' when we've had our ride?" inquired Tom.

"I'll leave her to find her way back."

"Maybe we can meet some one to row her to where we got her."

"Maybe so."

Dick was sleepy, and rapidly succumbing to the "*dolce far niente*" of the June noontide on the rivers. At home a man who without leave borrowed his neighbor's boat had to calculate on the possibility of a thrashing from the owner, but Tom was a good pugilist and Dick did not allow future possibilities to disturb his present enjoyment.

Meanwhile, the Judge's wife had the neighbors roused in search of "The Laura." In a circuit of ten miles the telephone call rang out, with such success that the boy's nap was rudely terminated ten minutes after its beginning. To rise from one's comfortable couch on ordinary occasions requires very often a

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distressing struggle between duty and inclination, but to be rudely shaken from a blissful slumber by the constable was decidedly more unpleasant and bewildering. Both boys resisted with all their skill and brawny force the cruel interruption, but the officer was not alone, and the boys were soon overpowered and dragged to the "Jug." After a few hours detention they were given a hearing before the magistrate, who remanded them to their cells. From their fellow prisoners the boys learned that they had been introduced into "Paradise" during the quarterly sessions of the court; as cases were few they were presented to that awful body next morning and made upon them a very unfavorable impression. No one had mended their clothing since the fracas with the policeman, and when commanded to give an account of themselves they preserved an obstinate silence. Unfortunately for the prisoners, the presiding judge was the guest of the owner of "The Laura," and an aspirant for the hand of that lady's sister; moreover he was saturated with a sense of his own importance as the representative of good order in Sweet Haven township. To convert a criminal, never entered his mind and if it had he would have scorned the idea as unpractical; extermination was more rapid. "A good heavy sentence," was his panacea, and, therefore he "made it" in this case three years in the penitentiary. Scarce comprehending the import of the words, Tom ventured to expostulate:

"We're not thieves. What could we do with your boat? We only wanted a little ride."

In the eyes of this decorous community Dick and Tom were a pair of dangerous tramps, possibly barn-burners and nuisances. Speedily they were hustled back to the jug to remain until "train time." They found themselves the only two sentenced to the penitentiary. The evening saw them enter the train, handcuffed, as they took their seats, but the sheriff had sons of his own, and was, besides, a student of human nature, which the judge was not. Therefore, the handcuffs were removed, and the boys were given a "jolly good supper," which the sheriff enjoyed with them. The party had really a pleasant night in the baggage car, and the dawn came all too soon. Sunrise saw them entering the massive gateway of the penitentiary; fear of the unknown horrors awaiting them chilled Dick; he trembled as with an ague. In a few hours they had been given a bath and, clothed in the prison uniform, led blindfolded to their cell.

Left alone, Dick flung himself on his cot in a perfect abandon of wretchedness. This was too much for Tom.

"Don't, Dick, don't take on so. We're all right. The three years will soon pass. We'll be out in time to give our first votes for the next President. Isn't it well that we're together instead of being separated, and locked up with some burglar or murderer? This is not a bad bed and the place is nice and clean." A noise at the door made the brothers start to their feet; swiftly a bolt was shot back, and there stood in the open doorway a venerable man who scanned them with a kindly glance.

"May I come in, my men?"

"Indeed you may, sir," replied Dick.

"When did you come in?"

"This morning, sir."

"What brought you here, my poor lads?"

Together the boys told their story, interrupted by sobs from Tom. As Dick sketched their simple lives, beginning with their parents bringing him and Tom from Wales to Iowa, when they were "little shavers," he recognized for the first time the sequence of events, and that all their misery resulted from his father's intemperance. As he spoke there surged within him a spirit of resentment, and he felt himself a man, burning with a new-born passion. Bitterly he chafed against the bars that imprisoned him. The friendly listener was melted to heartfelt compassion as the

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pathos of the situation was unveiled to him. The stupidity of the Dogberry who had imposed a sentence so disproportionate to the gravity of the offence moved the hoary man to wrath, but years of diplomatic service in a foreign court had taught Mr. de Vere self-control. Dissembling the indignation that moved him to a passionate outburst, he remained silent for a few moments before replying. When he spoke it was to put a question:

"Do you belong to any Church, boys?"

"Yes, sir; we're Catholics."

"I saw the grace of baptism looking at me out of their honest eyes," thought the convert. "When were you at confession?"

"Not since we left Wales," replied Dick.

"Never made your First Communion?"

"No sir. You see the priest was down on father for drinking, and that made father mad. He swore that he would never darken the church door. Things got worse at home, we had no clothes to go to church. We gave all our money to father and he, I suppose either lost it at cards or it was stolen from him. On Sunday Tom and I used to go to the woods, when the warm weather came. In Winter we used to sleep all day Sundays."

"One remove from brute life," muttered the visitor. Rising, he paced the narrow strip between the cots before addressing the young men. When he spoke it was in a crisp cheerful tone, as might a military officer who desired to inspire his men with courage before sustaining a charge from the enemy.

"My boys, the past is behind you. Do not waste time in glowering over it. You will now have an opportunity in which to do good work for the future. This is seed-time. Here you can study, here you can learn something of your religion which teaches you why you were placed in the world and by whom, also that God watches over you, and expects you to serve Him, like loving children. He is watching you here and permits this trial for some wise purpose. You are here and will act wisely by turning the opportunities you have to good purpose."

Dick looked up with eager face.

"Can we have books, sir?"

"Yes, there is a very good library."

"I can read, so can Tom, but not very well. I can write a little, but Tom cannot write at all."

"Here you can learn to read and write well."

"Are there teachers?"

"There are members of a society who devote themselves to helping the prisoners to make good use of their time."

"Are they all like you, sir?" asked Dick. "I think you must be an angel."

"You'll find me an angel of wrath, Dick, if you grow lazy and give me a careless copy."

"Will *you* be our teacher?" inquired Tom, incredulously.

"For the present, and I will expect you to work with all your might."

"Dick will like that," said Tom.

"The priest comes here every day, and I will help you to prepare for confession. Unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it."

"You're very good, sir; can you tell me how to get some word to my poor mother? She'll cry her heart out if she gets no news of us."

"Spoken like a good son; do you want her to know where you are?"

"Better not, sir. I would wish her to know that we are alive and well, and that we send our love to her and the children." Choking down the tears, he turned his face away.

The ex-Minister to Naples tore a leaf from his tablet and wrote hastily:

"DEAR FATHER BLAND—

"Will you kindly inform Mrs. Bodkin of your parish that her sons Dick and Tom are safe and well. I have them in one of my classes, and am sure that they

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will be good students. They send love to their mother and all the family.

"Always yours to command,

"PAUL DE VERE."

"I know your pastor very well, Dick; we were boys together."

Mr. de Vere was now past seventy, but from early morn until midnight his days were filled with various duties. Life to him was full of interest, and the years sped rapidly onward toward eternity.

THE HARVEST.

About four years after the boating excursion on the sinuous Juniata, Mr. de Vere handed his wife a letter that he had received in his morning mail.

"You may find that interesting, my dear."

"Whom is it from, Paul?"

"The signature and the letter will tell you all about it."

As her husband left the house Mrs. de Vere opened the bulky letter She found it beautifully written.

"ROARING RIVER, WISCONSIN,

June 15, 1880.

"MR. PAUL DE VERE:

"*Honored Sir:*—Four years ago to-day, you came to my poor brother and me in our wretchedness, and to-day I come to share with you the happiness of which, under God, you are the author. When I came home, I found everything so disgusting that I could scarcely keep quiet. But I remembered your advice and tried, by being faithful to my duties as a Christian, to bring my father to a better way of living, but he only taunted us with being gentlemen and putting on airs. I was not strong enough for hard work, and I got employment at the company's warehouse as a clerk. Of course no one knew where we had been during those three years; the townspeople concluded that we had been to college. One night my father lifted his hand to my mother; I came between them and put him out of the house. He came back in an hour, bringing men with him, and carrying a gallon demijohn full of whiskey. Tom and I soon settled the four. It was easy for us, sir; they were drunk, you know. I was awful sorry to raise my hand against my father, but I could not have my mother hurt. The next morning I went to see my father when he was sober, and I told him that we would not have him at home unless he gave up drinking. He was very angry, but I just told him that my mother would get a warrant and have him arrested. He saw that I meant what I said, so he went off cursing me. He was taken sick about a fortnight after, and was near dying. My mother went to see him and brought him the priest; he made his confession, and from that day he never drank a drop. When he got better, Tom and I moved the family to Wisconsin; we had been working there for some time. We have a church four miles from here, and we get Mass every Sunday.

"My little sister Una had never been baptized. She is a lovely little girl turned four years old, so I took her with me one fine Sunday and the priest christened her after Mass. I had to carry her a good deal of the way but I was proud and happy to bring her home free from original sin, pure as the angels. Every Sunday afternoon Tom and I teach Catechism. We began with my brothers and sisters. Then the neighbors' children got to coming in, and sometimes the big boys would come on a wet Sunday. I asked the foreman if I might have my class in the warehouse, and he told me that I might have it and welcome. So every Sunday afternoon we had the little ones, and in the evenings the men and boys gathered in for a talk. I used to lend the books you sent me and when anyone had a question too hard for the rest of us, we used to write it out and send it to our pastor. He comes in sometimes in the evenings but he is a busy man and attends five missions from here. I am going to tell you something, and I feel foolish about it, but I owe all I have to you, Mr. de Vere, under God. The

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superintendent sent for me last night, and told me that the company wanted me to accept the nomination for magistrate. I was struck dumb. He then went on to say that my coming to Roaring River had been a blessing to the community by keeping the young men from the saloons, and that Tom and I had shown that a man could live up to his religion and yet be happy-hearted and companionable. As soon as I got my wits I thanked him and showed as well as I could that I was not the right person. As we talked, I remembered a man whom I thought really fit and the superintendent at last agreed with me, and told me to ask my friend to call on him. I tell you all this, honored sir, thinking it your harvest. My parents and brothers and sisters join me in love and blessings to you. Should you ever travel this far we would be most happy to show you our comfortable home. We have a lovely garden; the seeds that you sent me thrived. I send you some of the flowers by mail to-day, and hope that they will reach you in good condition."

A SECOND CROP.

Seated in the pavilion of his cottage by the sea Mr. de Vere, now an octogenarian, rested one Summer evening amid a circle of loving friends. The young people had been plying him with questions regarding his diplomatic life abroad and of the distinguished personages with whom he had formed an acquaintance. In a shaded recess sat a silent listener, himself a central figure in the history of the period. During a brief pause he addressed the host:

"Mr. de Vere, do you mind telling me what success you have found in your work among prisoners?"

"My dear Donald, that is a common question to which I have the usual reply. The souls of men are known only to their Creator, and I am content to leave to our common Father, God, the summing up of results. There is in the work much that might contribute to discouragement, but that, like the soldier under fire, I must press ever onward; from apparent failure often springs success. Here is a letter that I received this evening. It comes apropos of your question. The father was one of my prison friends."

ROARING RIVER, Wisconsin,
June 15, 1889.

MR. PAUL DE VERE:

My Dear Friend—I will write you a letter. My name is Mary Bodkin. I am nine years old and I am in the A Third Reader. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I am in seventeen lesson catechism. I receive *The Young Catholic* from you, and thank you very much. I would like to see you, for my father says that you like little children. My little sisters are Maggie and Julia. They are well. My father and mother they are well. I say my prayers for you every night. I hope that this letter will find you and your wife and daughter in good health.

I will remain yours truly,
From MARY BODKIN.

Roaring River, Wisconsin.

In larger, bolder characters came the letter from Mary's brother, arguing a broad chest and a powerful fist for the owner.

DEAR FRIEND:

My name is Paul Bodkin. I am seven years and a half old. I will write this letter to you, for my father says that you like little boys. I go to Sunday school with my sister Mary. I write this letter to let you know that we are all well.

I will close by sending my kind love to yous all.

I am your little friend,
PAUL BODKIN.

DEAR MR. DE VERE:

The 15th of June always tells me to write to you. I hope that the letters from the little people will give you pleasure. Many a time I think of your lessons to Tom and me when I am talking to the children about their copies. My wife and I were a little uneasy about

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Tom at one time. He married a Protestant and I was afraid he might grow careless about his religion. My wife persuaded me to ask them to visit us. They came and on Sunday they both went with us to Mass. That was the beginning. In three months my sister-in-law told my wife that she wanted to become a Catholic. They have come to live about three miles from here and are comfortable with their little family. They have two lovely children. We are happy to think that you are able to continue your good work and we pray God to spare you for many years.

My wife joins me in loving respect.

Gratefully yours, RICHARD BODKIN.

Mr. Donald Macdonald had turned into the hall, where a shaded lamp in a cosy corner afforded light for reading —there he sat long in reverie, after perusing the three letters.

"I thought you had retired," said Mr. de Vere as the party dispersed.

"I did retire—within myself. This morning Mrs. de Vere told me of your relations with Richard and his brother. The information came quite incidentally, while I was questioning her about your work. These letters have furnished the sequel. I am called a successful man, I have received many honors, but I would be a happier man to-night if amongst my memories was one that would compare with this."

When Mr. de Vere was called to his reward, at the age of eighty-seven, the church was crowded with mourners of every station. At the end of the Mass, the pastor said simply to the congregation: "Respect for the request of our departed friend, prevents my speaking of his life. It is told in one sentence from holy writ.

"By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if ye have loved the brethren."

THE ROSE-TREE OF HILDESHEIM.

By E. A. Starr.

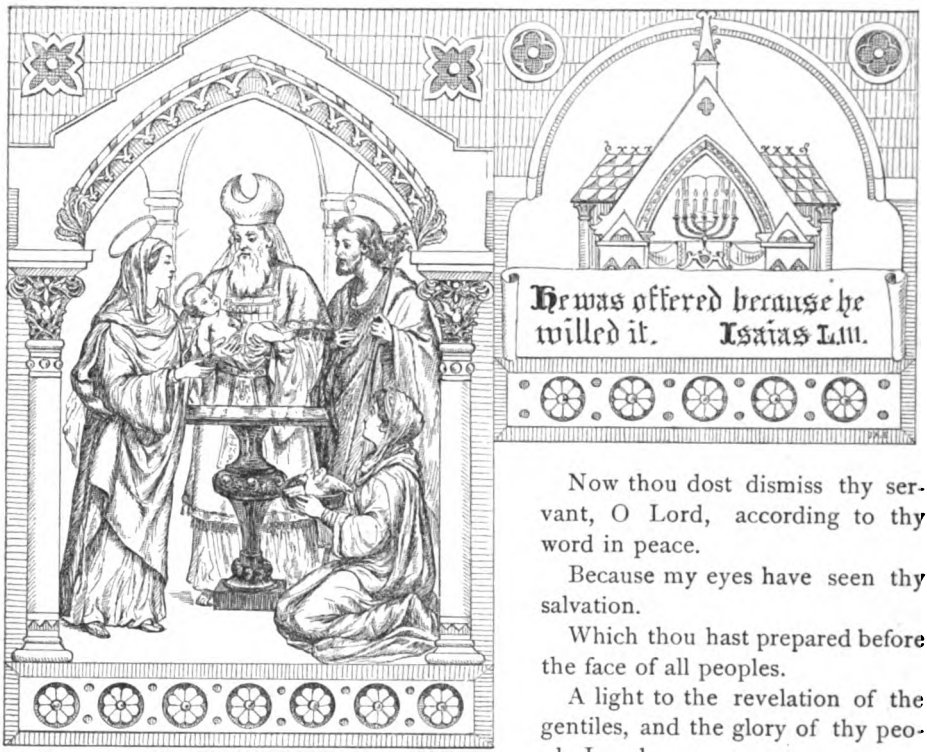
A ROSE-TREE that has bloomed for a thousand years—
For a thousand years of death, terrors and tears!

In mid-winter's cold, in mid-summer's glow,
Still the vines run on and the roses blow:
"For a thousand years!" hear the children say,
Who gaze on the wonderful rose to-day.

In peace or in war, it is always there;
Its story they knew ere they lisped a prayer—
The tale of the Hildesheim ruler, lost
In the blinding snow, benumbed by the frost;
When, lo! in the blurred, bewildering air
Our own Lady stands, exceedingly fair!

Around her the fresh June rose-branches climb,
And bloom, 'spite the whirl of snow and the rime;
He hears her sweet voice, and to-day we know
On that very spot the same roses blow,
And the hoary cathedral walls are green
With their clambering vines and their leafy sheen,
For the vow he made in that olden time—
And kept—that grave ruler of Hildesheim.

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Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word in peace.

Because my eyes have seen thy salvation.

Which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples.

A light to the revelation of the gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

THE PRESENTATION.—(St. Luke II)

AND after the days of her purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished, they carried him to Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord.

As it is written in the law of the Lord: Every male opening the womb shall be called holy to the Lord.

And to offer a sacrifice according as it is written in the law of the Lord, a pair of turtle doves, or two young pigeons.

And behold there was a man in Jerusalem named Simeon, and this man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel, and the Holy Ghost was in him.

And he had received an answer from the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Christ of the Lord.

And he came by the Spirit into the temple. And when his parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him according to the custom of the law.

He also took him into his arms, and blessed God, and said :

And his father and mother were wondering at those things which were spoken concerning him.

And Simeon blessed them, and said to Mary his mother : Behold this child is set for the fall, and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted.

And thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed.

And there was one Anna a prophetess, the daughter of Phanuel, of the tribe of Aser, she was far advanced in years, and had lived with her husband seven years from her virginity.

And she was a widow until fourscore and four years : who departed not from the temple, by fastings and prayers serving night and day.

Now she at the same hour coming in, confessed to the Lord :and spoke of Him to all that looked for the redemption of Israel.

And after they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee to their city Nazareth.

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EDITORIAL.

PRAYING STILL FOR PEACE.

We should not be less urgent in praying for an end of the war with the Filipinos than we were in praying for an end of hostilities with Spain. It is reassuring to have the opinion of some of our generals that our present enemies will not, as the Indians, keep us forever fighting until we shall have exterminated them; but how can one speak with certainty of peoples whose character and interests are so little known even to the commissioners who have been sent there by our government? Some of the Filipinos at least are as savage as were any of our Indians. Many of them consider that we have provoked their enmity, and, what is more serious, their situation and commerce are such as to make foreign interference in their behalf possible and profitable. The war with Spain brought about some singular changes of opinion in regard to Spanish cruelty and incompetency. May it not be that our experiences in her former colonies will lead us to justify her course with them, or at least excuse her army for not having achieved more than ours can do?

FOR OUR PONTIFF LEO.

A Protestant weekly affects to fear that in the event of Pope Leo's death we may have another political Pope. One who is by right and by necessity a temporal ruler must needs be political in the exalted sense in which our present reigning Pontiff, whom may God preserve, has been political—as arbiter frequently among the nations, as model and adviser alike to the greatest civil as well as ecclesiastical statesmen of his time, as expounder of the laws which should govern the policy of all Christian nations, and as a guide for Catholics in coöperating with lawfully established governments. When the day—distant, we trust—shall come for the election of a new Pope, we shall pray that Christ our Lord may choose for Himself a Vicar who may be a worthy successor of the present Pontiff gloriously reigning, and our prayer shall be made with all the greater confidence that we have had such a one as Leo XIII. Meanwhile, in the words of the Church:

Let us pray for our Pontiff Leo;

May the Lord preserve and give him life, and bless him with peace on this earth, and deliver him not into the hands of his enemies!

A CHANGE OF OPINION.

As we stated in our April number, the letter of our Holy Father on the errors grouped under the name "Americanism" needed no comment. We were confident that its kindliness and simplicity would invite all who could obtain a copy of it to study its contents. Accordingly, besides publishing it in the original text in our last number, together with a translation which had been called official, though issued without any episcopal sanction so far as we could ascertain, we

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thought best to publish it in a separate pamphlet with a careful translation which was authorized by the most Rev. Archbishop of New York. Fully ten thousand copies of this pamphlet have already been distributed, chiefly among priests and religious communities, with the result that the letter has now been read to, or by, a far greater number of people who otherwise would have had to depend on the editorial comments of certain Catholic papers for their knowledge or opinion of the letter itself. Most of these comments would have misled any reader, or at least have caused the conviction that the Pope's letter was uncalled for, that it surely did not apply to the Church in this country, and that a mistranslation of the Life of Father Hecker was the only source of all the errors condemned. Those who have read the letter can now judge how far wrong all these comments were, and they will not be so surprised to note that the editors who wrote them have changed their opinions in later issues, expressing, as they do so, their gratitude to the Holy Father for his timely and necessary correction, and admitting that the much reprobated translation was not all to blame.

NOT A PERSONAL MATTER.

One thing is clear to every reader of Pope Leo's beautiful letter, and that is, the Vicar of Christ spares the authors of the errors he condemns. Would that all could imitate him, and be content with his calm doctrinal statements of Catholic belief and practice, without indulging in personalities, either by striving to defend certain people from the taint of error, or by rejoicing in their condemnation! It is this respect for persons, and exaggerated regard for their utterances which have caused most of this controversy, and which threaten now in some quarters to distract people from a proper attention to the doctrines inculcated by His Holiness. Why should some of our Catholic weeklies be so quick to defend the congregation founded by Father Hecker, when the Holy Father does not impute any blame to them? Why should so many Catholic editors, who at other times show little regard for the *London Tablet*, undertake to reprint its promised series of leaders on the question, which the writer has wisely brought to a close, we trust, after showing in the two articles already written that he was unacquainted with his subject? Even the conjectures made by certain newspaper correspondents as to the persons who induced the Pope to write this letter, as well as to those who wrote, or helped him to write it, are all amiss, and surely lessen the simplicity with which every Catholic, priest or layman, should accept the utterances of the Head of the Church.

THEOLOGICAL STUDY.

Another thing made clear by the letter of Pope Leo, is the necessity of thorough theological training for priests, and of full catechetical training for converts as well as for those who are baptized when children. Long and laborious study is only a part of such training; it embraces likewise the formation of habits of docility, patience and humility enough to accept as something far above our ordinary powers the knowledge of any Christian truth. If years of study are required for the mastery of any branch of knowledge, they are certainly needed for the most excellent and difficult of all sciences. Indeed, in theology, as in human sciences, the most that many can hope to learn is that the most cultivated mind cannot acquire the full knowledge of it, and that it is a great deal to know the limits of one's powers, and the value of silence on questions which one has not carefully examined.

CATHOLIC INFLUENCE?

The late Congress rejected the petition of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, for an appropriation for the Indian Schools conducted by Catholics. Though some of its members had received it very respectfully, and even advocated the measure allowing it, there was little hope

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from the start of passing a bill which would arouse so much prejudice, without benefiting government officials in any way, since it is well known that the missionaries interested in the schools would insist on spending the money for the purpose for which it was to be appropriated. Had a presidential election been nearer, the petition would, no doubt, have been granted. The lust for votes has a remarkable influence on our patriotic Congressmen, especially for the votes which cannot as a general thing be bought for money. It would be well to remember such things when the day of reckoning comes, but we cannot agree with the *Ave Maria* that such treatment of Catholic interests necessitates the formation of a Catholic party such as the "Centre Party with a Windhorst at its head;" nor need we remind the editor how inconsistent this would be with some of the views he has but lately expressed. Still we indorse his view of the failure of the petition, and hope it may be a lesson for flag-waving Catholics generally. "It was," he writes, "a test of Catholic influence, and it failed utterly, ignominiously; failed because the politicians understand that Catholics never let such a trifle as rank injustice to their religion influence them in politics. Our Protestant friends roar themselves hoarse with approval when a bishop waves the Stars and Stripes, but whenever serious Catholic interests are at stake the influence of our patriotic prelates doesn't seem to count. It is still the old story, the stars are for the Protestants and the stripes for the Catholics."

MEDIÆVALISM VINDICATED.

We have been accustomed to indulge so recklessly in an indiscriminate condemnation of despotism under one form or another, militarism, oppressive taxation and all the other faults we found with European nations generally, that we cannot look without dismay on what threatens to be our lot in the near future. Strange that this country which has boasted more than any other of having in its chief ruler a "servant" of the people, whose glibbest phrase is "government of the people, for the people and by the people," whose chief taunt to Europe was its burden of standing armies, should at the end of this progressive century have entered upon a course which has already shown how little the great mass of the people have to do with its legislation, and which must add the insupportable tax for a standing army to an expenditure for pensions which is already as great as some of Europe's standing armies cost. Can it be that for having said so many false things about other nations and other times, it should now be our penalty to vindicate what, rightly or wrongly, we used to call the evils of mediævalism? Had we continued as we were going, we might have had some reason to envy our posterity. Now, even in America, we are beginning to learn what it is to weep for ourselves and for our children.

NO UNITY WITHOUT AUTHORITY.

Why must Protestants ever deplore what should be their only consistent boast? Above all things they agree to disagree. Why then should they forever be crying for unity? "Defying authority for conscience sake is a Protestant luxury, more highly esteemed perhaps than any other," writes the editor of the *Churchman* (Protestant Episcopal) in the Easter issue. Very true, but it is a luxury which forces one to sacrifice the luxury of unity. There can be no unity without the unifying force of authority. Only a week before, this same Protestant organ, deploring the lack of unity among the churches at home, tried to argue itself into the hope that this disunion would not hamper missionary work abroad, because: "It is a commonplace of history that complete absorption in some great external enterprise coördinates the contending interests of class and section into a vital unity of ideal and purpose." This may be, whatever it means. But the contending interests of sect and sect are, or should be,

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quite different from those of class and section. Even in a political community class and section owe their unity to the authority which rules and guides them. So, without authority, even a complete absorption in the foreign missions cannot unify the contending churches at home.

COMITY IN MISSIONS VS. UNITY.

The *Independent* (everything but Catholic) will answer the *Churchman* (Protestant Episcopalian). "We had hoped" (notice the words of the despairing disciples on the way to Emmaus) "that the scramble of the denominations in Porto Rico might be avoided, but this is impossible." Why hope for it, then? "We wished—but it was really beyond hope—" (how apt Christ's words: "O foolish and slow of heart to believe")—"that there might be one Church of Christ in Porto Rico, embracing all Christians who do not belong to the Roman Catholic Church, a Church not Presbyterian or Congregational or Baptist or Methodist, but simply Christian. But this may not be. General Henry, the military governor of Porto Rico, wanted it, and they organized union services in the theater [sic], but they did not organize a Church and bid the sectarians keep off. Now the sectarians have come and nothing can now save the field from a sectarian Christianity." Here our readers will pause to think properly of General Henry (not of the Salvation, but of the United States, Army), and to recall our editorial in the September MESSENGER (1898), on the *Independent's* plea for "Comity in Missions," and the proposal for conferences and joint committees designated from the various sectarian missionary boards, so that our new possessions, ours chiefly by missionary agitation and humanitarian aggression, might be sliced up for the sects and evangelized with the slightest outlay of money and the greatest amount of comity. Evidently the so-called missionaries want money, not comity.

ONLY THINK OF IT!

The *Independent* continues with the following plea of the missionaries and an impotent attempt to answer it:

"'We will plan,' they add, 'not to interfere with each other in the smaller towns, while in the two principal cities of San Juan and Ponce, with thirty or forty thousand people each, there is room for all of us.' But there is not room for all of us in a city of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants. Think of it; only three or four hundred Americans, or a thousand or so, counting the soldiers, who have a chaplain of their own, to be divided up between half a dozen English-speaking services and churches; and then as many different missions trying to persuade the Spanish-speaking people to join their particular organization. Let us suppose that there are half a dozen leading Porto Ricans, men of position and education, perhaps members of the government, who might think of joining a Protestant church; which should they join? The Presbyterians and the Baptists, the Episcopalians, both Protestant and Methodist, will think their adhesion worth struggling for, and to which of the half dozen little brick or corrugated iron chapels shall they turn? They will be inclined to remain loosely related to the dignified Roman Catholic Church, and to bid their women worship in its stately temples." And this we owe the "scramble!"

MISSION FIELDS AT HOME.

In announcing Thursday, April 13, as Fast Day in that state, Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire, said: "There are towns where no church bell sends forth its solemn call from January to January; there are villages where children grow to manhood unchristened; there are communities where the dead are laid away without the benison of the name of Christ, and where marriages are solemnized only by justices of the peace." The governor calls upon the citizens to correct this evil. Why not recall the evangelizers from Porto Rico?

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Some time since the Pope expressed his intention of convoking a council of the bishops of Latin America. The object of this council is to secure uniformity of ecclesiastical discipline, cause Christian virtue to flourish with renewed vigor and promote unity of action for the welfare of the Church. The place where the council was to be held was left to the choice of the bishops and they decided to hold it in Rome. His Holiness in a letter dated last Christmas day expresses his gratification at this decision which is a proof of their devotion to the Holy See, and ratifies it, regretting only that his position as a captive in his own city renders it impossible to offer them such generous hospitality as he could desire.

Last January, His Eminence, Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, addressed a letter to the Pope in which he says: "Your predecessor of holy memory deigned to bless the Church of the Sacred Heart at its beginning. We have continued twenty-eight years to build the temple which France repentant and devoted to the Sacred Heart, has vowed to raise to its glory.

"This year, 1899, we hope to finish the work and to place the cross on the dome of the church."

He then asks the Pope's blessing upon the completion of this great work. The Pope in granting his benediction says: "You will leave to posterity a monument of public piety with which few can compare."

"The exodus from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism in Austria is continuing" says the *Independent*. If we look into the facts, however, we find this "exodus" to be purely imaginary. Two members of the Reichsrath, Wolf and Schœnerer by name, men of no religion whatever, for purely political purposes, have raised an anti-Catholic outcry, taking for their motto the shibboleth that to be German is to be Protestant. Such an assertion in a German Catholic country like Austria is about as absurd as it would be to say: to be an American is to be a Jew. But it serves for the moment and so it has caused a few apostasies here and there, especially among the young students at the universities. So far are these apostasies from being looked upon as conversions to Protestantism that the Protestant churches of Austria refuse to receive the new recruits or at least receive them only with great hesitation and reluctance.

The German Catholics have been excavating at the Kaiser's expense, the ground presented to them by him on Mount Zion, called "Our Lady's Rest." They have discovered that four churches have succeeded one another on the site. The first was the "Church of Holy Sion," dating from the earliest days of Christianity. To this succeeded, in the fourth century, a large basilica consisting of an upper and a lower church, which, for many centuries, was a famous place of pilgrimage. This basilica was rebuilt by the Crusaders, and they erected beside it an Augustinian monastery. The fourth church was built in the fourteenth century after King Roger of Sicily had purchased the Holy Places of Palestine from the Sultan and presented them to the Pope. This last church, which was in

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charge of the Franciscans, was destroyed in the sixteenth century. A new church will soon be erected.

The capital of the German Empire counts to-day more Catholics than it did inhabitants fifty years ago. For the first time, however, in its history it has become the cradle of a new religious congregation. Three Catholic ladies, one of them a daughter of the archduchess, Maria-Louisa of Tuscany, the others descendants of the oldest Silesian nobility, of the house of Count Schaffgotsch, united their efforts for the purpose of founding the "Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Berlin." The object of the new Sisterhood is to provide for the special needs of young women and girls employed in houses of commerce and industry, or of the public administration. Protectorates are to be established in different parts of Berlin for the use of these young persons. A corner building in the Potsdamer Strasse, in the parish of St. Matthias, has been temporarily chosen as the mother house of the new congregation.

Mgr. Van Euch, Vicar Apostolic, residing at Copenhagen, has entrusted the Religious of St. Camillus of Lellis of the Province of Germany, with the care of the northern part of Jutland. A vast and beautiful property was bought from a Mr. Jacobsen, a wealthy banker in the city of Oalborg, where the fathers will build a mission house and a hospital for the sick. This is the first foothold of the Catholic Church in those parts since the reformation. Unwearied in his pastoral zeal, Mgr. Van Euch invited also the Redemptorist Fathers of Mautern in Austria to take charge of Our Lady's Church in the city of Odense, on the island of Funen, where a number of Catholics of Danish and other nationalities are scattered among a population of 30,000. The Catholics in Denmark number 4,910.

The tribute paid by the *London Times* to the new Arbitration Commissioner, Lord Russell, of Killowen, is worthy of record both as a manifestation of the high esteem in which this great jurist is held, and as an evidence of the vast change in the opinions of men and papers that could wring such a tribute from so implacable a foe to all things Catholic as the *Times*. "There is no one left among the judicial class," it states, "who could represent the British nation in the grave international inquiries that are now pending with greater dignity and authority than the Lord Chief Justice of England. His position is recognized and understood throughout the English-speaking world. Anybody of inferior rank, though of equal ability, might find it hard to conquer the confidence of the Canadians, or to impress the Americans with a proper sense of his high representative dignity. But the Lord Chief Justice has many advantages in these respects. He has been welcomed as an honored guest in the United States, coming as the head of the English Judiciary. He has been the leading counsel for this country in the Behring Sea Fisheries arbitration, and there he gained a practical mastery of some of the most critical points in the controversy between the United States and the Canadians, which are also involved in the issues before the Anglo-American Commission. It is not, perhaps, irrelevant to point out that Lord Russell, as a Roman Catholic, would be a *persona grata* to a most important section of the people of Canada, including the Premier of the Dominion Cabinet, Sir Wilfrid Laurier."

The moral status of a nation or province may be pretty fairly determined by the number of its divorce cases and the birth-rate. Judged by this second standard, the Canadian Province of Ontario, the majority of whose inhabitants are non-Catholics, presents a frightful picture of degeneracy. This admission is made by Dr. Bryce, the Deputy Regis-

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trar-General of Ontario, and its truth confirmed by reference to the annual report of the Minister of Education. The rate of birth per 1,000 is only 20.9, the lowest of any country in the world, the only countries or states at all comparable to it being Vermont, 21.0; New Hampshire, 22.4; France, 22.23, and Connecticut, 24.9. On these statistics Dr. Bryce thus comments: "Assuming, however, after allowing for imperfect registrations, that the basis established between marriages and births is a fair one, it would seem impossible not to conclude that certain other influences, which may be termed of a social and moral character, must be operative to produce such a low birth-rate." What these influences so guardedly characterized are, we need not stop to name. A natural consequence of this low birth-rate has been the decreasing school population during the past twenty years. It is 5,000 less than in 1877, and despite the fact that ten years ago the school age was raised from sixteen to twenty-one, the school population has now fallen lower than the low-water-mark of 1887 by 21,000. A comparison of the school registers of the public schools and the Catholic separate schools show at whose door the blame is to be placed. The pupils registered in the public schools in 1887 numbered 491,240; the same registers to-day, notwithstanding the increase of the school age, can only show a total of 481,000. Let us turn to the Catholic separate schools. In 1877 the total number of pupils was 24,952; in 1897, 41,620. To these facts and figures, taken from the Catholic register of Toronto, we may add the significant statement that in the Catholic Province of Quebec the birth-rate is 38.57, a rate only surpassed by that of Hungary, which is 40.5.

"The Catholic Home Bureau for Dependent Children" is the title of an organization chartered under the laws of the State of New York the latter part of February, 1899, which has for its object the securing of Catholic homes for dependent children. The new organization aims to supply a long existing need, and it is made up of leading Catholic gentlemen of the metropolis who are actively engaged in charitable work. Its principal promoters are officers of the Councils and Conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in New York City. The importance of the work may be readily understood. That it has been warmly indorsed by the ecclesiastical authorities of the New York Archdiocese is attested by the following extract from a letter written by His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, who conveys his approbation in this form:

"The project of establishing a Catholic home bureau impresses me favorably, and seems likely to accomplish good results. In the first place, it will prevent overcrowding in our institutions and relieves us of the care of many children who are now dependent on charity, and will enable them to become self-reliant. It will relieve the taxpayers of the burden of contributing to the support of these children, and will prevent the number of public wards becoming too large."

The projectors of the new bureau appreciate the fact that scattered throughout the great cities and territories embraced within the State of New York and other States are countless Catholic families that would, doubtless, be glad to adopt a child from our Catholic institutions were the matter brought to their attention. The Bureau is now in active operation, having secured quarters at 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, and it is proposed by means of an agent to conduct the work in a most thorough manner.

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DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

The new edition of the League Devotions and Choral Service contains the newly approved form of the Litany of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and it has been thoroughly revised. It is now bound in dark red English cloth and looks much neater than when bound in black. The Litany has also been printed in leaflet form and is now ready for sale.

To satisfy the demand of many of our readers for copies of the letter of Leo XIII. on "Americanism" and to make amends for having printed the translation we published in our last issue, thinking it official at the time, we have issued it in pamphlet form, arranging in parallel columns the original text with a very careful translation of the same. The edition is nearly exhausted, but should some of our Directors still need copies, or should any more religious communities wish to circulate the letter, we shall print another edition. The price of the letter is three cents apiece for twenty-five, two cents apiece per one hundred copies.

A new edition of Certificates of Admission has been issued on a good quality of writing paper, the bond paper used for the last issue having proved too transparent for the lithograph of the Sacred Heart Pleading and the type. The paper used in the present issue is heavier and more durable, it does not soil easily, and it takes ink without blotting. The price of the Certificate, with the figure of the Heart of Jesus Pleading, in four colors, has been reduced from $1.00 to 50 cents per 100; the Certificates with plain black lithograph cost 20 cents per 100.

As announced in January, we shall henceforth issue Diplomas of Aggregation printed in Latin and English. With permission of the Moderator General these Diplomas are published in this country, but to be valid they must bear the stamp of his name. They are smaller in size and printed on much finer paper than were the Diplomas formerly in use. Within a neatly-designed border in red ink, the statutes are printed in sharp black letter, in Latin on one side and English on the other, so that Directors when framing them may exhibit which side they prefer. The charge for these Diplomas, including postage, is twenty-five cents each.

To Promoters.

May opens with the Feast of two Apostles, Saints Philip and James; it brings with it for Promoters the special patronage of St. Monica, a model of prayer, and of St. Gregory VII., Pope, a model of zeal. The Feast of the Ascension of Our Lord Jesus Christ into heaven occurs this month, and as He is *ever living there to make intercession for us*, we prepare for this feast by three days of rogation, or of public prayer. The season for complying with the law of the Church, requiring us to receive the Holy Eucharist at least once a year about Easter time, closes on Trinity Sunday, and until that day Associates can gain a Plenary Indulgence by receiving Holy Communion in reparation for the sins of those who neglect this duty. Those who promote this devotion of reparation should not forget St. Francis Hieronymo's day, since he it was who first organized the general communion of Reparation. Finally, Promoters who look after young Associates should take notice that on May 14 the six Sundays in honor of St. Aloysius begin. There is no need of reminding any member of the League that May is consecrated to devotion to our Lady.

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APOSTLESHIP AT HOME AND ABROAD.

ITALY, BRESCIA. Annual report of the Centre in charge of the Daughters of Charity.—We have given from time to time during the past few months the annual report of some of our Centres in the United States. It will, however, be of interest to learn something of the practical workings of a Centre not of our own country, but which in the number of its Associates, their various practices of piety, and the splendor with which the feast days of the Apostleship are observed, challenges admiration and serves as a spur to increased efforts in emulation of its example. Our account is an abridgment of the annual report published in the Roman *Messenger* for March.

1st Degree—1294 new Associates, making a total of 25,896. *2d Degree*—15,000 Associates. *3d Degree*—100 Communions of Reparation every day. *The Holy Hour*—Associates assisted in large numbers. Exact figures are not given. A meeting of all the Associates was held the first Sunday of every month. Three times each year, namely, on February 15th, the feast of SS. Faustinus and Jovitus, the patrons of the diocese of Brescia, on Whit Sunday, and the feast of the Immaculate Conception, there was a general reunion of all the Promoters who could possibly attend, since attendance is an impossibility for many living in distant country districts. At these meetings there was a conference dealing with practical details of the work, suggestions and hints as to how the Promoters may make themselves more efficient instruments in procuring God's glory. Two feasts were set aside for the solemn admission of new Associates and the conferring of Cross and Diploma on new Promoters. The days chosen were December 26 and June 29. However, it is to be noted that the new Promoters were not thus honored until they had passed six full months of probation, and had given the clearest evidence of their familiarity with all the details of the work upon which they were entering—a familiarity they had obtained by a careful reading of the Hand-Book and the monthly MESSENGER, and by faithful attendance at all the instructions of the Rev. Director. Last year we had only nine new Promotors, a comparatively small number, but they were most carefully selected and well trained. We are now more than ever convinced that the one essential point is to know how to choose and form Promoters who will be such, not only in name but in mind and heart as well, Promoters in the full sense of the term, men and women who put forth every effort to advance God's glory and the salvation of souls.

In the Community proper, First Fridays were signalized by exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and the other usual devotions, but the Feast of the Sacred Heart was of course the great day of the year. Its special feature last year was the blessing of a banner for our deaf mutes. The joy of these poor children was touching in the extreme, and found its fullest expression in the solemn procession through the whole convent, which took place towards sunset. First there was a sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. At the head of the procession, bearing the cross, was one of the Children of Mary. She was attended by two of the smaller children, and followed by all the pupils of the Academy, singing hymns. Then came the newly blessed banner, carried by one of the older mutes. She was dressed in white and crowned with roses, while a long veil falling over her shoulders and down to the feet, served to complete the resemblance, which was intended, to the appearance of our Lady as she appeared to Bernadette at Lourdes. The strings of the banner were held by two little voiceless tots, while immediately after followed the other mutes. This part of the procession was closed by a group of five children dressed also

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in white, each of whom held one of the symbols that marked the memorable apparition to Blessed Margaret Mary. Thus one carried a cross, a second a crown of thorns, a third the lance which transfixed the Sacred Heart, a fourth a representation of the flames depicted in colors true to life, while the last bore a picture of the Heart itself after the original design of Blessed Margaret Mary, namely, surrounded by two concentric circles, the inner one composed of a series of knots joined together, to which in old times the name of love-knots was given, the outer circle made up of thorns. In both circles, the links were hearts, but in fewer numbers in the thorny circle, to signify, according to Blessed Margaret Mary, how few souls are attracted by the love of suffering.

The group was accompanied by a number of the smaller children, some strewing flowers, others carrying in their hands little bunches of straw as symbols of the acts of virtue, especially of humility and sweetness, they had striven to practise during the novena of preparation. Next followed our novices, with their banner at their head, and singing the Litany of the Sacred Heart, responded to by school children at the head of the line, and the professed nuns, who closed it. The round of the convent made, the cross-bearer re-entered the church, and while the different sections were filing into their seats, a hymn was sung by the school children, its last strains scarcely dying away, when they were taken up by the full chorus of the novices in a song of praise to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. All then knelt, and an Act of Consecration and another of Reparation read by the Rev. Mother Superior brought this beautiful service to a close.

The end of the vacation and the opening of schools was made the occasion of another solemn tribute of homage to the Sacred Heart, in which the Community, school children, and deaf mutes all joined. The last day of the carnival was passed in acts of reparation for the outrages then being offered to our Lord by sinful man.

We only regret that space does not permit us to quote at full length this edifying and instructive report. We must, however, find space for the following incident: "An active and zealous teacher, one of our Promoters, after having explained to her scholars the spirit, excellence and advantages of the Apostleship, was giving out to each her Certificate of Admission to the Association. 'See, children,' she said, holding up one of the Certificates, 'here is at once a proof and a reminder of Jesus' love. He has chosen you from all eternity, and He is receiving you in the number of those who are most devout to Him, and he offers you this Certificate as a mark of His acceptance of your love. Here you have His image, inviting you to enter into His Sacred Heart; here your name is written, as it is most surely written on His Heart, while in the two inside pages you have all you need know about the Apostleship, with the Act of Consecration by which you devote yourselves unreservedly to His service. This little leaflet should be very dear to you. You should ever have it at hand in time of sickness or of suffering, etc' A few days later, one of the little scholars was seized by typhoid fever. 'Mamma,' she said at the very beginning of her sickness, 'Mamma, go to my drawer, and see if you can't find in the corner my Certificate of Admission to the Apostleship. Bring it to me, because my good teacher told me that it is a proof of the love that Jesus has for me and a precious reminder of my consecration to His Heart.' The mother complied with the request. When the leaflet was brought her, she kissed it again and again with tender affection, and, placing it upon her breast as something of greatest value, exclaimed: 'This is enough. I have here the Heart of Jesus and my Certificate of the Apostleship. My only desire now is that He

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visit me in person, and that He will open to me the gates of heaven. Mamma, I beg you let me now go to my grave.' A few days later she breathed her last with a sweet smile on her lips, and between her arms, crossed upon her breast like another Tarcisius with the Blessed Sacrament, she held what was to her most dear—the picture of the Heart of Jesus, her Certificate of Admission to the Apostleship of Prayer! These facts were related to us by the mother herself when she came to ask admission to our Centre, and to promise, out of the love she bore her dead child, that she would strive to advance daily in love for the Sacred Heart and to make known as widely as possible the Apostleship of Prayer."

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 1,922,789.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (1. Thes., v. 18.)

Special Thanksgivings.—READING, PA.—"Sometime ago we asked the prayers of the Apostleship of Prayer, in behalf of two of our uncles, both of whom had neglected their religious duties for a long time, one for about forty years, the other for nearly thirty years. One of them moved to — —, and we saw him seldom after this. The other one was living in our city. Neither of them had any positive bad habits, simply easy-going carelessness. The latter returned to his duties a few years ago, and died a month ago, fortified by all the rites of Mother Church. The former continued in his old way till two months ago, when he took sick in his adopted city, and was taken to one of the hospitals in charge of one of the Religious Orders of the Catholic Church, and his condition being made known to him, he consented to have a priest, and made his peace with God. The Rev. Father —— —— of St. —— Church called to see him, heard his confession, gave him the Holy Viaticum, and fortified him with the rites of the Church, and he ended his mortal career in peace. When we asked the prayers of the League, we promised, should they be heard, to have the result published in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART."

"We wish to return special thanks to the Sacred Heart, not only for the reformation of an inveterate drunkard, but for his perseverance, now over seven months, under severe and unusual trials, the accidental shooting of his wife, which in a few days resulted in death; this was followed by loss of employment, with a complication of difficulties, attending the support of a young family. Far from murmuring, he accepts each new trial in the spirit of humble submission, and as he says, 'a just punishment for past infidelities.'"

CLINTON, N.Y.—"An Associate of the League of the Sacred Heart wishes to return thanks for a favor received through a Promoter's Cross. A lady was stricken with paralysis and it was feared she would be unable to recognize or speak to the priest when he arrived. The cross was pinned on her dress and prayers said through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and Margaret Mary. After the priest arrived, she was able to speak and received the last sacraments. She lingered four days, but never spoke very intelligibly after the priest left her. Publication was promised."

ST. LOUIS, MO.—"It was Christmas, '96, when a band of cousins agreed to

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make a novena to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of Mrs. H. L. M. Her natural goodness of heart and amiability of disposition, made her loved by a wide circle of friends. But there was a kind of restraint as she was not one with us in faith. Consequently we determined to go to the very fountain of all goodness and grace. Accordingly our novena terminated on Christmas day. Although we did not obtain our immediate request, we noticed certain effects of our prayers. Encouraged by these visible signs, we made another, and another novena, each time with better results. In September, 1897, a marked change manifested itself. Mrs. H. L. M. began to practise some of our devotional exercises and experienced great consolations. The Sacred Heart gave evidence of hearing our prayers. Hence we concluded to make another novena. Our prayers were heard On February 18, '99, Mrs. H. L. M. was received into the Church. May the Sacred Heart be praised and thanked for this signal conversion."

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—"Please publish the following: A child twelve years of age was dying of diphtheria and Bright's disease, her death being a matter of only a few hours. The mother in her grief, begged the doctor to save her if in his power; in reply he told her it was not possible. A Badge was sent by an Associate of the League to be placed on the child. Prayers were said and, thanks to the Sacred Heart, her recovery began immediately. She is now well."

"I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the conversion of my husband. He had neglected the sacraments for years, had abandoned his family, and was living in sin with a Protestant woman. Becoming sick, he returned to God, received the sacraments and is now restored to health and to his family. I had each month made his conversion my particular intention."

"Through the League thanks are returned for the recovery of a gentleman who was addicted to drink. Being a man of brilliant abilities, a lawyer and member of Congress, his example was far-reaching, but all seemed lost through drink. Continually was his case placed in the League box with the promise of publication if he was cured. After twelve years of intemperance, thanks to the Sacred Heart, our prayers have been answered. Never has this promise been forgotten, but that the test might be most thorough, nine years have elapsed, and not a drop of any intoxicant has passed his lips."

"I wish to return my most heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Heart for the precious blessing vouchsafed to a dear brother. About a year ago, seeing him in fast declining health, I felt something must be done, so consulted a friend and decided to appeal to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, promising to make it known through the MESSENGER if he was converted or health restored. Though a good and charitable young man, he had become very indifferent and had serious doubts in matters of religion, and had not approached the sacraments for six years. Though not a believer, he consented to wear a Sacred Heart Badge. My friend and I each offered a nine months' novena for his recovery and conversion, and were rewarded by his conversion shortly before death."

"My sister married a Protestant when very young, and gave up her religion and lived a Protestant for forty years. Six years ago her health began to fail, and I had prayers offered and the intention recommended to the League every month. Last month she died a most repentant and edifying death, fortified with all the graces provided by Holy Mother Church for the dying. She asked for a priest, and her husband went immediately and brought one."

Spiritual Favors through the Sacred Heart.—A return to religious duties long neglected; a religious vocation and

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the grace to follow it; the reconciliation of husband and wife; the First Communion of a man for whom this grace had been asked by friends and relatives for twenty-six years; means of surmounting great difficulties in the way of entering a religious order; return of two persons to the practice of their religion; the conversion of a near relative.

Temporal Favors.—Recovery from a distressing attack of eczema; great improvement in health; unexpected and unhoped-for means to meet interest on a mortgage; the return home of a brother; a safe delivery in a long and tedious confinement; preservation of a mother from a dangerous illness with which she was threatened; good positions for seven persons; the safe return of a brother during a terrible snow storm; the promotion of a priest to the charge of a more important parish; complete recovery from serious attacks of pleurisy and heart disease; employment for a married man whose family had been reduced to destitution; the success of a business affair; escape from fire; recovery of a person seriously ill with a complication of ailments; the finding of a sum of money that had been lost; restoration of two persons to health.

Favors Ascribed to the Application of the Badge or Promoter's Cross.—Instant cure of a sore arm; recovery from an attack of convulsions.

WORCESTER, MASS.—"I wish to return most ardent thanks to the dear Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER. About three weeks ago my mother was taken seriously ill, and her life was almost despaired of because ot severe fainting spells. During an exhausting spell a badge of the Sacred Heart was pinned on her clothing and a promise made that if she would recover we would return public thanks. Almost immediately she regained consciousness and fell into a quiet sleep. Since then she has gradually grown better."

OBITUARY.

William H. Degges, St. Aloysius' Centre, Washington, D. C.; Bridget Lernan, St. Vincent de Paul's Centre, N. Y. City; Alice Hodge, Nellie F. Daly, St. Francis' Centre, San Francisco, Cal.; Sister Mary of St. Teresa, Good Shepherd Convent Centre, Alleghany, Pa.; Rev. John J. Conway, Minnie McLoughlin, Annunciation Centre, N. Y. City; Catherine Conway, Holy Rosary Centre, Elizabeth, N. J.; Jennie Howell, Sacred Heart Centre, Eagle Grove, Iowa; John Michaels, Caledonia, Wis.; Catherine C. Burns, St. Mary's Centre, Elizabeth, N. J.; Julia Collity, Ettrick, Wis.; John F. Louder, Holy Rosary Centre, N. Y. City; Mary O'Donovan, Agnes Flynn, St. Bridget's Centre, Meadville, Pa.; John B. McSweeny, St. Ann's Centre, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. J. A. Hartnett, Pro-Cathedral Centre, Dallas, Texas; Amanda Clark, Sacred Heart Centre, White Marsh, Md.

The sad yet edifying circumstances surrounding the death of the two Associates last named call for special notice. Father Hartnett was one of our most zealous Local Directors, and his deep love of the Sacred Heart made him untiring in his efforts to advance the interests of Christ's Kingdom on earth. He responded therefore, without hesitation to a call for his spiritual ministrations at the small-pox pest house, some six miles outside of Dallas. It was midnight, and the worst blizzard of the season raging, and with the thermometer down to eleven degrees below zero, he was obliged to walk the entire distance. He arrived nearly frozen at his destination, and administered the last sacraments to the dying woman, but all unmindful of his exposed condition, he wished to remain till the end at her bedside, and was with difficulty persuaded to return home. A few days later he was stricken down with an attack of small-pox in its most virulent form, and despite all the efforts of physicians and the constant attendance and nursing of

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his curate, Father J. L. Campbell, and two devoted Sisters of Charity, he succumbed to the dread disease on the morning of March 7. Father Hartnett was only forty-two years old and was the first priest ordained in the diocese of Dallas. He had already built five new churches at different places where he had been stationed, and at the time of his death was actively engaged in pushing to completion the magnificent cathedral in Dallas.

Of the death of Miss Amanda Clark, Father Gardiner, the local director, sends the following details: "The Miss Amanda Clark who was murdered near our church at 7:30 P. M., Saturday, March 11, was one of our Promoters. Her last words imediately after the fatal blow had been given, were 'Jesus, have mercy upon me.' She had always been a good, practical Catholic, and had prepared herself for Communion the next day, Passion Sunday, and we have every reason to believe was ready when her tragic summons came. You know already from the papers how the two sisters were attacked, without any apparent reason or object, by a colored boy whom they had befriended. The second sister, already severely injured, stayed the hand of the young murderer by the promise that she would not reveal the author of the crime, provided he would go for the doctor and myself. Strangely enough the boy undertook this mission. I was absent from home, so Father Giraud started at once on his midnight drive in the company of the murderer, upon whom suspicion at once fell. The boy was arrested that same evening, and taken to jail. The next morning his keeper, a non-Catholic, sent to the church and begged me to come down to see the prisoner. Fearing the young fellow might be lynched, I delayed the 8 o'clock Mass and started at once. He made a clean breast of the whole matter. He has since been transferred to the Baltimore jail, where Father Boone has him under his spiritual care."

LITANY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has lately revised the Litany of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in use in the diocese of Marseilles, France, since 1720, and added to it six new invocations taken from other Litanies bearing the same title. The Holy Father has approved this Litany in its new form, and given permission to read and sing it publicly in all the churches and oratories of the dioceses of Marseilles and Autun, and of the monasteries of the Visitation Order throughout the world. The Rescript is dated June 27, 1898. On November 12, 1898, this same permission was graciously extended to the whole Society of Jesus.

Kyrie, eleison. *Christe, eleison.*
Kyrie, eleison.

Christe, audi nos. *Christe, exaudi nos.*
Pater de cœlis Deus,
Filii Redemptor mundi Deus,
Spiritus Sancte Deus,
Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus,
Cor Iesu, Filii Patris æterni,

MISERERE NOBIS.

Cor Iesu, in sinu Virginis Matris a Spiritu Sancto formatum,

Cor Iesu, Verbo Dei substantialiter unitum,
Cor Iesu, Majestatis infinitæ,
Cor Iesu, Templum Dei Sanctum,

Cor Iesu, Tabernaculum Altissimi,
Cor Iesu, Domus Dei et porta cœli,

Cor Iesu, fornax ardens caritatis,

Lord, have mercy on us. *Christ, have mercy on us.*
Lord, have mercy on us.
Christ, hear us. *Christ, graciously hear us.*
God, the Father of Heaven,
God the Son, Redeemer of the world,
God the Holy Ghost,
Holy Trinity, one God,
Heart of Jesus, Son of the Eternal Father,

HAVE MERCY ON US.

Heart of Jesus, formed by the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin Mother,
Heart of Jesus, substantially united to the Word of God,
Heart of Jesus, of Infinite Majesty,
Heart of Jesus, Sacred Temple of God,
Heart of Jesus, tabernacle of the Most High,
Heart of Jesus, House of God and Gate of Heaven,
Heart of Jesus, burning furnace of charity,

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Cor Iesu, iustitiae et amoris receptaculum,
Cor Iesu, bonitate et amore plenum,
Cor Iesu, virtutum omnium abyssus,
Cor Iesu, omni laude dignissimum,
Cor Iesu, rex et centrum omnium [cordium,
Cor Iesu, in quo sunt omnes thesauri sapientiæ et scientiæ.

Cor Iesu, in quo habitat omnis plenitudo divinitatis,
Cor Iesu, in quo Pater sibi bene complacuit,
Cor Iesu, de cuius plenitudine omnes nos accepimus,
Cor Iesu, desiderium collium aeternorum,
Cor Iesu, patiens et multæ miseri- [cordiæ,
Cor Iesu, dives in omnes qui invocant Te,
Cor Iesu, fons vitæ et sanctitatis,

Cor Iesu, propitiatio pro peccatis nostris,
Cor Iesu, saturatum opprobriis,

Cor Iesu, attritum propter scelera nostra,
Cor Iesu, usque ad mortem obediens factum,
Cor Iesu, lancea perforatum,
Cor Iesu, fons totius consolationis,

Cor Iesu, vita et resurrectio nostra,
Cor Iesu, pax et reconciliatio nostra,

Cor Iesu, victima peccatorum,
Cor Iesu, salus in Te sperantium,

Cor Iesu, spes in Te morientium,

Cor Iesu, deliciæ Sanctorum omnium,

MISERERE NOBIS.

Heart of Jesus, abode of justice and love,
Heart of Jesus, full of goodness and love
Heart of Jesus, abyss of all virtues,
Heart of Jesus, most worthy of all praise, [hearts,
Heart of Jesus, king and centre of all
Heart of Jesus, in Whom are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,
Heart of Jesus, in Whom dwells the fulness of divinity,
Heart of Jesus, in Whom the Father was well pleased,
Heart of Jesus, of whose fulness we have all received,
Heart of Jesus, desire of the everlasting hills, [ful,
Heart of Jesus, patient and most merci-
Heart of Jesus, enriching all who invoke Thee,
Heart of Jesus, fountain of life and holiness,
Heart of Jesus, propitiation for our sins,

Heart of Jesus, loaded down with opprobrium,
Heart of Jesus, bruised for our offences,

Heart of Jesus, obedient unto death,

Heart of Jesus, pierced with a lance,
Heart of Jesus, source of all consolation, [tion,
Heart of Jesus, our life and resurrec-
Heart of Jesus, our peace and reconciliation,
Heart of Jesus, victim for sin,
Heart of Jesus, salvation of those who trust in Thee,
Heart of Jesus, hope of those who die in Thee,
Heart of Jesus, delight of all the saints,

HAVE MERCY ON US.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, parce nobis, Domine.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, exaudi nos, Domine.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.
V. Iesu mitis et humilis Corde.
R. Fac cor nostrum secundum Cor tuum.

Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world, spare us, O Lord.
Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world, graciously hear us, O Lord.
Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.
V. Jesus meek and humble of heart,
R. Make our hearts like unto Thine.

Oremus.

Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, respice in Cor dilectissimi Filii tui, et in laudes et satisfactiones, quas in nomine peccatorum tibi persolvit, iisque misericordiam tuam petentibus, Tu veniam concede placatus, in nomine eiusdem Filii tui Iesu Christi, qui tecum vivit et regnat in unitate Spiritus Sancti Deus, per omnia sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Let us Pray.

O, almighty and eternal God, look upon the Heart of Thy dearly beloved Son, and upon the praise and satisfaction He offers Thee in the name of sinners and for those who seek Thy mercy; be Thou appeased and grant us pardon in the name of the same Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, world without end. *Amen.*

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THE·READER·

The following extract from the *North American Review*, for April, might apply to other schools besides our public ones; but it applies to them more than to others, and it is all the more striking because the writer, Julian Hawthorne, is in full sympathy with our public school system, and blames the evil not on the education given by the State, but on the neglect of parents to coöperate with the State, as if this were not the chief evil inherent in the system, and even its original motive.

"Admitting, then, that our public school system is as near to the right thing as it can be brought, let us inquire a little more closely into the condition and character of the product of it, the American public-school child, more particularly as it is found in our great cities. Of course, in the last resort, the public school is like other things, in so far as that by its fruits we shall know it. If it be so unexceptionable, then, inevitably, the child must be unexceptionable also. Is it so? Let us take a day from our business, and stroll about the streets, in the vicinity of the schools, at recess-time, or just after school is out for the day. At these hours the children fill the pavements, and are conducting themselves with that freedom and naturalness proper to the juvenile human being when emancipated for a season, from the restraint of the public-schoolroom. They shout, they run about, play games, engage in mimic combats, indulge in lively dialogue. If we observe and listen, we shall get clearer and more correct notions of what they really are than by much watching beside the teacher's desk, or even by vigils within the privacy of the children's homes, where, also, spontaneity of speech and action is under restraint.

"I confess I would rather the reader did this for himself than would I describe what, during the past year or so, I have learned by doing it here in New York. I did not have to go out of my way to get information; rather, at certain hours, it is difficult to find a retreat where the information is not thrust upon one. It is on earth and in air, it rushes at the ears and eyes, and permeates space generally. The children are not reticent; what is in them is let forth with liberality and explicitness. And what is it that these children let out? The majority of them are well-dressed and well conditioned, their parents are of the better class, and evidently expect their offspring to take a respectable place in the community. Well, we hear as much slovenly, profane, and sometimes even foul language as might be met with in the city slums; and we see vulgar, mean, petty conduct enough to suit the language. To look and listen, with your eyes shut, you would think that not the children of our solid citizens, who must presently carry on the business of the Republic, but a lot of naughty little toughs and hoodlums were on the rampage. The words and phrases sometimes used by these small people are really unproducible on respectable pages, and the tone in which they are uttered is yet more significant than the words. Their games are not conducted on principles of fair-play, honest give-and-take, but the participants bully and take advantage of one another. One almost never sees a square stand-up fight, but the usage is to hit in the back and run away. In their disputes, they

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give one another the lie as a matter of course, and are neither ashamed nor do they expect to shame by it. The little girls are outwardly more decent than the boys, but they nevertheless betray a certain vulgarity which is not of good augury for their future. Their poor little airs and graces, their fluent slang, their precocious flirtations—how sorry one is to see them! Now, all these children "know better." They act in this way because it is the fashion, and they prefer to adopt as models waifs of the street rather than respectable people. So that it is no exaggeration to say that the whole school gravitates towards the level of the most disreputable little scallawag in it, or that they can pick up in the street outside. I am not overdrawing the case; it could not be overdrawn—in print. And, when the poor little things go home, they add hypocrisy to their other accomplishments, and modify their speech and actions to suit the conception which their parents have formed of what their children ought to be. Therefore, each parent believes that, however bad other children may be, his own are all right; and since, according to our Christian standards, no parent is concerned for the welfare of any but his own children, improvement is impossible.

. . . . . .

"American parents take it for granted, however, that, because the State instructs their children in arithmetic and geography and the other things, it must teach them all the Christian and social graces into the bargain. The consequence is that the children grow up knowing more than the hoodlums of the slums, but knowing, also, what the hoodlums know, and, therefore, worse off than if they were ignorant altogether. We already see the effects of this in our national life. Public school children become our shopkeepers, lawyers, politicians, contractors, saloon men, bank clerks, brokers, manufacturers, millionaires. They wear good clothes and appear respectable—are respectable in many cases. But a certain, not small percentage of them are base in character, rotten in principle, loving mean actions, pursuing degraded ambitions. Our most dangerous criminals are not the hereditary class, but graduates of our public schools. Most of the men whose careers disgrace their country, either in a small or a conspicuous way, have been public school boys. Most of our women who go astray have attended public schools. These people are gradually giving a tone to the entire community; their tendency is to sap the foundations of our national honor and freedom. It is vain to contend that many, even the majority, of public school children turn out well. That may be true; sometimes it may appear more true than it is, for, as children mature, they learn to cover up vices learned at school, and wear an outside of decency from motives of prudence. Yet, the vices may not be extirpated. The frailty, the defect, whatever it may be, remains, and, when the man or woman is brought to the test, it will betray itself. What are we going to do about it? The first thing we ought to do is to recognize the fact that the public school children who go wrong are not to be charged against our public school system, but against parental neglect and abandonment. They are the product of education by the State, unsupported by training in the family."

* * *

Says one reviewer of *The Two Standards*, by William Barry, "a perusal of *The Two Standards* will amply reward the reader for his pains." Why should one have to take pains to read a novel? For what other reward but pleasure are novel readers supposed to look for? Once a book requires study, the very laborious and fatiguing study suggested by the word "pain," it cannot be called a novel; but that is not of much importance. Indeed, Dr. Barry's latest novel is so full of the improbable and withal so wearisome, that it matters little how it may be classified; few people will care to read it at all.

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It is a pity that a writer, who should know better, has made use of a consecrated title to recommend a story which in no way illustrates the classical meditation of St. Ignatius. Dr. Barry's characters are pagan, the world of his novel is a purely pagan world, the motive and the sequel and the denouement of his story are likewise pagan, and some few of his chapters, unfortunately, paint all too vividly the most corrupt elements of paganism. All the monks and sermons in creation could not give his story a Christian tone, nor compensate a Catholic for "his pains" in reading it.

We might quote the *Spectator's* damaging criticism of the book from a literary point of view. We prefer to quote the following from *Saint Peter's Magazine*, made, as it is, from a literary standpoint, and by an unbiased critic:

"In more senses than one this is a remarkable book. The work of a well-known Catholic priest, whose critical pen can be detected by the initiated in much of the best periodical literature of the day, *The Two Standards* assumes a knowledge of persons and customs presumably unknown to the average cleric. It is the outcome of keen realization of the mistaken basis of modern marriage, and as such is intended to serve as an object lesson in the immorality of loveless unions. The impression made by a careful reading of this very long book—it is well over 500 pages of close type—is that the author has determined to lay before his readers the entire contents of his well-stocked observation since it was last emptied in the "New Antigone." Father Barry has attempted to fill too large a canvas. Greed and sensuality are sufficient in themselves to serve as themes for a fair-sized novel, without the necessity of introducing so many other burning questions of the day. In his eagerness to fill in his picture, he has overloaded it with artistic, ethical, and religious interests, which become mere excuses for sensationalism. None of the many irrelevant episodes in the book assist in the development of character, or add one whit to the interest or action of the story. Father Barry is like an eloquent though prolix advocate, who has not yet learnt to appreciate the fallacy of overstating his case. The problem of *The Two Standards* is the evergreen one of the ethics of marriage. On the one hand are right, the spiritual, the Church; on the other, wrong, the carnal, and the world. The characters all range themselves under one or other of these standards; some begin under one and end under the other; others remain all their lives under the same; a few are completely unstable, and continue 'verting all their days. Marian Greystoke, the heroine of the story, the daughter of Calvinistic parents, marries a wealthy company promoter for his money. Her true lover, Charlie Latimer, marries a divorcee in order to ruin Marian's husband. Any pretense of love there may once have been between Marian and Lucas Harland is effectually destroyed on the death of their infant child on the day of its birth, a sacrifice to the mother's ill-timed desire to penetrate the repulsive by-ways of the "fierce Mother of Loves." Here follows an account of a chapter, which suggests that the author has gathered material from a prowler in one of the disreputable city quarters. The reviewer continues: "This is part of one of the object-lessons chosen by Father Barry to assist the young in choosing the higher standard of life. We need not pause to inquire how Father Barry came by his knowledge of this midnight pandemonium. The subject afforded an excellent excuse for effective scene-setting, and the pen of the cleric must not be proved unable to describe suggestive revelries of unchecked vice. No such Marlborough parade as Father Barry describes exists in London or in any other capital. Still, the fact remains that a Catholic priest has painted a *Laus Veneris*, a Laud of Venus, which will pass current among our youth under the palliation of the priestly artist, whilst editors

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of Catholic journals will continue to be banned for inserting stories not a hundredth part as suggestive. Not only has the test of *The Two Standards* to be applied to Marian and Lucas Harland, but other characters in the book similarly come within its application. There are two in particular to which we would draw attention, Gerard Elven, an emotional, sensitive musician, and his brother Rudolph, a reformed monk. Between Gerard and Marian a strong attachment springs up, in dealing with which Father Barry, to our mind, is inclined to shirk its moral reprehensiveness. He rather encourages the intimacy at first, and it is only when the pair have decided an elopement, and are actually seated in the railway train, that he realizes the necessity of frank disavowal. If the Piccadilly episode was unreal, the rescue of Marian and Gerard by the inconsequent appearance on the platform of Rudolph is melodramatic. It is only fit to rank with the most commonplace of Adelphi devices. We have still another fault to find with Father Barry. He is essentially an author of prejudices. His account of the retreat Rudolph persuades his brother to enter into is but a thinly-veiled mockery of a system which many Catholics highly sympathise with. But amidst the darkness of the story there is one short episode which temporarily relieves the murky atmosphere. Rosie and Oberlin are charming characters, pure, innocent, lovable. Death claims the one all too early, whilst the other's fortune is pathetically suggested in the dedication of the book: 'He died in his twenty-sixth year—*Vivas in pace, anima dulcissima.*' We could have wished Father Barry had made his story hang upon these two. Father Barry has written a problem novel which is certain to have a vogue. Will he follow in the footsteps of other successful novelists? Will the Catholic laity of England some day be invited to witness a play by the author of *The New Antigone* and *The Two Standards?* If so, let him learn the virtue of compression, and study the technicalities of literary and dramatic action."

* * *

L'Univers of Paris in its issue of March 17, gives in full the letter of Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, to the Rev. Pastors of his diocese, in connection with a copy of the Pope's letter to Cardinal Gibbons, which he sent to each of them and which he wished preserved in the archives of their respective parishes. As much of the controversy excited by the "Life of Father Hecker" had been carried on in his episcopal city, and the Cardinal's refusal of an *imprimatur* to the Abbé Maignen's book has been interpreted as an act of sympathy with the supporters of Americanism so-called, the letter possesses special interest, but apart from this, is well worthy of careful perusal on account of the deep gratitute and loyalty it manifests toward the Holy Father, and its invaluable suggestions as to how his priests may fill themselves more and more with the true spirit of Holy Mother Church.

PARIS, March 7.

MONSIEUR LE CURÉ:

During my recent sojourn in Rome, I expressed to the Sovereign Pontiff how desirable it seemed to me that he should by some authoritative act put an end to the discussions more or less animated that had arisen among us in regard to "Americanism." The Holy Father answered with a kindness that deeply moved me, that my desire had been fulfilled and that he had already dispatched a letter to the American bishops in which he had given a definite decision on the different points in controversy, and had set forth the doctrine to which the faithful should adhere. He added that his letter would be made public only after it had reached the American bishops.

We have just received this letter addressed to Cardinal Gibbons, to be communicated by him to the bishops of the United States. You have already become

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acquainted with its contents through the public press, but we desire to have it reach you officially so that it may be made publicly known in our diocese, and be preserved in the archives of our parishes.

It is with sentiments of the deepest gratitude that we have received this letter of the Sovereign Pontiff, whose importance cannot be overlooked by any one.

In language that reminds us of that of St. Paul to the Corinthians, Leo XIII., setting aside all personalities, lovingly recalls the praise which on more than one occasion he had bestowed upon the bishops and people of America for the happy progress of the Church in their country, and, then he adds with paternal tenderness, that though to-day he wishes to point out some things to be avoided and corrected, it is always the same apostolic charity that inspires his words. But Leo XIII. did not wish to close his letter without again defining what should be understood by "Americanism," and he declares that if by this term is designated the complexus of opinions he condemns, the venerable bishops of America will be the first to repudiate a term unjust to their entire nation in as much as it gives ground for the supposition that there is in their country a Catholic Church different from that existing in other parts of the world.

As a matter of fact, Monsieur le Curé, the opinions which the Sovereign Pontiff condemns with such admirable wisdom and authority and to which in these latter times the name "Americanism" has been given, are nothing new. Those of you who assisted at the retreat of the priests last year must recall how to safeguard the clergy against the allurement of these opinions, we commented on the rules given in the 16th century by St. Ignatius in his Spiritual Exercises and so well entitled by him *Regulæ ad sentiendum vere in Ecclesia militante*: rules which should be followed in order to have the true sense of doctrine in the Church Militant.

In this document intended to put the children of the Church on their guard against the errors then so prevalent, we find the greater part of the opinions reproved by the Holy Father in his letter to Cardinal Gibbons. Nor should this cause surprise. At all periods of great struggle we always see start up rash doctrines which are consequences derived more or less remotely from errors condemned by the Church. On the appearance of Protestantism it was private judgment that destroyed the authority of the Church. To-day, it is rationalism that puts forth an absolute negation of the supernatural order. At that time men were found who while wishing sincerely to remain attached to the Church, allowed themselves to be seduced by novel opinions, and sought to soften down doctrines under the pretext of coming closer to those who disagreed with them, to mitigate discipline so as not to affright them who feared the severity of ecclesiastical laws, and to imagine that they were giving new development to human intelligence by discarding the traditional methods of teaching obtaining in Catholic Schools. Thus, without their perceiving it, they were favoring the progress of error instead of reclaiming those who had wandered from the paths of truth.

Nothing, therefore, was more necessary to arrest an intellectual movement full of danger for the Church than Leo XIII.'s admirable letter. You will notice in it two things. First, the firmness with which the Holy Father maintains in its integrity and proves the doctrines faithfully guarded by the Church as a sacred deposit, and not like a science relying for its development on human understanding. Secondly, the sacredness of discipline; not that disciplinary laws cannot undergo modifications demanded by the welfare of souls in the course of ages, but that such modifications are reserved to the supreme authority of the Holy See, which governs the entire world.

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As a consequence of these broad principles, we find in Leo XIII.'s letter rules for the practice of Christian piety as efficacious in our own as in past times. There are no new virtues, no rules for a new kind of life to be substituted for those practised and observed in days gone by; there are always the great virtues of humility, of meekness, of mortification, always the perfection of the evangelical counsels strengthened by the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience that constitute the religious life.

We recommend through you, Monsieur le Curé, that priests and people be imbued with the teachings of the Sovereign Pontiff in order to protect themselves against novelties in doctrine and the practice of Christian life and to remain firm in those traditions of faith and piety that have made saints.

We will not bring these reflections to a close without adding how much we have been consoled, though not surprised, at the alacrity with which those who have been seduced by the novelties of Americanism have hastened to give their adhesion to the teachings of the Sovereign Pontiff with the most entire filial submission.

It is not intended that this letter should be read from your pulpits, but that it may serve to point out to you the lessons you should impart to the faithful.

We have printed annexed to this circular, the letter of Leo XIII. to Cardinal Gibbons, both with the Latin text and the French translation, so that both priests and people may easily follow it.

Accept, Monsieur le Curé, the assurance of my devoted affection in our Lord.

† Francis, Cardinal Richard,
Archbishop of Paris.

A SHRINE.

By A. E. Sullivan.

IT stands 'neath the sun of foreign skies,
The Heart of Jesus pleading;
With arms outstretched and plaintive eyes,
For all men interceding;
And ever throughout the livelong day
Such weary hearts pass on their way
Deep-burdened, crushed and bleeding.

Some pause awhile at the wayside shrine
To kiss the feet nail-driven;
Or gaze up to the face divine
With thoughts that turn to heaven;
While the Heart relieves their earthly woe
With a love as great as long ago
When its last life-blood was given.

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PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of March, 1899, from the 1st to the 31st (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Alton	Quincy, Ill	St. Francis Solanus . . . Church	4
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md	St. Joseph's . . . Retreat	6
"	"	St. Patrick's . . . Church	30
Belleville	Waterloo, Ill	SS. Peter and Paul's . . . "	6
Boston	Maynard, Mass	St. Bridget's . . . "	2
Brownsville	Beeville, Tex	St. Joseph's . . . "	3
"	San Patricio, Tex	St. Patrick's . . . "	2
Buffalo	Holley, N. Y.	St. Mary's . . . "	8
Burlington	W. Rutland, Vt	St. Bridget's . . . "	2
Chicago	Chicago Ill	All Saint's . . . "	16
"	" "	St. Columbkille's . . . "	2
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O	St. Peter's . . . Cathedral	1
"	Clifton, Cincinnati, O	Sacred Heart . . . Convent	1
Erie	Eldred, Pa	St. Raphael's . . . Church	1
"	Punxsutawney, Pa	SS. Cosmas and Damian . . . "	2
Hartford	New Hartford Conn	Immaculate Conception . . . "	5
Leavenworth	St. Mary's, Kansas	St. Mary's . . . College	14
Marquette	Escanaba, Mich	St. Joseph's . . . Church	2
Milwaukee	Caledonia, Wis	St. Louis' . . . "	12
Mobile	Eufaula, Ala	Holy Redeemer . . . "	1
"	Pensacola, Fla	St Michael's . . . "	3
Nesqually	Colfax, Wash	St. Patrick's . . . "	7
"	Seattle, Wash	Immaculate Conception . . . "	2
New York	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	Sacred Heart . . . "	25
"	New York, N. Y.	St. Elizabeth's . . . "	3
"	" "	St. Ignatius Loyola . . . "	12
"	Rye, N. Y.	St. Benedict's . . . Institute	2
Pittsburg	S. S. Pittsburg, Pa	Holy Cross . . . Church	16
Richmond	Richmond, Va	St Peter's . . . Cathedral	11
St Louis	St. Louis, Mo	Christian Brothers' . . . College	22
St. Paul	St. Paul, Minn	St. Mathew's . . . Church	10
Springfield	Springfield, Mass	St. Michael's . . . Cathedral	1
Trenton	Lakewood, N J.	St. Mary of the Lake . . . Church	10
Wheeling	Hinton, W. Va	St. Patrick's . . . "	8
"	Wheeling, W. Va	Visitation . . . Academy	5

Total Number of Receptions, 25. **Total Number of Diplomas issued, 257.**

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, March 1 to 31, 1899.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Albany	Troy, N. Y.	Little Sisters of the Poor . . . Home	Mar. 6.
Brooklyn	Woodside, N. Y.	St. Sebastian's . . . Church	Mar. 20.
Dubuque	Rock Valley, Ia.	St. Mary's. . . "	Mar. 3.
Fort Wayne	Winamac, Ind.	St. Peter's . . . "	Mar. 22.
La Crosse	La Crosse, Wis.	St Joseph's . . . Cathedral	Mar. 17.
"	" "	St. Mary's . . . Church	Mar. 2.
Manchester	Bennington, N. H.	St. Patrick's . . . "	Mar. 18.
New York	New York, N. Y.	Holy Family . . . "	Mar. 4.
*Omaha	Monterey, Neb.	St Boniface's . . . "	Feb. 27.
Pittsburg	Braddock, Pa.	St. Brendan's . . . "	Mar. 1.
"	Newcastle Pa.	St. Mary's . . . "	Mar. 16.
Providence	Cranston R. I.	St. Ann's . . . "	Mar. 6.
San Antonio	Meyersville, Tex.	St. Peter's . . . "	Mar. 4.
Wichita	Ellenwood Kansas	SS. Peter's and Paul's . . . "	Mar. 8.

Aggregations, 14: churches, 13; institution, 1; *German-speaking Centres.

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CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, MAY, 1899.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for the **Beatification of Joan of Arc.**

1	*M.*	SS. Philip and James, Ap.—A.I.	Candor.	1,922,789 for thanksgivings.
2	*T.*	St. Athanasius, Bp.C.D. (373).	Resistance to error.	6,377,991 in affliction.
3	*W.*	Finding of the Holy Cross.—St. Juvenal, Bp.C. (376).	Sign of the Cross.	2,411,477 for the sick, infirm.
4	*Th.*	St. Monica, W. (387).—H.H., Pr.	Persevering prayer.	2,250,987 for dead associates.
5	*F.*	**First Friday.**—St. Pius V., P.C. (O.P., 1572). 1st D., A.C.	Devotion to Rosary.	133,853 for Local Centres.
6	*S.*	St John before the Latin Gate (Rome. 65.)	Meekness.	1,190,202 for Directors.
7	**S.**	**5th after Easter.**—St. Stanislas, Bp M (1079)	Charitable admonition	199,352 for Promoters.
8	*M.*	Rogation Day—Apparition of St. Michael, Archangel.	Victory over the devil.	2,714,304 for the departed.
9	*T.*	Rogation Day.—St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bp. C.D. (389).	Mildness.	1,465,568 for perseverance.
10	*W.*	Rogation Day.—St. Antoninus, Bp.C (O P., 1459).	Almsgiving.	681,808 for young persons.
11	*Th.*	**Ascension of our Lord.**—(Of precept).—H.H., A.I., A.C.	Thought of heaven.	1,136,092 for 1st Communions
12	*F.*	SS. Nereus and Companions, MM. (I. Century).- A.C.	Good example.	1,422,573 for parents.
13	*S.*	St. John the Silent, Bp.C. (about 560).	Silence.	375,138 for families.
14	**S.**	**Within Oct. of Ascension.**—St. Bonifice, M. (290).	Repentance.	221,582 for reconciliations.
15	*M.*	St. Francis di Geronimo, C. (S.J. 1716).	Conversion.	1,311,617 for work, means.
16	*T.*	St. John Nepomucene, M. (1383).—St. Ubaldus, Bp. C. (1160).	Confession.	204,895 for the clergy.
17	*W.*	St. Paschal Baylon, C. (Minorite, 1592).	Humility.	377,769 for religious.
18	*Th.*	St. Venantius or Winand (Boy Martyr, 250).—H.H.	Care of the young.	127,702 seminarists, novices.
19	*F.*	St. Peter Celestine, P.C. (1296).—A.C.	Contempt of the world	215,752 for vocations.
20	*S.*	Vigil.—St. Bernardine of Siena, C. Minorite, 1444).	Reverence.	83,168 for parishes.
21	**S.**	**Whitsunday.**—Pentecost.—A.I., C.R.	Love of God.	394,108 for schools.
22	*M.*	Whit-Monday.—St. Julia, V.M. (440).	Devotion to Holy Ghost	166,513 for superiors.
23	*T.*	Whit-Tuesday.—B. Andrew Bobola, M. (S J., 1657).	Custody of the tongue.	89,585 for missions, retreats.
24	*W.*	Ember Day.—St. Vincent of Lerius, C. (about 450).	Obedience to grace.	67,805 for societies, works.
25	*Th.*	St. Gregory VII., P.C. (O.S.B., 1085).—H.H., Pr.	Victory over the world	1,597,372 for conversions.
26	*F.*	Ember Day.—St. Philip Neri, C.F. (Oratorians, 1592).—A.C.	Cheerfulness.	1,726,212 for sinners.
27	*S.*	Ember Day.—St Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, V. (O.D.C., 1607).	Courteousness.	467,084 for the intemperate.
28	**S.**	**Trinity Sunday.**—St. Augustine, Bp. C. (Apostle of England, 605) A.I.	Adoration.	1,502,642 for spiritual favors
29	*M.*	Our Lady Help of Christians.—A.S.	Confidence in Mary.	140,972 for temporal favors
30	*T.*	St. Felix I., P.M. (274).—St. Ferdinand, K.C. (Spain, 1252).	Magnanimity.	7,698,699 for special, various.
31	*W.*	St. Angela de Merici, V.F. (Ursulines, 1540).	Longanimity	For MESSENGER Readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship*, (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.—*Holy Hour*); A. I., B. I.—*Apostolic, Bridgettine Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Acts of Charity	4,998,093	11.	Masses heard	442,411
2.	Beads	1,099,469	12.	Mortifications	758 875
3.	Way of the Cross	71,000	13.	Works of Mercy	1,124,309
4.	Holy Communions	167,539	14.	Works of Zeal	952,520
5.	Spiritual Communions	588,823	15.	Prayers	12,649.810
6.	Examens of Conscience	487,775	16.	Kindly Conversation	1,684,333
7.	Hours of Labor	995,905	17.	Sufferings, Afflictions	1,126,522
8.	Hours of Silence	389,252	18.	Self-conquest	360,894
9.	Pious Reading	157,507	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	1,057, 73
10.	Masses read	57,507	20.	Various Good Works	1,416,995
		Total, 31,506,752.			

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXIV. JUNE, 1899. No. 6.



DETAIL FROM CEILING—HALL OF THE SYBILS.

THE BORGIA APARTMENT IN THE VATICAN.

By L. S.

IT is an old and honored custom in Rome to have struck each year for the feast of Sts. Peter and Paul a medal commemorative of some noteworthy event or act in the life of the reigning Pontiff. For 1898 the Papal artificer, the Cavalier Bianchi, chose for his die a representation of Pinturicchio's Resurrection of our Lord with Pope Alexander VI. in the foreground, kneeling in adoration before the Risen Saviour, while around the circumference runs an inscription composed by the Holy Father himself: *Borgianis · Dictis · In · Cultum · Pristinum · Restitutis.*

Nothing could have been more appropriate than such a choice of subject. The restoration and reopening of the once famous Borgia Apartment, as it is called, is, from the standpoint of lovers of art, the great event of the pontificate of Leo XIII., for to them this unveiling of Pinturicchio's masterly frescoes has been what the throwing open of the Vatican archives was to the student of history, or the erection of the Seminary at Anagni, and the Benedictine Scholasticate on the Aventine to the cause of higher clerical education. There is no sphere of the Church's activity which has not felt the influence of Leo XIII. All her interests, spiritual and temporal, have claimed and received his attention. A prisoner, his voice has yet been heard to the uttermost ends of the earth, and the power of his wisdom and authority acknowledged and lauded alike by friend and foe. And now as his days, we fear, are drawing to a close, he gives, as so many of his predecessors have given, additional

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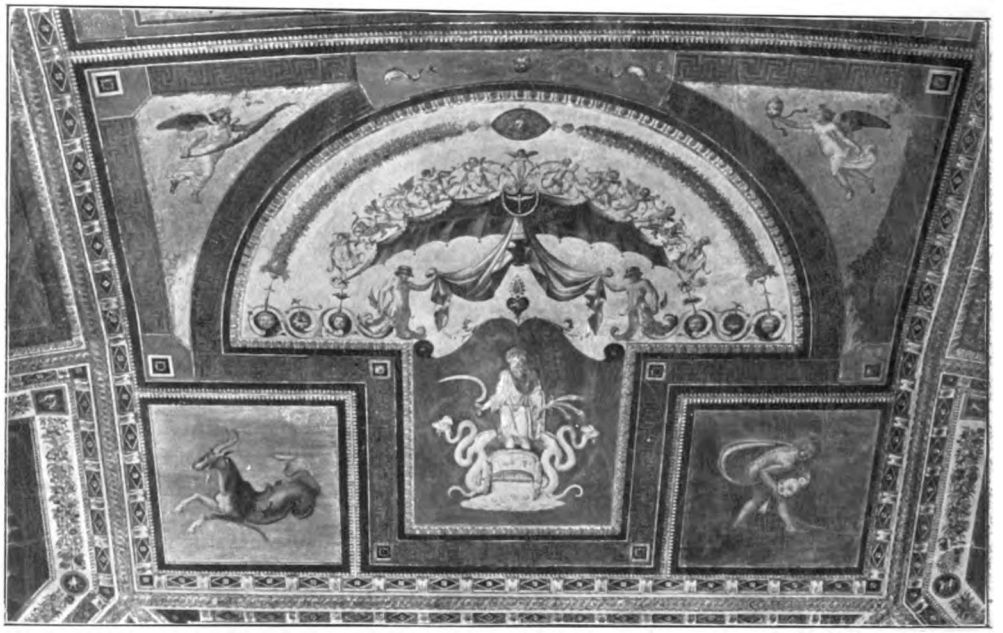
Copyright, 1898, by APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER

splendor and attractiveness to the ungrateful city, which despite the efforts of the despoiler, still remains the capital of the artistic as well as the Christian world.

Let us try to form some idea, however inadequate, of the treasure-house of art which has thus been given to the public, and while it will not be allowed us to aid mind and eye by turning the pages of the magnificent memorial volume sent by the Pope to all the crowned heads of Europe and to President McKinley, we may by the humbler helps of Anderson's photographs and Volpini's brochure, learn well-known Camere di Raffaele. It consists of four large rooms or halls on the same plane, and two other rooms in the Borgian Tower, raised the height of some seven marble steps above the adjoining apartments. Each of these rooms has a distinctive name, derived from the character of the frescoes which enrich its ceiling. Thus the first of the suite is known as

THE HALL OF THE POPES.

Ten handsome tablets of rectangular form, of azure background with white lettering, set before us various important his-



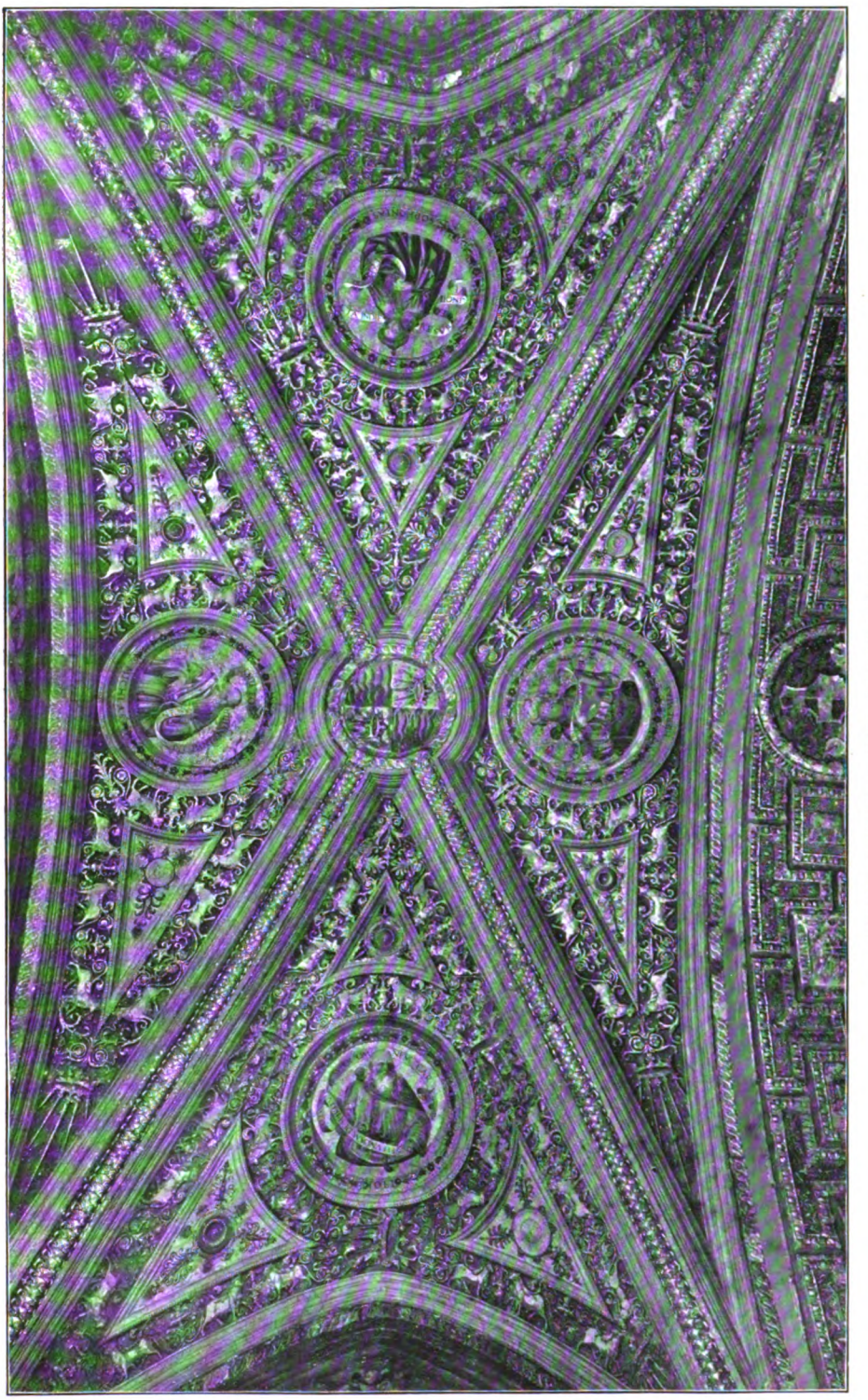
DETAIL FROM CEILING—HALL OF THE POPES.

what a distinct gain to art has been this work of restoration.

The Borgia Apartment is so named not because it was built entirely by Rodrigo Borgia, Alexander VI., but because it was adorned by his order and through his munificence with frescoes and other decorations of great value, and formed during some years of his pontificate his ordinary place of residence. Situated on the first floor of that part of the Vatican which faces the southern side of the Cortile di Belvidere, it is immediately below the

torical facts in the lives of some of the Popes who preceded the great Leo X., facts which by a singular coincidence are largely connected with the beginning and increase in influence and extent of that temporal power of which the Popes are now bereft. One, for instance, tells us in a classical Latin lapidary inscription that King Pepin held the reins of Pope Stephen's horse while the Pontiff alighted, a second that it was under the pontificate of Adrian II., that the Lombard power in Italy came to an end, a third that it was

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SECTION OF CEILING—HALL OF THE LIFE OF OUR LADY.

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THE NATIVITY.

Pope St. Leo III. who crowned Charlemagne Emperor, at which time, it may be remembered, the French monarch solemnly swore that he would ever be the defender and protector of the Church. Other inscriptions are to the effect that Leo IV., after the overthrow of the Saracens, walled in that part of Rome adjacent to the Vatican, called after him the Leonine City; that Urban II. was the author of the first crusade against the Turks; that Gregory XI. transferred back to Rome from Avignon the seat of Papal government; that by the fortifying of the Castle of San Angelo, Boniface IX. put the temporal power on a firmer basis, and that Martin V., whose election ended the great Western Schism, restored peace to the Church. Of less general interest and less generally known is the fact testified by a ninth inscription that Sergius II. was the first Pope to change his name on his elevation to the Papacy, and the tenth that Nicholas III., of the famous Orsini family was called the self-possessed on account of the gravity of his manners. It is hard to conjecture why a fact so insignificant should find place amid others of such historical importance, save perhaps to show that it was zeal for the common weal and not undue affection for his relations that led a Pope of this character to place so many of them in positions of trust.

These tablets, from which, as we have said, the hall takes its name, rest upon large painted shells of yellow, both tablets and shells being included in ten lunettes arranged symmetrically around the edge of the ceiling. There is a tradition that these lunettes were originally occupied by frescoes of martyred Saints painted by Giotto, whence the name *Sala dei Martiri*. These in time were replaced by portraits of some ten Popes with a corresponding change to the combined name *Sala dei Martiri Pontefici*. But whether to remove the incongruity of portraits of the Popes and mythological subjects of paganism side by side on the same ceiling, or for some other un-

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known reason, the portraits were painted over, and the inscriptions and shells substituted. These mythological representations occupy the triangular space between the lunettes, and all the centre of the ceiling. They are most elaborate—arabesques, stuccos, bas-reliefs, medallions, frescoes of the signs of the zodiac, gods and goddesses, the expedition of the Argonauts, etc., etc.,—all, however, treated with a chasteness uncommon at this epoch of renaissance, and in a variety of coloring, and with a perfection of detail worthy of the two disciples of Raphael, Pierino del Vaga and Giovanni da Udine. The four corners of the ceiling have the coat-of-arms of the great Leo X., to whose munificence this masterpiece of mural decoration is due. A bust of the thirteenth Leo, standing on a marble pedestal, is a contribution of modern sculpture from the chisel of the Cavalier Ugolini.

Still the Hall of the Popes is but the antechamber to the real treasure-house of the Borgia Apartment, and so with a mere passing glance at the decorations of the walls and the magnificent old chimney or fireplace, we enter the second of the suite of rooms,

THE HALL OF THE LIFE OF OUR LADY AND OF JESUS CHRIST.

Our attention is at once arrested by Pinturicchio's marvellous frescoes. Noble in design, admirable in execution, rich in color, with a variety of figures and even architectural and landscape views that only the power of a great artist could crowd with success into a single painting, they represent perhaps the best of the more extensive work due to the brush of the famous Perugian painter, and are, as a whole, according to Cardinal Parrochi, superior to the more widely known and more highly praised frescoes in the Siennese Library. A pupil of Perugino, and under him a fellow student of the immortal Raphael, Pinturicchio is inferior to his master in design and to his companion in point of coloring, but withal possessed of such a command of both these elements of artistic work, as to be ranked only second to the latter at the time when they were contemporaries,



OUR LADY—DETAIL FROM THE ANNUNCIATION.

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and deemed worthy to be associated with him in several of his most important commissions. A study of the frescoes before us will bear me out in this assertion.

The room we are now in is some twenty-seven feet long and thirty-five feet wide and lighted up by a single window on the right hand side, from which a view of the Cortile di Belvidere is presented. An immense arch richly decorated with golden stucco work divides the ceiling in two. The adjacent space on either side of this arch is cut up by two intersecting lines of stucco decorations at much the same angle as a St. Andrew's cross, the place of intersection being occupied by the coat-of-arms of the Borgian family, namely, a crown sending forth rays of light on a field of green, and a light red flame on a dark-brown field. The centre of the eight triangles thus formed is a large circle containing a three-quarter figure in medallion of one of the prophets bearing in his hands a scroll with an inscription referring to the mystery represented in the large lunette lower down on the arched ceiling. The idea is one quite common in the Church's liturgy, and has its best illustration in the lessons of the three nocturnes of the Breviary where a responsory from the Old Testament so frequently follows the lesson proper, which is taken from the New Testament, or an extract from one of the Fathers, or vice versa. The beautiful lessons of the office of *Corpus Christi* arranged by St. Thomas Aquinas, are a striking example of this style of composition. Beneath each medallion is written the prophet's name, while the remaining space in the triangle is filled in with more elaborate bulls and radiant crowns which give testimony that we owe these decorations to Alexander VI., of whose coat-of-arms they form the characteristics. Commencing our tour of the room from the side wall opposite the window, we are met by the figure of Malachias, the prophet of the Annunciation and the Nativity, as is testified by two quotations from his third and fourth chapters: "*Ecce ego mittam Angelum meum*, and *Orietur vobis timentibus nomen meum Sol Justitiæ*. Behold, I send my angel, but unto you that fear my name, the Sun of Justice shall arise," and so we are prepared to find the representation of these two mysteries in the



POPE ALEXANDER VI.

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lunette beneath. And well worthy are they of our study and admiration. On the right side of the fresco is seen our Lady kneeling in a humble attitude, while genuflecting before her is the majestic figure of the Archangel Gabriel. Our Lady is clothed with a red garment over which there is a mantle of sky-blue enveloping her head and forehead, and just permitting to be seen beneath her veil of pure white. A dim aureola surrounds her head, while a bright star shines over her left shoulder. Her right hand rests upon her breast as a sign of her consent to assume the responsibilities of motherhood, while the left hand holds the book she has been employing in her prayerful meditation. The Archangel is clothed in a purple garment through which appears a many-colored tunic. A bright aureola surrounds him round about, his brow is crowned with flowers to mark his joy, and his long hair falls in ringlets over his shoulders. His right hand raised in gesticulation indicates the heavenly message he is delivering, while in his left he holds a tall, white lily, as if to signify the virtue which had above all secured for Mary the honor of being the Mother of God. From a vase standing midway between them on a pavement of symmetrically arranged marble squares, a light-red rose raises its perfumed head. The background of the fresco is most striking. An immense arch richly decorated with stucco work and festooned with flowers rises on two handsome pillars. Then there is the Eternal Father surrounded with joyous angels. His eyes are bent in loving gaze upon the kneeling virgin, while from His breast darts forth a ray of light. Seen far in the background beyond the vaulted arch is the exterior of the humble house of Nazareth. Between the Eternal Father and our Lady, we see the Holy Ghost in the form of a white dove flying towards her, and in the ray of light directed towards her spotless womb, the symbol of that wondrous conception by which she became a mother without ceasing to be a virgin.



OUR LADY AND ST. ELIZABETH—FROM THE VISITATION.

On the Annunciation naturally follows the Nativity. Some bundles of straw over which is thrown a small violet cloth,

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serve as the resting place of the naked little infant whose eyes are turned in love towards His Blessed Mother, who with joined hands kneels in adoration before Him. On the opposite side, in humble posture, resting upon his staff, is St. Joseph, the small bundle lying on the ground at his feet testifying at once the poverty of the Holy Family, and the fact that they had scarcely reached the cave when the Desired of Nations came into the world. To the left of St. Joseph two angels are kneeling in adoration, and between them and our Lady the lazy ox and the ass with the pack-saddles on the ground beside him. Hard by, two shepherds are discussing the event of which they are the witnesses, while in the distance a third shepherd is shielding his eyes from the light and glory that accompany the coming of the angels, who, with full-spread wings, are hastening to the crib. Here and there are graceful trees and shrubs through which may be seen inhospitable Bethlehem.

The adjoining lunette depicts the adoration of the Magi, and the three-quarter figure of King David in the medallion above, with the inscription from the 71st Psalm, *Adorabunt Eum omnes Reges Terræ*, displays at one glance the prophecy and its fulfilment. The fresco is one of many figures and great variety of coloring, with the usual architectural and landscape environment that characterizes the whole series. Our Lady is seated in the foreground with her Infant Son gently supported by her hands standing erect on her knees. Before Him kneels the oldest of the three kings, whom He is in the act of blessing. St. Joseph, the other two Magi, their three prancing horses held by handsome pages, are striking figures, while in the sky above shines the wondrous star that had led them from the east to Bethlehem.

"*Expecta in die resurrectionis meæ*," are the prophetic words held in the hands of Sophonias, and the fresco of which they may be regarded as the head-piece, now occupies our attention. The composition may be divided into two parts with the risen Saviour and Pope Alexander as the central figure of each section. Our Lord is represented just at the moment of His rising from a marble sepulchre upon whose front is cut the Sacred Name. His pierced and open side is ruddy with the glow of life and is distilling drops of fresh red blood, while a linen garment is draped in graceful folds around His person. He is surrounded by golden rays and a score of winged Seraphim. In His hand is held a standard whose field of white is emblazoned with a light red cross, emblematic of the victory purchased by the precious blood. The tomb is surrounded by guards in various attitudes expressive of surprise and astonishment, but they pass almost unnoticed in our admiration of the figure of the youthful soldier, who, resting against the tomb, sleeps on in unconsciousness of the event he had been stationed to prevent. But the main interest of this particular lunette is not in the risen Saviour, but in the Pope who kneels, with hands joined in adoration, at the left of the picture. "*Papa Alessandro adorando il Christo resorto*," runs the title of the Italian photograph a detail of which we here reproduce, but it is not the face but only the kneeling posture that suggests this supreme act of religion. The head is massive, and the features strong, although it can scarcely be said they evidence the sensual character which many modern historians impute to him. At the Pontiff's feet lies the tiara, while the rich cope he wears is in contrast to his sallow complexion.

The three remaining lunettes have for subjects, the Ascension of our Lord, the Descent of the Holy Ghost, and the Assumption of our Lady. In the first, Pinturicchio has followed more or less closely the traditional treatment of these subjects, but the second is a marked departure from the scriptural narrative, as the Holy Spirit is represented descending upon our Lady and the Apostles, not in the upper chamber in Jerusalem, but in

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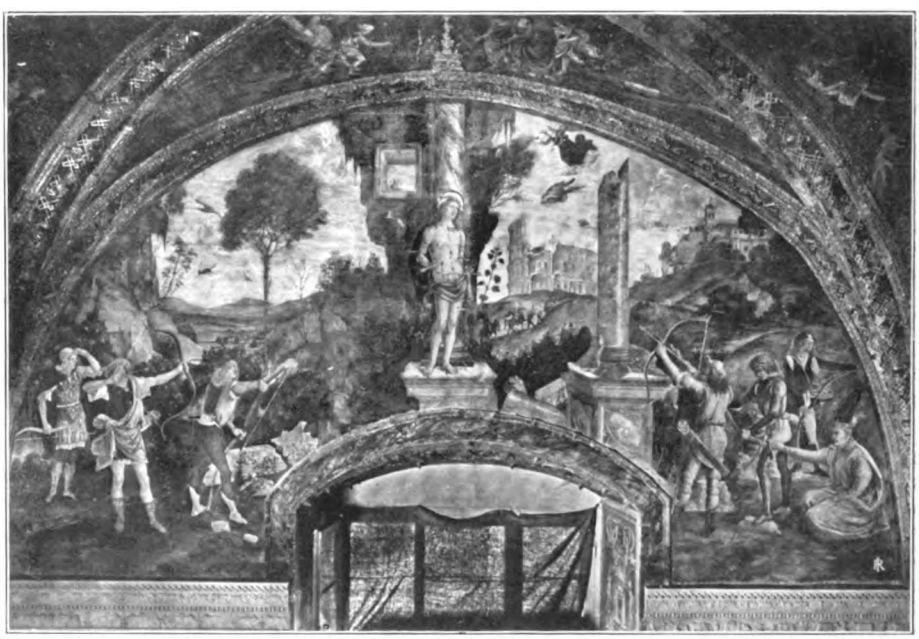
the open air. This arrangement allows the artist scope for his landscape views with trees and mountains, a placid lake and Jerusalem in the distance, but all made to contribute to accentuate the ecstatic joy and wonder of our Lady and the Apostles at the coming of the Paraclete. The Assumption is surmounted by a medallion of King Solomon, in whose hands is a scroll bearing these singularly appropriate words, "*Quasi Cedrus exaltata sum in Libano*—I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus." The fresco itself is characterized by a sublime simplicity which distinguishes it from all other paintings of the same mystery.

Again we must pass over the handsome cornices and mural directions, the bas-reliefs and stuccos telling the myths of pagan lore or displaying the Borgian arms, to hurry forward to the third *appartamento*,

THE HALL OF THE LIFE OF THE SAINTS.

Located under the stanza known as the *Segnatura*, in form and dimensions it closely resembles the room we have just passed through. Six large lunettes, two extending the whole length of the room, furnish space for masterly frescoes of the St. Catherine's Disputation before the Emperor Maxentius, the visit of St. Anthony to St. Paul, the first hermit, the visitation of our Lady to St. Elizabeth, the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, the capture of St. Juliana and the flight and martydom of St. Barbara. The choice of subjects was due in all likelihood to a desire to honor Pope Alexander's favorite saints.

Of these six pictures the most striking,



THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

both in point of size as in number and variety of figures is the *Disputa di S. Caterina*. The virgin patroness of Philosophy stands well in the foreground, before the throne of the pagan Emperor. Her fingers employed in graceful gesticulation would seem to indicate that she is propounding the mystery of the Most Blessed Trinity. Her hair falls loosely over her shoulders and back. Her dress is of blue, embroidered with gold, over which a long purple cloak reaches to the ground. Maxentius, arrayed in all the glory of

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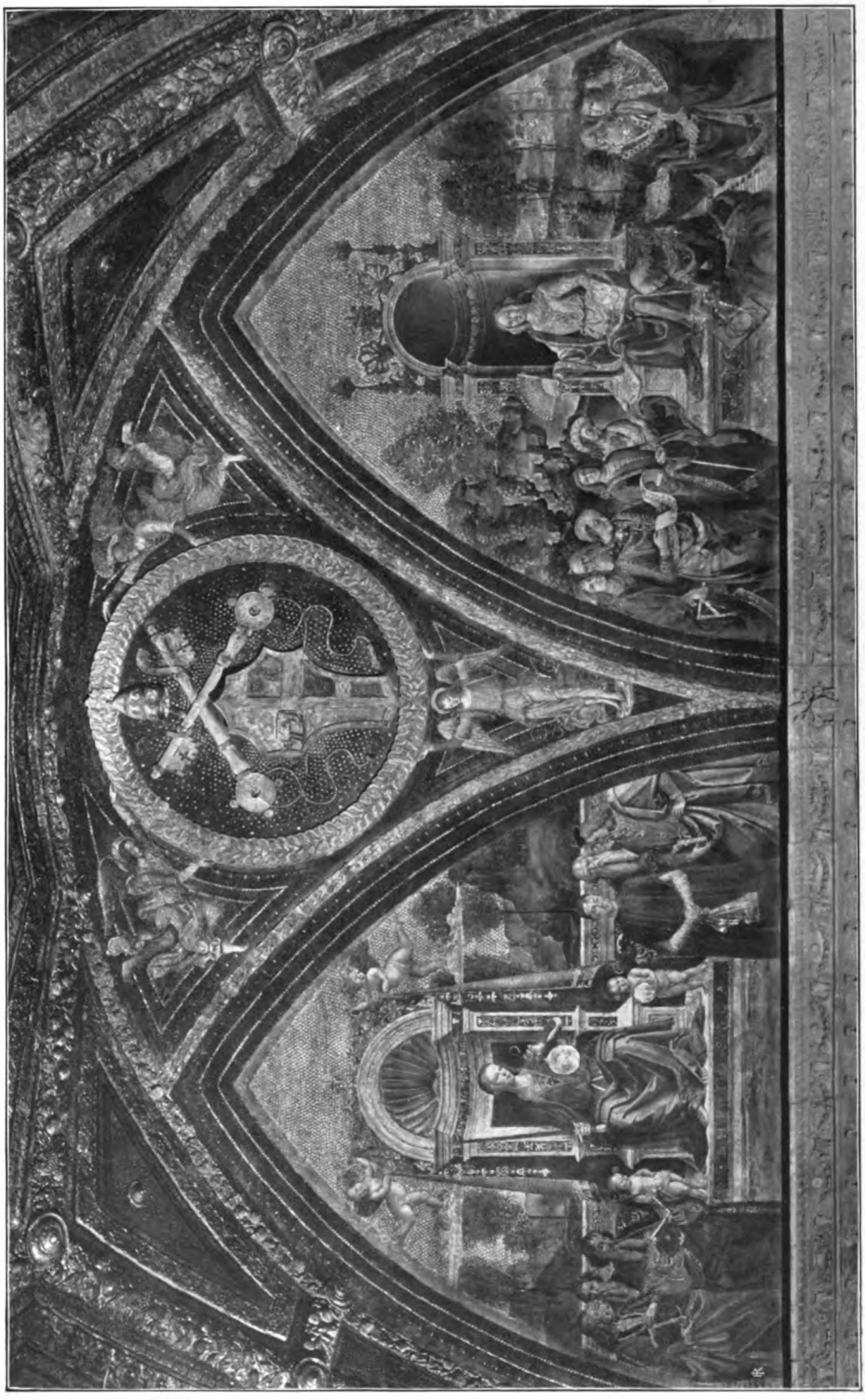
royalty, is listening with knit brow to the Saint's argumentation, the magnificent triumphal arch in the background bearing in bold letters the inscription, *Pacis Cultori*, Promoter of Peace, proclaiming the empty boast of the imperial tyrant. Around the throne are grouped the pagan doctors brought together to confute the young Christian champion, while to the right of the picture is another group made up of Jews assembled by the Emperor's orders to argue in the same bad cause. What is to be remarked of these secondary characters, nearly fifty in number, is the immense variety in the colors and fashions of their garments, and the many different and distinct types of faces of every age from childhood up.

Of fewer figures is the martyrdom of St. Sebastian on the opposite wall over the one window that lights the room. The valiant soldier, already pierced by four arrows, is tied to a column in the Emperor's garden, but despite the anguish these wounds must cause him, his noble face breathes a constancy and resignation, which come not of insensibility but of grace overcoming nature. Under the direction of one who would seem from his dress and bearing a high official in Diocletian's court, six archers, three on either side, are engaged in the barbarous deed. All is action, but all variety in their positions. No two are alike, either in expression, or dress, or pose. Two are in the act of shooting, a second pair are bending their bows for use, while of the remaining two who have just discharged their arrows, one is gazing intently to see the effect of his missile, the other is raising his eyes to heaven as if in protest against the deed. In the background are the Coliseum and a modest church surmounted by a cross, types of the two forces then in conflict for the mastery of the Roman world. Pinturicchio's Visitation of our Lady to St. Elizabeth is perhaps more generally known than other frescoes of this series, and does not, therefore, call for a detailed description. It is a composition of great simplicity, joined with extreme delicacy of sentiment, and its conception of the eventful meeting between the mother of the Precursor and the mother of the Saviour must leave a lasting impression on any mind. Never were the surroundings and attendant circumstances of the *Magnificat* better depicted by artist's brush. The mythological story of Isis and Osiris told in fresco and medallion completes the decoration of this third hall. From it we pass to the

HALL OF THE LIBERAL ARTS.

As is well known, the ancients classified under seven heads all that went to make up a liberal education, and although some of these heads might seem to pertain to elementary rather than higher education, when correctly understood they cover the whole ground of polite learning. Seven lunettes, therefore, embody Pinturicchio's concept of the character and office of Rhetoric, Geometry, Arithmetic, Music, Astronomy, Grammar and Dialectics, and a charming and comprehensive concept it is. Grouped around the presiding goddess in each of these branches, is a very galaxy of student faces. Young and old, grave or gay, according to the subject matter of their studies but all noble and full of intelligence. Their gracefulness of pose and richness and variety of dress rivet the attention, almost to the overlooking of the striking landscape and architectural background here as elsewhere a marked characteristic of Pinturicchio's work. The centre of the arch which, as in the three rooms through which we have just passed, divides the ceiling in two, is occupied by the figure of Justice. On her breast glistens a rich jewel, symbolic of the inestimable value of this virtue. The goddess' eyes are bent on the ground as if to see that men yield her mandates obedience. Her right hand holds a sword, and her left a pair of scales resting in impartial equilibrium. Other octagonal shaped frescoes on the face of this arch

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GEOMETRY.

BORGIAN COAT OF ARMS.

RHETORIC.

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record notable historical instances of the practice of justice, Trajan vindicating the rights of a widowed mother, Lot saved from the doomed Sodom in recompense of his possession of this virtue, and Jacob receiving rom Laban the sum of money he so faithfully administered. The coat-of-arms of Alexander VI. appears in a hundred ways in all the decorations of wall and ceiling, but perhaps most strikingly in a medallion between two of the lunettes where it is supported by a handsome full-sized figure of an angel, standing erect.

THE HALL OF THE CREED

next meets us, and, as was said in the beginning, is the first of the two rooms in the Borgian Tower. Seven wide marble steps facilitate our progress from the lower to the higher plane on which it stands. The hall is so designated, because each of the twelve masterly lunettes around its walls represents an Apostle holding in his hands a scroll on which is written an article of the Creed, while placed in juxtaposition to him is one of the Prophets, bearing on a similiar scroll a quotation from his prophetic utterance wherein the same fundamental doctrine of our holy Faith is asserted or foretold. The idea is of course to show the concordance between the two Testaments, Old and New. The design of the decoration of this particular room as of the next we are to visit are Pinturicchio's, but it is believed that their execution was entrusted to one of his pupils, Benedetto Bonfilio. It is to be noted that the Apostle St. James and the Prophet Zacharias are missing in one of the lunettes, and St. Thaddeus and Zacharias, in a second, on account of the erection of a new arch of recent date to support the floor of the Hall of the Immaculate Conception directly above. Copies of these frescoes, however, made on canvas, are preserved in the Vatican Library Again it is to be noted that this hall unlike the others is quite bare of gold and stucco ornamentation, a fact perhaps rendered still more noticeable from the presence of three instead of the usual single window.

As Apostles and Prophets concur in teaching or foreshadowing the doctrines of the Church or in describing and prophesying the mysteries of the life of our Divine Saviour, so too are the Prophets of Paganism, if we may so call them, of one mind with the Prophets of the Jewish dispensation in foretelling the birth, life, death and resurrection of the Redeemer. It is to this ancient tradition of the existence and foreknowledge of the Sybils that allusion is made in the opening stanza of the *Dies Iræ*, so often sung and recited by the Church in her Masses for the dead:

> "Day of wrath, of days the day,
> Earth shall smoulder to decay:
> David and the Sybil say."

It is from this source that Pinturicchio drew his design of the sixth and last room of the Borgia Appartamento, called

THE HALL OF THE SYBILS.

There is much in this hall that calls for more than a passing notice. Its mural decorations are of extreme delicacy and the ceiling a perfect network of medallions, circles and stucco, all in gold. Once more we have the story of Isis and Osiris, chosen, perhaps, on account of the mythological apotheosis of the animal that forms so characteristic a feature of the coat-of-arms of Alexander VI. Everywhere are these same coat-of-arms given prominence, but nowhere to better advantage than in the centre of the handsome arch which curves above each of the lunettes. In the octagonal spaces between the lunettes, we have represented the arts, the sciences and commerce, various gods and goddesses, the seven principal planets, war, charity towards the poor, astrology, and strange to say among such motley companions, a representation of Pope Alexander VI., arrayed in cope and tiara, in the act of giving his blessing to a queen, an em-

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peror, a cardinal and other illustrious personages who stand around his throne.

But let us turn our eyes from mere decoration too varied and too crowded to be minutely examined to the twelve lunettes which give the hall its name. Each contains a three-quarter picture of a Prophet and a Sybil, around whom almost flutters in airy lightness a scroll on which is written in characters of black, their respective corroborative predictions as to events in our Lord's life. The name of each stands out in red letters at P P.; while in the mouth of the Cumæan Sybil are placed the opening lines of Virgil's famous Eclogue descriptive of the Golden Age, Jam Redit Et *Virgo*, Redeunt Saturnia Regna. Jam Nova Progenies Cœlo Demittitur Alto. Sibilla Cumana. Lo, now the Virgin comes; Saturnian times roll round again, and from high heaven a new progeny descends. The Cumæan Sybil.

The idea is certainly a beautiful one, and we rejoice to find two such different classes of witnesses, unlike those gathered



ST. BARTHOLOMEW AND THE PROPHET JOEL.

the close of the quotation. The figures are majestic and imposing, the Prophet in the full vigor of manhood, the Sybil of feminine aspect, but both attired in graceful flowing robes of richest color. Thus, to take a single example to illustrate the artist's concept, the Prophet Aggeus tells us Et Ego Movebo Cœlum *pariter* Et Terram Et Veniet Desideratus Cunctus Gentibus, Aggeus PP. And I will move heaven and earth, and the desired of all nations shall come. Aggeus together in the court of the High Priest, agreeing in their testimony to the Divinity of the God-Man.

As we slowly retrace our steps to the entrance of the Vatican through the six halls of which we have given so imperfect and hurried a sketch, we are more and more impressed by the beauty of this magnificent art collection. A second survey, however, reveals what may at first have escaped our notice, the fact that it is only long and expensive restoration,

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hours of unremitting and judicious labor that have given back to our modern world, Pinturicchio's marvellous frescoes. Cracks in the wall spaces, and here and there a figure bereft of all its former beauty, evidence the extent of this work of renovation, and the skill of the two artists, Vespigniani and Seitz, to whom it had been entrusted. In vain do we look for any traces of the defilement and ill-usage done this *Appartamento* by the sacrilegious troops of Charles, Duke of Bourbon, who under the pontificate of Clement VII., for a time found shelter the many books afterwards arranged in order in the Vatican Library. These are historical facts now chiefly of value to prove the decay and neglect into which the *Appartamento* had fallen, and to emphasize the importance of the change effected by the munificence of Leo XIII.

No wonder then the Pope views with justifiable pride this great artistic triumph, and that his face beamed with joy, as surrounded by his cardinals and a throng of prelates,



THE PROPHET DANIEL AND THE ERYTHRAEAN SYBIL.

invaded the Holy City, stabled his horses in the very Basilica of St. Peter, and devastated the Vatican, even to the extent of turning the Sixtine Chapel into a kitchen. We forget too that these halls were once occupied by the cells of the Cardinals gathered in conclave to elect a new pope, that they were the quarters of the lower officials of the Papal court during the ceremonies of Holy Week, and that they formed a sort of store-room where diplomatists, and artists, he presided at the solemn ceremonies which on Monday, March 8, 1897, marked the reopening of the Appartamento Borgia. "We are most happy," said the Pope, in his few brief graceful words at the beginning of the day's festivities, "to inaugurate the restoration of the famous historical Borgian Halls, in the presence of the Sacred College, and of the illustrious personages and diplomatic representatives

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who stand around us, happy to throw open again for the students and lovers of the fine arts, sanctified by religion, so precious a monument." A few days previously, on occasion of the formal visit of the cardinals to offer their congratulations on his eighty-eighth birthday, he had mentioned as the four great events of the year he had just closed, his Encyclical on the Unity of the Church, the condemnation of Anglican Orders, the political harmony brought about among French Catholics, and the restoration of the Borgian Halls. Of the significance of this last act he added: "Art and Christianity are joined by indissoluble bonds, because it finds in our faith fresh inspiration, and in the Church and the Popes a generous protector. Foolish, therefore, is the claim put forward by the liberals that genius and immutability in dogma are in ill accord. The Vatican alone is enough to show the marvellous union between true beauty and true religion."

The lessons of this important event in the world of art, and the sentiments of loving gratitude that should fill the heart of every Catholic in return, are thus beautifully and succintly expressed by *La Vera Roma* of March 14, 1897, in a masterly Italian lapidary inscription, of which we subjoin a literal translation.

These Immortal Pictures
Which
In the Halls of the Appartamento Borgia
Like a Divine Aureola
Are Seen Set About
The Splendors of the Renaissance
Will Tell to Posterity
How
The August Prisoner of the Vatican
Leo XIII.
Reduced to Live
On the Alms of His Children
Was Able by the Munificence of Genius
To Show Himself More Worthy than Any
King
Of the Throne They Have Taken away
from Him.



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ST. GERLACH OF HOUTHEM.

PART II. THE KNIGHT OF CHRIST.

A SKETCH FROM THE MANUSCRIPT LIFE OF SAINT GERLACH.

By Frederick A. Houck, S.J.

(*Continued.*)

AFTER his return to Houthem, the village of his birth, Gerlach arranged his domestic affairs so as to be able to lead a secluded life in the constant and faithful observance of his vows. Formerly, he had led a comfortable and indulgent life, ever bent on escaping the trials and burdens of our earthly pilgrimage. As an unscrupulous knight, he ever strove to gain great renown in the lists, and to extend his possessions. No pains or expense were spared, if they offered any prospect of increasing the fame he already enjoyed. He seemed to live for this world and its vain, transitory glory. Attached to things present, he had become quite indifferent to things to come.

But, now, far other thoughts and aims occupy his mind. He hearkens to every invitation of divine grace and follows its least promptings with the greatest fidelity. That which he had formerly loved and sought to obtain, becomes now the object of his contempt. What, as an Imperial Knight, he had formerly despised and spurned, he now cherishes and esteems. The words of our Divine Lord, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and let him take up his cross daily and follow Me," were continually before his mind. This exhortation, first uttered by Him who had come from heaven to be the way, the truth, and the life of every Christian, became the mainspring of all his actions. Thoroughly convinced that the spirit of mortification and self-denial is the fundamental law of Christianity, the first principle of the Gospel, and the most essential means of attaining eternal salvation, Gerlach wished to follow its path. He desired to die to self, in order to live solely for, and in God.

His great love of Christ, moreover, who had never departed from the path leading to Calvary's height, urged him to follow as closely as possible in his Redeemer's footprints. As a fervent Knight of Christ, he is resolved to conform his entire life to the illustrious example of his Divine Master. Not content with accepting the trials, which this life necessarily brings with it, as coming from the loving hand of our Heavenly Father, this fervent servant of Christ wished to go further. He not only desired to follow his thorn-crowned King, but he, also, wished to imitate Him. Since Christ therefore, preferred poverty to riches, so would he henceforth restrict himself to that which is absolutely necessary and detach his heart from things temporal. As Christ had preferred a life of hardships to one of comfort and indulgence, so would he exchange the comforts his castle afforded for the disagreeableness of a poor domicile. On his estate there stood a large oak-tree whose spacious trunk was somewhat decayed. This old oak was chosen in preference to his castle. Having left the future management of his financial matters and the manorial superintendence of his large estate in the hands of others, Gerlach hollowed out the trunk of this immense tree and forthwith took up his abode in it. The floor of his new home was paved with stone and covered with a matting. A crucifix, hung up against the wall, completed the furniture of this his future abode.

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Great, indeed, was the astonishment of Gerlach's former friends and some of his relatives upon learning that he had taken up his abode in the cell of a hollow oak tree, in preference to his beautiful castle. Many of his former acquaintances even considered this strange manner of acting as a conclusive proof of Gerlach's insanity. To Gerlach, however, who preferred dishonor to honor, so long as it be lawfully incurred, this contempt, into which he had fallen, was accepted as a divine favor. For, he well knew that the carnal man cannot understand the ways of God, and the promptings of the Holy Spirit:—"Wisdom will not enter into a malicious soul, nor dwell in a body subject to sin." And, had not his Divine Master also been taken for a fool by some of his own relatives and friends? Neither would the empty opinion of men deter him. The richly furnished chambers in his castle were consequently abandoned for the damp and narrow cell of a hollow oak tree. Out of love for his beloved Lord and Master he was resolved to spend a life of self-denial and prayer in this truly humble abode.

His nourishment, moreover, was to be unpalatable and scanty. Gerlach made arrangements with a relative, who lived hard by, to daily send him a small loaf of barley bread, baked of dough which had been seasoned with ashes, To this daily pittance and the water of a neighboring well, the Saint limited himself. His vow never to drink intoxicants was renewed, and strictly observed to the end of his life. Gerlach moreover, wore a hair shirt close to his body continually, and over it a coat of mail, made of metal rings. These are a few of the many austerities to which this holy man subjected his body.

One of the greatest dangers to a man's spiritual welfare is the possession of temporal goods. It is difficult to detach the heart from earthly possessions and to centre its affections on the Creator And yet we are bidden to love God with our *whole* heart. Gerlach well knew from sad experience that the more the soul is agitated by the desire of wealth, the more insensible it becomes to the operations of divine grace. Hence he had striven for years to root out of his heart every attachment to that which the world seeks and prizes.

Though he passed for a man of great wealth, still there was none poorer in spirit than he. Had Almighty God suddenly deprived His servant of his manorial estate, he would, without a moment's hesitation, have cheerfully exclaimed with holy Job:—"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord." For with the aid of divine grace, he had freed himself perfectly from the strong desire he had formerly experienced for temporal goods. By constant practice of the greatest self-denial and mortification he had finally attained to that blessed state of holy indifference in regard to things temporal, which makes men really great, yea, like unto the angels. Like St. Louis of France, St. Gregory, St. Paula of Rome and so many others, who were rich in the eyes of the world, had done before him, Gerlach held his possessions as if he held them not. He was no longer a slave of inordinate passions, but a free and independent man. He possessed his passions, they no longer possessed him. His aim for years had been to subject every fibre of his being to God's Holy Will, and to make Him the absolute master and proprietor of all his affections.

Thus he had acquired an intimate union with God. His soul gradually rose on the fiery wing of divine love and now moved in a higher, supernatural sphere. He loved to be alone with his God, in order to be better able to nourish his mind with the divine presence and enjoy its sweetness. Directing all his thoughts and actions to God alone, Gerlach valued everything in proportion as it brought him nearer the object of his intense love. On all occasions he strove to learn and to do that which was the more pleasing

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to Almighty God, in whom he seemed to be wholly absorbed.

Shortly after his return Gerlach, with the special permission of the Norbertine Order, assumed their habit, and thus professed before the world that he had taken his lot with God. Daily this faithful servant advanced on the path of virtue, and God's grace filled his heart and mind. He seemed to run on the way of the counsels, forgetting with each day the prayers and mortifications he had already sent heavenwards, and striving to do what was still undone. As a lake that lies far off amid the Peaks of the Rockies reflects the heavens in its silvery waters more clearly,—thus did Gerlach's soul, interiorly detached and separated from the world, reflect every ray of heavenly light which fell upon it. He was in the world, but not of it. His life was in accordance with every wish of Almighty God,—a hymn of praise in harmony with that of the Angels in Heaven, for it was a life of fervent communion with God.

Whatever time he could procure for oral prayer was devoted to petitioning heaven's blessings for himself and his fellowmen. Every morning, with the exception of Saturdays and Sundays, he was wont to rise long before day-break and go to the neighboring town of Maestricht, there to join the Choir of Religious at the Church of St. Servatius in their Matins. The time between Matins and the offering of the Divine Mysteries, he would spend in vocal prayer at the grave of St. Servatius. Though Maestricht lies five miles distant from Houthem and the road which connects the two places is very hilly, Gerlach continued to extreme old age in the pious practice of making this daily pilgrimage in his bare feet.

Every Saturday, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, he made a pilgrimage to the church dedicated to her in Aachen. This city is at least fifteen miles distant from Houthem. However, no violence of cold in Winter, nor intensity of heat in Summer, neither frozen, nor slippery roads, could prevent the holy anchorite from performing this proof of his devotion to our Heavenly Mother. If the difficulties connected with this daily pilgrimages may form a norm for measuring his piety, surely it can hardly be overestimated.

Moreover, though it may seem a paradox, Gerlach's life was one of great interior peace and happiness. If on a cold Winter's day we had met this holy man of God on one of his pilgrimages to Maestricht or Aachen, we would most probably have considered him a most unhappy mortal. The sight of a man making a journey in his bare feet, and that over rough and frozen roads, would surely have roused our deepest compassion. And yet, far from being miserable, Gerlach was one of the happiest men on earth. His life was one of the greatest peace and interior joy. That pure and heavenly peace which shone from his wan, yet pleasant countenance was a foretaste of eternal happiness. His was that inexpressible supernatural joy which a Bl. Leonard Chimura, S.J., possessed, who, when being burned at the stake for his Faith, "covered his head with the burning embers as with flowers and sang aloud the Laudate Dominum." It was that ineffable peace of soul which arises from the consciousness of being a child of God, an heir to Heaven, and a faithful servant of the Most High. Gerlach was in the service of God, which is essentially one of joy and happiness; so much so, that we cannot even imagine a downcast and gloomy being amongst those who pre-eminently belong to God's service. We are unable to represent to our mind those blessed ministers of peace otherwise than as the most blissful beings in creation. And this, because they are servants of Almighty God and intimately united with Him, the source of all true joy and happiness. Their every wish is fulfilled and they are perfectly happy; for they possess the fulness of peace and bliss, without the least fear of losing it.

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The measure, moreover, of a creature's happiness is in proportion to his love of the Creator. Thus the angels are happier than we, because they love Almighty God more. They participate in the divine gifts in proportion to the degree of their love. This law is as unalterable as God Himself. For, the effect of love is the communication of that which can be lawfully given. We see this truth realized to its fullest extent in God, who is infinitely perfect.

We are justified, then, in concluding that Gerlach enjoyed great interior peace and happiness, for, he loved God with his whole heart. Amid all his austerities and afflictions he possessed a peace which the worldly-minded are neither able to give, nor understand. The Kingdom of God was within him, and with it, that supernatural consolation which can be enjoyed but not expressed.

This is the unspeakable temporal reward attached to the service of God, to a life of self-denial and mortification such as becomes a follower of Christ. Almighty God will never allow Himself to be outdone in generosity. He invariably takes up His abode in the heart that frees itself of inordinate self-love and attachments to creatures. Heaven and earth, and all things therein, contribute to the happiness of him who freely "becomes poor in spirit" out of love of God. He becomes "a joint heir of Christ" whom the Father hath appointed "heir of all things." Yea, Almighty God Himself deigns to become the possession of such a soul.

Among the many virtues which adorned the character of St. Gerlach one of the most conspicuous was his love towards the poor. He was a true and sympathizing friend of everyone in bodily need. Upon seeing him with bounteous hand distributing the products of his large estate to the poor, one would have considered him a worthy object of the virtue he was then exercising. His features eloquently expressed the ascetic privations which he practised, and the scanty pittance to which he restrained himself. His table no longer groaned under the weight of the choicest fare and the best wines. And his couch was the hard damp floor of the hollow oak. Even a dog, if unable to obtain food elsewhere, would have disdained Gerlach's table and most likely, also, his couch.

What Gerlach denied himself, however, he gave with bounteous hand to others. His vassals and servants who, in years happily passed, were wont to avoid his presence or tremble before him, now found in him a sincere and warm-hearted friend. In all their afflictions and cares they first sought his aid or advice. Nor was Gerlach's solicitous care limited to those only who belonged to his household.

Recognizing our Blessed Lord in every mendicant, the holy man could be seen at meal-time doling out food to everyone who appealed to his charity with a love and readiness as great as that of a mother towards her children. He seemed to be continually transgressing the bounds of neglect of self and liberality towards others, and this out of love of Him "who, being rich, became poor for our sake, that through His poverty we might be rich." The kindness with which he gave was often appreciated more than the gift itself. Daily the poor peasants of the vicinity, or needy travellers, assembled by the score to seek temporal aid from the holy anchorite, and they were sure to obtain it. Though austere to himself, he was all sweetness to others.

What a beautiful example of Christian charity this worthy knight of Christ gives us! It appears to be the tendency of the age to spread a love for all humanity and to introduce as much equality among men as social conditions will permit. If this be true, such men as the noble and generous anchorite of Houthem do most to bring about this happy condition of affairs. Such men have the highest claim to the praiseworthy title of "benefactors of mankind."

What is truly noble and self-sacrificing

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is, also, necessarily against our corrupt nature. Inordinate self-love, that great obstacle to works of charity, must be overcome. The Saints, however, were the most successful in this noble strife. They were the greatest benefactors and distinguished themselves in charitable deeds, because they possessed the least self-love. But they were neither charitable, nor saintly by nature. They became such by mortifying themselves and overcoming the inordinate self-love which is so strong in man.

"There are two kinds of fraternal love, which are as different as the ruddy hue which health pours over the countenance and the artificial bloom with which vanity colors her cheek; the one adds an untold charm to the character and bears the test of self-sacrifice, the other does not." True fraternal love springs forth from the love of God and bears the test in the hour of need. Hence he, who possesses the greater love of God, possesses also the greater love towards his neighbor. The Saints loved their neighbor as themselves, because they loved God above all. Yea, they readily denied themselves what might be of service to another in need. Like St. Peter Claver they considered it a privilege to be "a slave of the slaves."

Man's most bitter enemy in the world is Satan. There is no place so remote, no state so holy, and no vow so sacred as to preclude temptations. Nay, frequently the holier one is, the greater are the trials with which he has to contend. Temptations are not shameful or injurious in themselves. We find that the most saintly persons were, like Saint Anthony and the Curé of Ars, frequently molested in the most relentless manner by the powers of darkness. Far from making them despair, however, these afflictions were rather a means for them to attain greater sanctity.

God permits man to be tempted because such trials make him feel his weakness the more keenly, and induce him to flee to his Heavenly Father for protection. Yes, "Blessed is the soul that is purified by temptation as gold is purified by fire." Saint Gerlach had to pass through this cleansing fire. Owing to his great zeal and activity in laboring for God's glory he gradually provoked the bitterest enmity of the Evil One, and incurred extraordinary temptations and persecutions. The Powers of Hell at first tried by gentle means to persuade the holy Servant of God to abandon his manner of life, but, not succeeding, they persecuted him by all manner of afflictions.

Gerlach had agreed with a certain hermit Blankhart, who frequently accompanied him on his pilgrimages to Maestricht, that the first to arrive at a certain cross-road was to wait for the other. Satan, becoming aware of this, would often take the form of Blankhart and endeavor, on the rest of the way to Maestricht, to dissuade Gerlach from the path of austerity and holiness which he was following. Failing, however, to win Gerlach by his false and subtile arguments, he suddenly departed in a violent rage. On other occasions he would apparently throw all kinds of obstacles into the holy man's way by conjuring up phantasms of heaps of stones and steep inclines in the Saint's imagination. Not content with harassing him on his holy pilgrimages the evil spirits would frequently deprive Gerlach of the little rest he gave his tired limbs at night. They would imitate robbers and disturb the Saint whilst resting in the hollow oak, by threatening to fall upon him. As soon as the holy anchorite, however, discovered with whom he had to deal, he rose and put them to flight by making the sign of the cross, or by holding up the crucifix, which he always wore around his neck, in view.

But not only by appearing personally and in bodily form did these accursed of God afflict Gerlach. Failing in all his devices to induce this pious worhipper to abandon his Creator, or, to diminish his austerities, Satan adopted another plan. With the permission of

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God he invented a scheme for depriving the holy man of his cell, thinking that he would then be compelled to relinquish his strict manner of life and to take up his abode in the castle. And he soon found ready instruments to aid him in his plans.

One would naturally suppose that a poor old man, abiding in an oak tree and living on the scantiest food, would enjoy the highest respect of all who knew him, rather than be the object of suspicion and persecution, and this also, on the part of his own ecclesiastical superiors. But not so. Satan roused suspicion in the minds of some unwary peasants in the neighborhood as to Gerlach's sincerity and piety. They accordingly go to the Rev. Canons of Meersen and charge Gerlach with hypocrisy:—"The man is leading a most extraordinary life and acts peculiarly! He has the appearance of a pauper, though, in reality he possesses great wealth! Who knows what treasures are hidden under the oak, in which he spends so much of his time!"—Others expressed their belief that "the hypocrite had taken up his abode in an oak out of a superstitious regard for that tree."

It did not require much to induce the Canons to convey these reports of some deluded and foolish peasant to the Diocesan Bishop. They had frequently reprimanded Gerlach on account of his apparent eccentricity, and manifested their displeasure at his following so strange a life.

The Rev. Canons, therefore, decided to report the case as soon as possible to the Rt. Rev. Bishop. They carry out their intention and succeed in persuading his Lordship, Bp. Norbert, Coadjutor Bishop of Liège, to have "the hollow oak" felled. The Rt. Rev. Bishop, accordingly, came some time after to Meersen and, accompanied by the Rèv. Canons, proceeded to the poor domicile of the "eccentric hypocrite." Upon learning the object of their visit, the poor old man burst into tears. Who knows, perhaps they were tears of joy at having been found worthy to become more like to his Divine Master, "who had not where to lay his head upon."

The "hollow oak" is razed to the ground. But, to the astonishment of many no "treasure" is found. Unless the illustrious example of Gerlach's heroic resignation and humility in this hour of trial might be called a spiritual treasure for the bystanders.

The good Bishop, upon seeing that he had acted prematurely, was justly roused with holy indignation against the accusers of this saintly knight of Christ, and would fain have restored the tree to the condition in which he had found it. What little he could do to repair his mistake, he did most willingly. He gave orders to have the "hollow oak" hewn into timber suitable for two small buildings,—the one to serve as a chapel, the other as a cell for the holy Gerlach. Later the chapel was blessed and permission granted the holy anchorite to have the Sacrifice of the Mass offered in it. Thus what before seemed a most severe trial, now became a source of countless graces to him, and Almighty God rewarded his faithful servant with that sublime consolation which the world cannot give.

The just cannot escape being belied and calumniated by the evil-minded. But, the war of the wicked may rage as violently as it will. Never will Almighty God permit man to be tempted beyond his strength. A loving and all-powerful Providence rules over all, so that "not even a sparrow falls from the roof" without God's knowledge and consent. Trials we must have in this world, but they are never given us without abundant grace to bear them meritoriously. The sun remains stationed in the heavens, with all its light and life-giving warmth, even though a cloud often hides it from our view. Thus, Jesus Christ, the Sun of Justice, even though He may seem at times, in the dark hour of affliction to disappear from our view, nevertheless

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remains at our side and is ever ready to shed the beneficent rays of His grace upon our soul.

In the twelfth century, the period in which the life of our Saint falls, there lived a very holy and learned nun, Saint Hildegard. She was born at Boekelheim, in the year 1098, and died on the 17th of September, 1179. When but eight years old she was placed under the charge of the Benedictine Sisters at Disenbodenberg, Rhineland, and steadily grew in virtue and learning. Having entered Religion she became in the course of time, Abbess of the Saint Rupert's Convent, at Bingen, on the Rhine. Saint Hildegard was one of the most remarkable women of her time, and was consulted on the important ecclesiastical questions of the day by Emperors, as well as by high ecclesiastical dignitaries. The works of this saintly woman are still read with great spiritual profit. About 270 letters, written in the Latin language, which she received from crowned heads and high Prelates, are still extant.

St. Hildegard has, also, a special relation with our Saint; for, this holy daughter of St. Benedict was chosen by Divine Providence as the instrument of a most consoling revelation concerning his future destiny. One day, as she was rapt in contemplation on the life of the Blessed in heaven, she beheld, as she had often done before, Almighty God, seated on His heavenly throne and surrounded by an infinite number of Angels and Saints. Whilst she was admiring this indescribable scene, she noticed that amongst the choirs of Angels there was one exquisitely adorned throne, which stood vacant. Lost in holy ecstasy, she turned to ask whose magnificent throne that may be? But ere she could put the question she understood by divine inspiration, that this throne was destined for God's devoted servant, St. Gerlach, who daily made a pilgrimage to Maestricht in honor of St. Servatius.

St. Hildegard ever after cherished the greatest reverence towards the holy anchorite of Houthem, for, nothing could shake her in the belief that God had communicated his future blessed destiny to her. A short time after she had received this divine revelation, she sent Saint Gerlach the wreath, with which according to the custom of the time, the Bishop had crowned her on the occasion of her religious profession, "as a token of her high regard, and as a pledge of the future glory which she hoped to enjoy with him in heaven." What a consolation this revelation must have been to the holy Gerlach! He cherished the inestimable grace and the gift of St. Hildegard most highly. In his humility, however, he deemed himself quite unworthy of such a distinction. Even after Gerlach had received this extraordinary and consoling revelation he continued as before, to practise the greatest self-denial. He well knew that works of satisfaction, freely undertaken by man, have the highest value in the sight of Almighty God. And did not Christ, our Lord and Redeemer, set the highest value on a life of suffering? Had not He Himself chosen such a life in preference to one of indulgence and enjoyment? Gerlach's boundless love of God prompted him to imitate this divine example set by Him, who, of His own free will, descended from heaven, suffered and died for us.

This was the reason why Gerlach continued in his strict manner of life till death. It made him more like to Jesus Christ, the object of his ardent love, and this was a sufficient motive for his leading such an austere and self-sacrificing life. As a desire of performing severe penances in atonement for the sins of his past life seems to have characterized his former actions, so now, the love of God, manifesting itself in suffering out of love for him, appears to be the most striking feature of Gerlach's supernatural character. Not from a servile fear, nor from a desire of promoting some selfish interest, did our Patron practice those heroic acts of austerity and self-denial, but, from the strongest and

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purest love of which the human heart is capable.

About the year 1169 St. Gerlach became quite ill. For some months, owing to the infirmities of old age, he had been unable to make his customary pilgrimages to Maestricht and Aachen on foot, and hence was wont to avail himself of a mule. Of late, however, he was even too weak for this exertion.

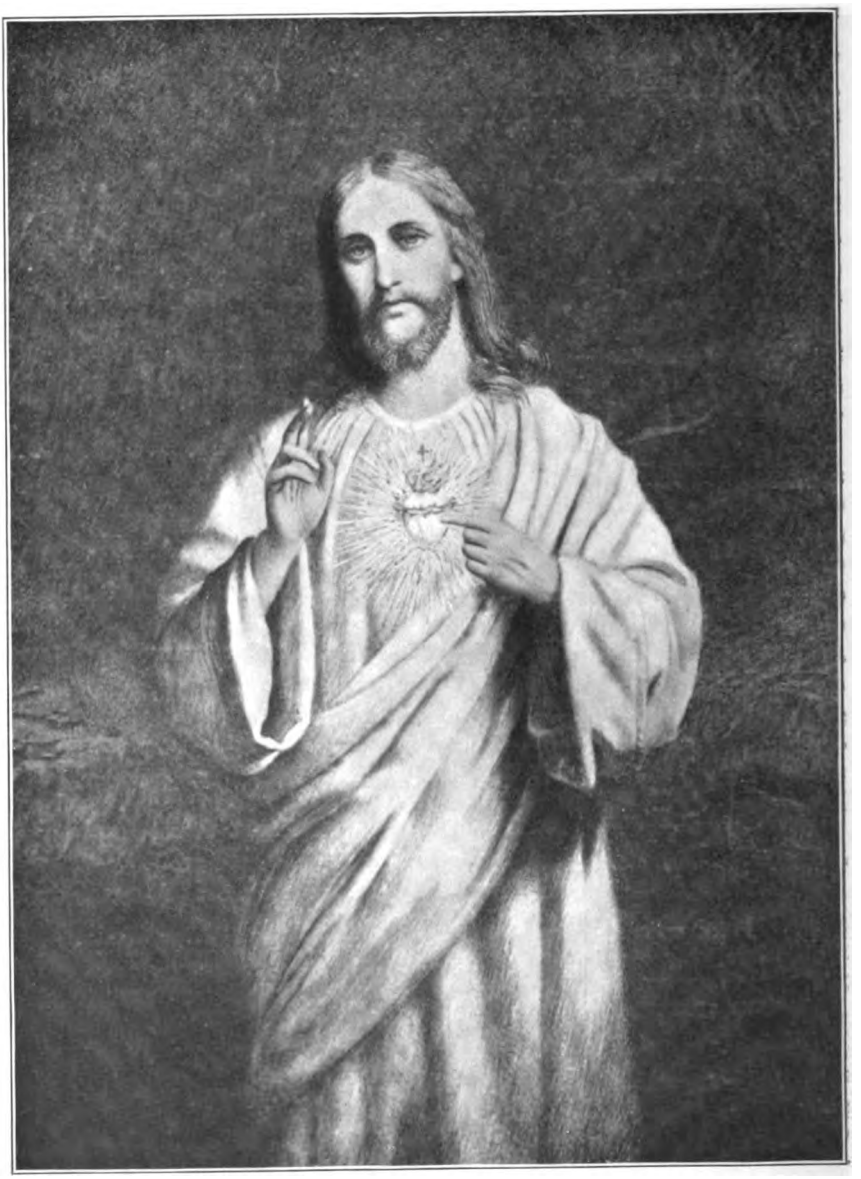
On the last Passion Sunday he spent in this world, he was overcome by unusual weakness. Unable to go to the well and get a cup of water to quench his burning thirst, he begged Father Ruetger, the priest who frequently celebrated Holy Mass in his chapel, to please bring him a drink from the adjoining well, The latter readily complied with the poor invalid's request and, having brought a cup of fresh water, handed it to him. But lo ! Instead of water, he tasted wine ! Thinking that his confessor had wished to deceive him, he said somewhat impatiently : "For fourteen years I have not drunk wine, nor any other intoxicants, and, now, you hand me a cup of that which I have not tasted for so long a time,—and that on Passion Sunday !" The good priest, not a little confused at these strange words, went a second time for water ; but, Gerlach again insisted that this second cup, as well as the first, contained wine, and, taking it to the chapel, he poured its contents at the foot of the altar. Thereupon, in spite of his great weakness, he desired to be led to the well. And to the astonishment of both "the water, by the power of the Almighty, had a third time been changed into wine." This time, however, the holy man drank it with an humble and grateful heart, for he understood that Almighty God wished him to take this extraordinary refreshment in his weak state. Such was the provident care with which this faithful knight of Christ was rewarded, already in the present life, by the power of heaven.

But the saintly old man was to share a still greater consolation before his departure from this world: A beautiful life-size painting in the Church of St. Gerlach, at Houthem, represents the consoling scene which took place shortly before the Saint's holy death. Having received an unexpected and serious relapse one evening, whilst Father Ruetger was absent on a journey, he sent in all haste to Rolduc for a priest. Since this abbacy, however, was about ten miles distant and he realized that the hour of his departure was fast approaching, he also sent word to the Fathers at Meersen. The Rev. Canons, however, answered that they could not come, "because the Rt. Rev. Bishop had, on the occasion of the felling of the 'hollow oak,' withdrawn him from their jurisdiction, and placed him under the spiritual charge of the Abbot of Rolduc."

On hearing this sad news, the saintly invalid raised himself slightly, and in a tone that was audible to all present, said: "I know in whom I have confided and am convinced that He whom I have served will be mindful of the severe penances and austerities I have performed and which have consumed my strength." He had scarcely finished the sentence when a man of grave and noble aspect, clad in snowwhite garments and accompanied by a young man, approached the death-bed of the holy anchorite, and greeted him in a most friendly manner. He then administered the Last Sacraments of our holy religion. After he had handed the dying saint our Lord's Body and Blood, he bade him good-bye and disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

Some hours later, after he had requested the bystanders to bury his mortal remains where the "hollow oak" had stood, he departed to the Kingdom of Heaven on the Eve of Epiphany, Jan. 5th, 1171. Effulgent with innumerable virtues and rich in merit, he went to take possession of the glorious throne which had been promised to him through Saint Hildegard.

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THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.
(Scherer.)

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To Jesus' Heart all Burning.

(For Soprano and Alto with Organ, or for Four Mixed Voices.)

LUDWIG BONVIN, S. J. Op. 17, No. 2.



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To Jesus' Heart all Burning.

BLANDINE OF BETHARRAM.

By J. M. Cave.

"DEAR Sister Noella, please come quickly! O I am so frightened! Please come, Sister!"

The speaker, a little girl of nine or ten years of age, stopped short, panting for breath, after these ejaculations. Her face was flushed with excitement, her lips trembled with eager haste to impart the cause of her fright.

"What is it, child?" asked the nun, alarmed by the little one's agitation. "What has frightened you? Try to be calm, and speak slowly." She took the child's fingers in her own strong clasp, to encourage and calm her.

"O Sister! dear Sister! I ran up so softly, just as you told me to do, to the door of Madame Margaret's room. It was just a little open,—just so much," the child withdrew her hands and measured the distance, "only so much, and I tapped ever so softly. She said"—

"Who said?"

"Yes, dear Sister. Madame Margaret, I mean, said, 'Who's there?' and I said it was only I, little Blandine, and I said, 'Sister Superior says,'—but then she (Madame Marguerite, I mean), said so quick like, 'O, that is well! Little Blandine, hasten back to Sister Superior and tell her, beg her, to come here quickly. You see I have no light, and cannot rise to get matches, because my head is a little giddy.'"

"And is that all? What is there to agitate you in such a simple message, my child?"

"O, Sister, only think!" continued the little one, not heeding the tone of mild reproof, "Madame Margaret was not in the dark! The lamp was burning ever so brightly, just beside her. I saw the light even before I came to the door!"

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"You misunderstood the message for once, my dear, but I will go without delay to Madame Margaret."

The church bell was calling the priests of the Sacred Heart of Betharram to their evening devotions, as the nun crossed the courtyard of the villa grounds, and issued on the pleasant path that led to the front door, Madame Margaret's private door, of the English Villa.

Betharram was a lovely picture at that hour, as indeed at all hours. Its peace and beauty were never more evident to Sister Noella's eyes than at that moment. She did not loiter for all that, but mounted as quickly as she could, the flight of stairs that led to the apartments of the lady of the Villa. Approaching the door softly, as her little messenger had done a few minutes before, she saw the same sight—a large room, well-furnished; a lamp burning brightly on a long table, covered with some dark material interwoven thickly with threads of gold that sparkled in the lamplight. The rays of the lamplight fell upon an open book. In a large chair, close to the table, sat a woman, upright, in eagerly listening attitude. Listening and waiting, with eyes very widely distended, and in their glance, which seemed set on some object, a look of alarm.

A very beautiful face was that of Madame Margaret. She appeared to be about thirty-five years of age, more or less, but the shaded lamplight made her look much younger. What a fine face, thought the Sister, as she gazed upon it! All the lineaments were so noble and so clear. The rich auburn hair was coiled high in one great knot, while another coil was rolled carelessly and gracefully low down behind the ears. The shapely hands were lying idle on the lap. The black gown might have been modelled after that of a Franciscan. Plain folds of heavy cloth fell from a yoke to the feet, and were held in by a strong girdle.

In spite of the coarse black gown, and the well worn girdle, any one would say at the first glance, "poor lady!" never "poor creature!" or, "poor soul!" She looked so fair, in spite of her simple garments, that the nun was more than ever impressed by her air of unconscious dignity and grace.

Already familiar with the aspect of the room and its furniture, Sister Noella's gaze was fixed on the face now pale indeed, and on the staring eyes, that had so terrified the little maid. For a few seconds she fancied she was observed, and was on the point of speaking, but a longer look convinced her that the strained gaze saw nothing, nothing tangible at least.

Sister Noella softly withdrew a few steps, then with her usual brisk step approached the door, tapped in her ordinary manner and announced herself by a pleasant word.

"Ah, Sister Noella at last! And without a light! The child forgot the message. Take care, Sister. Feel your way to the mantel shelf, where you will find matches. Remember the obstacles. Be careful!"

"No fear," said Sister Noella. "I can steer my way to you without danger."

"It is not the first time you light my lamp, Sister!"

"No, indeed! I know your household *lares* pretty well by this time, dear lady. But never mind the matches just yet. Let us have a little chat in the dark," she softly extinguished the light as she spoke,—"unless you are suffering,—are you suffering?"

"No,—yes—I hardly know."

"It is so pleasant to talk"—the speaker was going to say "in the dark," but stopped short; the moon suddenly invaded the apartment and made it almost as light as day without lamplight. She saw there was no change in the fixed gaze or in the expression of the pale face. Neither lamplight nor moonlight affected the wide open, sightless orbs.

Blind! Blind! Only in her own mind did Sister Noella form these terrible words.

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Presently she found voice to say in her usual cheery tones, while softly stroking the listless hands she had taken in her own, "Come now, tell me what you have been doing these many moons! Why it is an age since I lighted your lamp! And no fault of mine, either, Dame Margaret. You *would* make me promise to wait for an invitation."

"Yes," said Dame Margaret, a little sadly. "Yes, Sister, I know you have many cares, much labor. Since I could not help, I would not willingly hinder."

"Cares!" cried the nun, "Cares! I? Not one! I lay them down just as fast as they come. Never do I let one join another. How could I bear *two cares* at once? No, no, dear dame, we little Sisters cannot carry cares and work well. Besides, why should we? There is one that takes them *all* upon Himself. We try to do His bidding: 'Cast *all Thy care* on Me.' But now tell me, since I have proved to you that I have no cares, but just the *one care* at this moment, to please our good benefactress; tell me, what was the message you sent me by little Blandine? She said something about a pain—giddiness."

The Sister talked to gain time, while studying the pale face, feeling the pulse; calming, by her presence and her touch, what she foresaw would be a storm.

"Yes, Sister. But it has gone. I suppose I fell asleep while reading—"

"Still always reading." The tone was playfully reproachful.

"What else can I do?"

"Sleep, Dame Margaret."

"When sleep will not come?"

"Sleep comes not easily after too much reading, does it?" The tone rather asked a question, than pointed a moral.

"I suppose not. But it has been a great resource. It is a great resource."

The nun longed to suggest a better, and safer one, but she saw the staring eyes, still so fixed, in the moonlight, and hesitated. "Have you supped?"

"O, yes! Early, very early. Then I took my book, became absorbed in it, and had no idea of time. At the most interesting chapter, the light went out, and so suddenly that the shock startled me, and seemed to pierce my brain. It was the shock that gave me pain, and a pain so severe that I could only sit stupidly here, for what seemed to me a very long time. Then the transition from light to utter darkness blinded me by its suddenness, and made me so giddy that I could not reach the mantelshelf, though I tried. Were you ever shocked in such a way, Sister Christmas?"

The nun tried to laugh gayly, and turn the pleasant conceit of her name into a cause for cheerfulness.

"There," she cried, "that is what I like; it sounds good to hear the dear old English name of 'Christmas.' I would like to be your 'Sister Christmas' all the year round. You shall tell me all the good things you want from St. Nicholas, only with the proviso that they be not temporal good things, you know, Sister Margaret."

"Why do you call me 'Sister'?" The question was abrupt. The upright figure, till then so rigid, started involuntarily and straightened itself still more.

"I call you Sister perhaps from habit, and because it is so pleasant, dear Dame Margaret. May I not do so?"

"No, no. There is a reason for my calling you Sister. You are a nun. I am"— The figure bent forward. The face would have been buried in the hands, but Sister Noella drew the bowed head forward until it rested on her breast. "The pain again, dear lady?"

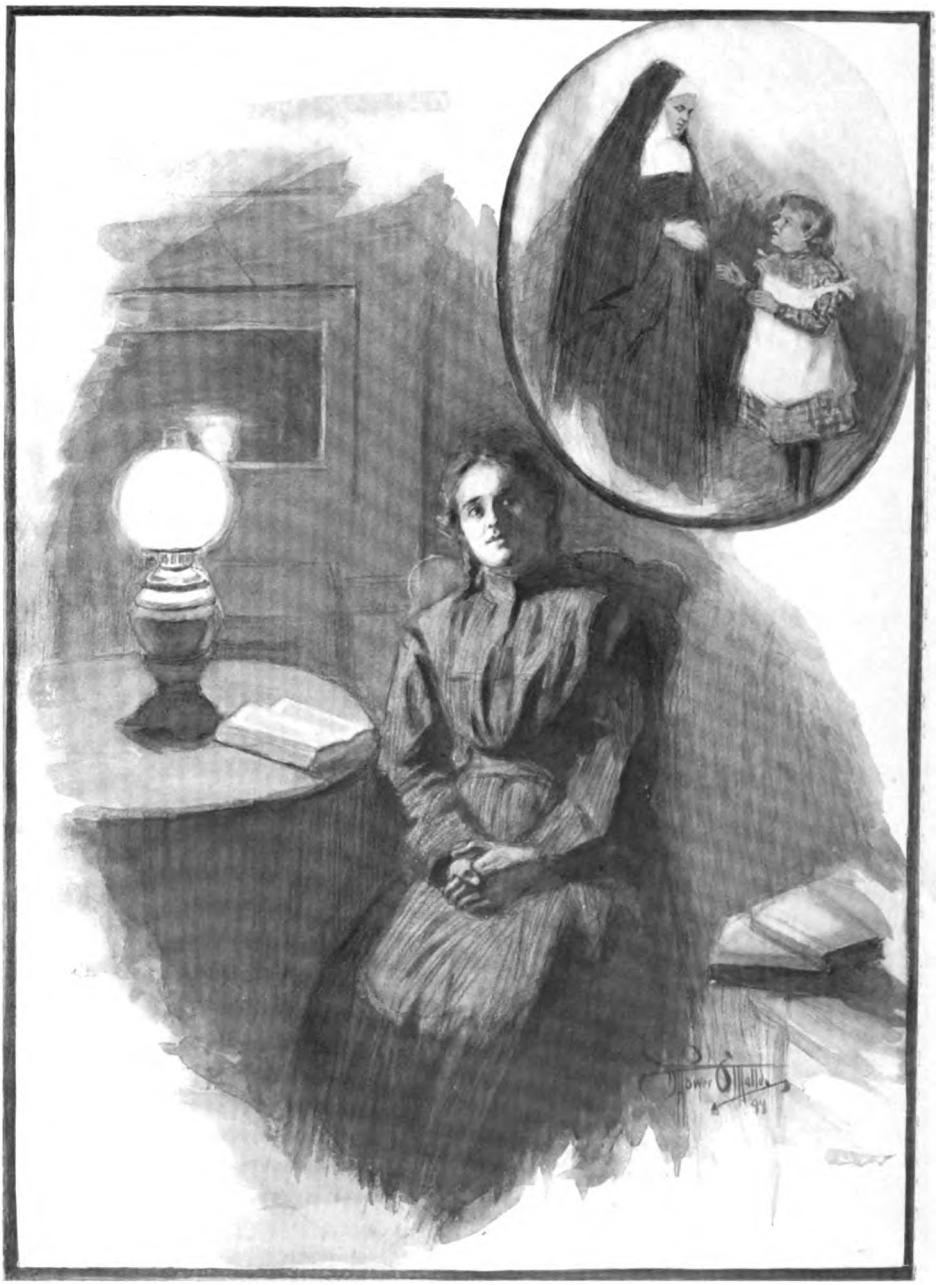
"Call me Margaret, only Margaret, nothing else. I am not a Sister."

"Well, dear Margaret, it shall be as you wish."

"And, good Sister, *please* light the lamp. This darkness weighs upon me dreadfully."

"Let us first say a prayer together, dear Margaret," said the nun solemnly. She was on her knees, but she bowed herself lower still, and her voice was

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NEITHER LAMP NOR MOONLIGHT AFFECTED THE WIDE OPEN, SIGHTLESS ORBS.

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somewhat unsteady as she repeated the first words that came to her mind. "I am the Light of the World, said Jesus. He who followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of Life Eternal. Dear Margaret, can you say with me,—Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, if Thou art with me?"

There was no response. The silence lasted a few seconds. Then the nun continued, "He will be with you, dear sister, if you will only ask him."

"Call me Margaret."

"As you will, only pray."

"I will try, to please you. But, give me light, please. I have a strange feeling in my head. The darkness hurts me, good Sister Christmas."

Sister Noella arose from her knees. Her face was wet with tears, that she could not repress, in spite of years of experience by the couch of many a sufferer as sadly and suddenly stricken down as the one before her.

She lighted the lamp and knelt once more, and once more drew the sufferer's head to her breast.

"Forgive me if I insist a little upon a thing I desire. Let me call you Sister?"

"I am not worthy."

"Only that?"

"No, not only that; though it is enough, and more than enough. Call me anything else you like; not that."

"None other is so easy and familiar; but, since it hurts you, I will desist. If I forget sometimes you will pardon it. I am so accustomed to speak that name, you know, that it slips off my tongue too quickly. Still I shall think of you by no other title, my good Dame Margaret, say what you will."

"You are ever too good to me, Sister. Some day, perhaps, when we are alone together, and in the dark, as now, I will tell you why I am not worthy of the name of Sister, and least of all, to be a sister to Sister Christmas." A heavy sigh followed these words. Then the contracted lips tried to smile, to frame an excuse for the same appeal.

"The light, Sister! *Indeed* I cannot bear this darkness any longer." She lifted her face to the face she fancied to be bending over her. It wore the expression of a wilful, suffering child, striving to repress a storm of temper. "The light, dear Sister Christmas!"

"Dear Margaret, ask the good Lord to light your lamp."

"Your words frighten me—why are they so solemn? And, oh, why this hesitation? My head is so giddy! Am I going to die? Are you keeping something from me? Keeping me in the dark for some purpose?—Am I dying, Sister Christmas?"

"No, no! fear not! Be brave and strong, dear friend. Call upon Him who alone can dispel this darkness."

"What do you mean?"

"The lamp is lighted, dear Margaret."

"The lamp is lighted!" Slowly the words fell from whitening lips. A greyness as of death spread over the features of the stricken woman. She tried to rise; she stretched out her arms, and spread wide her fingers, reaching out, trying to lay hold on something in the frightful void.

Then "I am blind! blind!" The last word was indeed like a wail of despair. "Oh, no! no! no! Not that; O God, not that! not that!" and unable to keep her feet she sank in anguish, upon the floor.

Sister Noella's arms were around her; her tears wet the cheeks of the sufferer, as she whispered over and over again, in accents of tenderest sympathy, "Pray dear, pray! Ask for light. Try to see with your heart; only try to see with your heart, dear Margaret, until the light returns to your eyes. Speak to Jesus, the True Light. He is at the door of your heart now, waiting to be admitted. Speak to Him, dear; He will hear you!"

There was no reply; only the shuddering form crouched lower and lower in anguish, not to be disturbed.

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For a little while the nun let this wild ebullition have its way, hoping it would exhaust itself. Then she appealed once more to the poor rebellious heart: "Come dear, you are one of my helpless children now, and you must let me be to you what I am to them, a mother; that is, in so far as in me lies."

She forced the poor lady to rise, and place herself once more in the great chair. It was painful to see the wild eyes striving to pierce the black wall that had suddenly barred the light from them.

"Sister, give me water. This may be only a passing cloud. If I bathe them they may recover." But even bathing them in the miraculous waters of the Well of Betharram, that had restored the vision of so many others, availed nothing here; and as the basin was pushed aside at last, with a movement of despair, again the nun let fall the same words, "Try to see with the eyes of your heart, Margaret, until the Lord, in His own good time, shall give you back your sight."

But Margaret only moaned and moaned, swinging herself backwards and forwards, and reaching out her hands, as if to seize something, to cling to something, to steady herself with a hold upon something real. It was the natural movement of all-helpless creatures.

Half by force, half by coaxing, Sister Noella was at length enabled to lead her to the adjoining bed-chamber. There she sank upon a couch, and gave way to sobs and grief that could not be controlled.

It was not long before a heavy step sounded on the stairs, and came along the hall. The doctor, for whom Blandine had been despatched, knocked at the door. His first efforts were directed to calming and soothing the violent agitation which made an examination, especially by lamplight, impossible. He assured his patient that the only means that could avail were rest and sleep, until daylight should enable him to examine critically the afflicted orbs. But he promised to return early next morning. It was not easy to prevail upon the poor sufferer to allow herself to be put to bed like a child, to swallow a sedative, to suffer everything to be done for her, as for the most helpless of the inmates of the asylum hard by. But this was finally accomplished. "Sleep, dear, sleep," whispered the kind nun, when all had at length been done that could be done. "Together with your good angel, some one shall watch beside you constantly till the light comes back. Sleep, dear Margaret."

Moaning and sobbing still, Margaret at length fell into a troubled sleep, under the influence of the sedative, and soothed at every restless movement by the gentle touch of the ministering angel who hovered untiringly about her bed.

To open one's eyes to the blessed light of day is a glorious thing indeed, and yet how little thought we give to this great favor, how little we appreciate it, how persistently we go on accepting it as a matter of course all through life without ever taking the trouble to return *special thanks* for so signal a grace. Yet think of it; think of it! Contrast it with the awakening of Margaret Moore! who awoke to darkness, to unknown terrors, to utter helplessness

"Darkness!" she cried, "Darkness! still darkness! O, give me light! Give me back my eyes. Take all, take all else, only leave me sight!" And this was her ceaseless cry for long hours, ceaseless and unavailing.

"Dear Margaret," once again urged the tired nun, "will you not speak to Him who alone can give you what you ask? May I bring one of the good Fathers to see you? His prayers, his blessing, may avail you at this crisis?"

Neither assent nor refusal, only the heart-breaking moans and sobs. So, at the dawn of day, Sister Noella quietly despatched her faithful little Blandine to summon one whose prayers had, under God, brought about many a transformation of heart, wrought many a miracle, saved many a soul from the jaws of death.

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But, though the prayers of Father St. Etienne drew tears from every one of the little group gathered around him by that bed, neither prayers nor blessings consoled Margaret since they failed to give her back her sight.

The priest of God passed sadly from the apartment. "She has poisoned herself," he said sadly as he turned at the outer door to Sister Noella who had followed him. The remark was not meant for her, but she caught it. "Poisoned herself, Father?

"Yes, poisoned her mind, and read herself blind for such vile rubbish"—he indicated by a gesture the book lying open on the table.

Sister Noella glanced at the title and recoiled—"To give her eyes for that! for words of his!" "To give her soul!" said Father St. Etienne, "to judge by the evidences around, that is what she has done." His glance was running along the laden book shelves. What he read there made him shudder and once more the sorrowful exclamation, "to give her soul for this," was forced from his lips.

"God is good," said the tender hearted nun. "Pray that the blow may have been given in time."

"Pray," said the priest, "the danger is great. Such poison," he glanced once again at the books, "is almost always deadly."

Though the long night had ended, Sister Noella, patient and tender, still hovered around the bed, whereon tossed in feverish slumber, or wild fits of despair, the unhappy woman. O what a struggle did she there behold! Ten thousand demons might have been battling within that breast urging to despair. No word of prayer, no sign of submission or resignation. Wild revolt, nothing more.

"Not *this! O not this!*" was still the harrowing cry. And still the faithful watcher clasped her crucifix, knelt, arose, knelt again, her face the incarnation of angelic pity, of faith that could not despair, of hope that could not die. Armed with the triple force of Faith, Hope, and Love, she battled in prayer for the tortured spirit, while her tears fell like rain upon the bed.

When the sun's bright rays began to flood the room, the contrast was indeed heart-rending. Darkness on that upturned face so fair in feature, darkness within that soul, whose earthly windows gazed and gazed, and seeing nothing without, would not look within.

Coaxingly, caressingly as to a little child talked the Sister, as she arranged a tray beside the bed, and with her own hands prepared the simple morning repast, "For my sake, dear Margaret, for my sake. I feel all your pain, dear. For my sake try to eat. It is your Sister Christmas who offers. You must not refuse her. Very soon I must leave you for a few hours. Do not let me go with needless pain in my heart. Try to strengthen yourself, my dear, that you may the better bear what God shall send. It may be the joy of sight. It may be the cross of darkness, but try to be strong for His sake, and He will sustain you." Always pleading for her Master thus, Sister Noella had been almost invincible in gaining those souls who fell into her care. No one could resist the force of the love of God that spoke through her lips from the well-spring of her pure heart.

When the room was in order, the curtains and hangings so carefully adjusted that no glare might fall upon the pale upturned face; when the keys of the dangerous book-cases had been carefully hidden, after covering their glittering golden titles with newspapers and towels, Sister Noella withdrew. Her last words accompanied by a caress and a kiss upon the brow, were: "Remember you are not alone, dear Margaret. Some of ours together with your guardian angel I hope, will be constantly near you. For the present I leave you Blandine, your little favorite. She is in the next room, ready to enter at any moment you may desire."

A movement of the hands, a slight in-

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clination of the head, indicated the reply that Margaret could not or would not utter. Her lips quivered and twitched. She seemed on the verge of giving way to another storm of angry revolt, when the Sister bending over her once more whispered kindly yet firmly: "Margaret, my friend and sister, I ask and *expect*, that for the child's sake you will command yourself till my return. Try not to think of your affliction, which may be of short duration, but of the use you can make of it, even at this hour. Remember the little one is gentle and timid, remember how tenderly she loves you, try not to alarm her. Try to be calm for her sake as well as for your own. Promise me this, dear Margaret, before I go, that I may have more courage for my work."

A nod of assent. The hands clasped each other more tightly, blood oozed from the lips that were held closed by force. Another embrace, and Sister Noella was obliged to leave the sick woman thus. A word, in passing, to the little girl patiently telling her beads, while waiting to be summoned, and silence fell upon the apartment. No sound broke the intense stillness. Under the long low windows the Gave of Betharram flowed softly, making an exquisite picture as it wound in and out between its verdant banks. Praying pilgrims and enraptured tourists might be seen at all hours gazing from its ivy covered bridge upon the matchless landscape. Up the beautiful Calvary, climbed, early and late other pilgrims, and other tourists in never ending defile, some under the spell of the terrestrial beauty, others intent upon their prayers. Looking down upon the winding river, the verdant shore, the many chapels embowered in flowery vines, on the ancient stone parapet moss grown and ivy covered, on the wild flowers in every cleft and crevice of the old wall, on the graceful fountain of St. Roch, by which both pilgrim and tourist stopped to drink and admire the figure of the well-beloved patron of the Pyrenees, and his faithful hound, on the façade rich in old statues of the ancient chapel of the Religious of Betharram: "The Priests of the Sacred Heart," as they are called; it is passably easy for simple tourists to forget, in the face of so much beauty, that the road they are on is "A Way of the Cross," and that they are ascending it without much, if any, thought of Him who bore the Cross for them, upon His bleeding shoulders, and suffered Himself to be nailed to it. It is not easy to see Calvary through or amidst such entrancing scenery. So through life we hurry on, missing many a Way of the Cross, losing its lesson and the rich reward, the indulgence that our dear Mother, the Church, gives her children for performing the sanctified act of walking in the Saviour's footsteps, and meditating upon His pain.

A few, perhaps more than a few, care nothing for the landscape, and see nothing but the dread way from Gethsemane to Golgotha. Looking neither to the right nor left, they climb up and up. They, too, ascend on their knees the Scala Santa, and on each step imprint a fervent kiss with a more fervent prayer or act of humility or penance. The cold grey stone alone knows what they breathe into its breast, to be borne heavenward.

But if they had not been so self-absorbed, they might have helped a lame brother, a blind sister, to complete their Way of the Cross, which, not being able to do unaided, they, the blind and lame, turned their thoughts and their eyes to the earth so fair, and its enticing attractions, and went down hill again to feast at one of the little restaurants facing the church and the Calvary. "Self" is a dreadful word. "I" a hateful pronoun, for, will you believe it, dear Christian brother, some of those climbers were making the Way of the Cross for solely selfish ends, and the tears and the kisses that will never melt stone, were more for gain than love, more for the selfish *I* than the suffering *He* or she. How do you know this, carper that you

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are, at things that look so good and true! Simply because *you* told me so, Mr. or Mrs. *I*, when you boasted of having "made the stations" for such and such a vulgar temporal favor. Innocent enough that temporal favor! you cry. But *why ask a temporal favor* on the Hill of Cavalry? Are there not eternal favors to be obtained there?

And the rebellious woman in the villa below there with her sightless eyes, seeing nothing when they might see the *eternal things* laid up in store for those who love and follow the Lamb in making the Way of the Cross without heeding it. For long years she has been listening to the murmur of the Pyrenean torrent; has been feasting her brilliant eyes upon the entrancing scenery, the church, the fourteen or more chapels, the fountain, the ivy-covered bridge, on the glory of the sunrise and the splendor of the sunset. Nay, more. She has seen many a pilgrim come here blind, and go away seeing. She has heard the joyful *magnificat* of thanksgiving swell out in thrilling tones from a thousand, yes, many thousand voices, for supernatural favors here bestowed. And seeing and not seeing, hearing and not hearing, has gone on her way, giving them no root in her mind, because they did not speak to her of—herself. She, Margaret Moore, was not in any vital way concerned in the cure of that cripple, nor in the eyes of that blind man or woman, so her spirit was double-locked with the iron key of selfishness, to the marvels of grace wrought in her fellow-beings. They only touched the outer walls of her senses, as it were. The mind itself was entrenched within its citadel—perhaps she did not often enter into that citadel herself. We shall see.

And yet Margaret sometimes entered the ancient church, even knelt sometimes therein. But mechanically, or because others did so, perhaps through sheer force of a long-forgotten habit. She admired the sanctuary—who did not? She gazed with admiration unfeigned upon the paintings, the statues, the great Christ of Betharram bowed beneath the heavy weight of that tremendous cross. And her soul was stirred by the glorious anthems that reached her in the deep embrasure of her villa windows. She had ever carefully avoided taking any part in the pageants and ceremonies, and shut herself away from all but the simple country folk and the poor pilgrims, but she loved the sacred music that mingled so sweetly with the murmur of the Gave.

Who is this Margaret Moore, and how came she here, to pitch her solitary tent; unworshipping where all is worship; without faith, where everything speaks of the active service and public worship of the Living God?

The priest who prayed for her but now, asked this question of Sister Noella as she passed him on her way to the convent. He had only lately come to Betharram from Jerusalem, the Eastern house of the priests of the Sacred Heart of Betharram, and knew little or nothing of the place as yet.

All the good Sister could tell him was that the English villa had been built or bought by an Englishwoman for the beauty of its situation and the pleasure of witnessing the movement of panoramas, or pilgrimages, forever to be witnessed along the river banks, across the famous bridge moving in and out of the ancient church and up and down the Calvary. To her they were a pageant that had no spiritual meaning. She had no religion, she declared, but the religion (?) to love what pleased her, and avoid what gave her pain. In one word, the religion of self.

And acting on this principle, she filled her cottage with what amused her. The froth of learning, the sparkle of wit, the thrilling romance that held her senses in thrall, the trifles that amused without fatiguing. All the best known of the vile writers of all ages found a place on her bookshelves—they who have been justly named by one who knew how to name

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them, "the wild beasts of literature." But the lady was growing lonesome in her villa, as age crept on. She went away for a little while and returned with a companion, a young, proud looking, silent lady, who soon took all the active duties of the house into her own hands, who assumed charge of everything, who never went out alone, or unveiled, or for her own pleasure. Inseparable companions henceforth, were the two ladies. The elder lady called her companion Madame Marguerite. To this the world added the elder lady's own name. She became "Madame Marguerite," or "Madame Moore, the younger," to everyone.

The chief occupation of Madame Marguerite was to read to the old lady, whose appetite for fiction rather increased than diminished with age. She would have been well content to rest at this work of reading, or the equally pleasant occupation of musician, instrumental and vocal, which Madame Moore found great pleasure in. But the household duties forced her to break in upon them continually. She had to give orders, direct servants, and deal with the farmer-folk, who forced her to take an interest in their flocks and herds, as well as in their children, which made her see more of the world than she cared for. The Pyrenean peasantry, in that immediate neighborhood, at least, will not suffer themselves to be slighted or ignored. Why do foreigners come amongst them if not ready and willing to be useful? And this they expect as their just due, for according to their logic, the shrines are theirs, the apparitions were for them, heaven's favors, poured upon them. And those who should come to profit by them, must be prepared to pay for the privilege. And the more and the better the pay, the less do they feel called upon to like or love the foreign intruder. A sort of very unreasonable envy or jealousy prevails hereabouts against all strangers. They made the country what it is, for, without foreigners with well-filled purses and loose clasps, who would have built the hotels and villas; who would keep flowing the golden stream that feeds the fine new enterprises that never would have been dreamt of without these same foreigners? But this is too well known to require explanation here. As for Madame Margaret, she found it easier to yield to their importunities than to combat them. The former cost money, the latter cost time, patience, and self-respect. Had she been alone it would have been comparatively easy to resist this tyranny, but for the sake of Madame Moore she yielded to importunities, often against her better judgment.

Years rolled on harmoniously enough within the villa. Madame Moore was amused, well cared for, spared all trouble. To the very last, intensely absorbed in the fate of heroes and heroines of romance, or soothed by sweet music, she fancied herself supremely fortunate. It was her oft-expressed wish to sink thus into the sleep of perpetual oblivion. She had her wish. Madame Marguerite sang her to sleep one night, saw her comfortably resting on her bed, with the face of one at peace with herself and all the world. And the expression was the truth absolutely, she was at peace with herself and the world. Next morning when Madame Margaret looked upon it, it was changed. There was no trace of struggle or suffering, only a look of sudden surprise, mingled with terror, as if she had suddenly been aroused from slumber to hear appalling news. She seemed to be listening to it. The longer Madame Margaret gazed upon the dead face, the more plainly she seemed to see that the spirit had suddenly been called to face something startling, tremendous.

But she had expected this sudden end, and after the first long look she put away the sight as too painful. She had not exactly loved her companion, but she had been faithful to her, even in the veriest trifles. She would be faithful still. The dead woman had not given her cause for anything beyond gratitude,

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perhaps not even for that, if we measure the value of the material good bestowed by her, with the spiritual good sacrificed or undermined little by little by what Father St. Etienne had called "the deadly poison of bad books." How could a heart that had never throbbed or thrilled intensely, save at the recital of some deed of wrong or shame, the story of some crime against God's laws, and their inevitable consequences, have called forth *love?* No, Margaret did not *love* Madame Moore, but she had absorbed the poison, and it deadened in her the desire for anything wholesome. So she did not blame or condemn the dead woman when all was over and she found herself alone. On the contrary, she learned very speedily, that gratitude was not enough—that it was almost an injustice, since it fell short of personal liking or affection for the dead friend whose friendship went beyond the grave. She called herself ungrateful, unfeeling, and became more tenacious of approving Madame Moore's manner of life, when she learned that she had left her sole owner of the villa and its contents. Her heart became very tender towards her dead companion, who had made it possible for her to keep to her present manner of life. Although there was hardly any ready money, she felt herself rich, and with great determination set about regulating her life according to her means. She began at once to practise austerities that would have gained heaven for her, had they been practised for heaven's sake. But the object of them being to keep away from the world, to eke out the ready money to the very last, that she might avoid facing it, she gained only what she coveted: seclusion, quiet.

She realized she could not always subsist on fiction, on flights of wit and fancy, however thrilling in their *denouement*, and would ask herself at such times what she should do when ready money failed. Many a hermit has sustained life for long years on bread and water, and she had become something of a hermit: her hermitage the villa, her cell, her own cold heart. She became more austere in manner, harder in thought and word, though still soft and pitiful in sudden action, when her suppressed natural self betrayed her, as it did on an occasion we must here note.

An epidemic broke out in the neighborhood of Betharram. There were homeless orphans in the hamlets far and near. When the Grey Nuns, the daughters of Grignan de Montfort, *Les Filles de la Sagesse* as they are well called, knocked at her door, she was tempted to close it suddenly and without parley. But one face, it was the face of Sister Christmas, as Margaret afterwards called her, appealed to the crushed heart, and she listened to the nun's plain tale.

"I have no money," she said in reply. "But there is the lower story of this house, five or six big rooms, an empty stable, a cow-house, a kitchen-garden full of weeds. They are useless to me. Make use of them, but never let me see or hear anything of your orphans, or—" and she was about to add, "of you," but recollected herself. Sister Noella's glad face, her Christmas wishes, for it was Christmastide, made her close her door with a feeling new and strange.

Her offer was speedily accepted, but not before another interview with the Superior, Sister Noella, who came to return thanks once more, and to ask how long they might occupy the cottage.

"That will depend upon yourself," was Madame Margaret's blunt answer. "If I am not disturbed, you will not be. All I ask is to be let alone."

Her wishes were so well respected that she hardly knew, for a very long time, who or what sort of guests filled her house. She caught occasional glimpses of nun's bonnets, and saw childish figures passing beneath her windows. But no noise reached her ears, and her reveries and readings were not disturbed.

But now Madame Margaret's funds are running low indeed. Since the death of Madame Moore she has kept only one

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servant. It was hard to perform the rough duties of housework, still, when she could no longer feed this one, she let her go, and only retained her services as *femme de ménage*, for a few hours each day. But that too came to an end. When there was no longer any *ménage*, nothing to cook, nothing to provide but the loaf and milk that could be left at the door, Margaret bade the *ménagère* good-bye and closed her door. She thought she was hiding her poverty from every one when she did this. But her neighbors, the market people, that is, were keenly observant. They felt themselves defrauded when no orders were sent from the villa. Margaret would not look the fact in the face that she was slowly starving to death. She could not, would not go out into the world, meet strangers, talk to them, be questioned by them.

She resolved at length, when absolutely no other resource remained, to go to Tarbes or Pau and invite a dealer to come and take the furniture and pictures at his own valuation. Before she could carry out this resolve she fell sick, and had to take to her bed.

Fortunately for her, it happened that Sister Noella, who by the way, knew more than Margaret guessed or would be pleased at, needed to speak with her on very serious business. For this purpose she took a great resolve. Nothing less than to call, uninvited. The bell, she knew, had long been muffled, since there was no servant to answer its summons, and the lady of the villa could not do so in person.

One bright morning the good Sister tapped softly at the great door. No reply. She lifted the heavy handle and walked in. Another knock at the inner door. No response. So without hesitation, but not without being prepared for a rebuff, the Sister entered. Silence only. No one visible. So there was no help for it but to try the bed-room door. To a very soft tap a low "Who's there?" showed the place not deserted.

"Only Sister Noella, to wish Madame Margaret a happy Christmas." No reply. No invitation to enter. Sister Noella entered unbidden. Under her ample grey cloak she carried a basket, which she drew forth as she approached the bed—whereon, fully dressed, lay a very white-faced woman.

"Dear Dame Margaret, I did not expect to find you an invalid, but before I ask why you did not send for me whom you have placed under such heavy obligations, as you know, you will allow me to deliver my message. I come from the orphans (you see, therefore, I was forced to intrude upon you), from the poor little ones you have so kindly and generously sheltered, and who pray for their benefactress, as does indeed all our community. They send you a Christmas greeting with this little token of their love. Surely you will let me take back some message to their tender hearts, so sore at this season, for the loss of parents and dear friends."

Margaret's face was a study while the Sister was speaking. Flushed with irrritation and confusion at first, for she was highly sensitive, and could only think for a few minutes of the shame of her poverty, then pale with softer emotion and weakness induced by suffering and lack of remedies, as well as food. But it changed a little, very gradually softened, and ended by looking Sister Noella calmly in the eyes. To meet those kind eyes was enough to soften the hardest heart. The orphans' gift was a little Child Jesus in His crib, which Sister Noella placed on the table near the bed.

"Neither will our benefactress reject the Sister's poor souvenir, I am sure, although it is not the best thing for you at this moment, dear Dame Margaret. It will show you that you are remembered by your debtors." A splendid Christmas cake, ornamented with holly and ivy, was installed on the table without further ceremony.

"Oh, Sister Christmas!" began Margaret.

"Yes, yes; do call me Sister Christ-

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mas," interrupted the visitor. "I love the name."

"I was going to say," said Margaret, not a little confused at having forgotten the Sister's real name, "that Christmas is hardly sufficient excuse for so much expense and labor for one who has done nothing, who could not indeed do anything for the orphans in your charge."

"Not done anything! Why, dear lady, you are our best, our most generous benefactress! You give us rent free the greater part of our house, and yet, like all beggars, at this happy season, we take advantage of your generosity to ask for something more—if you can possibly have the charity to hear the request. It is that you would allow us to cultivate the garden, to raise a few vegetables, to keep a cow in that fine unemployed house. And you are not to think that we would or could expect to receive this favor like the other *con amore*, after all your generosity. Oh, no! such is not the spirit of the daughters of Blessed Grignan de Montfort. But you will name a rent, something, whatever you decide we will meet. But, I forget, you are not well to-day. Come, you shall yield me a personal favor before we say another word. I will ask it in a short space of time."

Without further ceremony of words, the Sister vanished. Hardly a quarter of an hour had elapsed when she reappeared. Placing a finger to her lips, and shaking her head menacingly, she drew a little table near the bed, and uncovered a tray that she had brought with her. "Now, this is the favor that I shall ask and insist upon receiving. You shall let me be your nurse. You have already called me Sister Christmas, and so I shall play the role of fairy-godmother. You are to take this tea and toast without delay."

In this manner was the ice broken, and Dame Margaret had to suffer herself to be petted and cared for till she was well, and could go about her apartments once more. When this was accomplished, of her own accord she referred to the topic of the garden and stables. Not willingly would she consent to take any remuneration for their use, till by delicate tact and skill Sister Noella brought her to consent to receive at least as partial equivalent supplies for her table and the services of a housekeeper. This would secure the community from the intrusion of the civil authorities who had the legal right (?) to claim a percentage of every free gift. Thus the modest provisions furnished for her table and the services of the young girls being bred to labor, would not be missed by them; would, in fact, cost them no outlay at all, while the grounds and buildings would be a source of considerable revenue to them.

"You will still be our generous benefactress," said Sister Noella, "for we cannot consider what we give in this way anything like an equivalent even for the rent of one building. The municipal authorities are only prevented from taxing us by the assurance that we do pay something, and that the property is only a temporary loan."

Margaret would have preferred to consider herself a tenant of the Sisters for life, it irked her to receive anything from them, but Sister Noella would not hear of such a thing. "You must remain mistress of the place," she insisted, "it is safer for us, and is every way better for you. Now that you are relieved of household responsibilities you will be able to think of your health." She would fain have added, "and of your soul," but though she does not say so, she takes great interest in the welfare of that soul.

Life was easy for Margaret after this. In her own mind she was resolved, and did indeed actually draw up the necessary papers that made over the villa, its contents and grounds, to Sister Noella and her community forever.

Life became too easy for her. It did not force her into contact with her kind. She withdrew more and more into solitude, living between the leaves of her books, neglecting herself, her wardrobe,

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even her health, while poring over them. Giving, as the priest had said, "not only her eyes, but her soul." Like the confirmed inebriate, she had no taste for anything but the poison that was destroying her.

Thus much of Margaret up to the time our story opens.

(*To be continued.*)

GLIMPSES OF CATHOLIC FRANCE.

By E. McAuliffe.

EARLY in October, one bright sunshiny day, we crossed the channel to Dieppe; the sea was as smooth as a mirror and as we neared "the pleasant land of France" and saw the great crucifix that crowns the heights stretching out wide arms of welcome, we felt that France is still a Christian, nay, a religious land. We went at once to Rouen and remained a few days in this delightful old town. Miss Kavanagh's charming tales had made us long to see Normandy and go over the pleasant scenes once more with "Dora" and the "Two Lillies." The churches in Rouen are splendid and numerous; that of St. Ouen is said by Ruskin to be the most perfect specimen in existence of pure Gothic. On our first Sunday we attended High Mass at the cathedral, and were deeply impressed by its magnificence and the grandeur of the ceremonial. The chanting of the Canons and their ermine robes, the blessing of the bread (*Pain bèni*) and serving it to the entire congregation, were things all quite new to us. The music, the sermon, the piety of the worshippers, the men especially, filled us with admiration. After Mass we walked about the curious old streets and squares and stood in the market-place (now a sacred spot) where Jeanne d'Arc was burned.

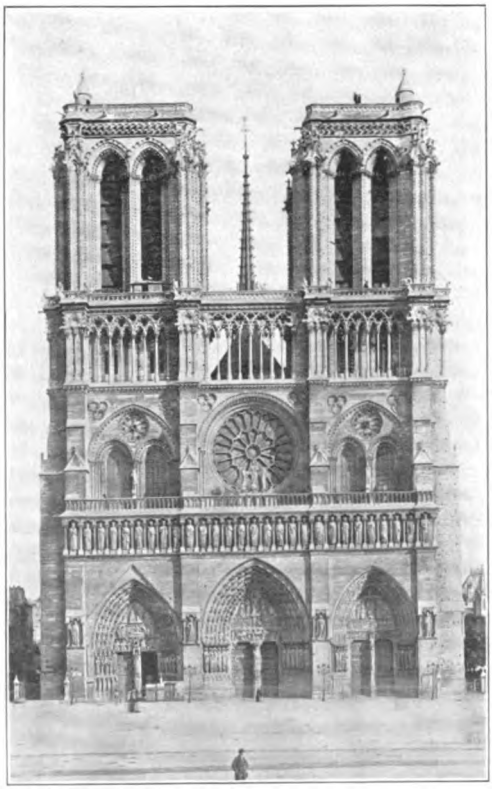
Rouen is full of historic recollections; fancy going to Mass in a church built by an uncle of William the Conqueror, before the Normans set foot in England. We felt thankful that the custom does not prevail there of tearing down churches and moving them to more fashionable neighborhoods, and building them in more fashionable styles. Oh, the glorious beauty of pure architecture, undimmed by age, and all the more devotional on account of its antiquity! What scenes come thronging on the mental vision while musing under those vast arches; the heroic deeds of the great Rollo and his descendants, the romantic story of Duke Robert, and the sad ending of his rash career; the murder of young Arther Plantagenet and the many crimes of the wicked John! While loitering along the busy quays and looking at the picturesque sailors and fishermen, we thought of the gay young party that left the shores of Normandy in the *Blanche Nef* (A. D. 1120). With light hearts and with laugh and song they cleft the moonlit waters, impelled by the strong arms of fifty stout rowers. Many were the childish tears I shed over that sad tale; the generous young prince losing his life in the attempt to save his half-sister, the sweet Maude, and the woe of the wretched King who *never smiled again.* And strange and inexplicable it seemed, that of all the boat's freight of the princely, the noble and the rich, not one should have been saved but only Bérault, a poor butcher of Rouen. —"Who hath known the mind of the Lord?"

A proud, and a fierce, and a cruel race were the Norman kings of England, but those were rude times, and the French were more advanced in civilization than any people of the North. In remembering the faults of the Norman conquerers we must also remember that they brought in their train, learned and

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holy men, who planted religion on a firm basis in England, and covered the land with churches and monasteries. And most edifying are the accounts we have of the humiliations and severe penances to which those mail-clad warriors subjected themselves.

"We find 'neath this upper earth we tread,
We, born of a later day,
The spear and the brazen arrow-head
Of an era passed away :
And fancy peoples the ancient woods
With a fierce, and a taller race,
They launch rude boats on the shining floods,
They join in the sounding chase ;
And oft in the gloomy mountain pass,
And by the slippery fords,
Are warriors crouched, and amid the grass
Is the gleaming of savage swords.



NOTRE DAME.

Then come sweet scenes, when the fight is o'er,
From the hearth the white smoke curls,
And children play by the open doors,
And the starry eyes of girls
Gleam bright thro' the Summer evening shade,
As the shadows come and go ;
And thus the drama of life was played
In the ages long ago.
And now they sleep with the grass and flowers
Of cycles above their breast,
Where never thought of the passing hours
Shall trouble their dreamless rest."

While journeying from Rouen to Paris, the mind insensibly slips back, losing its hold on the present. Where now are the heroes whose deeds fill the pages of history? One feels as though rudely awakened from a dream when the train rattled into the *Gare du Nord*, and to collect the threads of that dream is an impossibility ; for we are in Paris, and very much awake, very much in the present. We have to look for our baggage which left Newhaven some days before; we are quite at the mercy of the railway porters. They seize our trunks when we have at length found them, throw them on the top of a cab, into which we meekly step, not daring to make any bargain; we pay them what they demand, and are glad to get into the open street. The *cocher* is civil enough, he drives us to the address we give him on the Avenue de l'Opera, and takes his fare thankfully.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached our hotel, our rooms were very high up, and from the balcony we had an extensive view of Paris, and were charmed to get our first glimpse of the city in the red light of the setting sun. Next morning we heard Mass at the Church of the *Madeleine*. It was quite near our hotel, and every succeeding day while we remained in that quarter, com-

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RUE SOUFFLOT.

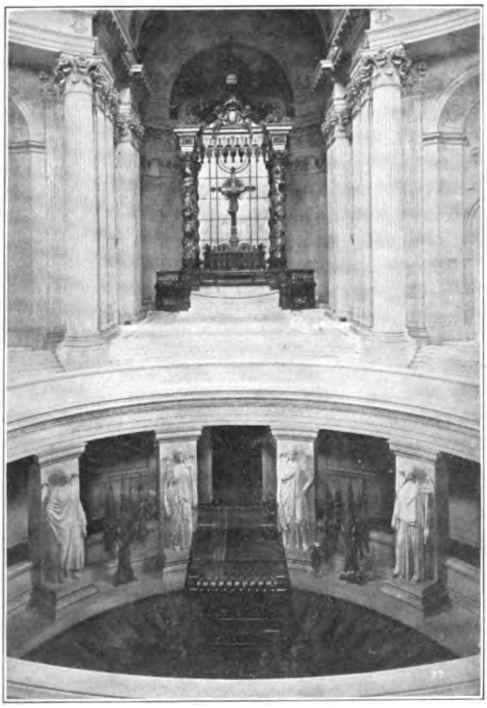
menced for us in that thrice-hallowed temple. Did not a curé of *la Madeleine* shed his blood for the faith in our own times? In Paris, notwithstanding the tremendous force brought to bear by the prince of darkness, religion is always alive and active. Its churches are of every date; every king of France built one or more in his capital. That of *la Madeleine* was commenced by Louis Seize. At all the Sunday Masses it is crowded to its utmost capacity, not only with women but with *men*, numbers of men, who are not ashamed to kneel and pray. I may observe here that there is an opinion prevalent among us that the French are very bad Catholics, and that Paris is a most wicked city, whose wickedness stares you in the face at every turn. All this is erroneous and absurd; the people who come back inveighing against the wickedness of Paris, must have taken the trouble to go where they knew it was to be found, and I think that, without crossing the ocean, they could have found enough at home. Nothing arouses my indignation more than the audacity of the mere tourist, who stops at a place for a few days, always at a hotel, generally ignorant of the language, and then writes his or her impressions of the institutions, domestic and otherwise, of the country.

What can they know about it? They read guide books (all gotten up by Protestants), they associate with people whom they meet in the hotels, as ignorant and as prejudiced as themselves, and in as great a hurry to rush through, and the result is that they believe all the evil, and ignore all the good, glorifying themselves for their superior virtue like the Pharisee in the Gospel. One of the common s anders against the Parisians is that they *don't keep Sunday*, that the stores are open and the work on buildings going on just as on week days. Those who make that assertion never enter a Catholic church on Sundays; if they did they would see their mistake; for, if all the shops were open, and all the public works going on, how could the churches be filled? They forget that in Paris there is an immense population of Jews; *their* shops are open, *their* work goes on, while the Christians crowd the churches. And not only on Sundays, but on the great feasts of the Church the Parisians go to Mass, and keep the feasts

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as they keep Sunday. There are undoubtedly some indifferent Catholics. Human nature is the same in Paris as anywhere else. All are not *saints*, but there are many. It is the spirit of St. Thomas Aquinas, in the Paradise of Dante, who says (canto xiii, v. 126.) :

"Let not the people be too swift to judge,
As one who reckons on the blades in field,



NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

Or ere the crop be ripe. For I have seen
The thorn frown rudely all the Winter long
And after bear the rose upon its top ;
And bark, that all the way across the sea
Ran straight and speedy, perish at the last,
E'en in the haven's mouth. Seeing one steal,
Another bring his offering to the priest,
Let not Dame Bertha and Sir Martin thence
Into heaven's counsels deem that they can pry :
For one of these may rise, the other fall."

Every one knows the story of the two knights and the shield ; well, I saw Paris on the *white side*. The black side had no interest for me; I did not see it. You cannot live anywhere in Paris without being near a church, and the services are so numerous, and carried out so beautifully, with so much reverence, and the priests are such holy apostolic men, that we felt ourselves almost in Paradise.

Close by every church is a little store for the sale of religious articles. Here we find *La Semaine Religieuse*, a weekly publication which gives a *resumé* of the ceremonies for the ensuing week, in all the city churches, and the names of preachers and celebrants. We took great comfort in it, as it kept us all the time *au courant* with the spiritual life of Paris. Merely to enumerate the churches and the treasures contained in them would be a lengthy task. I shall confine myself to a few of the principal ones. In the *Sainte Chapelle* is preserved the *Crown of Thorns* which pierced the brow of our Divine Lord. The precious relic was brought from Palestine by St. Louis, who built, at an enormous cost, this exquisite chapel to receive it. The Cathedral of Notre Dame would take volumes to describe its beauties and hallowed memories ; volumes have been written on the subject, and all is not yet told. In the sacristy we saw the portraits of the twenty-four archbishops of Paris, from St. Landry, who lived in the time of Charlemagne, to Archbishop Affre, who was martyred in this century. We were permitted to press our lips to the blood-stained vestments of the saintly archbishop.

St. Germain des Près is one of the

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oldest and most interesting churches in Paris. It was originally the abbey church of one of the most ancient monastic establishments, founded by King Childebert, son of Clovis, at the suggestion of St. Germain, then Bishop of Paris. We find many churches built by this same Childebert, among others that of *St. Germain L'Auxerrois*, which was originally dedicated to St. Vincent.

Among the new churches I may name the church of St. Augustine, where a Mass of Requiem is annually celebrated for the deceased members of the Bonaparte family; the church of St. Joseph in the Avenue Hoche, served by the English Passionists, where English sermons can be heard on Sundays by those not acquainted with French. This little church is a centre of devotion, not only for the English-speaking people, but for the French residents in the vicinity. As I before remarked, religion here is not a dead thing; France is beautiful, not alone with the traditions of centuries of holiness, but with the living active piety of to-day. Having spent several weeks exploring old Paris, we left our hotel on the Avenue de l'Opera and settled ourselves for the Winter in an apartment quite close to the Passionist church. Among the many devotees whom we noticed there, was one, a royal princess, whose carriage used to stand at the door for hours, while she, oblivious of all outside, was prostrate before the tabernacle. Her piety was most edifying; young and beautiful, although the mother of a numerous family (a little army of saints), fulfilling her duties to society, the duties which her position exacted, she had found the hidden treasure, and it was a magnet which drew her to the altar.



THE MADELEINE.

We were fortunate enough to have our

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apartment in the house of a private family, which gave us every opportunity of studying the life of the people. In France *home* is such a sacred thing that very few families admit a stranger, and we fully appreciated the advantage of our position. Our hostess was a widow of great refinement but limited means, with a young daughter whom she was bringing up very carefully. Indeed, children in France are all brought up carefully. An English lady whom I met in Paris, and who had spent many years there, told me that French children are angels. They are hedged about with so many safeguards, that they are absolutely ignorant of the existence of evil. As they grow up to girlhood they are never seen poring over novels—such a thing would not be tolerated. I confess it makes me shudder to see the books which our girls read, books full of impurity and covert sneers at religion, written by Jews and infidels, choice instruments of Satan who, in this manner, undermine the teachings of Faith, and lead their deluded victims into tangled paths. A French mother selects the books for her daughter's reading, so that while her mind is entertained, it is also improved and elevated. This is a subject which we pass over too lightly. There is a boundless field of good French literature, which is scarcely known here.

In our new quarters we were quite near the Spanish chapel, where the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament is kept up night and day. Our societies for "Perpetual Adoration" are modelled on this, and affiliated with it. In the silence and solitude of the night we found sweet consolation in the knowledge that our Lord was so near us on the altar, and that the incense of prayer and adoration was ascending to heaven without ceasing. All the churches of Paris are richly decorated, but the altar of the Blessed Sacrament here is gorgeous in the extreme, a perfect blaze of light and gold, and flowers of every hue. The rich Parisians make it their care, and many are the coroneted carriages to be seen waiting at the door while society's queens are seeking the Lord within.

Our parish church was that of *St. Philippe du Roule*. Through the month of May we attended the evening devotions there, and were much edified to see the immense edifice crowded. It is a great test of piety in people like the Parisians, who are so fond of *la vie en pleine air* (out-door life), to spend in church the evenings of May, when the temptation to remain out is so strong, in the lovely Spring weather. May, in Paris, is truly charming. The chestnut trees are all in blossom, lining the streets, and filling the air with perfume. Then it is the month of *First Communion*. Every day there is First Communion in some of the churches. The first time a child approaches the altar is a great feast in every French family; it is like a wedding day. All the members of the family give themselves a holiday, and the whole day is spent in rejoicings. The young communicants wear their spotless robes of innocence all day, they fill the city parks, and many are the picnics and family reunions that take place. It is a beautiful sight to see the little creatures flitting through the long green alleys; the most insensible could not look on them unmoved. Paris is proud of her innocent first communicants; they are the purest drops of her life blood.

In connection with the church at St. Philippe du Roule, a little ancedote is told with which doubtless many are familiar. A young Protestant lady of rank and wealth returning from a ball in the early dawn of a cold morning of Winter, was surprised to see a crowd of people collected around the door of the church in the Faubourg St. Honoré. She bade her coachman see what was the matter, thinking that an accident had occurred. He replied: "Oh, Madam, they are the working people waiting for the church doors to be opened so that they can hear Mass before beginning their

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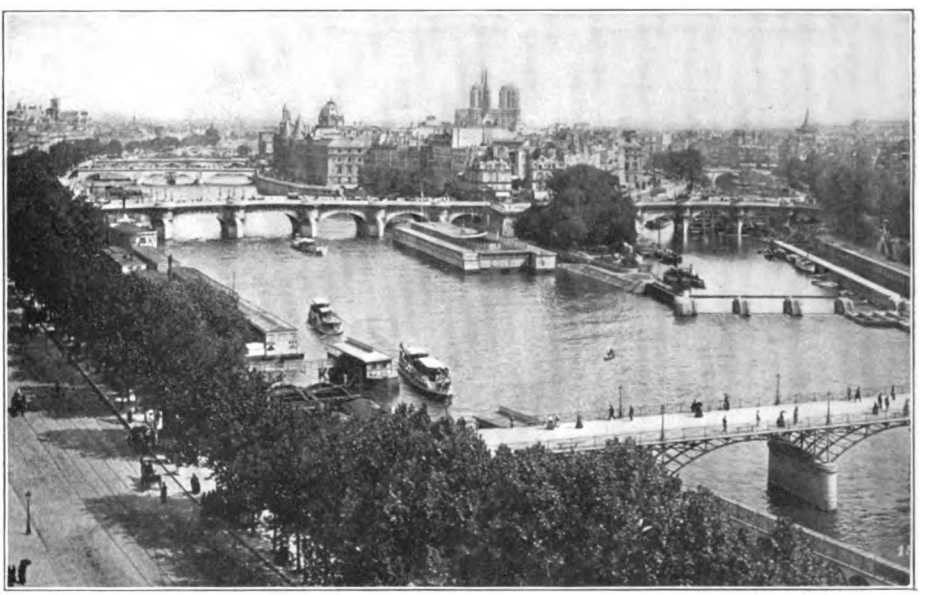
day's labor." The child of fashion took the lesson to heart; from that hour the world lost her :

"She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That called her to live for a suffering race;
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered : 'I come.' "

She became a religious, and founded in Ireland the Presentation Order.

In Paris, in all France, the precept of charity is well kept, indeed it may be called the national virtue. The unbounded charity and alms-giving is inconceivable. I do not mean to speak of public charities, such are to be found everywhere, but the individual unceasing charity of all classes. No one looks on beggars as a nuisance, no one orders them to go to the poorhouse. Millet, though the son of a very poor family, tells us that they were always taught to treat beggars with kindness and respect, and how in cold weather they should give up their warm places by the fire, to give them to the wanderers, and how they were always served with the best the house afforded. Every lady has her *clientèle*, more or less large, of poor, to which she devotes a portion of each day; it is a duty which is lovingly performed.

On Sundays when going to Mass, I have noticed the family groups as they drew near the church, papa, with his hand in his vest pocket, from which he would take a number of small coins and distribute them among his children, so that each one could give an alms to the beggars at the church door. Octave Feuillet in his charming tale : "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," has given an illustration of this universal charity, in the compassion of a poor concierge for a starving lodger. It is a beautiful incident, beautifully told. Again another example of this divine virtue I venture to translate from "*Les Paroles d'un Croyant.*"



VIEW FROM THE LOUVRE.

"Two men who were neighbors, worked together, each had a wife and several small children, and nothing but their daily labor to depend upon. One of these men worried unceasingly, saying to himself, suppose I should get sick,

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what would become of my wife and children? And this thought ate into his heart, as a worm eats into the heart of an apple.

"Now the same thought occurred to the other father, but he did not dwell on it, for he said, God, who knows the wants of all His creatures, and watches over them, will watch over me, and over my wife and children.

"And this latter lived happy and tranquil while the other never knew peace or rest.

"One day while at work in the field, melancholy and depressed as usual, he observed some little birds going into a bush, and after a while coming out and then going in again.

"He drew nearer and discovered two nests side by side, and in each a little family just out of the shell.

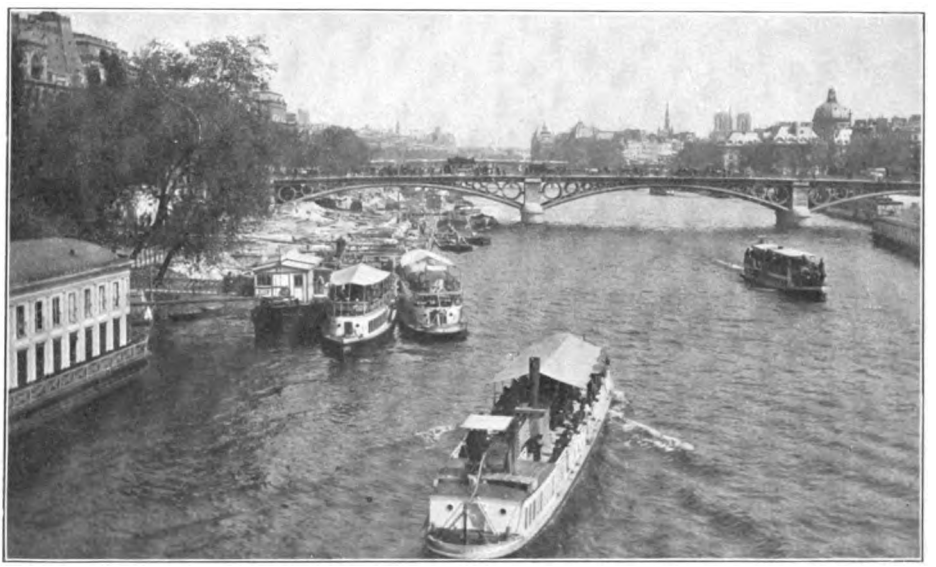
"He returned to his work but could not resist the inclination to look every now and then at the parent birds going and coming, bringing food to their young.

"Now it happened as one of the mother birds was just on the point of entering the bush with a morsel in her bill, a hawk seized her, carried her off, and the poor little creature vainly struggling, uttered piercing cries.

"At sight of this the laborer felt his mind more disturbed than ever, for, thought he, the death of the mother is the death of the little ones. If I should be taken what would become of mine?

"And all that day he felt sad and gloomy, and when night came sleep fled his pillow.

"Next morning, on returning to the field, he sought out the nest, expecting to find the little birds all dead, but to his great surprise they appeared quite lively, not one missing or drooping.



VIEW FROM PORT ROYAL.

"He then concealed himself behind a bush to see what would happen next. After a little while he heard a slight sound, and perceived the second mother hastening with the food she had collected, and distributing it equally among all, without any distinction, and the little orphans were not deserted in their misery.

"And this father who had doubted the Providence of God, when they met in the evening, related what he had seen to the other father. And the latter replied: 'It is just as I always told you,

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there is no cause for worry. God never abandons his own; His love has secret ways that we know not. Let us believe, let us hope, let us love, and go on our ways in peace!

"'Should I die before you, you will be the father of my children; if you die before me, I will be a father to yours. And if we both die before they are of an age to provide for themselves, they will have the special care of *Our Father who is in Heaven.*'" (La Mennais.)

In the story of "Madeleine," Jules Sandeau has given us the history of a young girl of rank, who gave up all the pleasures of society in order to bring back to the ways of grace a cousin who had fallen away from the practice of his religion.

One lovely day in June, with wind and tide in our favor, we sailed to *St. Germain en Laye.* This palace was the chosen abode of Louis Quatorze. It fronts on a vast and magnificent terrace, which is reached from the river by several flights of steps. This terrace commands one of the most extensive and beautiful views in Europe. Immediately surrounding the chateau are delightful gardens, where flowers of every hue charm the eye; these are intersected by gravelled walks, adorned with shrubs and rare trees, until they lose themselves in the mighty forest which stretches behind and partly around, covering a space of eight thousand acres, within a wall of thirty miles in circumference.

The mere name of St. Germain recalls to the reader of history the noble generosity of King Louis, who vacated this his favorite residence, to place it at the service of a homeless exiled king, James the Second of England. The King of France had many palaces, but in the tender sympathy of his heart he took pleasure in this act of renunciation. The broken-hearted James, flying from the victorious armies of his parricidal daughter, found here a refuge, and many years of peaceful retirement. In the "Life of Mary of Modena" (Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England") may be found a charming picture of these quiet years, and the holy lives of the royal exiles. Out of his private purse King Louis supplied an income sufficient to keep up their royal state and numerous retinue.

Macaulay, who was no admirer of *le Grand Monarque*, gives him full credit for his matchless kindness to the world-weary sufferer, especially as his end drew near. While at Mass on Good Friday, King James had a paralytic stroke. I quote Macaulay. "Some people imagined that the words of the anthem which his choristers were chanting had produced in him emotions too violent to be borne by an enfeebled body and mind. For that anthem was taken from the plaintive elegy in which a servant of the true God, chastened by many sorrows and humiliations, banished, homesick, and living on the bounty of strangers, bewailed the fallen throne and the desolate temple of Sion: 'Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us; consider and behold our reproach. Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens; the crown is fallen from our heads. Wherefore dost thou forget us forever?' Fagon, the first physician of the French Court, and on medical questions, the oracle of all Europe, prescribed the waters of Bourbon. Louis, with his usual generosity, sent to St. Germain ten thousand crowns in gold for the expenses of the journey, and gave orders that every town along the route should receive his good brother with all the honors due to royalty."

He returned to St. Germain with renewed health, but in September, while praying in his chapel, he had a second stroke, from which he never rallied. I quote Macaulay again: "While James was still able to understand what was said to him, and make intelligible answers, Louis visited him. The English exiles observed that the Most Christian King was to the last considerate and kind in the very slightest matters which concerned his unfortunate guest. He would

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not allow his coach to enter the court of St. Germain, lest the noise of the wheels should be heard in the sick-room." He consoled the dying king with the promise: "Whenever it shall please God to take you from us, I willibe to your son what I have been to you, and will acknowledge him as King of England, Ireland and Scotland."

There is a monument in the Church of St. Germain, erected to the memory of James by George the Fourth, moved by one of his few good inspirations. The inscriptions on the monument were very beautiful. On the cornice: *Regio cineri pietas Regia;* between the columns (I give the English translation): Oh thou who beholdest this funereal monument, meditate over the instability of human things. Great in prosperity, greater still in adversity, James II., King of England, bade adieu to unutterable sorrows and to most painful reverses, by a pious and placid death in this town, on the 16th of September, 1701; and some of the nobler parts of his body are here entombed.

On the base:

He whose august head once bore a crown, is now mere dust reposing in a small urn. What is the throne? What is power? Death levels all. But the repute of faith and virtue will remain imperishable. Mayest thou also, great God, admit him, to whom a royal host afforded a refuge in misfortune, to reign with thee.

HEART OF JESUS.

HEART of Jesus—Joy of heaven,
For the world's redemption slain—
King of hearts—through life incarnate,
Drench'd with baptism of pain;
Unto thee the Son descending
From his throne of light above,
Hath espoused our human nature
In embracing flames of love:
Heart of Jesus, I adore thee;
Teach me, teach me, I implore,
Heart of Jesus—
Where to find thee, Fount of Sweetness,
How to seek thee more and more!

Heart—the pearl of dew celestial,
Bud of purest lily-bell,
On the Virgin Mother's bosom,
Trembling, didst thou throb and swell;
Throb with gladness, swell with rapture,
Widely open'd soon to be,
Book of true love lessons, wooing
Human hearts to learn of thee.

Heart—love-wounded—dost thou languish,
Sorrowing in Gethsemane,
Weeping in thy holy anguish
Tears of blood so bitterly;
Like a lamb before his shearers,
Wisdom's Word Eternal—dumb;
Pow'r divine, in sweetest striving
With almighty love, o'ercome.

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Bends the Rood with branches laden,
Sweetest burthen'd sacred tree,
Where its Blessed Fruit, my Jesus,
Hanging, bleeding, prays for me ;
Was there need to prove thy love, then,
Jesus—in the wail that burst
From thy breaking Heart with parch'd lips
Crying from the Cross—" I thirst ? "

Love-pierc'd Heart of Christ—'tis pouring
Forth in deluges divine
Streams of blood and water mingling
Floods of honey, milk and wine ;
For my soul is satiated,
Ah, my restless heart content,
When I taste how sweet my Lord is
In his saving Sacrament.

Heart of Jesus—home ascending
On the pinions of the air,
With our earthly journey's ending,
Send Good Angels down to bear
Faithful hearts to magnify thee,
In thy riven depths of fire,
Sun of Justice, living sun-rays,
Joy-beams of thy love's desire :
Sacred Heart, receive our spirits ;
Take, O take us, we implore,
Heart of Jesus,
To adore thee, in the bosom
Of thy bliss forevermore !

Carmel of St. Joseph, St. Louis, Mo.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OLD ST. INIGO'S.

By J. Edwin Coad.

CERTAINLY, if Dumas père took his four world-famous characters from the pioneers of Maryland, Calvert, Father White, Father Altham, and Rev. Thomas Copley, the latter must have been his model for Aramis, the astute cunning Jesuit, to whom for enhancement of interest in his several romances, he felt obliged to attribute many very decidedly bad traits of practice and character. Thomas Copley, Esq., as he signed himself, was really a priest, but I am not quite sure was a Jesuit, and singular to say, during some twenty or more years of his stay in the Province of Maryland, I have never read or heard of his doing missionary duty among the Indians, or performing any priestly function. His character was above reproach, and most of the old contemporary writers as well as others of a later date, mention him as Thomas Copley, Gentleman. But there is no denying the fact if one wished to, that he was ever wide awake in business matters, and under Lord Baltimore's " Conditions of Plantation," giving two hundred acres of land for every able-bodied working man brought into the

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province, Mr. Copley claimed and received from the proprietary government, twenty-eight thousand five hundred acres of land, located in different parts of the province. Of this large quantity of land, he reserved about eight thousand acres for the benefit of the Church, and to make it measurably independent of the people. The Manor of St. Inigo's, St. George's Island, the manor in Britton's Neck (Newtown), St. Thomas' Manor in Charles County, and four hundred acres of townland, in and about the old city of St. Mary's, were donated to the Jesuit Society. As a matter of precaution, during those unsettled times, these lands when granted to Mr. Copley, were deeded to some trusted friend, such as Cuthbert Fenwick, Thomas Matthews, the brothers John and Francis Pennington and others, who in turn made over all their right and title to some other good and true friend. It should be borne in mind that all these deeds, conveyances etc., were absolute, all possible rights being vested in the granters, their heirs and assigns forever. There was no breach of faith and trust in all these various and numerous cases, made necessary by the perilous times, but there was a mistake committed in a conveyance to Father Henry Warren, successor to Thomas Copley, Esq., which left out of the conveyance to Mr. Warren the four hundred acres of townland, on part of which about the year 1646, after the Claiborne rebellion had been quelled, he outlawed and fled to England, the Jesuits erected a church of brick brought from England, very near the stable of Thomas Brome, present owner of the site of old St. Mary's City. This church was never entirely finished, in consequence of the troubled times and the spirit of persecution which was then prevalent.

In 1649 a great upheaval took place in the mother country, resulting in the beheading of Charles I., and during the eleven years of the rule of the benign and prayerful Cromwell, the Catholics of Maryland were given numberless opportunities of doing penance, whether induced thereto by heavenly inspiration or force of circumstance, as well as abundant chances of reaping many graces by the exercises of divine charity in the forgiveness of their persecutors. In 1660, Charles II. was escorted to London by Gen. Monk, and there proclaimed and crowned king amidst great rejoicing of the people. Shortly after his ascension to the throne, the colony of Maryland as then governed, being in close touch with the home government, the Church of Parliament was declared and established as the faith of Maryland, and the province was laid out in parishes and all taxables were to be compelled to contribute to its support, building of new churches, etc. And thus, Maryland, which of all the colonies, was started with the most liberal laws, being the first to proclaim freedom of conscience and worship to all, and the first English-speaking nation in the wide world to enact a general naturalization law, became, in less than a century, the home of the vilest persecutions known in the new hemisphere, and scarcely paralleled in the old.

Their liberality reacted upon them, and they had inconceivable cruelties to bear, but we of the present day should thank God that man's inhumanity to man has ceased, nor should we, if we would obey the mandate of our Church and its divine Founder, entertain any feeling of vindictiveness to those who ill-treated our ancestors in another age, or for their descendants in this, the present. In 1694 the capital was moved from St. Mary's to Annapolis, and the ruling power seized the townland of the Fathers, upon the handy plea, that their title was defective. They were graciously allowed, however, to tear down their brick church some years later, which was carried to St. Inigo's and then rebuilt by Father Ashby, in 1705, who erected the fine old mansion, which was unhappily burned down, with many precious records, as related in a former paper, January 25, 1872.

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From this house was dragged by two strong, heroic young friends of mine, the ponderous old elliptic table, bought at the sale of Daniel Campbell of Rose Croft, by Father Carberry on 7th of January, 1832, for $10! The old gentleman used to say that he had been offered $500 for it, but his love of antiquarian objects revolted at the idea of accepting even so tempting an offer. Ah! the old oval table; how the mention of it recalls from their graves many noble forms familiar and loved in my youth, revered in mine old age. Verily, verily, if some wizard or scientist would invest it with graphophonic powers, and direct it to divulge in articulate sound, all that has been uttered in its vicinity since its transportation on the *Ark* from England to Maryland, and I could have undisturbed audience of it—listen to Leonard Calvert and his counsellors, Cornwallys and Hawley, Mistress Margaret Brent, Fathers White and Althaus, Claiborne and Ingle the outlaws, Fendall the treacherous, and all the other noted characters down to modern days, of sweet or unsavory reputation—if such could occur, I feel abundantly sure, no one being allowed to supply me with water or food, that I should be found some day, stark and cold, literally starved and talked to death, by the side of the old table-graphophone! Yes! Yes, with me, it would be

"Like martyrs revel in their funeral pyre
With such devotion to their ecstasy
That life knows no such rapture, as to die."

Volumes could I write of the great and good men I have seen and heard around that historic board, but the fear that very few of my readers would enjoy it, after it was written, forbids the attempt. Some few of the incidents that are so vividly remembered, press me for recognition and utterance so that I cannot entirely ignore them. From the days of the elegant and courtly Archbishop Eccleston, whose very looks denoted prominence in some walk of life, to the incumbency of the present Cardinal Archbishop, I have always been invited to meet the distinguished guests at St. Inigo's. I remember dining with that intellectual giant Archbishop Kenrick, who was a fine talker, and I think, knew more than any man of his day, with whom I met. I have been with him at times, when on a confirming tour of the Southern Counties, and after partaking of dinner, would go out in the churchyard, sit on the benches and talk with the honest yeomanry, and it mattered not what subject was broached—the proper cultivation of the soil, the rearing of cattle and pigs, the habits of fish or the cultivation of oysters, he was more conversant with each and every subject, than those who were regarded as experts. He was truly a wonderful man, with information enough in his one head to make half a dozen men appear respectable in any ordinary gathering of gentlemen;

"His training such
That he might furnish and instruct great teachers
And never seek for aid, out of himself."

Next among the metropolitan prelates came the grand son of old St. Mary's—one of whom we were all proud, the able, affable and genial Martin John Spalding. He was at St. Inigo's a year or two after the Civil War, and was accompanied by one of my fellow-students at old St. Mary's College, Baltimore, Father Walter, then of Washington. We had a fine dinner, of course, made the more enjoyable by the conversation of the many guests, the chief of which emanated from the Archbishop, who was a most agreeable conversationalist. When the dinner was over, the gentlemen present distributed themselves, some in the porches, others in the large dining hall. The Archbishop went into a side room—the same room the British sent a cannon ball through during the Revolutionary War, and came out bearing in his hand a box of cigars, which he handed around

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to each individual present. When he reached me, I declined a cigar, saying I was a pipe smoker, to which he responded, "That shows good taste, and you come with me to my room and we will have a quiet smoke together." Such an invitation was cheerfully accepted, and I felt naturally honored by the civility of so eminent a man.

We had not been enjoying the fragrant weed long, when the voice of Father Walter was distinctly heard over all others, and a little farther on it was manifest that all the rest were silent and he was deeply interested in narrating to them his thrilling adventures with those who thirsted for the blood of the martyred Mrs. Surratt. The Archbishop removed his pipe from his mouth, listened to the outside talk for a minute or two, and then, with a smile on his lips, observed, "Now do you hear that young man out there, going over that most unfortunate affair? It seems to have absorbed all the powers of his mind and soul. He is a fine man and a zealous priest, but he gave me no little uneasiness during the war, on account of his excited condition." He observed after a little pause, "One day I was sitting in my room, when the door bell rang, shortly after which a young fellow with shoulder straps on, was ushered into my apartment. Without any salutation he said in a rather imperious way, 'Is your name Spalding?' I answered affirmatively, when he added, "Well, sir, if you feel any interest in that man Walter over in Washington, you had better do something to shut his mouth or we will." The Archbishop said he had that morning sent a dispatch to Father Walter, telling him it would be prudent and well for him to cease agitating the Surratt tragedy, and that it was one of the proudest moments of his life that he was able to reach over upon his table, take up the copy of the telegram, show it to the officer, and let him see that he had already acted in the matter of his own volition and not from government compulsion.

But a truce to sentiment and lamentation over good old times, which can never be recalled, and let us take a look into the early history of the colony, for comparatively few Marylanders know much about the settlement of their State, and others, still less. Fortunately, we are enabled to keep time with the general movements of the primitive pilgrims, through the annual letters written to their superiors in Europe by the missionaries here, Fathers White, Altham and Copley, which have been preserved, copies of which are in my possession. After speaking of sailing up the Potomac, on the first voyage, one of these letters tells us, "We took land first in St. Clement's, which is compassed about with shallow water, and admits no access without wading; here by the overturning of the shallop, the maids which had been washing at the land were almost drowned, besides the loss of much linen, and amongst the rest, I lost the best of mine, which is a very main loss in these parts." Right here I will mention, that in all the copies of old letters and histories of these early settlers that have come under my notice, the incident of the upsetting of the shallop and casting the washing women into the surf, is the only time any mention of a woman is made, except the natives.

Lord Baltimore wrote to the unfortunate Earl of Stafford, "There are two of my brothers gone, with very near twenty other gentlemen, of very good fashion, and three hundred laboring men, well provided in all things." There is no mention, it will be observed, of any woman, either among those of "good fashion or with the laborers"; but it is probable the wives of those who came on the first voyage remained until some kind of homes were provided, in England, and came to Maryland on the next trip of the *Ark*, later in the season.

The two brothers of Lord Baltimore alluded to were Governor Leonard and George Calvert. The latter, according to Neill, in his "Founders of Maryland,"

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went after a short stay here to Virginia, and was known to be in sympathy with the reprobate Claiborne. One is confronted here with a vast field for speculation as to the cause of the opposition upon the part of George Calvert to his brothers, Lord Baltimore and Governor Calvert.

He seems to have had no official connection with his brother's government, and if men were as eager in the early days of the seventeenth century for office as they are in the latter part of this, the nineteenth, the most natural guess as to the cause would be, want of recognition of his worth, which, after all may have existed only in his own conceit. Thomas Cornwallys and Jerome Hawley were named as "Counsellors," and the first named became a very important man in the new settlement, and his home, 'Cornwallys' Cross Manor," still bears the name, and is the property near the priests', to the northeast, now known popularly as "Grason's Wharf." He seems to have been a gentleman of wealth and taste. He wrote to friends in England: "I have acquired a settled and comfortable sustenance, a comfortable dwelling house (of brick) finished with plate, linen, hangings, bedding, brass, pewter and all manner of household stuff, worth at least a thousand pounds, and about twenty servants." He had abundance of all kinds of stock, "a new pinnace about twenty tons, well rigged and fitted, a new shallop and other small boats." Alas! this fine old English gentleman, who had fled from trouble in the old country, was confronted by it in the new, for Ingle, an artistic robber in his day, came along and raided his "comfortable dwelling home" in 1644, and he left the province in disgust and died in England in 1676. Hawley, his brother Counsellor, took up a manor which still bears his name, but he was made treasurer of Virginia in 1637, and died one year later.

All the old letters and papers agree that St. Clement's Island was the place where the huge cross was erected, prayers said and possession taken of the country "for our Saviour and for our Sovereign Lord, the King of England." Singular as it may seem, the identity of St. Clement's cannot be established, or rather, has been disputed, and much has been said and written to prove that St. George's Island was the place, while others contend with great vehemence, that Blackistone's Island was the one first visited, and still others, that it was the St. Clement's that has disappeared owing to the constant washing away of its banks. The old chronicle of Gov. Calvert's first trip up the Potomac, speaking of the group of islands they encountered between the mouths of Britton's Bay and Wycomaco river, a distance of a very few miles, says: "The *first* of these islands we called St. Clement's; the second, St. Catharine's; and the third, St. Cecilia's. We took land first on St. Clement's," which was the first isle they came to, and that, at this day, is known as Blackistone's Island, and contains about one hundred acres of land, three-fourths of the quantity first discovered and said to be there, having been washed away in the two hundred and sixty-five years that have elapsed since the first Mass was offered up in the land of the Sanctuary.

They remained here but a very short time; while here the Governor took his own pinnace and one hired in Virginia to go some distance farther up the river to conciliate the chief among the Indian rulers in this section, known as the Emperor of Pisculaway, in which mission he was entirely successful. I quote again from an old letter written by one who was on the spot, which says: "The Governor being returned, we came some nine leagues lower to a river on the north side of that land, as big as the Thames, which we called St. George's River." After their first city was built and called St. Mary's, the river gradually assumed the same name, and St. George's is the name of a smaller stream emptying into the Potomac, through a mouth common

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to it and the St. Mary's at the east end of St. George's Island. "We came some nine leagues lower down," settles entirely all claim that St. George's Island could put forth as being the first place where Mass was offered up in the new colony. The distance from Blackistone's Island to St. Mary's River, would just about correspond with the nine leagues they came down the Potomac. It is difficult at this day to conceive how any contention should have arisen about the first landing made by Governor Calvert and his party, and his formal setting up the claim of Lord Baltimore to the soil, except upon the theory that it was started before the researches of Father McSherry and others brought to light the original letters written home by the pioneers.

To this same want of data is perhaps due the fact that the great majority of those who have felt interested in the early settlement of Maryland, have labored under the very great mistake that the King of the Yocomocos resided at the place where St. Mary's City was located. One of the first letters written to England has this to say on the subject, "the King of Yocomoco dwells on the left hand or side thereof (St. Mary's River), and we took up our seat on the right, one mile within the land. It is as brave a piece of land to sit down upon as most is in the country, and I suppose is as good, if not much better than the primest parcel of English ground." Doubtless there was a town where the first adventurers made their settlement, for all the early authorities point to this fact. But there can be no doubt that the King of the Indians made his home just opposite to the colonists, about a mile distant, for the testimony just given is conclusive. The residence of the King of the Yocomocos became in after years one of the Lordship's manors and was known then, and is now, as West St. Mary's, the present residence of Capt. William Watts, and commands one of the grandest views to be found in this or any other country. It adjoins on the north historic Porto Bello, upon which is located the well known Bacon's Wharf. That there was a town at West St. Mary's there can be no doubt, for even without reliable testimony, the great oyster shell deposits there make manifest the fact.

Another shock to the general belief is, that the new comers did not build their first homes by the river bank, and near the old mulberry tree so much written about, but went nearly a mile back from the water. The spot where the Governor's house stood is plainly to be seen at this day, and the old spring that furnished water for him and many others, still bears the name of "Governor's Spring" and flows on in its wonted way, regardless of the wrecks of time or the demands on its bounty, sending its surplus of clear limpid water into a modest near-by creek, thence seeking its level in the great ocean beyond, to be again in the curriculum of time absorbed by the clouds, only to be according to the economy of nature, again precipated upon the thirsty earth to resume its endless wandering, till all things terrestial shall be absorbed in a general chaos.

As the town increased, its growth was westward, or towards the river and State House, the latter being only a few hundred feet from the water. The Catholic Church was about midway between the State House and the Governor's, and the late Dr. John M. Brome, who owned the entire site of the old city, except a three acre lot of Episcopal Church property, told me that when he had about arrived at adult age, say in 1838, there were evidences of a graveyard, such as fragments of tombstones and the like, close to his barn and stable, to the east of his dwelling a few hundred paces. Here unquestionably I think the ashes of Governor Calvert lie at rest, who died at forty years of age in 1647, and as he was an uncompromising Catholic his remains must have been interred in consecrated ground, and not in the vault near the State House, an error into which James W. Thomas of Cumberland has

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fallen, although he is the best informed man living, upon the early settlers of Maryland, and the beautiful spot selected by them for planting their first city. The vault popularly known as that of the Calverts holds the remains of two persons, Sir Lionel Copley, the first royal governor, and his lady, both of whom had been embalmed, and just one hundred years ago some medical students of Dr. Barton Tabbe, of White Plains, near the head of St. Mary's River, opened this vault and found the body of Lady Copley perfectly preserved, while Sir Lionel's was much decayed. This is crystallized fact, and I have the written acknowledgment of one who participated in the inspection of the remains. Copley was governor in 1692, and he was succeeded by Nicholson, who wrought the ruin of St. Mary's, by removing the colonial government to Arundel Town, now Annapolis, in 1694.

The first meetings of the General Assembly were sometimes held at Fort St. Mary's, and at other times in Fort St. Inigo's, about a mile below the Jesuit residence. When the Governor convened the Assembly he named the place of meeting, and all the freemen were summoned to attend. When the population had grown too large, so as to make too unwieldy an assembly, then resort was had to the system of selecting delegates to represent the freemen of the colony. This has been the course of all new settlements and embryonic States.

The proceedings of the Assembly held at St. Mary's, the 25th and 26th of January, 1637, show, the names of members being recorded, the following as part of the proceedings. "After were summoned to appear, by virtue of writs, to them directed, Mr. Thomas Copley, Esquire, of St. Mary's hundred ("hundred" an old militia division) Mr. Andrew White, Mr. John Altham, gentlemen, of the same hundred. Robert Clarke, gent, appeared and made answer, that they desired to be excused from giving voice in the Assembly, and was admitted." The reader will observe that Father Copley has two titles in his citation, for the reason probably, that they did not know which was the proper one, so, out of abundant precaution they flung two at him, being confident that one or the other would be legal and binding. Mr. Andrew White—Mr. John Altham, gentlemen, may have been good form in 1637, but hardly up-to-date now. Cassius said something like the following, and that will settle the apparent want of orthodox taste:

Write them together, one is as fair as t'other;
Weigh them, each is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Mister will start a spirit as soon as gentleman,
But, call a "Father" every time to bid a ghost avaunt!

Away with these pleasantries—what are we to think of these Jesuits who were summoned to take seats in a legislative body, and begged to be excused from "giving voice" in such an assemblage? With their talents, superior education and traditional cunning and love of intrigue, they could have been potent factors in shaping legislation to suit their mercenary or ambitious ends, if they possessed them, but these qualities, so persistently attributed to them, did not materialize, and the golden opportunity was ignored. Their love of power was that over the spirit of men—to guide and direct them to heaven, which, once gained is for all time. Men who are fond of intrigue, money, political power and such worldly things, must be very blind to seek them in the wilds of Africa, among the savage Indians of the great West, and among cannibals and savages wherever such exist, with no power to protect, their only trust being in God, when beyond the confines of civilization. Do we ever read of those who so love to traduce the poor Jesuit, exposing their precious persons to the tender mercies of the rude savage beyond the fortifications

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of some military post or the safe palisade of some avaricious trader? Some half dozen or more years ago, that big-hearted —I had almost written all-hearted Jesuit, Father Pye Neale, took a night with me, and in the course of our conversation, I asked him why, in his opinion, the average bigot despised a Jesuit more than any other human being. He said it was because of their zeal and determination to conquer in God's service or die in the attempt. I told him that was a very good reason, but not from my standpoint the strongest—that it was, because, when Luther was making frantic efforts to upset the faith of the world, Loyola arose to the surface and the occasion, and stopped in a measure, the mad monk's headway.

Old Sam Johnson said of that wonder of the eighteenth century, Edmund Burke, that if a man ran under a gateway with him, from a shower of rain, he would conclude in ten minutes he was the greatest man in all England, and any of my readers who ever saw Father Pye Neale for that length of time, would be most sure to have concluded he was about as impulsive a man as ever he met, and on this particular occasion, of which I am writing, he fairly danced about the room, calling himself all sorts of names, for not having thought of this thing before. Certain it is, according to my pretty extensive observation, that when a man of strong dislike to anything Catholic, wants a particularly strong and vitriolic expression to convey his hatred or contempt of another, he will, like a hissing serpent. fling at him the word "Jesuit" or "Jesuite."

It would be exceedingly gratifying to the writer if some one versed in genealogy, could enlighten us as to whether Sir Lionel Copley and "Mr. Thomas Copley, Esquire," were of kin. The fact of a discrepancy in religious belief, argues nothing against probable relationship, for change of opinion existed then as now, and will continue till the millennium shall have arrived. The difference in the time of Father Copley's disappearance from Maryland and the arrival of Sir Lionel, was only about forty years. It would seem that Father Copley, if he had no individual fortune, being a member of a community, had the command of money in some direction, or he could never have received twenty-eight thousand five hundred acres of land, before mentioned. The "Conditions of Plantation," published in London in 1635, required that the expense of transporting each servant or laborer, *and* his maintenance for one year, should be borne by those who engaged him to come. The cost of each workingman and his support for one year, when transported, was estimated, as the old letters tell us, at £20, 15s, 4d. and at this rate, each acre claimed and taken came to something like fifty cents of our modern money, which was not so bad for a new country, and the sum total paid out by Father Copley for his twenty-eight thousand five hundred acres amounted to a considerable fortune in those days, and would make one old man hereabouts feel like he had been rehabilitated — reinvested with the habiliments of a gentleman, so suddenly and unceremoniously torn from him by the rude shock of civil war.

The war came and it went, and I will take this occasion to record my satisfaction at one of its results—the wiping out of slavery, which was fastened upon us of the South by the greed of our English rulers and the love of gain, that drove our Yankee cousins into the abominable and inhuman traffic. They took our ancestors' money for their African slaves, and their descendants being overtaken with qualms of conscience about the atrocity of slavery, they "*vi et armis*" took them from us and gave them their freedom, but singular to say, no reproach of conscience has ever prompted any return of the money, of which they have had the use for a hundred and fifty years or more, received for their imported slaves.

No amount of privation or want that

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imagination can conjure up, would ever make me desire the restoration of slavery, for the moral responsibility was a fearful one, as we unquestionably stood "*in loco parentis*" to these slaves, and how few, very few, performed the required duties of technical parents to those unfortunates! Nobody desires to be poor, and especially those who have been rich, but it is more than probable that in God's merciful providence and economy, the best thing has occurred for many of us, apart from slavery and its responsibilities, that we should have been made poor, for it is a chastening process to have one's pride drawn from him, and his indolence, with the vices that follow in its wake, converted into useful occupation and the earning of his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Here, indeed, I find myself moralizing without reflecting about how many learned divines may read and smile over my crude ideas, and wonder it my ordination is regular; but in excuse I will urge, that when I was introduced to this world of many troubles and many compensations, my mother was an unconverted Quakeress, and by the law of heredity, it is not to be wondered at if I now and then talk or write out of time, for when the spirit moves, the pen or tongue is very apt to be put in motion.

Once more, I would like to take my kind reader back to the old Pilgrim's bank by the side of the beautiful river of St. Mary's, and trust I shall not bring about that "tired feeling" so much written about by venders of cure-all medicine, for it is a dreadful feeling, as I know from sad experience. It must be admitted that I have not kept my reader constantly delving into old documents, musty with age, and interesting because of their antiquity, but have given them some resting spells.

"In age when error charms no more,
For bliss, we look behind."

Of the religion of the natives the author of the Relations says: "Master Thoroughgood, who drives his Lordship's trade upon the river Patuxent, hath related somewhat: First, they acknowledge one God of heaven, which they call 'Our God,' and visit a thousand shames upon those Christians that so lightly offend so good a God. But they give no external honor unto him, but use all their might to please 'Okee' or 'Frantic Spirit,' for fear of harm from him. They adore also 'wheat and fire,' as two gods very beneficial unto man's nature. In the Machicomoco or Temple of Patuxent, there was seen by our traders this ceremony. Upon a day appointed all the towns met and a great fire being made, about it stood the younger sort, and behind them again stood the elder. Then taking a little deer suett, they cast it into the fire crying, 'Taho,' 'Taho,' and lifting up their hands to heaven. After this, was brought before them a great bag, filled with a large Tobacco pipe and Poake, which is the word they use for Tobacco.

"This was carried about the fire, the youth following and crying, 'Taho,' 'Taho,' in very good time of voice, and comely gesture of body. The round ended one comes reverently to the Bag, and opening it, takes out the pipes and divides the Poake from one to one.

"As every one took his draught, he breathed his smoke upon the limbs of his own body, as if to sanctify them by this ceremony. They seem to have some knowledge by tradition of a flood wherein the world was drowned for sin."

Surely one can hardly read this account of their religious ideas without being reminded of the ante-Christian ceremonies at the altar—the burning of the deer suet or fat, the breathing of smoke upon their limbs in imitation of the incense still used, and their traditional belief in a general flood that had destroyed the world for its sinfulness. Can it be that the Apostle Thomas, as some writers insist, really found his way to this country, and that some traces of his

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teachings were surviving when our early pilgrims settled this State? It seems hardly possible that a person could have heard the learned Father Clarke, of Loyola College, lecture on the prehistoric ages, without being convinced that somebody had in the long ago scattered the faith amongst the aborigines, many manifestations of which he referred to. It is very easy to understand how an unlettered nation of people who had been Christians should have had their faith corrupted, the only medium of transmitting it from generation to generation being a verbal one. We have unfortunately seen the *written* law of God interpreted in thousands of ways, in spite of St. Peter's warning to the Romans that they would be likely to wrest it to their own destruction, who should undertake it.

The author of the Narration tells us: "Now to return to the place itself, chosen for our plantation, we have been upon it but one month, and therefore can make no large relation of it. Yet this much I can say, already for our safety, we have built a good, strong fort or palisade, and have mounted upon it one good piece of ordnance and four Murderers, and have seven pieces of ordnance now ready to mount forthwith. We have planted as much maze or Indian wheat as will suffice, if God prosper it, much more company than we have. It is about knee high above the ground already, and we expect the return of *one thousand for one*. We have also, English peas and French beans, cotton, *orange*, *lemon*, melocotons, apples, pears, potatoes and *sugarcane*, &c." If they had corn up knee high before the first of May, the seasons must have altered very much from that time to this. It would be amusing to read the report of this experiment of growing oranges and lemons in the open air, and their success in growing upon Maryland soil sugarcane, which they probably picked up during their stay at Barbadoes. They had much to learn, many failures to record, but were there ever pioneers in any new country, who had not similar experience? If they had much to learn, they taught the world, that man's title to conscience, bore upon it the stamp of divinity, which all the power of earth can never invalidate.

MEMORIES OF 800 YEARS OF CATHOLICITY

AT

LITTLE MALVERN, WORCESTERSHIRE, ENGLAND.

By Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.

RISING high above the broad valley of the Severn is the remarkable range of the Malvern Hills. The boundary line for many a year between Celt and Saxon in the South Welsh Marches, they look out on the one hand over the beautiful and broken landscape of Hereford, and on the other, across the rich plain traversed by the Severn to the picturesque Bredon Hills and to the heights of Cotswold. The Worcester Beacon crowns their loftest northern point, just before it sinks down to the level country; while the Herefordshire Beacon is the name given the highest summit southward, some three miles from its rival, and about midway in the backbone of this remarkable upheaval.

Round about the summit of the Herefordshire Beacon are the concentric rings of a formidable fortress, the earthworks of which are so deep and declivitous that

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they can easily be seen from a considerable distance. The fortress, Celtic and perhaps Saxon in turn, guarded the only pass then existing throughout the whole range, which is in most places so declivitous as to have made it impossible for any body of men in olden days to cross it, if opposed.

But Religion, with peace in her train, took possession of these heights. From the beacons on a clear day the towers of Worcester Cathedral may easily be seen. Beneath you on the Severn are the ancient abbey churches of Tewkesbury and Gloucester; and further off what the hand of the destroyer has left of the great monastic houses of Evesham and of Pershore. Westminster Abbey threw out a vigorous shoot on the hillsides in the Priory of Malvern, the noble church of which still stands in the midst of the pleasant town which has grown up around it.

Three miles off, just at the foot of the wooded gorge which leads up to the pass beneath the Herefordshire Beacon, a religious house was planted, a dependence of the Abbey of Worcester and inseparable from it, early in the twelfth century or at the close of the eleventh. We find it there in the days of Henry I., and of Simon, the Bishop of Worcester, third in succession from the Saxon Saint Wulstan, the glory of that see. (1)

In the reign of Henry II. two Bendictine brothers, Jocelyn and Edred, born at Beckford, in the valley below Malvern, by their great benefactions became the titular founders of this small Benedictine house. The King, and William de Blois, then Bishop of Worcester, contributed largely, and a church which nestled beneath the wooded hills, and the priory alongside of it, rose up from the sward.

The two brothers became in turn priors of this cell—for this is the name by which were known monastic foundations dependent for their government on the mother house. Those were great church building days, and we find the sovereign was present at the solemn consecration of the new Cathedral of Worcester, and at the translation to a splendid shrine of the relics of Saint Wulstan.

The lower portion of the tower of Little Malvern Priory Church dates back to these early Norman days; but as we shall see, the rest of the church was of much later date, nor was it the work of a day. The monastic buildings consisted of a cloister and chapter house, with refectory, kitchen, dormitory, parlor, and prior's apartments.

In 1282 the Bishop of Worcester, Godfrey Gifford, came on October 5 to consecrate the church, and he preached to the monks in their chapter house on those words of St. John: "To him that overcometh, I will give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the paradise of my God." Apoc: ii., 7. On the following day he dedicated the church, which had grown in size and beauty, almost into a new building, to the honor of Our Lady of St. Giles, and of St. John the Evangelist.

But the community was small and far from the eye of authority, and two centuries later their fervor grew dim and discipline was broken. There was then and has always been power in the Church to reform, and Alcock, the great and good Bishop of Worcester of the time, as founder and patron of the place, dispersed the religious into other monasteries till both the fabric and the living spirit were repaired. Financially the house had suffered from the general neglect. As was so often the case laxity had brought poverty upon the community, and church and monastic buildings were in ruin. Some of the monks were sent to Gloucester to learn again the principles and practice of their holy rule in that flourishing abbey, and the Prior Withsham (or Wytesham, an ominous name!) was ordered to go to the Abbot of Abingdon, the President of the English Benedictines; to be sent by him to Battle Abbey, the

(1) Unless the Simon was Simon Montagu of the reign of King Stephen.

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monument of the great victory of William the Conqueror, the monastery where the careless superior had been professed.

Two years later, Bishop Alcock, a great statesman and a great builder, but as holy and zealous a pastor, had rebuilt the church and repaired the priory, and he recalled all the Benedictines, save the former prior, in a letter of October 22, 1482. He exhorted the monks to a due observance of their rules, and especially as regarded "the chapter, cloysters, frater, refectory, and dormytor."

The chancel, the upper part of the tower, recall the benefactions of this good prelate. Nor were the monks unmindful of him; for they filled the great east window over the high altar with a memory of him and of the prince to whom he had been tutor. The lower portion, of which some still remains, contained figures of Edward IV., of his Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, of the young Prince of Wales, the future Edward V., and his sisters, all kneeling. Beneath an effigy of Bishop Alcock was an inscription: "Pray for the soul of John Alcocke, Bishop of Worcester, who at his own cost, built afresh this Church of the Mother of God, of SS. Giles and John the Evangelist, formerly Chancellor of England and President of the Council of Edward IV. of that Kingdom."

The crash came and that quickly. There was but one Prior, Henry Morton, after the moral and physical restoration of Our Lady and St. Giles' before Dom John Bristol, who in 1534, surrendered the Priory to the sacrilegious Henry VIII. Church and house with the surrounding property were sold in 1554, to a hanger-on at the Court, by name Henry Russell, and to his brother-in law or connection by marriage, Charles Brocton. Henry's father, John Russell, had been a dependant of the Woodvilles, clerk of the kitchen to Catharine Woodville. Through the romantic marriage of her sister to King Edward IV., Catharine was able to wed in succession three of the great nobles of England, Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, the Duke of Bedford, a Tudor, and lastly Sir Richard Wingfield. Thus John rose to place and power, became Secretary to the Council of the Marches of Wales, and was on the Council of Princess Mary, afterwards Queen Mary, when she lived in state at Tickenhall, as Princess of Wales, in the palace which had been built there for her brother, Prince Arthur. John Russell married a sister of Chancellor Audley's wife, another good lift up the ladder of promotion. Like so many of his time, he kept his eye upon the ecclesiastical spoil, for we have in a letter to him from Thomas Cromwell, Pope Henry VIII.'s worthy factotum, and the Vicar-General of the newly established Church, an allusion to the suppressed Priory of Little Malvern: "In your monastery I will do my best."

Already in 1542, Russell had been made factor and keeper of the woods of Little Malvern, the first step to the obtaining the property. Like many of his time, he made his peace with Queen Mary on her accession. Probably, as did so many others, he had learned how sweeping and fatal was the Reformation, to which he had been attached by greed of fortune rather than by conviction. The severance from Rome did not mean to those of his days, what we now know it meant. It needed the rapid changes of doctrine and of worship, the wholesale destruction in Edward VI.'s reign to open the eyes of many. Mary Tudor, the new sovereign, remembered Russell's services and devotion to her, and she bestowed on him a grant of the Priory and its lands, with full ecclesiastical authorization, the document still exists at the Court, to hold the Church lands on the condition of keeping up divine office in perpetuity. And this promise has been faithfully maintained. For though the church, or what was left of it, passed into the hands of the State, for three centuries and a half the Holy Sacrifice has never ceased in the family house, Little Malvern Court, which was built out of the

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old Priory. Memorials of the royal donor are still treasured in the residence —a travelling box of Mary's glorious mother, Katharine of Aragon—with her initials K. R. *Katharina Regina*, and a richly embroidered coverlet. There is also a packet of the hair of Katharine Parr.

The destruction which came down upon the church was terrible. Nave and aisles, the Lady Chapel at the east end are swept away. The ruins of the north transept remain, with a portion of the altar and the altar stone. The glorious east window has only the figure of Prince Edward intact, the young Prince murdered in the Tower of London. Ten of the monks' stalls and the rood screen still exist, and you can see the great beam, with the mortises which held the cross, the statues of our Lady and St. John, and the lights that used to burn thereon. The sanctuary contains a number of most interesting tiles with heraldic bearings.

But numbers of sepulchral monuments, of which the records exist, have disappeared. The richly carved bosses from the old roof figure in the modern ceiling. One bell only has been spared, and it tells its tale of the faith of those who cast it. *Ave Maria · gracia plena · Dominus · tecum* · is the legend around it.

The cloister garth is now the back yard of the house. A room there contains a few but beautiful remains of richly sculptured stones, which once adorned the church. Dom Parker, the last Abbot of Gloucester, refused to sign the surrender of his Abbey to the tyrant; and his more pliable Prior did the deed. The faithful Abbot is said to have retired to Little Malvern, and to have been buried in the east walk of the now destroyed cloister. The Guesten Hall, with a fine oak roof and entrance doorway, concealed by a modern ceiling, now serves for the chapel, and the kitchen—with its wide chimney opening—is turned into the library. There are rooms which are called the Prior's rooms, and the old underground cellars, with their massive iron gratings, still exist.

The family from the accession of Mary were staunch Catholics, and the old chapel in the roof, where Holy Mass was said by stealth, is mentioned in an inventory of Henry Russell, the original grantee, in 1560—the second year of Elizabeth's reign, and the year of his death. Two hiding places can be seen not far from this old chapel in the roof for the safety of the ministering priest.

Thomas Russell, grandson of Henry, the last male heir of his race, fought for King Charles I., and when the city of Worcester was taken, in 1646, by the Roundheads, he was one of the gentlemen who marched out with the honors of war. The destruction of the Priory had been the destruction of the village which clustered round it. In Elizabeth's time there were still thirty-six households; later on there were but six. But the Catholics from all around, no doubt, came to the secluded *Court*, for so the mansion was and is called, to hear Mass and to receive the Sacraments. Tradition says that no priest was arrested there, though they had to escape into the thick woods which have for centuries clothed the ravine behind the Court, and some of the warrants for searching the house are still treasured there.

The Priory was on the south side of the church, the usual position of a religious house. Broad, park-like sward stretches up to the skirts of the beautiful woods, and a large pond, perhaps the old fish ponds of the Priory, spreads out a sheet of silver before the windows of the house. The entrance hall and dining room are modern, but mediæval in design. The walls of the house are covered with interesting family portraits, which make those who have dwelt therein live for us again.

John Russell, the great grandson of the grantee, and whose wife, Mary Greenwood, smiles on you from the walls of the entrance hall, left only a daughter. Father Thomas Russell, who

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was born in 1655, and who entered the Society of Jesus in 1676, was possibly the brother of John.

Elizabeth, the heiress, married a younger son of John Berington of Winsley, The portrait of his father still adorns the court. Their only child, another Elizabeth, married a son of the good Catholic family of Williams from Flintshire. Two of the new Squire's brothers and a sister entered religion. John Williams became a Jesuit in 1750, and, after working at St. Omer's College and in Maryland and then in London, he died apparently at Worcester, in 1801, having probably retired near to his sister after the suppression of his Order. Another brother, Francis, joined the Carthusians at Nieuport, under the name of Father Joseph, where he became Prior. The *Sacristan* Emperor, Joseph II., suppressed the house and the revolutionary wars drove him to England with the Nuns of Louvain, now at Newhall, Essex, whom he was serving as chaplain. He took refuge with his sister and lived faithful to his rule to the end. He was the last of the glorious line of English Carthusians, and you can see him grave and gentle in his white robe looking out from his portrait on the walls, side by side with his Franciscan sister, who died in prison at Rouen, during the Terror in 1795. Mary, the only child of the Williamses, married a Mr. Wakeman. His widow, whose memory is still green among the old folks around, left property to her kinsman, Mr. William Berington. His uncle was the well known Bishop, Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District, during the close of the last century. Mr. William Berington's son and successor, William, married Frances Brun, the daughter of a Spanish Don. A gruesome tragedy of Southern love and jealousy attaches to her mother, the beautiful wife of Señor José Brun, whose good looks brought her to a terrible death by the hand of an assassin, a victim of the jealousy, so the story went, of the unfaithful Queen of Spain, Marie Luisa, jealousy it is to be feared of the too well known Goday, the Prince of Peace! She was a Miss Josephine Langton. The portraits of the fair victim, as well as that of her husband, of her daughter, and Mr. William Berington, are there to heighten our interest in the tragedy.

The venerable old house still shelters the good stock of eleven generations, and Fathers of the same Order as of old still minister at the altar of Little Malvern Court. Dom Dunstan Knight O. S. B., of the old Catholic family of that name, and titular prior of Rochester, was priest in the dark days at Little Malvern, for over twenty years, from 1766 till his death in 1787.

In the little graveyard under the shadow of the yew trees and of the old tower, among the many generations of Catholic dead, sleeps a quondam French Jesuit, a Canon Valgolier, whom the revolutionary tempest drove as an exile to the West Indies, and who shared with thousands of *emigré* French priests, the generosity and hospitality of our government, from whom he received a pension. He died in 1838, and was buried on the north side of the present entrance of the old church under the organ gallery. R. I. P.

Malvern is not very far from Stratford on Avon, the bourne of so many American pilgrimages. Perhaps some Catholics from the other side of the Atlantic may choose to kneel in the venerable sanctuary of Little Malvern Court.

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The Spread of the Apostleship of Prayer in League with the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

General Intention for June, 1899.

Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

IT is now definitely known that the Supreme Pontiff Leo XIII. intends to open the religious functions with which we are to commemorate the close of the present century and prepare for the one to follow, by solemnly dedicating the entire Catholic world to the Divine Heart of our Saviour Jesus Christ. The day appointed for this ceremony is the coming feast of the Sacred Heart, June 9, and it is expected that the Apostolical Letter concerning it will be sent to the bishops on or near the feast of the Ascension, so as to give them full time to announce and prepare for this imposing event.

Opening under such auspices, the religious rites with which the Catholic Church will mark the progress of time, cannot fail to sanctify her children and impress most favorably those who stand apart from her. The march of the centuries will be made the occasion of many imposing celebrations; the nations of the earth will join together to exhibit the proofs of their progress; the world's religions and its sects will appear collectively and separately as on a theatre with their several doctrines and rites; vast bodies of men and women representing various human interests, societies international and local, organized for commercial, social, scientific or purely benevolent purposes, and every form of secret and esoteric body as well as associations which men and women can honestly join, all will strive to make this an opportunity for recommending and advancing the objects they have at heart. The nations and sects and other purely human societies will meet as so many units, with interests widely divergent and often conflicting, lacking the common bonds of authority, belief, or mutual interest; the Church alone can present the spectacle of a world-wide society, composed of men of every race and nation under heaven, bound together in belief, keeping a common law of morality, living in the closest ties of mutual affection, and looking to one supreme authority to preserve them in this unity, and that there may be no doubt whence this august authority is derived, its present possessor, Leo XIII., as Vicar of Jesus Christ, deigns to summon his faithful subjects to begin the celebrations of the coming year by solemnly and publicly dedicating themselves to the Heart of Jesus Christ.

A sublime spectacle it is, surely, that of the venerable Pontiff, a prisoner in the Vatican, living as if by a miracle, after having conciliated by his wisdom and forbearance for the past two decades the esteem and sympathy of all good men, devoting what he considers his expiring

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energies to a solemn and universal protestation of love, reparation and gratitude to the Heart of his Divine Master. The world would make him one of its idols, but he loyally points to Christ as the true object of our worship. While all men praise him, he humbly bids them to praise the One whom he represents and to whom he owes all his dignity and influence. Truly may he, as the Vicar of Jesus Christ, to whom he has consecrated a lifelong devotion, call upon the faithful at this solemn moment to consecrate themselves likewise to their Lord and Master.

It is now twenty-five years since the proposal was made for the first solemn consecration of the Catholic world to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Already at the time of the Vatican Council many cardinals and prelates and over 10,000 priests and laymen had requested the Sovereign Pontiff that such a consecration might be made by the Church throughout the world. Whilst the Congregation of Rites was considering the postulate the request was repeated, and in April, 1875, fully 534 bishops formally petitioned the Holy See to sanction it, and on the 22d of the same month the petition was granted, the Sacred Congregation formulating the prayer by which the consecration was to be made. Those who took part in that solemn ceremony cannot readily forget the enthusiasm with which the clergy and faithful alike entered into it. The whole Catholic world seemed to derive from it a new spirit of faith and hope and charity, and this spirit has been constantly renewed in many places by an annual repetition of the ceremony on the Feast of the Sacred Heart. The evidences of this renewal are plain to see as well in the steadfastness with which the faithful have withstood persecution in Germany, Italy, France and Poland, as in the revival and progress of Catholic life, notably in Great Britain and in our own country.

An act of consecration is no new nor uncommon thing in the life of a Catholic. In some sense every good action we perform, and in a special sense, every sacrament we receive, implies such an act; indeed our lives are, or should be, one uninterrupted series of acts by which we dedicate ourselves to the service of God. Nor are public and solemn acts of consecration rare among us. The ordination of the priest, the vows and clothing of religious, even the simple admission into sodalities and other confraternities are so many different ways by which we publicly bind ourselves more closely to the Divine Majesty. Hence, there is no need of explaining the purport of the universal consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in which we are asked to join ; but there is need of considering its object, its necessity, and its advantages, if we would make of it the solemn act of homage it should be to Christ, and derive from it the graces it should obtain for ourselves.

The passing century, we cannot easily forget, began by disowning Christ. The blasphemous *Ecrasez l'infame*, with which the eighteenth century had closed, was re-echoed loudly the first few years of the nineteenth, and what infidel peoples failed to do with Christ, they have vainly endeavored during the past one hundred years to do with His vicars upon earth. At no period in the history of Christianity have its Divine Founder, and all who follow Him, been more a sign of contradiction than they have been during the century just closing. Governments have abolished His name and sacred symbol from public buildings, schools, documents, and coins; the press has treated Him as a sublime human being, but human only ; so-called divines have written and spoken of Him as a model, but not as a Redeemer, and others have found His life so ideal as to consider Him a myth ; His true followers have been ostracised, exiled, oppressed, imprisoned, and persecuted in every country in Europe ; the immortal King of the ages might look it would seem in vain in

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the annals of this past century for record of the homage due to Him, and of the respect due to His chosen ones ; pessimists are deploring that we have finally come to have a Christian civilization without Christ, while infidels boast of it. Truly, at first sight very little of the past century seems to have been consecrated to Him ; and still it is true that persecution and oppression have only served to show more clearly how He still reigns in the world, and how all that is best in Christian civilization still belongs to Him. It may safely be said that if Christ was never more clearly a sign of contradiction, neither was He ever more clearly a sign of salvation than at the close of the century which began by trying to remove His name and memory from the earth.

To make some estimate of what we may offer to Christ as the fruit of the passing century, we should consider first of all the moral triumph of the Papacy which is all the more splendid, because it has been made the chief point of attack by the enemies of Christ. The kings of the earth have risen against every successor of St. Peter, who has ruled the Church during the past century; societies organized for evil have plotted against them ; political editors and publicists have striven to belittle their authority, and the sciolists, the great impostors of the century, have invoked a false science and a lawless morality to proclaim them hindrances to enlightenment and progress. In spite of force, of secret machination, of ridicule, misrepresentation and of calumny, the Vicars of Christ have stood firm, blameless in life and unswerving in devotion to His Church, meriting daily greater confidence from the faithful, growing always in popular esteem, and compelling the silence, if not the admiration of their enemies. We need but to review the life of the present august occupant of the Throne of the Fisherman, recalling as it does, most that was prominent in the lives of his predecessors during the past one hundred years, to perceive that the crowning glory of our faith during all that time is the prestige of Christ's Vicars by the beneficent exercise of the divine authority they have received and of the human influence they all have acquired.

Keeping in view the divine and human influences exercised by our Sovereign Pontiffs during the past century, we shall easily discover how much we have to offer to Almighty God as the fruit of its years. A learned and devoted episcopate, a numerous and zealous clergy, a host of self-sacrificing religious, and a loyal and thoroughly Catholic laity, with flourishing parishes, noble churches, seminaries, colleges and schools, and institutions for every manner of human need or affliction. Everywhere the growing Catholic spirit is manifesting itself in vast and enthusiastic organizations of the faithful uniting together for pious and beneficent purposes, and the champions are not few who defend Catholic interests in the press and on the platform. Through the vigilance and authority of our pontiffs an insidious liberalism has been everywhere steadily rooted out, the rights and possessions of the Church have been safe-guarded. To them above all the powers on earth we owe it that the many dangerous forms of socialism have been prevented from filling Europe with anarchy and bloodshed. To them also we owe the comparative silence we are enjoying from the loud pretense of a false science and criticism that treated nothing as sacred save its own conceit and theory. All the true progress of the waning century has been largely promoted and safeguarded by the Vicars of Christ, notably by the one who is gloriously reigning as Leo XIII. Very properly therefore, may it be offered to Christ, and rightly does the invitation to consecrate it to Him come from the one to whose influence it is so plainly due.

We must consequently enter ardently into the project of our Holy Father to pay this sovereign homage to Jesus Christ, we must consecrate to Him ourselves, and our every interest, our

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churches, and schools, our homes, our families, our business, our prospects, our successes, and our hopes; and knowing that in the world about us there are so many who know Him not, or who at least, do not stop to consider how they belong to Him, we must in their stead offer Him what they would gladly consecrate to Him, did they but know His claims. Knowing also that our own self-oblation is at best imperfect, and that many instead of paying homage to Christ, dishonor and outrage Him in the very best gifts of His love, we must make our offer with a spirit of reparation for their offenses as well as for our own shortcomings. Finally, we should consecrate ourselves with gratitude because by His mercy we have so much that is worthy of Him, and with love because we are inspired to dedicate it all by His love, symbolized for us by His Divine Heart.

We have dwelt at length on this subject because it naturally overshadows every other subject which the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART can treat. Moreover, no topic could urge upon the prayers of our readers the general intention which is recommended them by our Holy Father for this month of June, the spread of the Apostleship of Prayer in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The practices of our Apostleship are the best means of preparing for this solemn act of consecration to the Sacred Heart, and the spread of the association is one of the best fruits to be derived from this great ceremony. From the beginning, our association has adopted devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus as the chief means for obtaining the end set before us. Aiming at the glory of God and the salvation of souls, our constitutions seek to unite us with Christ as our chief and model in this great work; they put before us His divine Heart as the source of all true devotion to the interests of God and man; they bid us join with Him in prayer, in zeal, and in the great work of reparation of the human race. By our Morning Offering our lives become one continuous act of consecration by which our prayers, works and sufferings are united with the Sacred Heart for all the intentions He has at heart; in the offering to our Lady, we interest ourselves again in the important objects of prayer recommended to us by His Vicar every month; by our Communions of Reparation we endeavor to make our union with Christ as actual, intimate and unbroken as possible, partaking as we do of His body and ,blood, by doing this for the desire of His Heart, *i. e.*, for the reparation of His Father's offended majesty and of all fallen humanity, and by joining with others in this pious exercise, who, in our behalf, receive Him when we cannot. Finally, by the exercise of the Holy Hour, we strive to enter into the innermost recesses of His Heart and share the feelings of His agony in Gethsemani.

What our constitutions impose on us, our own devotion and fervor have led us to put in practice gladly and most fruitfully. The extensive and permanent growth of the Apostleship of Prayer is something known to all; the suitableness of its practices to all persons and circumstances; the help, instead of hindrance, it is to all other pious associations, the effective organization and methods of communication by which it improves and extends its work; the ease with which it enables pastors to discover and employ the zeal of parishioners; the new spirit of piety which it infuses into all its associates; the new view and love of Christ it gives them, and the spirit of zeal with which it warms them to cooperate in every parochial work, are only some of the advantages that have recommended it to pastors as a society through which they can accomplish the greatest amount of permanent good with the slightest possible effort.

Through the Apostleship of Prayer the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been made the world-wide and popular devotion that it is, and, in turn, this devotion has helped every member of

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our association to pray and perform every duty of a Christian life with greater fervor and efficacy. It is a happy coincidence then that we are asked to pray and work for the extension of our Apostleship at the very time when it can both promote and derive benefit from devotion to the Sacred Heart. We can prepare for this act of consecration by contributing to the spread of the Apostleship, and in the measure in which we do this we shall also extend and perpetuate the fruits of this universal dedication to the Heart of Christ.

We are to pray, therefore, that every parish, community, society, school and other Catholic institutions in the United States be regularly aggregated to the Apostleship of Prayer; that every member of these various bodies take part in some and, if possible, in all of its practices; that the spirit of prayer and of zeal with which it should inspire all hearts may help them to know Christ better and do His work more devotedly; that those who speak against associations like ours, may be blessed by a disposition to study its advantages without prejudice; that all may understand how, by means of what some are pleased to call the accidentals of religion, it inculcates habits in practices most substantial and permanent; and that our Lord, with whom we seek to unite ourselves so intimately and constantly, may bless our efforts, and deign to accept all our petitions, and enable us to honor Him and make known the love of His Sacred Heart, in a measure somewhat in proportion to the abundance of His grace and love for us.

TO THE HONOR OF THE SACRED HEART.

Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites extending to all the Faithful the privilege of reciting or singing publicly the recently approved Litany of the Sacred Heart.

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, bearing date of June 27 last, approved the Litany of the Sacred Heart, and vouchsafed to authorize its public recitation or singing in all the churches and oratories of the dioceses of Marseilles and Autun and of the Order of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Since then, bishops, religious congregations and pious associations have appealed in large numbers to the Holy See for a like privilege. They thus manifest the general desire to see the use of these pious invocations spread everywhere, in order thereby to procure greater glory and praise for the adorable Heart and at the same time to increase the piety of the faithful, just as the Holy Name of Jesus was glorified throughout the whole Catholic world in a common tribute of public praise by the use of the special Litany in its honor inserted in the Roman Ritual. Besides, our Most Holy Father in his tender devotion to the most loving Heart of Jesus, and in his desire to afford a remedy for the evils which are more and more weighing us down, proposes to consecrate the whole world to this adorable Heart. To give greater solemnity to this consecration, he has determined to prescribe at an early date a triduum of prayers of which these pious invocations will form a part. Wherefore, His Holiness has vouchsafed to authorize *in perpetuum* for the whole world the use in public as well as in private of the recitation or singing of the Litany of the Sacred Heart, already approved and enriched with an indulgence of 300 days. Anything to the contrary notwithstanding.

Camillus, Bishop of Palestrina,
Cardinal Mazzela,
Prefect of the S. C. R.

April 2, 1899.

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FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

By D. S. Bèni.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

IT was the dawn of a sultry midsummer day. The sun from his couch in the east, peeped out upon the vast hospital camp which sheltered hundreds, nay, thousands of suffering soldiers, for his tropical rays had made greater havoc than Spanish shot or shell, and he sank back again and hid his face as if in sorrow for the ruin he had wrought. A cloud overspread the camp, but it was a friendly cloud, welcomed more gratefully than the most poetic sunbeam, while the gentle rain, falling slowly and solemnly upon the tented roofs, seemed to the weary hearts within as great teardrops from the mighty heavens weeping over "man's inhumanity to man." Goethe says poetically that "night is the better part of day," but not in a hospital tent when the fever rages and the night is spent sponging, giving ice baths, taking temperatures, pulse, respiration, administering hypodermics and cool drinks all the night long; and yet while the hands give material aid and the soft sponge soothes the tortured flesh and cleanses gaping wounds, kind words of tender sympathy, of hope, of confidence in God expand the heart and reveal the rainbow amid the darkest clouds of night. Thus passed the weary hours. Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy and Sisters of Saint Francis flitted noiselessly back and forth as angels of peace, for though their exterior vesture may differ, they are all members of the same mystical body, "ministering spirits sent to minister for them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation." They were the visible angels who drew down the blessing of God upon that tented city of suffering, but the crowd of invisible angels who surrounded and supported them was such as no man could number, and the words of Holy Writ were verified: "I will send my angels before thee to prepare thy way; in their hands they shall bear thee up—there no evil shall come to thee."

The dawn revealed haggard faces and sunken eyes which had *not* found "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," wagons and ambulances coming in with their precious weight of suffering humanity, carried out brave warriors with sheathed swords, whose sun had forever set. In the tents were represented almost every clime and creed. Here the veteran of many battles, there a youth with a pure and child-like face—all claimed the attention of their gentle nurses, so self-sacrificing and indefatigable. Through their ministrations many dying soldiers received the final absolution and entered peacefully into that kingdom where there is neither war or rumors of war. Others rose from their beds strengthened in soul to begin anew the battle of life, prejudices were removed and good seed dropped in the open furrows where in God's own good time it will bring forth abundant fruit. Many soldiers were brought to the sisters filled with the most absurd fancies, which it took some days to dispel. A fine-looking young fellow of a New York regiment was carried in one day, and his whole manner and studied silence showed that he was ill at ease. He surveyed all the patients but most of all the Sister of Charity in charge, but he spoke not a word until that *bête noir* was out of sight, then turning to the soldier nearest to him he said:

"Tell me, comrade, who is that white-capped dame that walks this beat?"

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"She is a Sister of Charity."

"Well, I know that much from her spread-eagle bonnet. But what's her name and where's her fame?"

"Her name is Sister Mary Clare; as to her position or rank I do not know how she would express it, but in our military parlance we would say she is 'in command' of the Sisters of Charity stationed here."

"I do hope she will not come near me. I have a horror of these religious fanatics with their sanctimonious preaching. I begged the surgeon not to send me among Roman Catholic nurses, for I don't want them to be prying into my church and creed."

"Possibly you don't like them because you don't know them. I saw a man decline to take a cool drink from a sister because he was a Freemason. But in less than an hour he changed his mind and sent for the drink and the sister, who waited on him with the greatest kindness. And, my friend, I think *you* will change your tactics before you are here very long. Sister Mary Clare is not only a noble, self-sacrificing woman, but she is a cultivated lady and she will not intrude her religious views upon you nor ask you for yours. I have been here for six weeks, she has never asked me whether I was Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile; she has nursed me with the kindness and gentleness of a mother, and to her I owe my life. She has silently preached a doctrine I never knew before, and one that I am not likely to forget, that heavenly doctrine of true charity, love of the neighbor, forgetfulness of self."

"Oh, I see you're a Roman Catholic, or Miss Mary Clare has bewitched you. I might understand it if she was young and pretty, but in this case there is no romance."

"There is no romance on the good sister's side, you may be sure of that, my friend, for she has given up every comfort that a lady should have; she and her sisters are housed in wretched tents, overworked and underfed, breathing in the infected air of this miserable place, without uttering a word of complaint, and whenever they speak to us, or even pass by our cots, their kind words and bright, cheerful smiles are like sunbeams thrown across our weary way. I am not a Catholic, but 'pretty is as pretty does,' and when your fever rises this evening and your head is bursting, you will think Sister Mary Clare is pretty enough: when she puts ice to your head and moistens your parched lips, you will think you are home again, and that it is your mother's gentle hand that smooths your pillow and pushes back the hair from your burning brow. That is what I call charity—I'd rather die than see my wife in this loathsome place."

"Comrade, will you tell me your name?" said the newly arrived.

"John Tyler, of the 2d Virginia, and yours?"

"Donald MacIvor, of the —— New York. I have been dragging around camp for a week, trying to keep up. It is hard to be ingloriously stricken down with a wasting fever, huddled in here like dogs to die, without so much as the mention of our names. It would have been grand and glorious to die on the battlefield—but ah! my friend, this is hard."

"Yes, the song says truly," said Tyler, as he repeated these words:

"It is easy to join in the battle
When the tide goes surging by,
When sharply the muskets rattle,
And bravely the banners fly!
When the passionate soul within you
Leaps forward to meet the shock,
And nerve and muscle and sinew
At danger mock.

"But ah! when wretched and weary,
Weary and sore athirst,
The outlook on life is dreary
And you do not thrill as at first.
When sadly your comrades leave you
In the dust to meet your fate,
The lingering moments grieve you,
'Tis hard to wait."

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"But since we are both *hors du combat*, we must make the best of it, and prove that we are good soldiers, for 'they also serve who only stand and wait.'"

At this moment Sister Mary Clare interrupted Tyler with a little cheerful news, arranged his cot and passed on to the bedside of MacIvor, welcomed him to her ward, said she was glad he would have such good company as Lieutenant Tyler, and with good care and a little patience she hoped they would soon be discharged from her care on the homeward march. She laid some little flowers on MacIvor's pillow that their sweet fragrance might refresh him.

Lieutenant Tyler said: "Sister Mary Clare, where did you find flowers to-day, or has your magic touch made the desert blossom as the rose?"

"No, I begged them. I was introduced to an officer's wife who wore them on her breast, and when I asked for them for my sick soldiers she gave them most graciously."

As MacIvor's fever increased Sister Mary Clare moved noiselessly around his cot, washing him, sponging him, cutting his hair, cooling his brow and whispering kind words to him, and Lieutenant Tyler wondered how anyone could have spoken of her so lightly as MacIvor had done that day.

The weary days wore on, Lieutenant Tyler was improving but MacIvor was not so well. One day, when he was inclined to talk, Lieutenant Tyler could not resist asking him if he had changed his opinion of "the white-capped dame?"

"Oh, please do not mention it, I am ashamed that I was so ungentlemanly and so unjust. Every time she comes near me I feel like asking her pardon. She is truly like a ministering angel, so quiet, so gentle, never speaking a word unless I speak to her."

Lieutenant Tyler said: "All the sisters here are kind and gentle, and so gracious that one would think it was a great pleasure for them to wait on us. They are the same to all. I saw one of them attending to a teamster who was shot in the leg; she was just as careful and gentle with him as if he had been the commander-in-chief. She made a tourniquet and had the wound all fixed up before the surgeon arrived. I asked her how she had learned to make the tourniquet, and she answered laughingly: 'Oh, that's part of our business, we are taught these things before we are sent out as nurses' When I first came I was very lonely and I asked Sister Mary Clare if she could get me something to read, a paper or a book, anything to divert my mind. I thought she might carry some camp stories around with her, as Charles O'Malley, Tom Burke of Ours, or something of that style for her patients. She smiled and said kindly, 'I am very sorry, I wish I could get you something, but I have not seen a book or paper since I came to camp,' and then hesitating a moment, she added, 'except this little book which I always carry in my pocket. You are welcome to this if you want it.' I was glad to get anything, and when I opened it I saw it was the New Testament, and my eyes fell on these words: *Charity is patient, is kind, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil, beareth all things, endureth all things. We see now through a glass darkly, but then face to face. And now there remain Faith, Hope and Charity: these three, but the greater of these is Charity.* I needed nothing more, there was Sister Mary Clare's creed in a nutshell, and from that day she never passes by that I do not say to myself, '*the greater of these is Charity.*' A God-like illustration of the Christian faith. The Good Samaritan paid the innkeeper for taking care of the wounded man, but these Sisters pay with their life's blood, with sleepless nights, with weary days, and that is what I call religion. Twelve of these noble women have sailed for Santiago, which is equivalent to martyrdom, and besides the ninety or a hundred here we find them at every post where suffering is to be relieved."

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This gave MacIvor a new idea, and when Sister Mary Clare came around, he said to her: "Sister, did you want to come to camp? Were you a volunteer?"

"We are regulars, enlisted for life, and we are never asked whether we want to go or not; our Superior says to one: Come, and she cometh; to another, Go, and she goeth, and that's the end of it. We ask no questions, make no excuses, we only do as you do when your captain gives the order: Forward, march!" and she laughed merrily.

"Sister, were you ever on a battlefield?"

"Yes, during the civil war."

"Where?"

"At Antietam and Gettysburg."

"Were you very much frightened?"

"Perhaps I would have been if I had thought of myself, for I was young, and I would not have been ordered out, but for the great need of nurses. The air was filled with the cries of the dying, and the wounded lay thick on every side."

"Sister, what side were you on?"

"What do you mean? Whether we were for the federal side or for the rebels? For either, or for both; we never looked at the uniform, but only at the man, in whom we saw a suffering member of Jesus Christ. It was said that fifty thousand men were lost at Antietam, and perhaps more at Gettysburg, so there was work for every nurse that could be found."

"Wasn't it noble to die on a blood-red battlefield covered with glory, instead of wasting life away in a pest-house?"

"The glory is in doing your duty wherever you may be placed. Where are all those heroes you envy? What does it matter to them now, whether they are praised or blamed? There is more glory and more merit before God in bearing your fever patiently, than if you had died without suffering on the battlefield. The greatest victor is he who overcometh himself."

"Oh! Sister, I can't look at it that way. After I saw the National Encampment of the G. A. R. in Buffalo, last year, I was wild for military renown, and when the first drum sounded for Cuba, I was on the spot, in spite of the protestations of those I loved the most, the tears of my mother and the entreaties of my sisters and my dear, good father, who was dearer to me than all. My grandfather died at Gettysburg——"

"And his martial spirit like the mantle of Elias descended upon you?"

"Yes, Sister, and I thought I'd win myself a glorious name and be an honor to my family, and now I am only wasting away with the fever without having done anything, and even no mention of my name. Sister, do you think I will get well? I am so tired, so weary."

"Not if you continue to talk and increase your fever; but if you close your eyes and think of our Lord's words: *Come to Me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will refresh you*, perhaps you will fall asleep."

"Sister, I am not a Roman Catholic."

"Even so, our Lord did not say: Come to Me all you who are Roman Catholics, but He did say: *Come to Me all ye who are weary;* now close your eyes, and not another word."

"Sister, you think I'm a member of the Church; you misunderstood me when I said I was a member of the club. I don't belong to any church, and, Sister, I want to beg your pardon for something. You've been so kind to me, and I want you to forgive me for making fun of your bonnet. I am very sorry."

"Oh, is that all? That is a very slight offence. You meant no harm, I am sure, and I forgive you with all my heart," and she patted the poor boy gently on the head.

"Sister, what would you have done that day if you had known I made fun of you, and said I hoped you would not come near me?"

"Precisely what I did do when I knew it not."

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"But, Sister, suppose you knew that some persons said very unkind and unjust things about the Sisters, what would you do?"

"I would pray for them all the more, and say: 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.'"

"Sister, would you pray for me, too?"

"Yes, indeed, with all my heart, if you will close your eyes and go to sleep." And she kept her promise. From the moment he came into the hospital, Sister M. Clare had kept this soul always before our Lord, begging for this victory for the Sacred Heart, and now she redoubled her prayers and supplications.

On the day that Lieutenant Tyler was discharged he showed great emotion when he took leave of Sister Mary Clare. He said: "Sister, you have not only saved my life, but if I save my soul I will owe it to your good example, for I am going to become a Catholic, and I ask you to continue to help me by your prayers. I will put myself under instruction without delay so that I may be admitted to the one true fold." In his farewell to MacIvor, whose life was slowly ebbing away, he repeated his intention of becoming a Catholic, and as MacIvor pressed his hand he said: "God speed you, Tyler, keep a kind thought for me."

A few days later, when talking to Sister Mary Clare, the young soldier said: "Sister, where is your home?"

"Just now I am from Buffalo, but—"

"From Buffalo!" What magical music in the name of home! The soldier seized her hand and interrupted her, while the tears filled his eyes. "Oh, Sister! why did you not tell me you were from Buffalo? If I die, promise me that you will go to see my father and mother," and he sobbed aloud. "I have given them great trouble. They do not know where I am. I was so disobedient to them. Sister, tell them I am sorry, and I beg them to forgive me."

"I will write to them to-day."

"No, not yet, Sister; wait awhile."

Oh, how Sister Mary Clare prayed for this precious soul!

These words were now always on her lips, "*Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do* —or say? Act in me, speak in me and by me, let this work be done by Thee, lead him into *the paths of pleasantness and peace.*

"Sister, Tyler told me that he was going to enlist under another Captain, to fight for a glory that would never fade nor fail—that he was going to be a soldier of Christ in the Catholic Church. Oh! if I had only been a Catholic it would have been so different, but I never thought of God till I saw you. Sister, I have sinned, I have strayed away so far, I am not worthy to belong to your Church."

Then in sweet and gentle words Sister Mary Clare related the parable of the Prodigal Son, and when she said, "*I will arise and go to my Father,*" MacIvor interrupted her. "Sister, would you be afraid to die?"

"I would be if I had to depend upon my own merits, but I trust to the mercy of God who died for me; I ask Him to clothe me with His merits and to forgive my sins. He will not refuse for He has promised. '*Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you.*' Jesus is the Good Shepherd and we are His sheep."

"Oh, Sister, I am not of His fold—if I were a Catholic!"

"Listen to what our Lord says to you: '*And other sheep I have that are not of this fold, them also must I bring and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be but one fold and one shepherd.*' Now Jesus comes to seek the lost sheep and He will carry you tenderly on His shoulders, do not be afraid."

"Sister, will He receive me? Can I be baptized?"

Father X. was soon on the spot and the life-giving waters of baptism made the young soldier a child of God and filled

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his soul with a sweet peace he had never known before. He was so grateful, so patient, repeating incessantly the little short aspirations which he had learned from Sister Mary Clare, who in due time prepared him for Extreme Unction and the Holy Viaticum, and his humility was worthy of the grand old Centurion: "*Lord, I am not worthy!* Sister, I do not deserve this favor." And then as if a light dawned upon him, he exclaimed with energy, "Sister, now I see it all, all you have said comes back to me. I was stricken with the fever and denied the delusive honors I coveted that I might find God—that I might pass *from death to life, and this is eternal life*, to know the true God . . . . Sister, I fell asleep and dreamed that I was in Forest Lawn looking wistfully at the soldier on the tall monument, and my father said to me, '*You have fought the good fight*, an imperishable crown awaits you; your name recorded in the Book of Life will still shine on when time shall be no more.' He looked much older and his hair was almost white, and as I knelt to ask his forgiveness and his blessing he disappeared and I awoke. Sister, will you give my ring to my mother, tell her I loved her to the end, and that with my last breath I asked pardon of them both. Tell my sisters that by their loving tenderness to my father and mother they must atone for my shortcomings and my wanderings—tell them to draw the little family circle so close together that they will not see my vacant place. Sister, I am going now."

Just then the doctor looked at the dying soldier and said: "Sister Mary Clare, you can do nothing more for him."

"Yes, doctor, I can still pray. It will not be long, and Sister M. Rose is in my place. I will relieve her as soon as it is all over with him. God gave him into my hands, and I will be faithful to the end."

Father X. came again and gave the final absolution, and as he looked at the youthful face, he whispered to Sister Mary Clare: "He looks like a child asleep."

The weary eyes opened slowly: "I am twenty-three years old, Father. I thank you for all your kindness to me."

And as the good priest went out, Sister Mary Clare laid her crucifix in the clasped hands now stiffening in death. Again the lips parted: "It is growing very dark, *it is towards evening and the day is now far spent.* Mother, please open the window and let the light come in," and as Sister Mary Clare sponged his lips and forehead, he whispered, "Ah! now I feel the cool breeze from the lake, and the rushing of the falls; I did not think they were so near. Now, the sun sets beyond the lake, and the evening chimes fall sweetly on my ear. Yes, it is Jesus, lover of my soul. Come sing it with me," then softly, but clearly and distinctly he sang:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is nigh.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
'Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into Thy haven guide,
O receive—my—soul—at—last."

And as this supplication died away upon his lips, the victorious Christian soldier found eternal life in the boundless realms of the Prince of Peace.

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EDITORIAL.

CONSECRATION TO THE SACRED HEART.

By decree of His Holiness Leo XIII., the entire Catholic world is to be consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus on the coming feast of that title, June 9. Catholics know what this means. It is the most solemn public testimony of adoration and love they can give to one who has so loved men as to lay down His life for them, and who is so bent on manifesting His love in the most powerful way, that He identifies His heart, the symbol of His love, with His holy name and person. A ceremony like this brings us directly under the influence of Christ, and it must, therefore, be an occasion of special graces; its significance is increased by the fact that it is a prelude to the religious services and festivities by which the Church will commemorate the approach of the new century, the first year of which has been proclaimed one of jubilee.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

A peace conference with the Vicar of the Prince of Peace excluded is a most singular proceeding. A body of diplomats, army and navy men, and others who have political or business interests to serve, can never agree on articles effective of lasting peace, simply because they have neither sufficient motive to induce them to make mutual concessions nor sufficient authority to apply their decisions universally. The problems alone of removing some of the causes of contention, such as the restoration of disputed territory, or the withdrawal from certain threatening positions, would raise complications in every nation in Europe and in our own as well, owing to our late war for territory. There is but one Ruler in this world whose spiritual domain is universal and supreme; whose temporal power is based on claims so just that the government which has usurped it dare not consent to its representation at the Conference; whose mission, moreover, is one of peace, and this man has been excluded from the peace conference so called. The nations taking part in it are scarcely sincere in permitting this exclusion; but they are terribly sincere in arming themselves for possible wars, even whilst the conference is actually in session.

THE BISHOPS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

The Council of the Bishops of Latin America, that is to say, about all of this continent south of the United States, will open in Rome on May 28. A number of Bishops have paid a brief visit to New York on their way to the Council. We have had the good fortune to attend the Masses said by some of them, and to witness in this the most visible proof of the unity of our holy faith. Our prayers should follow the bishops who represent 40,000,000 of Catholics.

MORE ANGLICAN DISSENSION.

The troubles of the Anglican Church abroad sink into insignificance with its troubles in one part at least of our own country. One of its most proper and reputable bishops lately consented to make a teacher of heresy one of its ministers. He had actually designated the

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church in which he was to officiate at this process, but the pastor of the church refused permission ; for pastors of heretical sects can, it seems, consistently if not logically, disobey lawful authorities. The pastor's congregation is rich and influential, and the bishop did not insist on his appointment ; neither did he take cognizance of the charge of heresy against the applicant for the ministry. As Anglican divines are not much more clear on modes of ecclesiastical procedure than on questions of theology, there was some confusion among them for a while, which was increased by the bishop's discreet silence and the clamor of the newspapers. Then one of them was chosen to arraign the would-be minister, and he did so in the sensational style of the usual Anglican Sunday evening discourse. One result of this undignified action is that at least two Anglican pastors have offered their bishop permission to use their churches to make the heretical divine a minister. The strangest fact in this matter is that this man should be suddenly branded as a heretic by a number of men who have no complete or consistent body of doctrine, and who have let pass without protest his lectures as professor in their leading seminary, and his books on which they now base their charges of heresy. And still these men continue discussing the problem of union among the churches, comity in the missions, and similar topics, but not the need of a central and supreme authority in matters of religion.

LOYALTY.

The Most Rev. F. X. Katzer, Archbishop of Milwaukee, did not write the letter attributed to him by the Associated Press, protesting "to the Pope that the errors which he designated as Americanism had no place in the American Roman Catholic Church." His Grace says: "Had I written, it would have been a letter of sincere thanks and heartfelt congratulation for this most opportune letter." The letter of His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan of New York, thanking His Holiness, Leo XIII., for his letter on Americanism so called, has been applauded by all who know the origin and development of the controversy which the Pope wishes to decide. The chief merit of the letter is the simplicity with which His Grace admits the necessity of the papal decision. The Archbishop of a see like New York is in a position to know the needs of the faithful in the United States, and fortunately the present incumbent gives such close attention to Church matters generally, and is so little busied about affairs foreign to his charge, that he can accurately observe what is best for the benefit of the souls entrusted to him.

THE CONFESSIONAL AND RITUALISM.

One element of the troubles of the Anglicans in their own country is, strange to say, the confessional. "The rock on which ritualism was pretty sure to split was the confessional." Thus writes Professor Goldwin Smith in *Self Culture* for April, and he immediately adds: "In the exercise of this most perilous function the Roman Catholic priest is safeguarded by his celibacy. He is moreover limited and guided by the strictest and most authoritative regulation." Similar testimony is rendered by an anonymous writer in the *Fortnightly Review*. "Inside or outside her widest pale," he writes, "I cannot imagine any person who could find a word of defence for the confessional as it exists to-day in the English Church. The fact that any man of any age or reputation—or lack of it—who is in priest's orders can hear confessions from anybody, when and where and how he pleases, without leave from any one or a single rule to restrain him from any act of vulgarity or stupidity or worse which may occur to him, is a scandal to the whole Church and kingdom. The toleration of such a system for another week in a country where the most elementary laws of propriety are

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recognized is incredible. Auricular confession cannot be stopped in the Church of England; it is not only allowed, but recommended by the prayer-book, and, for reasons which are well known to every one, has numerous and influential advocates. The question is, shall it or shall it not be decently regulated? If not, I hope sincerely that every man in the country with young relatives who desire to confess their sins to a priest will use every endeavor to induce them to join the Roman Catholic Church, where the practice is at least properly safeguarded."

NOTHING LIKE THE TRUTH.

The Protestant Synod which lately met at Zurich, Switzerland, decided by an immense majority, that there is no longer any need of having received or of receiving baptism, in order to become a member of the National Church. The *Schweitzer Zeitung* vents its grief at the conduct of the Synod, well calculated, it says, to serve the cause of Rome as well as that of the dissenting sects. In consequence of this decision of the Synod, a number of families of Zurich informed the public through the press, that they had separated themselves from the National Church. May God show them the light of truth and lead them into the true fold of Christ!

AN UNSAFE GUIDE

There could be no greater injury done to the memory of Clement XIV., than to attribute to him the letters edited by Antonius Carraccioli and falsely inscribed under his name. They are at best quite commonplace, and they redound with passages which could not have been written with sincerity by any true religious, and which should not have been written by a Pope. In the light of many Papal letters before and since his time, notably of Pope Leo XIII.'s latest letter, not to mention others, many of the so-called Ganganelli letters should be branded censurable, rash, dangerous and suspicious. Even Voltaire, much as he gloried in some of the acts of Clement XIV., was too clever a critic to accept these letters as authentic, and he repudiated them from internal as well as from external evidence. It is strange, therefore, that the editor of a Catholic periodical should publish an article based on these letters without the slightest mention of the well-known controversy they occasioned the very year of their publication. It is an injustice too. Scarcely had the Paris edition appeared in 1776, than the Dominican Charles L. Richard published his *Preservatif Necessaire* "for all who have read the letters falsely attributed to Pope Clement XIV." (See Hurter, *Nomenclator Litterarius III.*, p. 435, n. 216, and Catholic critics generally on this point.) The English edition of these letters, which is quoted in the periodical referred to, usually contains in an appendix Voltaire's question as to their authenticity. Since Rev. Ethelred Taunton wrote his "Black Monks of St. Benedict," he should be regarded by editors, whether Catholic or not, as an unsafe guide possessed by strange motives.

LEO XIII. TO THE BELGIAN EDITORS.

A delegation of Belgian journalists was presented to the Holy Father on Easter Saturday. His Holiness was most cordial and affectionate. He urged them to unite their efforts against the Socialists. "You have a Catholic Ministry," he said, "which is still in power, but I fear that it will soon be overthrown if the Catholics remain divided in face of the united Liberal and Socialist elements." He thanked his visitors for the present of 100,000 francs they had given him, and which he had divided between the Syrian, Melchite and Chaldean patriarchs, whose needs were pressing. Speaking of his sojourn in Belgium many years ago, he said: "When looking for the last time on beautiful Flanders, I said to myself, 'I shall never again see this country so religious, so attached to the faith, to the Fatherland,' and then I wept." Finally the Pope blessed the delegation and bade them a touching farewell.

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THE HIDDEN LIFE.

AND after they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee, to their city, Nazareth.

And the child grew and waxed strong, full of wisdom; and the grace of God was in him.

And his parents went every year to Jerusalem, at the solemn day of the pasch.

And when he was twelve years old, they going up into Jerusalem according to the custom of the feast,

And having fulfilled the days, when they returned, the child Jesus remained in Jerusalem, and his parents knew it not.

And thinking that he was in the company, they came a day's journey, and sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

And not finding him, they returned into Jerusalem, seeking him.

And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions.

And all that heard him were astonished at his wisdom and his answers.

And seeing him, they wondered. And his mother said to him: Son, why hast thou done so to us? Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

And he said to them: How is it that you sought me? Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?

And they understood not the word that he spoke unto them.

And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth: and was subject to them. And his mother kept all these words in her heart.

And Jesus advanced in wisdom and age, and grace with God and men.

The above is St. Luke's narrative about the Hidden Life of Christ. St. Matthew tell us about the earliest years of it which were spent in Egypt, whither St. Joseph was bidden to fly with the Child and the Mother to avoid the wrath of Herod, and live there in exile until his death, when coming back Christ "dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled what was said by the prophets: That he shall be called a Nazarite."

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The attempt of Herr Von Schœnerer to bring about a wholesale apostasy from the Catholic faith in Austria has turned out a miserable failure. He raised the absurd cry that to be a true German one must be a Protestant, and boasted that by April he would have 10,000 converts. Instead of that he has gained but a mere handful, and as these were influenced by political, not religious, motives, they have received but a cold welcome from their new brethren.

The Catholic Truth Society, of Ottawa, Canada, has resolved to bring to the attention of the Canadian Parliament the question of expurging from the English coronation oath the clauses which are offensive to Catholics, and at the present time must also be so to a very large percentage of the Anglican Church. In the oath, as it now stands, the sovereign is obliged to swear that he or she holds transubstantiation, the sacrifice of the Mass and the invocation of saints to be superstitious and idolatrous.

Atrocities continue in China. A correspondent writing from Ichoufuu says: "To the southwest, twenty miles from us, there have been a number of riots, but no one has been punished yet. A Catholic priest, who is just in from that vicinity, says that his life had only been saved through the fleetness of his horse. Three Catholics have been killed at Teibein, about forty miles to the west of us. Six have been killed at Shen Shan, of whom two were burned to death in a big public bonfire. This is a different affair from the one in which a child was burned and two had their eyes put out by a fiendish mob. The perpetrators of the outrage to the East, who dismembered the bodies of two Catholics, burned them over a fire and burned a living child, having received no punishment of any kind, have been emboldened to attempt still further outrages. However, they met with an unexpected check when they attacked three Germans and suffered considerable loss.

Madame Marie of the Sacred Heart, a religious of the Congregation of Notre Dame, recently published a book in which she advocated the establishment of a grand central Normal School for the orders of religious women devoted to Catholic education in France. On the 17th of March last, the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars condemned this project and declared the book deserving of blame. The Congregation praises the work done in the education of girls by the teaching orders in France, and expresses its firm hope of their continued success in the future. Madame Marie hastened to declare her complete submission to the judgment of the Holy See, happy, as she says, to give this proof of her obedience and devotedness to the Church.

The Paris *Univers* gives a few instances of the heroic faith of some Christian mothers. When Father Vecturin, who died a martyr's death in China last December, was about to set out on his perilous mission, his mother made the sacrifice not only with resignation, but with joy. When the mother of the martyr, M. Jacoard, heard the news of her son's imprisonment in Cochin-China, she ex-

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claimed : "O ! what good news ! what an honor to have a martyr in the family!" One Sunday evening when they were reading the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith in a French peasant family, the mother said to her husband : "How happy should we be if a son of ours would become an apostle like those we are hearing about." Her wish was granted. One of her sons went on the African mission, where he died at the early age of thirty-seven.

It is customary in many cities, upon the yearly return of St. Joseph's day, to give a banquet to the old people under the care of the Little Sisters of the Poor. These banquets are offered and served up by ladies of the highest social rank. At Orleans, Clermont, and other cities, as well as in Paris, the bishop himself put on the white apron and made himself the servant of these good, simple and lowly poor. A similar feast took place in Washington, at St Joseph's Home, whose aged inmates gathered around the festive board on their Holy Patron's day. Among those who attended them at table, were M. Jules Cambon, the French Ambassador, and M. Jules Boeufve, the Chancellor of the Embassy.

In spite of the persecutions and spoliations of which they have been the victims in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Mexico, and elsewhere, religious orders have wonderfully increased during the present century. We subjoin a few statistics :

The various branches of the Benedictine Order count no less than 4,300 monks. The Trappists have founded houses in the wilds of Africa and Australia, and number more than 3,300. There are about 17,000 Franciscans, 8,300 Capuchins, and some 15,000 Jesuits scattered over every part of the globe.

The new congregations founded in the present century are counted by the hundreds, and their subjects by tens of thousands. The communities of women in France alone, where a century ago the Revolution dispersed and exterminated 60,000 nuns, number at this moment more than 150,000 Sisters.

The latest reports from Armenia are heart-rending. The martyrology of that hunted down population is daily increased by the names of new victims. According to official accounts more than 80,000 Armenians are living exclusively upon the alms of the charitable associations and of the Catholic Missions of Europe.

Since 1895 ten orphan asylums had been opened. All these have been brutally closed and burned by the Turkish authorities. The roads of Diarbekir, Yalu and Zeitoun are strewn with the dead bodies of children. Diplomatic dispatches from Constantinople confirm these revolting details.

The address of Mr. Thomas M. Mulry before the faculty and students of St. Joseph's Seminary at Dunwoodie, furnishes many interesting details of the good effected by that most unostentatious and active charitable organization, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The Catholic Protectory at Westchester, the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin and the Homes under the care of the Little Sisters of the Poor are perhaps the largest of our institutions in the Archdiocese of New York, and all three owe their inception and in some measure their success to these worthy Vincentians. Through their agency, too, has a complete revolution been wrought in the care and religious instruction of the inmates of the various institutions on the "Islands," and to-day the Rev. Chaplains look to them as their most efficient helpers in this sometimes ungrateful task. There are 5,500 conferences spread over the whole civilized world with a membership of 100,000, and already we see realized the words of the great Lacordaire about the prime mover in this work of zeal, "Ozanam is an ancestor." These gen-

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eral details are supplemented and emphasized by the "Report of the Particular Council of New York to its Superior Council for 1898." Sixty-five conferences having on the rolls 1,136 active members, have relieved 8,100 families, made 48,000 visits of charity or mercy, and expended $60,000 in relieving the needy and deserving poor.

Bishop Gordon, Vicar-Apostolic of Jamaica, has taken ten boys from the Roman Catholic Orphanage, near Spanish Town, on that island, and sent them to be trained in agricultural work at Reading in the parish of St. James. If they give satisfaction after a probation of eighteen months, the bishop will give each of them about ten acres of land so as to enable them to make a start in life. This generous policy has won the admiration of all classes in Jamaica. Even anti-Catholic journals are loud in their praises of the Catholic Bishop and his plan. Says one of them: "It is true philosophy, embodying at once economy, justice and philanthropy. He has touched the spot. He has found the key of the problem. Discarding the indefensible and impracticable methods hitherto suggested, he has reached the end by a short cut. . . . He says to the embryo agriculturists: I propose to make you not the servants or serfs of others, not the mere tools or beasts of burden of rapacious and unsympathetic landlords, not dependants on the cold mercies of your fellow men, but peasant proprietors in your own right. I will put you in a position to live for yourselves as well as for others, and will exact as a condition of this help, only that you will prove your capacity to hold your own."

Which is the first church in the world to be dedicated to the Sacred Heart? According to the *Croix* and other French journals, this honor belongs to the Convent of Notre Dame des Oiseaux in Paris, the [illegible] of which was laid by Monsigneur de Quelen in the June of 1837. But it seems from the *Croix* itself, in its issue of January 26, that Portugal has a prior claim, since on November 15, 1790, there was celebrated in Lisbon the dedication of the Royal Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, erected at the expense of the reigning queen Maria I. However, both France and Portugal must yield preeminence in publicly honoring the Sacred Heart to our own United States. An article in the MESSENGER for June, 1890, entitled "Conewago, a Century-old Church of the Sacred Heart," distinctly states that the church or chapel in this little Pennsylvania town was dedicated in 1787 to the Sacred Heart. The date is cut in stone near the point of the roof, and an oblong marble slab immediately beneath has cut into it a heart surmounted by a cross and encircled with a crown of thorns. This would appear to settle the question as to which is the first church called the Sacred Heart. But a still further claim may be advanced in this connection for our own country. It has not only the first Sacred Heart church, but it has more churches of that name than any other country in the world. Three hundred and sixty-one is the number given by the Catholic Directory of 1899, exclusive of convent chapels. There are but two dioceses that have no churches dedicated to the Sacred Heart. Hartford enjoys the distinction of first place with seventeen churches. In making this comparison with other lands, it is only fair to add that our great extent of territory must be taken into consideration, and the fact that most of the European churches were dedicated at a date anterior to the rise and spread of devotion to the Sacred Heart.

The Province of Hou-pe in China, is divided into three vicariates-apostolic. In the first, which contains the city of Ou-tchang-fou, there are 16,650 Catholics and there were 624 adult baptisms in one year. In the northwestern

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vicariate there were at last accounts 10,204 Catholics, with 701 adult conversions in one year. The southwestern vicariate last year counted 5,000 catechumens, with every prospect of a large increase.

"LOURDES, April 24, 1899.

REV. DEAR FATHER:

"Forty thousand men is quite an army, and pages might be written of the touching incidents that were witnessed in private houses, and among private groups, during these eventful three days. That many thousands of the pilgrims should kneel before the Rosary Church with arms outstretched in the form of a cross, and pray aloud for hours and invoke with tears, God's blessing on France, is nothing at all surprising. They, surely, were those faithful ones who have courage enough to proclaim their creed anywhere. But that those who enrolled their names without special faith, with the record against them of not having knelt within a church, or perhaps seen the inside of one for years, should follow their example was one point of vital interest. The example of priests and faithful melted the ice of pride and human respect, and the doubting and the hesitating, as well as those of no creed at all, were soon brought to their knees. To such a degree did the grace of God come down upon them that soon there were not places sufficient to erect regular confessionals. They had to improvise them where they could. They came from Montmartre to pray for the 'Grande Malade,' the great sufferer, France. There was a lame boy in the pilgrimage, a lad of fifteen walking about on a pair of strong crutches. A priest said to him, 'My boy, why do you not ask to be cured? This is a time of especial grace. Our Lady will refuse nothing at this hour.' 'I came to pray for France this time, Father," was the simple reply. 'Next time I will ask for myself.' Still there was one remarkable cure recorded, of a workman whose leg was broken and shattered by an explosion, and who had in consequence been hopelessly crippled for years. At the passing of the Blessed Sacrament, he arose, and leaving his crutches, followed the Lord. There were about four thousand priests here from the 18th till the 21st.

"The first day of the pilgrimage was harrowing to us all. Rain, rain, heavy and ceaseless from morning till night. Crowds of men who had not been able to secure lodgings, gathered for shelter where they could. In spite of the morning rain, they had stood in serried ranks during all the long services of the prearranged programme: Mass in the open air, Sermon, Declaration of Faith. This was subscribed to by acclamations that made the hills resound again, although those who were uttering the heartfelt words were standing in pools of water with a torrent of rain falling upon them. The altar (on the steps of the Rosary), and the clergy officiating, whose names you will read in the papers, no doubt, were protected by an awning. The Bishop of Tarbes presided over the long ceremonies. When they were over, those who were without lodgings were sheltered in the churches. The parish church was full of men day and evening. I need not remark that the Sacred Heart Badge was on every breast. Under my windows, or the windows where I passed the day (Mme. Lapeyere's) the procession passed on the second day, escorting the Blessed Sacrament in triumph through the streets of the old town. It took one hour and twenty minutes to defile, and I hear that a portion of it was forced to turn off before entering the Rue du Bourg. But what we saw was imposing in a surpassing degree. Delegations and banners from all the dioceses of France. Notabilities whose names Catholics can and do conjure with, to employ a common but absurd expression, General Charrette walking beside the Banner of Paray, the Comte de Mun. These were three great days for Lourdes."

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DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

The most important news for Directors this month is the announcement that our Holy Father has decreed that the entire Catholic world should be publicly and solemnly consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart. His Holiness recommends that proper preparation be made for this great ceremony, by a triduum of prayers and instructions wherever it is possible, and that the ceremony itself be made as impressive as possible. Our bishops will determine what is to be done in each diocese to make this consecration as fruitful as possible. Local Directors should not be at a loss for ways and means of celebrating this event with all proper splendor.

The solemn consecration of the faithful to the Heart of Jesus Christ is a supreme act of homage to Him as the King whose rule is one of love and devotion for all mankind. To bring home this fact to every Catholic should be the aim of all the services, prayers and instructions of the novena, or triduum preceding the Feast. There is everywhere to-day a fervent and solid devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, but there is no one who cannot know and love Him more ardently, and no one who cannot begin to know Him as God and Saviour by means of the devotion which He Himself has taught us.

There is a notable difference between the decree issued twenty-five years ago concerning the consecration of the world to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the present one. The first was issued at the instance of many bishops and priests, and was promulgated by the sacred congregations, chiefly through the agency of Rev. Father Ramière, at that time Moderator-General of the Apostleship of Prayer; the second originates entirely with the Sovereign Pontiff, and comes directly from him to all the bishops of the Catholic world. This alone should make us esteem all the more this decree of the Pope, and inspire us to do all in our power to make it the occasion of a most enthusiastic manifestation of devotion to the Sacred Heart.

The League Director for June is devoted entirely to this subject, suggesting ways and means of making the preparatory triduums and the services of the Feast itself as attractive and devotional as possible. We recommend it to Directors for this purpose. In the "League Devotions" they will find different programmes of services, and various acts of consecration, as also the Litanies of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, now approved for use in the public services of the Church.

Apostleship at Home and Abroad.

Canada, Archdiocese of Halifax.—The Pastoral Letter issued just before the beginning of Lent by the Most Rev. Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax, contained the following words of praise for our Apostleship of Prayer: "To promote the frequentation of the sacraments, encourage pious sodalities and confraternities; especially would I recommend the *Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.* The abundant fruits produced by this League wherever it is established, is proof of its great efficacy for good. The conditions of membership are easy of fulfilment, the spiritual benefits derived from the regular and frequent

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recurrence of a day specially dedicated to the consideration of our Divine Redeemer's agony—to say nothing of other advantages—will purify and strengthen the souls of the members themselves; and the example of those, however few at the beginning, who will devoutly approach the sacraments every month, will soon extend the influence of the League and draw God's special blessing on the parish. Wherever the League already exists, let the pastor earnestly foster and promote it; and where it does not exist, let steps be taken to establish it."

ST. INIGO'S, MD.—The Grace of the Nine Fridays. "On Saturday afternoon, April 1, I made inquiry at the home of one of my parishioners at St. Michael's, if there were any sick who would like to see me. 'Yes, there is one, a Mrs. Mary Taylor, who is unwell, but I do not think there is any danger. She lives a good distance across the water, near the Chesapeake Bay, and it is very dangerous to risk your life in a sailing boat to-night.' My good angel guardian, however, told me to go, and so I started. I reached her in safety. On my arrival I met a Protestant doctor who laughed at me for running such a risk, and added that there was no necessity for my visit. I saw the good lady, and did all for her that the Church requires. I then returned home, and on the next day, Sunday, had her prayed for at the two Masses. She improved wonderfully after I had anointed her, and given her the Viaticum. Suddenly on the first Friday of the month she died. She had just finished the Nine Fridays prior to her death. She was a convert, and had come regularly to church from which she lived a distance of several miles, even during the Winter."

CATHEDRAL CENTRE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"We have three hundred new members for our Centre, but it is impossible to register their names or give them certificates of admission, as the poor fellows are prisoners in the penitentiary, but every month the Leaflets are sent to the Society for visiting Catholic prisoners, and are distributed to them. Nearly all practise the 1st and 2d degrees. This month I called at the Home for Orphan Girls, and the Sisters are organizing the League there, to be attached to the Cathedral. I am fixing a register now for them; they have 220 Associates and twenty Promoters. Our congregational singing is doing well. Last Sunday they sang 'Heart of Jesus, we are grateful,' and our Rev. Local Director was much pleased."

FROM VARIOUS CENTRES.—Good Shepherd Convent Centre, Alleghany, Pa.—"Among our children the League is prospering. The ejaculation 'Thy Kingdom Come' breathes everywhere, in the Communion of Reparation, in the 'Office' recited bi-weekly, and in the hymns sung during the hours of work. Two hundred and thirty Leaflets are distributed, some to persons living in the city. The special feature of the year has been a new branch among our 'wee ones' of the Preservation Class, which promises great results. Since last Feast of the Sacred Heart, we have the devotional Holy Hour, and now we are longing for another privilege, Exposition on the Frst Friday."—Good Shepherd Convent Centre, Indianapolis, Ind.—"Thanks to the loving Heart of Jesus and the zeal of our Rev. Local Director, the League has been established in our different departments. All are working hard for its interests. We find it a very great help and encouragement to our poor dear children."—Cobden, Ill.—"Our local Centre is slowly developing, but it has surpassed my most sanguine expectations. Our Promoters are taking a very lively interest in their work."

How more than one League Centre has been established.—"Some time ago I called on you in New York to ask you what I should do that I have not done to induce Father ——— to establish a Centre in his parish. Well, he has at

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last surrendered, and a letter before me states that he will soon take up the work. Good Father Walter, of Washington, used to quote 'a woman's will is God's will because when she wants a thing she usually gets it.' Now we all want the League, and if you will pardon the expression, like the Pear's Soap advertisement, 'We can't be happy till we get it.' "

Anent the Messenger.—Pretoria, Transvaal, South Africa. "Enclosed find M. O. for subscription to ten copies of the MESSENGER. Your magazine is quite a favorite here."—Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. "Enclosed find P. O. order in payment of MESSENGERS received. We are charmed with it and have already got the numbers bound for the use of our novices. It is a safe as well as interesting periodical for them, and you would be pleased to see the pleasure they took in looking through the four volumes today."—St. Albert, Canada. "Excuse delay in renewing subscription to the MESSENGER. Sickness has been the cause. I would not be without the MESSENGER for twice the price; it is so interesting and instructive."—"I dearly love the MESSENGER, and I have spent many happy moments in reading it. I trust that I shall never be without it."—"Will you kindly accept my apology for not answering your notice? I wanted to renew my subscription to the MESSENGER but up to this sickness and hard times have prevented me. I am sorry to think that I have to lose even a single number, but I hope to renew my subscription soon. I love the MESSENGER too much to give it up, and my husband misses it very much, as he has come to look for it as for a dear friend."

The General Intention for April—Religious Communities in Italy.—Although this General Intention, as explained in the MESSENGER, made appeal only for spiritual alms for these suffering and persecuted religious, several of our Associates have rightly concluded that pecuniary aid should be also extended to them. We therefore gratefully acknowledge in the name of these communities the receipt of donations amounting to $56.50. Of this sum $50.00 came in the form of a check from a gentleman in Chicago.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 1,522,581.

"In all things give thanks." (1. Thes., v. 18.)

Special Thanksgivings. — CHICAGO, ILL.—"Please publish the following in the MESSENGER. Having been in poor health for several years, last June I consulted a famous specialist about my sickness, and he found me in such a condition that he gave me but little hope of a cure. However, I took his medicine till September when he told me that nothing short of an operation could cure me, as a cystic tumor had formed. Several examinations were made but they only confirmed his previous diagnosis. A final examination was arranged for October 17, when I remembered that this was the feast of the Blessed Margaret Mary. I then promised the Blessed that if she cured me without recourse to an operation, I would perform several things in her honor, and among other things, that I would send an account of it to the MESSENGER for publication. When the final examination took place, the doctor, much to his surprise, found that the lump on my side had entirely disappeared. I am now perfectly well."

"We were very anxious to secure a certain site for a new church, but the price

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asked for it was extortionate. I promised the Sacred Heart if we obtained it for a certain sum, we would make it known through the MESSENGER. Thanks to our dear Lord, the favor was granted immediately."

CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO.—"We desire to return fervent thanks for the cure of one of our pupils. Organic heart trouble was aggravated by a severe attack of pneumonia. All seemed lost, when one of the Sisters placed a Badge over the child's heart. Immediately there was a change for the better, and she continues to improve."

JOPLIN, MO.—"For many years my little daughter has suffered with a terrible skin disease, being continually under the care of physicians, who, however, only gave her temporary relief. She has been constantly prayed for in the League of the Sacred Heart. A short time ago we began novenas to the Infant of Prague to obtain her cure, promising to publish it in the MESSENGER if our prayers were answered. I now have the happiness to say she is entirely free from blemish, and bids fair to grow well and strong. I am perfectly satisfied that prayers and Holy Communions have effected her cure."

"We wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of three persons, two of whom were in immediate danger of death. All were fathers of families, and their loss would have occasioned great suffering."

ST. MARY'S, INDIANA, Convent of the Sisters of Providence.—"Again have our Lord's consoling words 'Ask and you shall receive,' been verified in a manner truly characteristic of His loving heart. After the conversion of one of our pupils to the Faith, her one great desire was that her mother might share with her this priceless gift. When the Shrine of 'the Sacred Heart of our Divine Teacher' was erected at St. Mary's in 1895, this young lady was one of the first to place there a petition for her mother's conversion. Not doubting the mercy of the Sacred Heart, and yet foreseeing the many obstacles that might prevent the fulfilment of her desire, she did not anticipate so speedy an answer to her prayer. During last Holy Week, the mother came to St. Mary's to attend the services of that time, and on Holy Saturday she was baptized in the convent chapel. Her first Holy Communion was made on Easter Sunday. The 'Laudates' promised in thanksgiving by those who obtain requests placed at the Shrine were surely offered with sentiments of deepest gratitude by mother and daughter now more than ever closely united by the bonds of their common faith."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"We wish to return thanks for employment obtained for a young husband and father. He had been brought up without any business training, and had suddenly lost his fortune. Mrs. Z—— was much concerned, and made the remark to her husband 'that there are two men in the city who might be able to place our friend, Mr. Y—— or Mr. V——. Next morning, when she went, as usual, to Mass, she chanced to arrive a little late, and so, instead of going to her pew in the front of the church, she remained at the door. Almost immediately after, a man whom she judged to be Mr. V—— entered and knelt in front of her. She had not met him for many years, nor had she ever made his personal acquaintance. However, this did not deter her from waiting to speak to him at the church door. He listened kindly and attentively, and asked her to request her young friend to call on him. Three weeks later he was given a good position, with prospects of future promotion."

Spiritual Favors.—Reconciliation between husband and wife after a quarrel which had led to their separation; performance of Easter duty; return of a sister to her religious duties after ten years of neglect; reception of the Sacraments after eight years' absence from

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them and from church; reformation of one addicted to drink; the averting of threatened dishonor; the giving up of drink by a husband; for a confession after eight years' absence from the Sacraments, and another after two years' absence.

Temporal Favors.—News of a brother not heard from in some years; successful examinations for a class of fifteen scholars; safe delivery for a mother; an increase of salary; renting of two houses; employment for five persons; recovery of five children attacked by measles; cure of a sore foot through our Lady of Perpetual Help; recovery from nervous prostration; the cessation of severe headaches which had continued for several years; success in an elocution contest; cure of a Promoter whose recovery had been despaired of; renting of a store; means to pay off a mortgage; the finding of certain important papers; reinstatement in former position; recovery from serious brain trouble; success in an examination; rapid recovery from effects of two operations; preservation during a severe storm; recovery from double pneumonia; cure of typhoid fever; cure of sore throat.

Favors Ascribed to the Application of the Badge or Promoter's Cross.—Instant relief of a child suffering from earache; cure of a severe pain in the eye in the case of two persons; cure of distressing attack of dyspepsia; the disappearance of serious hip trouble; relief from a toothache.

The value of publicly recording our Thanksgivings.—In one of our issues of last year, want of space compelled us to curtail considerably the list of Thanksgivings, but the protests that came in to us from all quarters furnished the clearest evidence of the interest and profit with which this department of the MESSENGER is each month read. The following extracts from letters of recent date render fresh testimony to the same effect.

"I wish to give thanks through the MESSENGER for the grace of conversion to the Catholic Church, as also for the recovery of my little sister who was thought to be dying, on reception of the Sacrament of Baptism. I cannot express my pleasure and the benefit I derive from reading the MESSENGER. It was reading the Thanksgivings in it while I was yet outside the fold, that induced me to make the Novena which was crowned by the gift of Faith. The struggle was a hard one. I was already convinced of the truth of the Church's teaching, but family ties and prejudice held me back, till lying prostrate at the foot of the altar, there came to me strength and consolation, destined, I trust, ever to remain."

DEAR REVEREND EDITOR:

Permit me to give a side light that from my point of view illuminates the MESSENGER. Humanity groans under the burden of making a living, the struggle is hand to hand, man against man, and those who keep the Commandments are often at a disadvantage. Devotion to the Sacred Heart appeals to the needs of the sufferers. They answer the invitation, "Come to me all ye who labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you." Self-interest impels them to place themselves before Christ the Consoler, but His presence melts the hearts of the weary, and they look from the gift to the giver. The record of favors received is carried everywhere by the MESSENGER, and stimulates hope in the dejected. The result is perseverance in prayer, and thus conversions are wrought which otherwise were hopeless. By this means the desire "Thy Kingdom Come" grows into the fibre of every Christian heart. The interests of the Sacred Heart becomes our own. We can trust Him to secure for us what is necessary for time and eternity.

OBITUARY.

RT. REV. JOHN A. WATTERSON, D.D.

By the death of Bishop Watterson the Church in the United States has lost one

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of its ablest and most zealous prelates, and our Apostleship of Prayer an active, invaluable friend and supporter. The departure from this life of the chief pastor of a diocese must always be a source of mourning to the priests and people who are thus bereft of his guidance, but in the outburst of grief which followed the demise of the Bishop of Columbus, there seemed to be a feeling of personal loss, a private as well as public bereavement, which found an echo in the secular as well as the religious press.

Bishop Watterson was born May 27, 1844, near Blairsville, Pa. His college course was made at the Benedictine College of St. Vincent in Westmoreland County, whence he passed to Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburgh, to pursue his theological studies. After ordination, in 1868, he joined the faculty of this famous institution of learning, and was rapidly advanced to the position of Vice-President and President. It was while holding this latter office that news reached him of his elevation to the See of Columbus, in succession to the lamented Bishop Rosecrans. The welcome extended to their new bishop by the people of his diocese was most cordial, and although it must have cost him no little sacrifice to leave his books and his studious pursuits at "the Mount," he threw himself with all the energy of his strong character into the active labors of the head of a growing diocese. For nineteen years he continued to work with unremitting zeal. His scholarly attainments and eloquence gained him the respect of all classes. His sympathy with his priests, and the support he gave them in the prosecution of every good work, endeared him to them all, while his affability made him accessible to the humblest member of his flock. New churches and parishes, new schools and religious institutions, new convents and chapels, attested the wisdom and breadth of his episcopal administration, and although his work is now done, his life and example remain as an encouragement to all, whether priest or layman. R. I. P.

SISTER MARY FRANCES DE CHANTAL, VISITATION CONVENT, WILMINGTON, DEL.

Of Sister M. de Chantal it may be said, in the words of one of her Sisters in religion, that her devotion to the Sacred Heart was what the French would call a *passion*. Quiet and retiring in her manner, the instant the Sacred Heart of Jesus was mentioned she was all aglow, and if we had the pen of Mgr. Bougaud we might write an exquisite life of a hidden Apostle of the Sacred Heart. When you will have leisure, we shall tell you of a conversion wrought by her prayers —a young outlaw sentenced to be whipped at the whipping-post—which is as true and as wonderful as the conversion "In Real Life," really more wonderful, for he persevered in good for three whole years, praying all the time. When Sister M. de Chantal could scarcely speak, she begged us to write a message to this protegé, "Peter ———," to beg him to persevere in his good resolutions, to avoid bad company, to keep close to the Sacred Heart, and to be faithful to the end, and we think we may say he *was* faithful to the end, for after receiving the Sacraments, he was suddenly stricken down with paralysis, a few hours before Sister M. de Chantal died, and strange to say, their funerals took place at the same hour on April 21. He came often during his illness to inquire for his "good Sister," and on Easter Sunday brought her a white lily, a picture of the Sacred Heart, and a spiritual bouquet of Masses he had heard for her, Communions, Rosaries, and Aspirations offered for her intention. On Good Friday Peter ——— and his sister went to the "Three Hours' Agony," and both offered it for Sister M. de Chantal. In the sermon the priest said that those who committed sin struck our Lord. The young man wept so bitterly that his sister asked him the cause of his grief. He answered, "The Father says they strike our Lord, but how many times I have kicked Him." His sister assures us of what we had heard from others, that for three years, since she first recommended him to Sister M. de

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Chantal, her brother attended the daily Mass at 6 A.M., then went to his work in a laundry, never noticing what was said or done around him, but making the little aspirations which Sister had taught her to teach her brother. Formerly, he was very dissipated and under arrest at least once a week; after that he never drank a drop, and had been everything she could desire. Just a little while before Sister died I went to tell her of the conversion of two inveterate drunkards, one of whom she had been praying for constantly, had put his name on the Dial of Mercy, and taken upon herself his Hour of Guard. She said: "I hope you are keeping account of all the conversions. Write them down so they will never be forgotten, to prove the power of the Dial of Mercy over the Sacred Heart of Jesus." For seven weeks our dear Sister was unable to retain either food or medicine, and for the last five weeks not even a drop of water, or the smallest portion of crushed ice, absolutely nothing, and almost consumed with fever. We heard her say over and over again: "In union with Thy sacred thirst, that the poor drunkards may lose all thirst for drink." During all her weeks of agony she never spoke of herself or her suffering, only: "For *souls*, dear Lord, may all hearts know Thee and love Thee." Her heart burning with love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus poured forth spontaneous aspirations, almost till her last sigh, and when no longer able to join in the prayers for the dying, she bowed her head every time the Holy Name was mentioned, and kept signing herself with the sign of the Cross, until her dear hand fell heavily on her forehead. Then our Mother raised it and supported it until she had made the last supreme Act of Faith, as she signed herself with the sacred symbol of our Redemption, while Mother repeated the little aspirations she loved so much: "Agony of the Heart of Jesus atone for me, Sighs of the Sacred Heart of Jesus plead for me," and her spirit passed away. R. I. P.

Miss Sara Trainer Smith, who departed this life at Sharon Hill, Pa., Thursday, May 4, was well known to the readers of the MESSENGER by her writings, which were always so characteristic of her, as to be a real revelation of her fine spirit. To many, too, she is also well known for her extraordinary charity, which was exercised not so much in the form of almsgiving that buys one off exertion and trouble, but by contributing her zeal, her energy and her influence unflaggingly to every worthy enterprise within her sphere. Fortunately, as our readers can judge from her writings, both in prose and verse, her coöperation in any good cause was singularly valuable for the judgment, tact and unselfish interest with which she addressed herself to her work. Her charity knew no distinctions. She did not recoil from the difficult and menial services required when assisting the needy or poor; nor did she overlook the destitution of minds and hearts about her, which, though blessed with this world's goods, but too often live in the misery of spiritual poverty, or of intellectual loneliness, not awake to the promptings of grace from above, nor blessed by the friendships of souls sympathetic with their own. Although we hope to speak more at length about our lamented contributor, we have felt it a duty to delay this number of the MESSENGER a few hours, as well to give this poor expression of our grief, as to ask our readers to pray for the departed, and for those relatives and friends who mourn her death all the more that her goodness made her so precious to them. R. I. P.

Mary O'Donnell, St. Bridget's Centre, Meadville, Pa.; Celestine Sustendal, St. John the Baptist's Centre, New Orleans, La.; Rev. William B. McDonough, Sacred Heart Centre, Valley Junction, Iowa; Eliza Fawcett, Catharine Hedges, St. Francis Xavier's Centre, St. Louis, Mo.; Mary Spencer, Julia Hughes, St. Peter's Centre, Steubenville, Ohio; Mary Kidder Stokes, Mary Broderick, Cathedral Centre, New York City.

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Cardinal Langénieux, Archbishop of Rheims, has written a pastoral letter on the sad consequences of atheism in France.

"The rationalistic idea," he says, "after which it was attempted to remodel the social edifice a hundred years ago, is false. It is the very principle of the Protestant Reformation which upset Europe in the sixteenth century, and against which France struggled for a long time even unto blood. Later on it inspired the unsound philosophy of the eighteenth century, and then the revolutionary movement of 1789. And what it produced in Germany, in England, in Protestant countries in the domain of religion—emancipation, freedom not only from every yoke but from every rule, equality, independence in the perverted sense of those words—it has produced among us in the domain of society and politics. For our neighbors, frightened by the logical consequences of this doctrine, have had the good sense to stop in time and to confine this revolution to the field of religion, while we idealists, dupes or accomplices of the sectaries whose interest it is to weaken Christian society in France, have blindly gone on to the very end. Elsewhere we have seen the Protestant reform crumbling away into a confusion of sects, incapable of formulating a creed, of establishing a church, having no bond of union among them but the same servility towards the State, and a common distrust of the Papacy. In France there soon became evident a general decline, hesitancy, feebleness, confusion in the exercise of power, a sort of disintegration, behind which we catch glimpses of socialism and anarchy, the natural fruits of rationalism and free thought in social and political life."

* * *

Those who might be tempted to think that contemplation unfits one for the duties of life, would do well to study the life of St. Teresa and of her fellow-laborer St. John of the Cross. St. Teresa was an eminently practical, business-like woman, an adept in the difficult art of governing. She had a keen sense of humor and her cheery laugh in recreation was proverbial. Her writings are among the classics in the Spanish language. St. John of the Cross was a profound philosopher and theologian. His works on mystical theology hold the highest rank among Catholic divines. He treats this most difficult subject with the clearness and accuracy of a scientist. Perhaps some of our readers may not be aware that these two great contemplatives were also poets. Their poetry forms the subject of an article in the *Contemporary Review* for April, by Arthur Symons, who translates some of it into English verse. Although all can perceive the vivid magery and burning love that breathes through these poems, yet as they treat of the deepest subjects of mystical theology, it takes a theologian or a contemplative to understand their meaning.

* * *

The *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for April calls attention to the fact that some of the ideas put forward under the name of *Americanism* are not so new as some people might have imagined.

"Over sixty years ago," it says, "Lamennais lectured his countrymen on their '*Indifference en matière de Religion.*'

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He wished to start a new crusade, to upset the 'concordat' and liberate the Church from the tyranny of the State. He thundered in the *Avenir* against all sorts of abuses. He lectured the bishops on their want of courage and the clergy on their apathy. He wanted no 'arm chair Catholics,' but real, militant Christians, who were conscious of their rights and knew how to defend them. He formed a Catholic Association for the defence of Catholic interests and his most cherished object was to bring about the separation of Church and State. But his zeal outran his discretion. His principles and his methods were condemned by Gregory XVI. in the famous Encyclical *Mirari Vos*. The Pope, who is the guardian of the Church's rights, the supreme judge of what is necessary and what is expedient, having weighed the advantages and disadvantages of the existing system, did not hesitate to pronounce that it should be maintained. Lemennais rebelled; but who will say that the decision of the Pope, apart from its character as an act of supreme authority, has not been justified by facts, and that the offical recognition of the Church, with all its drawbacks, has not been worth the sacrifices that have been made for its maintenance?"

The Church is prudent and patient, and those who, even with the very loftiest motives, wish to rush ahead with new social or political agitations may find themselves checked sometimes by the gentle voice of her superior wisdom.

"About twenty years ago," continues the article, "Count Albert de Mun, whose name is known and honored throughout the Catholic world, proposed to establish in France a 'Catholic Union,' whose object would be to organize the Catholic forces of the country on the lines of the 'Centre Party' in Germany, but again the wisdom of the Holy See made itself felt. Cardinal Lavigerie was commissioned to put a stop to a movement which appeared to many to be the only hope of salvation. Once again the French Catholics proved their loyalty to the head of the Church. What, then, is the meaning of taunting them with their apathy and accusing them of sticking to their sacristies and their armchairs? They are on the spot; they know their own business and realize their own difficulties better than anybody else. Their bishops and their clergy, under the guidance of the Holy See, are the best judges of what is opportune and what is rash. They certainly are not less zealous, not less enlightened, and not less capable of judging what is for the good of the Church, than the people who are so ready to criticise them from outside. With bishops like Cardinals Richard, Langenieux and Perraud, they have strong and steady hands at the helm. With all their difficulties, they have done more for the maintenance of the Holy See, for the propagation of the faith, for the great works of charity and mercy than could possibly be achieved by a people so enslaved as their critics would represent them. They have sent their teachers, their missionaries and their sisterhoods to every country under the sun. They have shed their blood in profusion for the faith in Africa, in India, in China, in Japan, and when put to the test at home, in Paris, they gave, without ostentation, but without flinching, the last testimony of life to the Master whom they served. And if, at the present day, the instinctive distrust of worldly devices in the cause of religion sets them on their guard against novelties and makes them cautious about accepting the suggestions of 'personal initiative,' who can pronounce, from the depths of his private wisdom, that they are misguided and deceived?"

* * *

In the May *Forum*, John J. O'Shea, editor-in-chief of the *Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times*, has an article on "The Irish Leaven in American Progress." After treating of Irish immigration in colonial times, he says: "We

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find at least six of the signers of the Declaration of Independence descendants of men who came to the colonies in those days—all men of rank and of an education far beyond what is usually imparted in these more pretentious times. There was Charles Carroll of Carrollton, whose famous newspaper controversy with Attorney-General Dulayne almost takes rank with the letters of Junius and the Drapier series of Swift. Robert Treat Paine, another of the signatories, was the son of an Irish gentleman named O'Neill, who had changed his patronymic in order to save an estate derived from his mother's family, whose name was Paine. He studied theology and law at Harvard, and was successively chaplain to the troops, Attorney-General and a Judge of the Supreme Court. Thomas McKean, President of Congress, another of the signatories, was the son of Irish parents, Thomas Nelson, who also signed, was a descendant of Donald O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, who brought Edward Bruce to Ireland to aid in the expulsion of the English. He succeeded Jefferson as Governor of Virginia, and commanded the State troops during Lafayette's campaign against Cornwallis, down to the surrender of Yorktown. Another of the signatories, James Smith, was a gentleman of Irish birth, but from what province he came is uncertain. There is a similar uncertainty about the natal place of the Hon. Matthew Thornton, who also signed the Declaration. All that is positively known is that he was an Irishman by birth; that he was a surgeon in the Cape Breton Expedition, and subsequently became a colonel in the Continental army, a justice of the peace, a delegate to Congress, a Justice of the Supreme Court, and finally Chief Justice of the Common Pleas."

The interesting question as to how many Americans are of Irish descent is thus answered: "A very cautious estimate of the number of Irish immigrants since the beginning of the century is four millions. There have been nearly four generations since then; and Irish families in this country are large, probably seven children on an average would not be too high an estimate. In Ireland, where because of poverty the marriages are few, the average is five. Could we add to these four millions the hundreds of thousands who came from time to time in the preceding century, with any certainty of an approximate total, we might find ourselves confronted with the fact that one-half—possibly a good many more—of the people of this continent to-day have Irish blood in their veins."

* * *

The oldest convent in England is St. Mary's, beside Mucklegate Bar at York. One of its inmates, Mother Mary Loyola, has just published a book, which has none of the dulness of antiquity about it, but all the freshness of youth. It is called the *Child of God*, and is a series of instructions addressed to the young on baptism and its consequences. The animated language, the vivid and apt illustrations, the fervor and simplicity of style, make it as interesting as a story book. Everything about our religion has its charm, but it is not every one that can present it in a charming way to others.

* * *

Our venerable American convent, the Visitation Convent at Georgetown, D. C., has issued an exquisite little diary as a memorial of its centenary. It is dedicated to the *Alumnæ* and interspersed with good words from St. Francis de Sales.

* * *

The Pope sent a letter full of praise and congratulation to the *Civilta Cattolica* on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of its establishment.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

FROM BENZIGER BROTHERS,
New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

Pictorial Lives of the Saints. Edited by John Gilmary Shea, LL.D. Pages, 538. 8vo Cloth, $1.00.

Business Guide for Priests. By Rev. Wm. Stang, D. D. Pages, 107. 8vo. Cloth, 85 cents.

A College Boy. By Anthony Yorke. Pages, 224. 12mo. Cloth, 85 cents.

Catholic Teaching for Children. By Winifride Wray. Pages, 193. 16mo. Cloth, 40 cents.

The Blessed Virgin. Anecdotes and examples to illustrate the honor due to the Blessed Mother of God. From the original of Rev. Dr. Joseph Keller. Pages, 241. 16mo. Cloth, 75 cents.

Introduction to a Devout Life. By St. Francis de Sales. Pages, 165. 32mo. Cloth, 50 cents.

FROM B. HERDER,
St Louis, Mo.

The Young Man's Way to Happiness. From the German of Rev. F. X. Wetzel. Pages, 123. 16mo. Cloth, 40 cents.

The "Our Father." A booklet for young and old. From the German of Rev. F. X. Wetzel. Pages, 118. 16mo. Cloth, 40 cents.

FROM BURNS & OATES,
London, Eng.
BENZIGER BROS.

Scripture Manuals for Catholic Schools. (Arranged with a view to the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations.) Edited by Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. *The Gospel According to St. John.* By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. Pages, 168. 16mo. Cloth.

The Child of God, or What Comes of our Baptism. By Mother Mary Loyola, of the Bar Convent, York. Edited by Father Thurston, S.J. Pages, 283. 8vo. Cloth, $1.00.

JOHN JOSEPH McVEY,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Exposition of Christian Doctrine. By a Seminary Professor. Intermediate Course, Part II., Moral. Pages, 638. 8vo. Cloth, $1.25.

VISITATION CONVENT,
Washington, D. C.

Georgetown Visitation Diary. 32mo. Cloth.

THE CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE,
New York.

The Mass Book. Together with prayers useful in Catholic devotion and explanations of Catholic doctrine. Pages, 62. 32mo. Paper, 5 cents.

ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS,
Boston, Mass.

The Promise of Morning. By Henry Coyle. Pages, 142. 16mo. Cloth.

PILOT PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Boston, Mass.

Bettering Ourselves. By Katherine E. Conway. Pages, 96. 16mo. Cloth, 50 cents.

D. H. McBRIDE & COMPANY,
Akron, Ohio, Chicago, New York.

Between Whiles. A collection of verses. By Arthur Barry O'Neill, C.S.C. Pages, 189. 16mo. Cloth.

THOMAS WHITTAKER,
New York.

The Talisman of Unity. A sermon in behalf of Church consolidation preached in the Crypt of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. By William Reed Huntington, D.D., Rector of Grace Church, New York. Pages, 20. 16mo. Paper.

FLYNN & MAHONY,
Boston.

A Life of Cardinal Newman. By Rev. Thomas C. McGoldrick. Pages, 45. 8vo. Paper.

ST. ZITA'S HOME,
New York.

Report of St. Zita's Home for Friendless Women of the City of New York, 1897–1899. Pages, 36. 8vo. Paper.

THE EDUCATIONAL ALLIANCE,
New York.

Sixth Annual Report, 1898. Pages, 113. 8vo. Paper.

J. SCHAEFER,
New York

Reproductions of the Famous Mural Paintings in the Imperial Cathedral at Speyer on the Rhine. Pages, 38. Paper, $1.00.

C. PAILLART,
Abbeville, France.

Œuvre des Écoles Apostoliques, 1897–1898. Pages, 61 8vo. Paper.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

BY A RECENT ACT OF CONGRESS, NEWSPAPER MAIL WILL NOT BE FORWARDED TO A NEW ADDRESS, NO MATTER WHETHER OR NOT INSTRUCTIONS ARE GIVEN TO THE LOCAL POST-OFFICE TO THIS EFFECT, UNLESS THE PARTY ADDRESSED ALSO SEND STAMPS TO THAT OFFICE TO PREPAY COST OF REMAILING. THIS LAW MAKES IT IMPORTANT THAT SUBSCRIBERS SHOULD GIVE PROMPT NOTICE OF ANY CHANGE OF ADDRESS TO INSURE PROPER DELIVERY OF THEIR *Messengers.* WE BEGIN MAILING THE 8TH OF EACH MONTH, AND NOTICE SHOULD THEREFORE BE SENT IN AT LEAST ONE WEEK BEFORE THIS DATE.

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PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of April, 1899, from the 1st to the 29th (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Albany	Albany, N. Y.	Sacred Heart Academy	3
Baltimore	Abingdon, Md	St. Francis de Sales Church	3
"	Baltimore, Md	St. Andrew's "	60
"	Cumberland, Md	St. Patrick's "	38
"	Milestown, Md	Sacred Heart "	2
"	St. Mary's Co., Md	St. Joseph's "	2
"	Waldorf, Md	St. Peter's "	3
Boston	Charlestown, Mass	St. Francis de Sales "	6
Buffalo	Andover, N. Y	Blessed Sacrament "	7
"	Jamestown, N. Y.	SS. Peter and Paul's "	4
"	Randolph, N. Y	St. Patrick's "	2
Chicago	Chicago, Ill	Our Lady of Sorrows "	2
"	" "	Sacred Heart "	10
"	" "	" " Convent	8
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O	St. Lawrence's Church	2
Detroit	Monroe, Mich	St. Mary's Academy	4
Dubuque	Dubuque, Iowa	Visitation Convent	5
Erie	Driftwood, Pa	St. James Church	19
Fort Wayne	Notre Dame, Ind.	Notre Dame University	1
Galveston	Austin, Texas	St. Mary's Academy	2
Hartford	Bridgeport, Conn	" Church	17
Helena	Anaconda, Mont	St. Paul's "	1
Indianapolis	Evansville, Ind	Holy Trinity "	2
"	Jeffersonville, Ind	St. Augustine's Academy	20
Marquette	Escanaba, Mich	St. Joseph's Church	1
Milwaukee	Jefferson, Wis	St. John Baptist's "	18
"	Sheboygan, Wis	St. Mary's "	12
Newark	Newark, N. J	St. Benedict's College	6
"	" "	St. Patrick's Cathedral	10
New Orleans	New Orleans, La	Immaculate Conception Church	29
New York	New York, N. Y.	Holy Name of Jesus "	21
"	" "	Immaculate Conception B.V.M. "	4
Oregon City	Mt. Angel, Ore	Our Lady Queen of Angels' "	1
Pittsburg	Carbon Centre, Pa	St. Wendelin's "	6
"	Johnstown, Pa	St. John's "	17
"	Pittsburg, Pa	St. Agnes' "	25
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo	St. Patrick's "	6
San Francisco	San Francisco, Cal	St. Ignatius' "	21
"	" "	" College	7
"	Santa Rosa, Cal	Ursuline Academy	1
Savannah	Macon, Ga	St. Joseph's Church	1
Wilmington	Wilmington, Del	St. Ann's "	30

Total Number of Receptions, 43. Total Number of Diplomas issued, 439.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, April 1 to 30, 1899.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Boston	Allston, Mass	St. Anthony's Church	Apr. 28.
Davenport	Avoca, Ia	St. Mary's "	Apr. 14.
"	Houghton Ia	St. John's "	Apr. 15.
Denver	Breckenridge, Colo	St. Mary's "	Apr. 24.
Dubuque	Danbury, Ia	" "	Apr. 2.
"	Mapleton Ia	" "	Apr. 3.
"	Parkersburg, Ia	" "	Apr. 1.
Duluth	East Grand Forks, Minn	Sacred Heart "	Apr. 24.
Erie	Greenville, Pa	St. Michael's "	Apr. 21.
Helena	Anaconda, Mont	St. Peter's "	Apr. 20.
La Crosse	Phillips, Wis	St. Patrick's "	Apr. 13.
Manchester	North Walpole, N. H	St. Peter's "	Apr. 28.
Milwaukee	Milwaukee, Wis	Little Sisters of Poor Home	Apr. 5.
* "	Pine Bluff, Wis	St. Mary's Church	Apr. 21.
"	" "	" "	Apr. 24.
Nashville	Memphis, Tenn	St. Peter's "	Apr. 29.
New York	Kingsbridge, N.Y.City,N.Y.	St. John's "	Apr. 6.
Ogdensburg	Carthage, N. Y.	St. James' "	Apr. 28.
Peoria	Piper City, Ill	St. Peter's "	Apr. 29.
Providence	Sandwich, Mass	" "	Apr. 11.
Sacramento	Truckee, Cal	" "	Apr. 24.
St. Cloud	Grove Lake, Minn	St. Anthony's "	Apr. 17.
San Antonio	Floresville, Texas	St. Joseph's "	Apr. 10.
"	Fort Davis, Texas	" "	Apr. 13.
Scranton	Plymouth, Pa	Nativity B.V.M. "	Apr. 22.
Springfield	Turner's Falls, Mass	St. Mary's "	Apr. 12.
"	Worcester, Mass	St. Ann's Orphanage	Apr. 18.

Aggregations, 27; churches, 25; institutions, 2; *German-speaking Centres, 1.

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CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, JUNE, 1899.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for the **Spread of the Apostleship of Prayer.**

1	*Th.*	**Corpus Christi.**—H.H., A.I.	Thanksgiving.	1,522,581 for thanksgivings.
2	*F.*	**First Friday.**—B. Mary Ann (Quito, 1645), —1st. D., A.C.	Penance.	1,156,652 in affliction.
3	*S.*	St. Clotilda, W.Q. (France, 543).—Pr.	Peace in family.	126,929 for the sick, infirm.
4	S.	**2d after Pentecost.**— St. Francis Caracciolo, C.F. (.608).	Visits to Bl.Sacrament	113,831 for dead associates.
5	*M.*	St. Boniface, Bp.M. (Apostle of Germany, 754).	Unwearied labor.	49,961 for Local Centres.
6	*T.*	St. Norbert, Bp.C.F. (Prémontré 1134).	Reform of life.	73,847 for Directors.
7	*W.*	St. Robert, Ab.C. (1139).	Poverty of spirit.	120,986 for Promoters.
8	*Th.*	St. William, Bp C. (York, 1134).—H.H.	Resignation.	1,500,043 for the departed.
9	*F.*	**Sacred Heart of Jesus.**—1st D., A.C.	Reparation.	1,243,404 for perseverance.
10	*S.*	St. Margaret, W.Q. (Scotland, 1093).	Unworldliness.	256,488 for the young.
11	S.	**3d after Pentecost.**— St. Barnabas, Ap. (61).	Gentleness.	207,522 for 1st Communions.
12	*M.*	St. John of St. Facundus, C. (O.S.A., 1479).	Hearing Mass.	147,355 for parents.
13	*T.*	St. Anthony of Padua, C (O.F.M., 1231).	Devotion to Inf. Jesus.	124,531 for families.
14	*W.*	St. Basil, Bp.C D. (379).	Divine worship.	276,168 for reconciliations.
15	*Th.*	SS. Vitus and Comp., MM. (303).—H.H.	Devotion to duty.	1,126,592 for work, means.
16	*F.*	St. John Francis Regis, C. (S J., 1640).	Teaching the ignorant	198,565 for the clergy.
17	*S.*	SS. Marcian and Nicander, MM. (173).	Christian affection.	233,274 for religious.
18	S.	**4th after Pentecost.**—SS. Mark and Marcellian Brothers, MM. (286).—C.R.	Endurance.	87,361 seminarists, novices.
19	*M.*	St. Juliana Falconieri, V. (1340).	Horror of sin.	84,942 for vocations.
20	*T.*	St. Silverius, P.M. (538).	Alacrity.	89,862 for parishes.
21	*W.*	St. Aloysius, Patron of Youth, C. (S.J., 1591).	Purity.	75,956 for schools.
22	*Th.*	St. Paulinus, Bp.C. (353).—St. Alban, M. (303).—H.H.	Contempt of riches.	69,454 for superiors.
23	*F.*	Vigil.—St. Ethelreda, Q.V. (England, 679).	Continence.	1,162,714 missions, retreats.
24	*S.*	Nativity of St. John the Baptist.—A.I.	Recollection.	201,954 for societies, works.
25	S.	**5th after Pentecost.**—St. William, Ab.C. (1142).	Control of the passions	385,812 for conversions.
26	*M.*	SS. John and Paul, Brothers, MM. (.86).	Brotherly love.	1,323,348 for sinners.
27	*T.*	St. Ladislas, K.C. (Hungary, 1095).	Frugality.	204,672 for the intemperate.
28	*W.*	Vigil.—St. Irenæus, Bp.M. (205).	Reconciliation.	1,182,652 for spiritual favors.
29	*Th.*	SS. Peter and Paul, Ap. (67).—Pr. A.S., A.I., A.C., H.H.	Fidelity.	1,155,395 for temporal favors
30	*F.*	Commemoration of St. Paul, Apostle.	Fervor.	1,139,279 for special, various.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship*. (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.—*Holy Hour*); A. I., B. I.—*Apostolic, Bridgettine Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Acts of Charity	27,905,995	11.	Masses heard	879,473
2.	Beads	1,728,208	12.	Mortifications	1,626,159
3.	Way of the Cross	113,360	13.	Works of Mercy	11,455,715
4.	Holy Communions	134,136	14.	Works of Zeal	7,316,905
5.	Spiritual Communions	2,451,655	15.	Prayers	12,235,036
6.	Examens of Conscience	459,975	16.	Kindly Conversation	1,832,195
7.	Hours of Labor	1,233,984	17.	Sufferings, Afflictions	581,211
8.	Hours of Silence	691,944	18.	Self-conquest	778,713
9.	Pious Reading	364,941	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	62,346
10.	Masses read	12,274	20.	Various Good Works	1,700,514
		Total,	73,063,689.		

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXIV. JULY, 1899. No. 7.

WITH ST. LAWRENCE IN ROME.

By P. J. C.

THE following notes, like those on St. Peter and St. Paul, are meant to help the devotion of pilgrims in visiting the sanctuaries of Rome, and not to satisfy critical inquiry. Abundant references are given for those who wish to study the subject under the latter aspect. Modern historical criticism is too apt at times to chill devotion, by denying the venerable traditions of Rome, by questioning the authenticity of several of its more remarkable relics, by attempting to prove that certain sanctuaries, venerated from time immemorial as associated with the saints, have acquired that veneration from a mere mistake. Ordinary pilgrims will prefer to accept the time-honored traditions and associations of the Eternal City as probably true, to say the least, till disproved by more convincing arguments than critics have hitherto found. The sanction of the Popes, the devotion of the Saints, the piety of Catholic Rome in venerating certain spots as connected with the martyrs, are a sufficient inducement to the Catholic pilgrim to go and kneel there in simple devotion.

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I.

THE ALMONER OF CYRIACA, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA IN DOMNICA.

St. Maximus of Turin (serm. 56) says it was St. Lawrence's special privilege to hear the prophecy of his martyrdom from the lips of a martyr, alluding to those words of St. Xystus, Pope and Martyr: "I do not leave you, my son; but a greater conflict and a more glorious triumph over the tyrant are reserved for you, who are in the vigor of youth. We have a lighter struggle to sustain, on account of the weakness of old age. You will follow me in three days." (1)

We may add that it is also St. Lawrence's privilege to have had as his panegyrists some of the greatest Saints and Doctors of the Church: St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Maximus, St. Peter Chrysologus, St. Leo the Great, St. Fulgentius, etc., and the great Christian poet Prudentius. These fathers speak of his pure and spotless life, his youth,

(1) See Roman Brev. Aug. 6, lectio IX.

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his charity, his amazing courage and constancy under one of the most appalling forms of martyrdom; but they say nothing of his birth, his country, his early life and education. The Acts of the Saint, which probably existed when St. Augustine and St. Ambrose described his martyrdom, would supply the longed-for details of his early life, but they have long since disappeared, and the later Acts, like those given by St. Ado of Vienne, in his Martyrology (IX. Cent.), are wanting in accuracy.

The Spaniards claim him as their countryman, and say that he was born at Huesca, and that his parents were St. Orientius and St. Patientia: (see *Acta Sanct.* X. Aug., §§ IX., X., XI., p. 504), but others maintain that he was a Roman by birth, relying on certain words in the Sacramentary of St. Leo the Great. (De Bleser, Rome, pp. 158-160.) The Roman tradition represents him as the almoner of a Christian lady named *Cyriaca* (latinized into *Domnica*), and this fact is mentioned also by St. Ado (*Acta Sanct.*, p. 518)

St. Cyriaca was a rich and noble lady, who being left a widow while still young, devoted her life and ample means to the service of the Church and of the poor. St. Ado adds that in time of persecution she concealed many priests and clerics in her house. (*Acta Sanct.* Aug. XXI.) Her mansion, now transformed into the Church of *Santa Maria in Domnica*, stood in a picturesque spot on the Cœlian hill, commanding charming views of the Alban and Sabine hills, and of the Roman campagna with its long lines of golden-hued aqueducts stretching away over the plain into the dim distance. The Roman tradition is that St. Lawrence daily distributed alms to the poor in front of this house, that is on the greensward in front of the present church. Close to the church are the beautiful grounds of the *Villa Mattei*, with avenues of ilexes, shady groves and masses of brilliant flowers blooming amid the remains of ancient statues and columns. This garden is dear to Catholics from its association with St. Cyriaca and St. Lawrence, and also with St. Philip Neri, who used to bring his young friends here for innocent relaxation. The stone seat said to have been used by the Saint is still shown.

St. Ado speaks of miracles wrought by St. Lawrence in this place, notably the cure of Cyriaca of distressing headaches, by the touch of his hands, and the restoring of sight to a blind man. Cyriaca also owned extensive property in the Veran estate, on the road to Tivoli, part of which she converted into a catacomb, which will be referred to further on. (No. VIII.)



ST. LAWRENCE'S, OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

St. Xystus, then Archdeacon of Rome, became acquainted with Lawrence, possibly through Cyriaca, and conceived such an affection for the youth, because of his extraordinary virtue, that he took him under his special protection, made him his disciple, and would be himself his in-

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structor in the study of the Scriptures and the maxims of Christian perfection. (*Acta Sanct.* X. Aug. n. 32, p. 491.) Some writers say St. Xystus first met Lawrence in Spain, but this seems mere conjecture, as there is no evidence of St. Xystus ever having been in Spain. (*Acta SS. ibid*, p. 501.) Whether St. Lawrence acted as Cyriaca's almoner before or after his introduction to St. Xystus is uncertain.

The venerable Church of *Santa Maria in Domnica* (the house of Cyriaca), was restored by Pope Paschal I., in 817, and its beautiful mosaics are of that period. The portico was rebuilt by Leo X., from designs of Raffaelle. It is also called *Santa Maria della Navicella*, from a small marble ship which Leo X. placed in front of the portico, a copy of an ancient one, which stood here from the earliest times.

II.

THE YOUNG ARCHDEACON.

In the third and fourth centuries the Sovereign Pontiff was assisted in his duties of government, and also on solemn occasions, at the Holy Sacrifice, by seven deacons, the first of whom was distinguished by the title of Archdeacon. The office of Archdeacon was one of great responsibility and of the highest authority; it included the guardianship of the Church's sacred treasures, the custody of its archives, the administration of its temporal property, the direction of the works at the various Christian cemeteries (catacombs), the collection of its revenues, the payment of its ministers, the distribution of its alms to the poor, and of relief to the imprisoned confessors of the faith, as also to the distant churches harassed by persecution. For the discharge of such manifold and difficult offices, especially in times of persecution, a man was needed of consummate prudence, conspicuous ability and spotless integrity, especially as the office was considered a stepping stone to the Papacy. (*Allard. Persec. de l'Eglise III.*, p. 92, note.)

Pope St. Xystus II. had been Archdeacon before his elevation to the Papacy; so had his predecessor, St. Stephen, M., and Allard (*ibid*) points out that it was the exception for the Archdeacon not to be elected to the supreme office. On being raised to the Pontificate in A. D. 257, St. Xystus at once ordained St. Lawrence deacon, and soon after, to the surprise of Catholic Rome, in spite of the deacon's youth, advanced him to the high office of Archdeacon, thus proving the esteem he had of Lawrence's exceptional qualities, and the confidence he placed in his ability, fidelity and disinterestedness. As steward of the Church's property, the young Saint discharged his difficult task with such prudence, charity and delicacy, that he won all hearts, and was even revered as a saint, many bringing their sick to him in the hope of a miraculous cure.

VICUS CANARIUS, NEAR THE CHURCH OF S. GEORGIO IN VELABRO.

St. Ado (IX. Cent.), who probably copied his information from an earlier document, says that St. Lawrence used to distribute alms to the poor not only at the house of Cyriaca, but also in the house of one *Narcissus* in the *Vicus Canarius*. The Bollandists add a note to explain that this *Vicus Canarius* was somewhere near the present church of *S. Georgio in Velabro*, probably one of the crowded streets opening on the Forum Boarium, a district much frequented by the poor and destitute. St. Ado adds that before distributing his wonted alms, the young Archdeacon would kneel and wash the feet of the poor, in imitation of the humility of his divine Master. In this house of Narcissus he is said to have cured a blind man named Crescentius.

III.

THE EIGHTH GENERAL PERSECUTION, A.D. 257 TO 260.

The leading incidents of the eighth great persecution may be thus briefly summarized :

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In *253* Valerian, head of the Senate, was proclaimed emperor on the death of Æmilian. At first he was favorably disposed towards the Christians, but gradually his mind was poisoned, partly, it is thought, by the calumnies of the Jews, but chiefly by the denunciation of Christianity by one Macrianus, a magician.

In *257* he published his *First Edict* against the Church, which was followed by many martyrdoms, chiefly of the clergy. In the same year St. Stephen, Pope, was slain in the catacomb of St. Callixtus as he was seated in the papal chair, just after offering the Holy Sacrifice.

In *257* St. Xystus II. was elected successor of St. Stephen, but obliged to hide in the catacombs, transacting ecclesiastical business chiefly through his deacons.

In *August, 257*, St. Cyprian was arrested at Carthage, tried before Aspasius Paternus and banished to Curubis.

In *258* Valerian published a *Second Edict* against the Christians, the substance of which is given by St. Cyprian in a letter to Successus. "Valerian," he writes, "has sent an order to the Senate, importing that bishops, priests and deacons should forthwith suffer death; that senators, persons of quality and Roman knights should forfeit their honors and estates, and, if they refuse to sacrifice, should lose their life; that matrons should have their goods seized and be banished; that any of Cæsar's officers or domestics who had already confessed the Christian faith, or should now confess it, should forfeit their estates to the exchequer, and be sent in chains to work in Cæsar's farms."

At the beginning of the year 258, a messenger arrived from Rome at Curubis, (fifty miles from Carthage), sent by Pope St. Xystus, to inform St. Cyprian that new and terrible edicts were speedily expected.

On *August 6, 258*, St. Xystus was martyred with his six deacons. On *August 10*, followed the martyrdom of St. Lawrence. In September, St. Cyprian received from Rome information of St. Xystus's martyrdom, and from that moment lived in constant expectation of a similar fate. On September 13, St. Cyprian was martyred at Carthage.

The persecution had at first been directed against the clergy and nobles, but gradually it extended to the whole body of Christians—old and young, men, women and tender children, rich and poor, soldiers, freedmen and slaves, were dragged to death and tortured in every conceivable way that human malice and barbarity could devise: they were scourged, beaten, racked and roasted; their flesh was torn with burning pincers; they were beheaded with swords, or run through with spears, or exposed to wild beasts, or burnt at the stake. Some were hacked to pieces and made to die piecemeal; yet such is the power of grace, they smiled in their torments and wearied out their tormenters, no intensity of torture being able to wrest from them the precious gift of faith. "The very young and the very old, the child, the youth in the heyday of his passions, the sober man of middle age, maidens and mothers of families, boors and slaves as well as philosophers and nobles, solitary confessors and companies of men and women, —all these were seen equally to defy the powers of darkness to do their worst." (Card. Newman.)

In *260* terrible punishment overtook the Emperor Valerian. Lactantius tells us, that being taken prisoner by Sapor, King of the Persians, he was treated with the utmost indignity. Whenever the Persian monarch wished to get on horseback, or enter his chariot, Valerian was forced to stoop down and present his neck as a stirrup, and was compelled to run by the side of the horse or chariot, though loaded with chains. After some years of this cruel treatment, he was slain, and his skin was flayed off his body, tinctured with red, and hung up in a Persian temple, to serve as a lasting monument of the disgrace of a Roman Emperor.

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IV.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. XYSTUS IN THE CATACOMB OF PRAETEXTATUS. A.D. 258.

By hiding in the Catacombs, the extent and labyrinthine intricacies of which made them a safe retreat in time of persecution, St. Xystus had contrived for nearly a year to baffle all the attempts of his pursuers to arrest him; and during this period he is said to have conveyed the bodies of SS. Peter and Paul to a safe hiding place in the cemetery(of St. Sebastian) on the Appian Way.[1] (Allard, *Persec. de l' Eglise III.* p. 87.) The date of this translation is given in the martyrology of St. Jerome and the Philocalian Calendar, as "*Basso et Tusco Consulibus*," which would be A.D. 258.

It was the custom of the faithful to assemble at the Catacomb of St. Callixtus for the Holy Father's Mass on the anniversaries of the martyrs and other great feasts. This was now impossible, as all the approaches were guarded by the police.

On the other side of the Appian Way was the *Catacomb of Prætextatus*, approached by a secret entrance in an unfrequented spot, some distance from the road. St. Xystus here celebrated the holy mysteries on August 6, 258, surrounded by his deacons, in presence of a number of the faithful. The place may still be visited, the entrance being on the left of the road leading to S. Urbano alla Caffarella. Long narrow galleries,



INTERIOR OF ST. LAWRENCE'S BASILICA.

(1) Dr. Northcote says Pope St. Callixtus hid the bodies of the two Apostles. (See Messenger Jan. 1899, page 6.)

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lined with rugged tufa, and occasionally with brickwork, their sides pierced with loculi or tombs, and covered with inscriptions, lead to a large crypt or chapel (discovered in 1857) built with solid masonary and lined with marble. The vault is elaborately painted with bands of roses, cornsheaves, vine leaves and grapes, representing the four seasons; also laurel leaves, denoting victory. Birds are introduced in each band among the flowers and leaves. At the back of the arch (chancel), is a rural scene, of which the central figure is the Good Shepherd bearing a sheep on his shoulders.

In this crypt-chapel the Holy Pontiff, seated in the Papal chair, was addressing the assembled faithful, after the Holy Sacrifice on the day in question, when suddenly the Roman soldiers, informed, no doubt, by some apostate, of his whereabouts, burst into the catacomb and arrested the Pope, with six of his deacons, also the priest Quartus, according to St. Cyprian. St. Lawrence was absent at the time.

The prisoners were dragged before the Prefect of the city, whose tribunal, it is conjectured, was somewhere between the Church of S. Pietro in Vincoli and the Via del Colosseo. Sentence of death was at once pronounced, and they were condemned to be executed on the very spot where they had been arrested, i. e., in the catacomb.

As the martyrs were being led to the execution, St. Lawrence, who had just heard of their condemnation, ran after them, weeping and bewailing his unhappy fate, that he was not privileged to share with them the glory of martyrdom. He overtook them and their military escort on the Appian Way, probably somewhere near the spot where now stands the venerable Church of St. Xystus.

Here took place that affecting scene described by St. Ambrose, St. Augustine and others, which may be read in Allard (*Persec. de l'Eglise III.*, p. 89), or in Alban Butler, August 10.

St. Xystus's prophecy of St. Lawrence's martyrdom has been already mentioned. (No. I.) Fearing lest the goods and sacred treasures of the Church should fall into the hands of the spoiler, he charged his Archdeacon to distribute them at once among the poor.

Together with St. Xystus were martyred his four deacons, Januarius, Magnus, Vincentius and Stephanus, and the priest Quartus, all being beheaded in the Catacomb of Prætextatus. Two other deacons, Felicissimus and Agapitus, suffered on the same day, but in another place, so that of the seven deacons, St. Lawrence alone remained alive.

Prudentius erroneously states that St. Xystus was crucified. The Fathers above mentioned and St. Damasus distinctly say that he was beheaded.

On recovering their cemeteries, the Christians buried St. Xystus and the four deacons in the Catacomb of St. Callixtus, and the other two deacons in that of Prætextatus, where an inscription with their names was found by De Rossi.

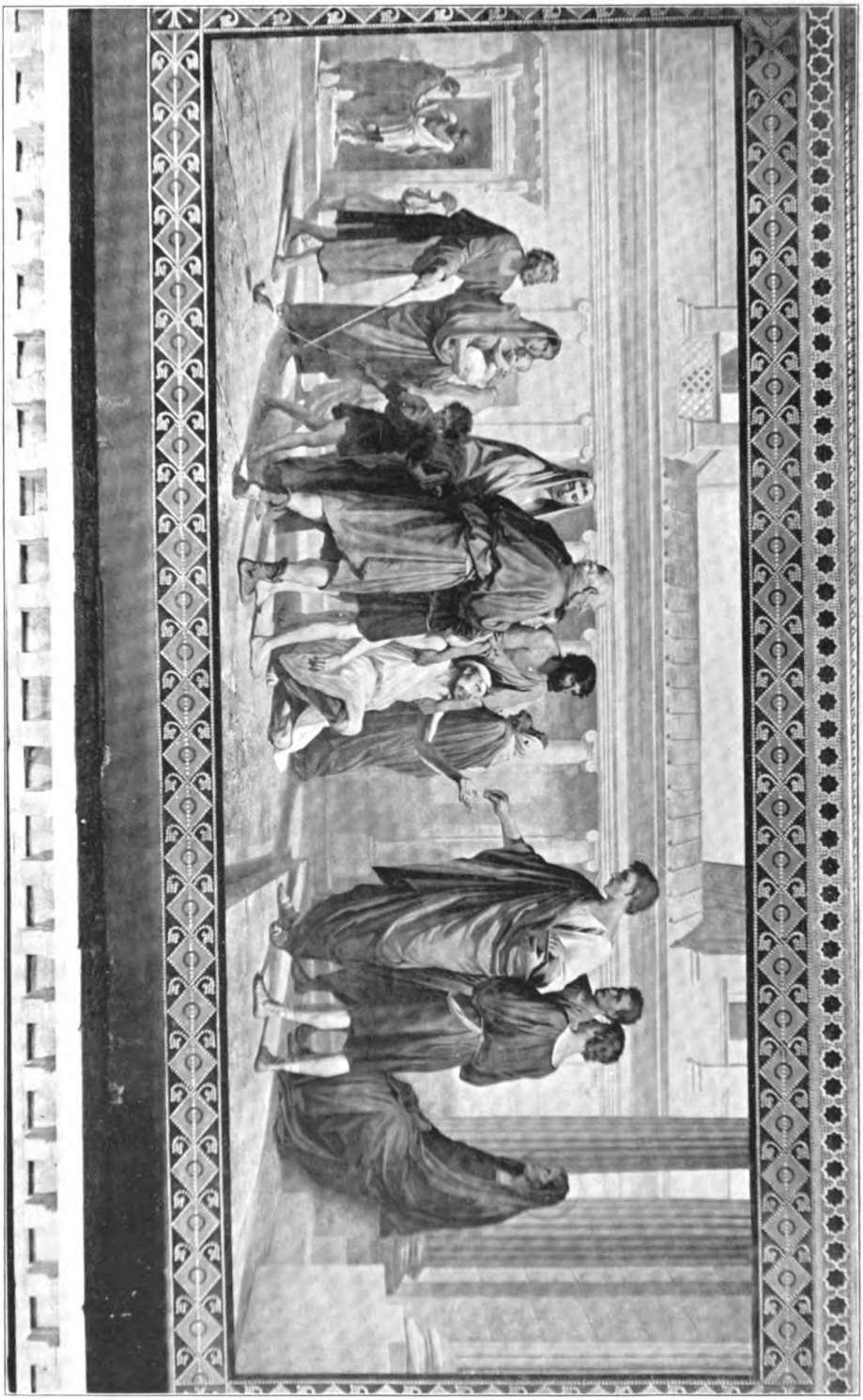
V.

THE CHURCH'S TREASURES.

St. Lawrence had been spared when the other deacons were arrested in the hope of inducing him to surrender the treasures of the Church, and so escaped the fate of his companions. But the young Saint longed for a death like theirs, his heart was set on martyrdom, it had been promised him by St. Xystus, it filled his thoughts and made him challenge danger in his eagerness to shed his blood for Christ.

The treasures of the Church were known to be considerable. It was well known that it supported a whole army of poor persons, and it was rumored that vessels of gold and silver and chalices studded with priceless jewels were used at the celebration of the divine Mysteries. Eusebius says that the value and magnificence of the sacred vessels inflamed the rapacity of the persecutors.

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ST. LAWRENCE AS ST. CYRIACA'S ALMONER. (Fracassini.)

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The Prefect of Rome at the time was *Cornelius Sæcularis*, a man invested with immense power and devoured by insatiable avarice. Sending for Lawrence, to whose care the goods of the Church were confided, he ordered him to bring all the money and treasures in his keeping and deposit them in the coffers of the State. He began by using soft words, and little suspected what an intrepid champion he had to deal with. According to Prudentius he thus addressed the Saint: "You often complain that we treat you with cruelty, but there is no question of tortures now; I only ask in all gentleness a service you ought readily to discharge. I am informed that your priests offer (Sacrifice) in gold, that the Sacred Blood is received in silver cups, and that in your nocturnal sacrifices you have wax tapers fixed in golden candlesticks. Bring to light these hidden treasures: the prince has need of them for the maintenance of his forces. I am told that, according to your doctrine, you must render to Cæsar the things that are his. I do not think that your God causeth money to be coined. He brought no money into the world with Him, but only words. Therefore deliver the money to Cæsar, and keep the words as your riches."

St. Lawrence, without betraying the least sign of emotion, calmly replied: "The Church is indeed rich; nor has the Emperor any treasure equal to what she possesses. I will show you all her costly store: but allow me a little time to set everything in order, and to draw up an inventory."

The Prefect, gloating in imagination over the promised wealth, allowed him three days to make the necessary inventory, and to deliver up the treasures into the coffers of the State.

Prudentius proceeds to relate how St. Lawrence employed this interval, going about the city gathering together the poor, the infirm, the decrepit, the blind and the lame and those afflicted with leprosy or other diseases, widows too and orphans, a long list of whose names was drawn up; and on them he bestowed in alms whatever money and valuables the Church possessed in Rome.

At the expiration of the appointed time he bade his poor friends accompany him to the Prefect's court, where he marshalled them in a long procession in the open square. He then invited the Prefect to step outside and feast his eyes on the Church's gleaming treasures, her golden vessels all sparkling with richest jewels. The Prefect, shocked at such a revolting exhibition of disease, deformity and beggary, turned his eyes flaming with passion on Lawrence and asked what was the meaning of this mockery, and where were the treasures he had promised to bring.

St. Lawrence replied: "Behold in these poor persons the treasures which I promised to show you; to which I will add pearls and precious stones, those widows and consecrated virgins, which are the Church's crown, by which she is made pleasing to Christ. She has no other riches but these: make use of them for the benefit of Rome, of the Emperor and of yourself."

VI.

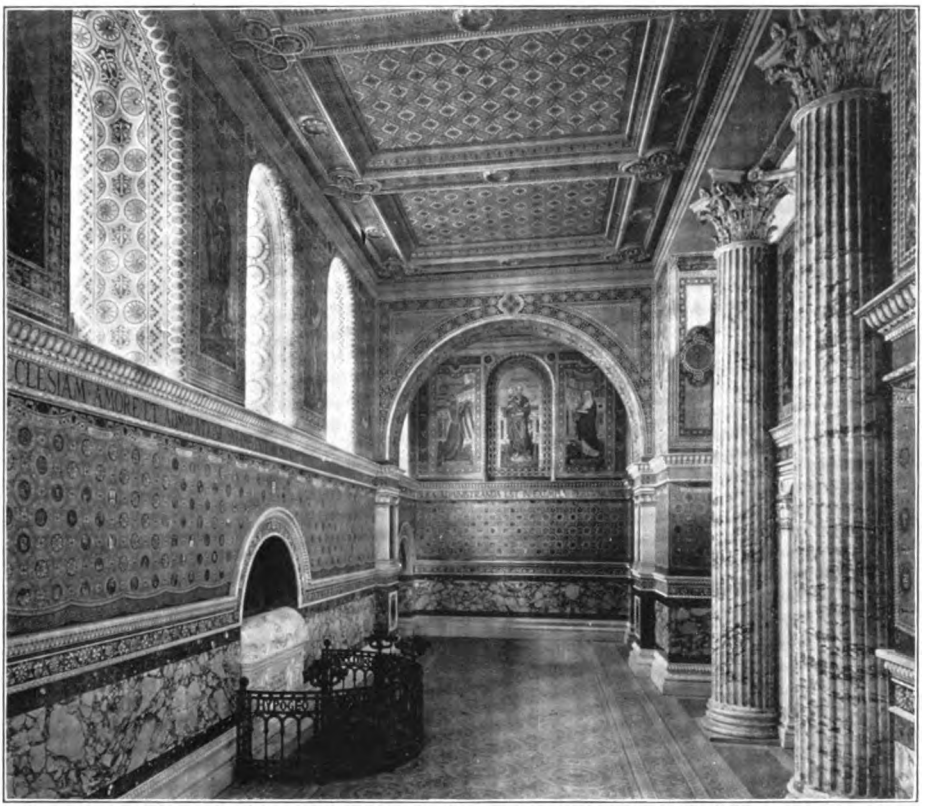
CONDEMNATION AND IMPRISONMENT. CHURCH OF S. LORENZO IN FONTE.

The Prefect, transported with rage, cried out: "Do you thus mean to mock me, and to insult the fasces and sacred ensigns of Roman power?—I know that you ambition death, such is your frenzy and vanity. But the death you shall die, will not be the speedy one you imagine. I will protract your torments, that your death may be the more bitter, as it shall be slower and more prolonged. You shall die by inches." (See *Acta Sanct.* d. X Aug. p. 514.)

While preparations were being made for his martyrdom, the Saint was cast into a dark prison, under the custody of a Roman knight named Hippolytus.

In the *Via Urbana* near the Suburra is a very ancient church called *S. Lorenzo*

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CHAPEL AND TOMB OF PIUS IX.

in Fonte, the crypt of which is said to have been the prison where St. Lawrence was detained the night before his martyrdom. Here, according to an ancient tradition, which St. Ado embodies in his Acts, the Saint restored sight to a blind man named Lucillus, which miracle made such an impression on Hippolytus, that he was at once converted with seventeen members of his household. A spring of water is shown where the Saint is said to have baptized the neophytes. Hippolytus was afterwards martyred, being barbarously dragged to death by wild horses. (See Roman Brev. Aug. 13 lectio ix.)

De Bleser (Rome p. 247) says that the blind person cured by St. Lawrence was Lucilla, daughter of Hippolytus, but he gives no authority for this statement.

The little church of *S. Lorenzo in Fonte* is now threatened with destruction, by the present municipality of Rome, for the shrines and records of the Saints are accounted worthless by the men, who have grubbed up the Coliseum, and have defaced the Stations of the Cross on that hallowed spot to find, says Fr. Anderdon, the jaw-bone of some defunct hyena. "Relics are, in their eyes, mere dead men's bones; all the less interesting because not of pagan dead. A fragment of calcined Pompey or Cæsar would be a *treasure-trove:* as to St. Lawrence and the countless Christian tabernacles of future glory that sanctify Rome, it is well if their present possessors will be only good enough to spare them till the day of the Church's triumph." Since this was written, many a venerable sanctuary that it was hoped would be spared, has been levelled to the ground; and it is much to be feared that the sanctuary of S. Lorenzo in Fonte will soon

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disappear, to make way for some clumsy modern building.

VII.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. LAWRENCE. CHURCH OF S. LORENZO IN PANISPERNA.

The circumstances of St. Lawrence's terrible martyrdom are described by St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Maximus, Prudentius and others.

S. Leo the Great's striking description of the Saint's death may be read in the Roman Breviary, August 10, where he speaks of him as "the spotless guardian of the Church's treasury," "the most chaste Levite," and says, that "the fire that burnt exteriorly was less vehement than that which blazed within him."

St. Maximus' beautiful words will be found in the Roman Breviary August 14 and St. Augustine's on August 17.

St. Ado says he was first cruelly scourged (Bolland p. 519): and among the ancient frescoes on the walls of the portico of St. Lawrence's basilica outside the walls, is one representing this scourging. The scourging may have taken place at the Prefect's court house, or at S. Lorenzo in Fonte. The Saint was then dragged to the spot where now stands the church of *S. Lorenzo in Panisperna*, and bound with chains on a bed of fire, which being made to burn slowly, gradually consumed his flesh, searching into his very vitals. To the newly baptized Christians his countenance shone with marvellous light, he seemed transfigured into an angel, and from his broiled flesh there exhaled a delicious fragrance: but the light and fragrance were insensible to the unbelievers.

St. Augustine says, he felt not the torments of the persecutor, so vehement was his desire of possessing Christ.

St. Ambrose observes, that while his body was being consumed in the material flames, the fire of divine love, which was far more active within his breast, made him regardless of the pain.

So calm and peaceful was he amid the flames, that he smiled at his tormentors, and after suffering for some time, turned to the judge and said: "Let my body be now turned; this side is done enough." And when by the Prefect's order, the executioners had turned him, he said: "It is broiled enough, you may now eat."

The Antiphons of the Church on the Saint's feast are very touching; one is as follows:(1)

"Blessed Lawrence, as he lay stretched and burning on the gridiron, said to the impious tyrant, 'The meat is done, make haste hither and eat. As for the treasures of the Church, which you seek, the hands of the poor have carried them to a heavenly treasury.'"

The Martyr's dying prayer was for the conversion of Rome, and for the spread and triumph of the Catholic faith.

The bystanders were deeply impressed by his tender piety and heroic fortitude, and several senators were converted. Prudentius even ascribes to the Saint's prayer the entire conversion of Rome, and the extinction of idolatry in that city.

Over the altar in the Church of St. Lorenzo in Panisperna is a large fresco by Pasquale Cati, a pupil of Michael Angelo, representing the Saint's martyrdom, and in a crypt below the church, entered from outside, is shown a cavity in the wall, said to be the scene of his terrible sufferings.

This church is associated with St. Bridgid of Sweden and her daughter, St. Catherine. (See their lives in *Acta Sanctorum*), and with His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., who was here consecrated Archbishop of Perugia.

VIII.

THE ENTOMBMENT IN THE CATACOMB OF CYRIACA.

St. Ado writes: "On the following morning before dawn, Hippolytus (the Saint's recent convert), carried off his

(1) These Antiphons are possibly taken from the original Acts of the Saint, now lost.

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body, embalmed and wrapped it in linen cloths, and intimated to Justinus, the priest, what he had done. Then Blessed Justinus and Hippolytus, weeping and in deep mourning, bore the blessed Martyr's body on their shoulders to the property of the Matron Cyriaca in the Veran estate on the road to Tibur, where in the evening they gave it honorable burial."

It is probable that the other noblemen, converted at the Saint's death, as well as Cyriaca and other Christians, took part in this last act of sorrowing affection, reverently following the Saint's remains as they were carried into the recesses of the catacomb.

St. Ado further says that they spent three days in prayer and fasting near his tomb, and that Justinus, the priest, offered up the Holy Sacrifice, of which all partook, *i.e.*, at which all received Holy Communion.

The Saint's remains still lie in the very tomb where they were first laid by Hippolytus and Justinus, never having been disturbed through all the changes and vicissitudes of centuries, except perhaps for a short period while the Emperor Constantine was building his basilica. (1) The basilica was built in the fourth century soon after the completion of the Vatican and Lateran basilicas, the high altar being placed right over the tomb.

Anastasius Biblioth. (*Lib. Pontif. in Silvestro*) gives a list of splendid gifts made to the shrine by Constantine, among them being columns of porphyry, large silver plates with embossed representations of the Saint's martyrdom, silver lamps, bronze candlesticks ten feet high, chalices of gold and silver, etc., besides extensive grants of land, including those near the basilica which formerly belonged to St. Cyriaca.

In A.D. 557 the tomb was opened by Pope St. Pelagius I. to place beside the body of St. Lawrence the remains of St. Stephen, the Protomartyr, translated from Constantinople. (Piazza, *Stazioni Rom.*, p. 21.)

A list of the costly presents made to the tomb by the successors of St. Peter will be found in *Acta Sanctor. d. X. Aug.*, n. 8, p. 486.

Nimis honorati sunt amici tui, Deus.

"Thy friends, O God, are exceedingly honored."

The Saints, despised, persecuted, tortured to death here on earth, are exceedingly glorified. They are rewarded with immortal glory in heaven, and immortal fame here on earth. What millions of pilgrims have visited the tomb of St. Lawrence, and esteemed it a privilege to press their lips to the cold pavement in front of his shrine! Whereas the proud senators and patricians of Rome, whose monuments line the Appian Way, have been forgotten more than a thousand years ago, and their very names are unknown.

Prudentius (*Acta Sanct.*, p. 516) tells us that already in the fifth century the illustrious patrician families of Rome used to go and kneel at the Martyr's tomb, and exclaims: "O thrice, four times, seven times blessed the citizen of Rome, who can honor St. Lawrence at his very shrine, who can kneel before it and water the pavement with his tears, who can embrace the very ground and there pour out his whispered prayer!"

He adds that few know how full Rome is of saints and sanctuaries, and how thickly her soil is covered with the tombs of saints.

St. Augustine speaks of an incredible number of miracles wrought in Rome through the intercession of St. Lawrence, and St. Gregory of Tours relates several performed in other places.

IX.

BASILICA OF SAN LORENZO OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

The road to San Lorenzo passes the

(1) Piazza (*Stazioni Romane*, p. 21) says Pope St. Silvester placed the body of St. Lawrence in its present shrine on the completion of the basilica.

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THE CHURCH'S TREASURES. (Fracassini.)

small church of St. Bibiena, where in the cemetery known as "*ad ursum pileatum*" more than fifty thousand martyrs were buried.

The Porta di S. Lorenzo reminds us of good *St. Brigid of Sweden* and her daughter *St. Catherine*, who on their way to the basilica were here insulted by a lawless Roman baron. The wretch was instantly struck blind, and full of remorse and fear followed the two saints, imploring their intercession with God. As they entered the basilica and prayed for him, the light of grace shone in his heart and the light of day again visited his blinded eyes.

In the porch of San Lorenzo *St. Philip Neri* used occasionally to spend the night, or would be found kneeling in the very early morning at the closed door.

In the porch too of San Lorenzo *St. Frances of Rome* used to sit among the beggars from the rising of the sun to the ringing of vesper bell, asking alms for her poor sick in Trastevere, and for herself in the days of her heavy affliction.

Round the shrine of St. Lawrence have gathered countless saints. Here *St. Ignatius of Loyola* and his first companions knelt in the early morning of April 22, 1541, as they visited the seven churches before making the solemn profession of their religious vows at St. Paul's.

Those who visit the seven churches often try to be at San Lorenzo about the hour of sunrise. The grand old basilica, shining in the morning light, seems like a vision of another world. Its grey, reverend walls, its ancient portico, its detached tower, its frescoed façade, its encircling trees all flooded with the magic radiance bursting from the east, seem a fit abode for saints and angels. In the distance lies the Campagna, with its fresh green throwing out the clear red lines of aqueducts, and in the background are the purple hills of Tivoli.

A description of the basilica will be found in any of the ordinary guides to Rome. It will suffice here to say that the interior consists (1) of a nave divided from the two side aisles by twenty-two columns of granite and cippolino, with a mosaic pavement (of twelfth century,) and an open-work wooden roof; (2) of a sanctuary and choir, on a higher level than the nave, surrounded by a double row of pillars, one above the other, the lower row consisting of ten magnificent fluted columns of pavonazzetto marble, and two of white marble; (3) of a crypt below the Sanctuary, at the end of which is the tomb of Pope Pius IX.

The nave, aisles and mosaic pavement, also the raised floor of the sanctuary, are the work of Honorius III. A. D. 1216. The sanctuary portion of the church with

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its double row of pillars, was erected by the Emperor Constantine about A. D. 330. The high altar and its tabernacle, supported by four columns of porphyry, was made in 1148.

Below the high altar, with an entrance in front of it, is the *Confessio* with the shrine of St. Lawrence and St. Stephen, one of the holiest spots in the Holy City.

Behind the high altar is a marble screen with panels of red and green porphyry and mosaic designs, and in its centre an ancient episcopal chair. On the lower level behind this chair is the tomb of Pius IX. It stands in what was the porch of Constantine's basilica.

In the nave are two interesting Ambones, or marble pulpits for chanting the Epistle and Gospel, like those of San Clemente, only larger and higher. The beautiful frescoes in the nave were executed by Fracassini and Grandi for Pope Pius IX. about A. D. 1860.

X.

TOMB OF POPE PIUS IX. AT S. LORENZO.

The illustrious Pontiff long years before his death had selected the basilica of St. Mary Major as his place of sepulture, but after the sacrilegious invasion of Rome by the Piedmontese in 1870, he altered this intention and resolved to be buried at S. Lorenzo. His last wish, as expressed in his testament, was that he should be buried among the poor at S. Lorenzo, that his monument should be a very simple one, costing no more than five hundred scudi, and that its guardianship should be confided to the Capuchin Fathers.

While respecting his wish as to the simplicity of his monument, the devotedness of the faithful has made the surrounding walls resplendent with costly marbles and exquisite mosaics, so that the dim vault has been transformed into a bright sanctuary glowing with artistic beauty.

The great Pontiff was called to his reward on February 7, 1878, and a temporary tomb was made in the Vatican basilica.

At midnight of July 12 (13), 1881, his mortal remains were transferred without pomp or ceremony in a simple hearse followed by three mourning coaches to S. Lorenzo. The Prefect of the city had recommended that the transfer should be made at midnight, and it was understood that he and his police would prevent any possible disorder on the part of the enemies of the Church. Alongside the hearse and behind the coaches followed several thousand persons on foot with lighted candles, reciting the Rosary and other prayers. Nearly all the windows in the Borgo and other streets on the line of route, were bright with lights, and crowded with sympathetic spectators,



BURIAL OF ST. LAWRENCE. (Grandi.)

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many of whom cast flowers on the funeral car as it passed.

On reaching the Ponte S. Angelo, the funeral cortege was suddenly attacked by some three or four hundred Freemasons and Garibaldians, with the avowed object, it is said, of seizing the body and casting it into the Tiber. The Catholic youths and men, who were following in the procession, quickly closed around the hearse, determined to defend it at the cost of their lives. A sharp struggle ensued, and many were severely wounded, but the Catholics succeeded in beating off the savage assailants, and the procession moved on its course. The whole Catholic world was shocked at the news of this sacrilegious outrage, and ever since that time it has been considered unsafe for the Holy Father to set foot outside the Vatican. The proofs of affection along the rest of the route served to atone in some measure for this fiendish assault, which nothing but a deadly hatred of the Vicar of Christ could have inspired.

The cortege reached S. Lorenzo at 1:45 A. M. (July 13); the old basilica was ablaze with light, and after the dirge had been chanted by the Capuchin Fathers, the remains of the great and glorious Pontiff were placed in the simple monument prepared to receive them.

XI.

OTHER SANCTUARIES OF ST. LAWRENCE IN ROME.

Besides S. Lorenzo in Fonte, S. Lorenzo in Panisperna, S. Lorenzo fuori le Mura, mentioned above, the following sanctuaries are dedicated to the saint:

(1) S. Lorenzo in Lucina, where is the precious relic of the gridiron on which the Saint was slowly burnt. S. Gregory, the Great, mentions filings of this gridiron given as relics.

(2) S. Lorenzo in Damaso, at the Cancelleria, where St. Francis Xavier preached a course of Lenten sermons in 1538, and where St. Brigid of Sweden received many revelations.

(3) S. Lorenzo in Miranda, in the Forum. It was the ancient temple of Antoninus and Faustina, the magnificent portico of which is so well preserved. The name Miranda may be that of the foundress.

(4) The little Chapel of S. Lorenzo in the Vatican, made by Nicholas V., where the whole story of the Saint's life is portrayed in the lovely frescoes of Beato Angelico da Fiesole. (A. D. 1447.)

We may close this imperfect sketch with the words of St. Ambrose: "If you ask me what do you honor in the flesh now resolved and consumed? I reply, I honor in the flesh of the martyr the scars received for Christ's name; I honor the memory of one who liveth by the perpetuity of his virtue; I honor the ashes consecrated by the confession of our Lord; I honor in the ashes the seeds of eternity; I honor the body which showed me how to love our Lord, which for our Lord's sake taught me not to fear death, which honored Christ in the sword, and which with Christ shall reign in heaven."



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ST. GERLACH OF HOUTHEM.

PART III. HONORS AFTER DEATH.

A SKETCH FROM THE MANUSCRIPT LIFE OF SAINT GERLACH.

By Frederick A. Houck, S.J.

(*Concluded.*)

FROM every direction the people now flowed together to get a last glimpse of the deceased anchorite's heavenly features and to secure some token of remembrance of him, whom they venerated as a Saint. Great, indeed, was the sorrow and mourning of all who knew him, when they heard that the "Holy Gerlach" had passed away. They had lost a warm-hearted friend, a wise counsellor and a noble, self-sacrificing benefactor. But, though they had lost an intercessor on earth, through Gerlach's mortal death, yet the thought that they had gained one in heaven was the consoling conviction of all who had been witness of his heroic virtues. Their belief that their friend was now a glorious and powerful saint in heaven, and that it was St. Servatius who had come to take him thither, could not be banished from their minds by the empty arguments of the incredulous.

Some years ago the writer had the pleasure of entering the English Channel on a beautiful Summer evening under a serene and cloudless sky. Not a wave disturbed the mirror-like surface of the water, and the sun, still shining pleasantly above the horizon, seemed to bid us a hearty welcome to the home of our forefathers and congratulate us upon our safe arrival. It was a charming sight to behold the ocean steamers and sailing vessels coming together from all parts of the globe. They had victoriously withstood the violence of gale and storm, and were now majestically sailing into harbor. On the wharf were hundreds of smiling countenances, eager to greet their returning relatives or friends. What a delight to see and embrace those who had been so long absent!

Great though such a temporal joy may be, yet, compared with that of Saint Gerlach upon his arrival at the harbor of the Heavenly Jerusalem, it is like the light of a fire-fly compared with the light of the sun! It is short-lived and vanishes with the cause. But Gerlach, having bravely withstood the storms on the voyage of life and avoided its dangerous cliffs, shoals and whirlpools, had now safely arrived at the shore of bliss eternal, and entered upon a life of never-ending and ever-increasing happiness.

What a flood of delight must have inundated his stainless soul as he heard the words: "Well done thou good and faithful servant." "Come, thou blessed of my Father and possess the Kingdom prepared for thee from the foundation of the world!" And what raptures of delight must have filled his soul upon being welcomed by his Heavenly Mother, the Blessed Virgin, by St. Servatius, and by the millions upon millions of angels and saints.

If Gerlach's life after his conversion was, already in this world, one of great interior peace and supernatural joy, infinitely greater is his happiness now. He had participated, whilst on earth, in the privations and sufferings of our Divine Lord and Redeemer, and now he becomes a partaker in His glorious immortality. For, "he who suffers with Christ shall reign with Him." Heaven is the place of victory. Gerlach had fought the good fight and come forth victorious. Heaven is the place where

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man is judged and rewarded according to his merits. Gerlach had denied himself the comforts and pleasures of this brief life, and now he is satiated with the purest bliss, and his every wish instantly fulfilled.

Oh, how short and light must his earthly afflictions and austerities seem to him now! They have passed away like a dream. For he is in possession of all that is beautiful and good beyond human conception, yea, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man what things God hath prepared for them that love him!" But not only in heaven did Almighty God glorify His faithful servant. Earth also was destined to be spiritually fructified by the heavenly light with which St. Gerlach had become adorned.

There was scarcely a doubt in the minds of those pious souls who laid the holy anchorite to rest that he was already enjoying the beatific vision. For, they had been witnesses of the sanctity of Saint Gerlach's life, of his austerities in his own regard and of his boundless charity towards others. Besides, many had also heard of the revelation which Almighty God had made known to his servant through the instrumentality of Saint Hildegard.

However, although the belief that Gerlach had been admitted into the kingdom of heaven was deeply seated in the minds of all who had known him, still it was to be confirmed by heaven itself. His virtue and sanctity were to be ratified by Almighty God, and revealed to the world through the wonders He would work in Gerlach's honor. The holy anchorite of Houthem had, during life, glorified his Creator and Lord to the best of his ability, and now, as an accidental reward for his apostolic zeal in promoting God's glory, he was to be glorified also on earth. The scenes of his austere and self-sacrificing life were to be changed into fountains of supernatural life and health-giving springs. An uninterrupted series of divine gifts was destined to pass through St. Gerlach's hands and to be distributed amongst his devoted clients. Hence, the Devotion to St. Gerlach received, at its very origin, the approbation and encouragement of heaven, or, rather it might more correctly be said to have been introduced by Almighty God Himself.

For, He did not permit the sacred remains of His servant to long lie hidden in the grave, but, hastened to have them placed upon the altar for the veneration of the faithful. Some time after the burial of St. Gerlach, wonderful to say, his holy remains were seen one day lying above the grave, in which they had been buried. The earth had given up its treasure. There he lay, with the cross which he had brought from Palestine on his breast. Though he had been buried in a coffin, no sign of it could be seen.

The report of this wonderful event rapidly spread from village to village, and moved the minds of all with holy fear and reverence towards the Saint. The holy anchorite's name was on everyone's lips and from all directions people came to behold this divine ratification of his heroic virtue. "There were as many witnesses of this miracle" adds the first biographer of the Saint, "as there were adults in the Province." Great confidence was awakened, by this miraculous occurrence, in Gerlach's power before the throne of God. It naturally confirmed all, who had formerly known him, in the conviction that he was a great Saint. His sacred remains were treated with the greatest awe and veneration. Having been encased in a beautiful shrine, they were placed upon the altar of St. Gerlach's Chapel for the veneration of the faithful. The Saint's virtues and sanctity were extolled in the highest terms by those who had had the grace of being eye witnesses of his holy life. The devotion to St. Gerlach had now begun. It spread with great rapidity, and the

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little chapel soon became a frequented place of pilgrimage.

Within a few years after this wonderful event the little chapel at Houthem became famous as the scene of a large number of miracles. Constantly, sudden cures of the most striking nature were effected through the intercession of Saint Gerlach, and the pious application of the holy relics. These miracles greatly increased the devotion to the Saint. The number of pilgrims to his shrine grew so steadily that, ere long, the chapel had to be torn down and replaced by a more spacious church edifice.

The generosity of the devout clients of Saint Gerlach among the nobility and the common people soon erected a large and handsome church, which was built over the site of the former chapel, the spot, namely, where the hollow oak had stood. A need of hospitals to harbor the sick pilgrims, now began to make itself more and more felt. But who was to undertake this noble work? Who should take charge of these institutions, and care for the invalids that would eventually come from every direction? The pecuniary means necessary to carry out this charitable undertaking were soon obtained.

Goswin I., Lord of Heinsberg-Valkenburg, had endowed a Norbertine Convent at Heinsberg in the year 1150, and his son Goswin II. had, also, made large grants of land in the neighborhood of the "hollow oak" to the same community. His grandson Goswin IV., who at this time, about the year 1200, was Lord of Heinsberg-Valkenburg, applied, therefore, to the Superior of the Norbertines at Heinsberg, Provost Diedrich, and begged him to take charge of the church at Houthem and of the hospitals which the faithful of the vicinity were willing to build.

The latter, accordingly, after having consulted the Bishop, addressed himself to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Guido of Praeneste, Papal Legate of Germany. His Lordship, recognizing the finger of God in the proposed glorification of Saint Gerlach, did what he could to increase the devotion to the Saint. He readily granted full permission to establish a place of pilgrimage in honor of Saint Gerlach at Houthem, and to erect hospitals for the reception and care of sick pilgrims. He moreover, in answer to a petition made by the Rev. Provost Diedrich, permitted that those of the faithful who had desired the privilege before their death, might be buried near the Church of Saint Gerlach. The devotion to Saint Gerlach, and the generous proposal of his clients to erect hospitals for the care of pilgrims to the Saint's Shrine, had now received the fullest approbation and encouragement of the Church. The work of erecting buildings was begun at once.

At the urgent desire of the laity, and in accordance with the wish of ecclesiastical Superiors, the charge of the parish at Houthem, as well as of the hospitals, was accepted by the Norbertine Order. Accordingly after the hospitals had been built, the one for the care of male invalids was taken in charge by the priests and lay-brothers of the Order, and that for women was entrusted to the care of nuns from the Convent at Heinsberg. Some years after, the communities at Houthem were raised to an independent Provostship, and the charge of the hospital for women assumed by a number of Sisters who were exclusively of noble rank.

The first members who constituted this community of self-sacrificing nuns belonged to the highly-respected and influential families, Hoen von Hoensbroech, Brissel von Gymnich, Goir, Eynatten, Rochow, Scharsberg and Schellard. They were, as their predecessors had been, under the spiritual direction of the Rev. Provost of Saint Gerlach. The hospital for women remained in their charge for several centuries. Owing, however, to the bitter persecution which was carried on by malignant Protestants towards the close of

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the sixteenth century, they were forced to seek a home elsewhere. During this stormy period these noble martyrs of charity were repeatedly thrown into prison. Their convent was plundered four different times and finally, in the year 1574, the very building in which they lived was set on fire by the robber-bands of Ludwig of Nassau. On the 24th of June, 1575, the few remaining members of this community were ordered by their Ecclesiastical Superiors to go to the Convent of Engelport, near Cochem on the Mosel. Here they stayed until the storm of persecution had somewhat subsided and new buildings had been erected, when they again returned to Houthem.

The hospital for men was also destroyed and plundered in 1574 by Ludwig of Nassau. This unprincipled man, who had spread desolation and havoc throughout the Maas Valley, was not, however, permitted to enjoy his deplorable success long. A short time after his sacrilegious raid on the religious at Houthem, he was defeated and killed, by the Spaniards under Gen. Avila, on the Mookerheath. The damage, moreover, which he had inflicted on the Church and Hospitals of Saint Gerlach, was of as short a duration as his career of apparent success had been. Buildings were again erected and pilgrims came, as of old, to seek health and strength at this fountain of grace. And, although the devotion to St. Gerlach was somewhat retarded in its development during these disturbed times, yet it could not be banished from the hearts of the faithful.

After this persecution had passed over, a long period of relative peace followed for the Church in Southern Holland, during which the devotion steadily increased. The church which had been built on the site of the first chapel was eventually, about the year 1725, replaced by a much larger and more beautiful one. The parish at Houthem, however, as well as the other Catholics in Limburg, Holland, were destined to suffer another persecution, and that more violent than the former ones. From the time of its foundation, the noble Sons of St. Norbert had faithfully attended to the spiritual wants of the thousands of invalids who yearly came to this fountain of temporal and spiritual life. However, they, as also the good Sisters who had sacrificed their all to become slaves to the poor and sick, were now to be driven forever from the place where they had so devotedly served God and their neighbor.

On the 6th of September, 1786, according to the Treaty made by Emperor Joseph II. at Fontainebleau, the Sisters were banished from Houthem. They went, accordingly, to Roermond, Holland, and sought refuge in the "Convent Bethlehem." In the year 1792 this city fell into the hands of French Revolutionists, who persecuted the Church with satanic hatred. Much, indeed, had these noble women to suffer at their hands. But the severest blow was dealt a few years later. On the 28th of September, 1796, these "ministering angels" were officially informed that the French Republic did not suffer any convents within its limits. Thus, as a reward for their inestimable services in the interests of suffering humanity, they were compelled by law to go into exile. Such is the "gratitude" of man when deluded and blinded by fanaticism and bigotry.

The Church of Saint Gerlach, at Houthem, however, which had been closed by these fanatics in 1786, shared a better fate. It was reopened again for the use of the faithful the following year. Before the departure of Father Silmen, the last Norbertine Provost of Saint Gerlach, in the year 1785, a large relic of the Saint was given to the Parish of Houthem. Thus the veneration of Saint Gerlach's sacred remains has been uninterrupted in the village of his birth, up to the present day.

To judge from the immense number of pilgrims that annually visit the Shrine of Saint Gerlach, it would seem that the

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devotion to him has been constantly increasing since the beginning of the century. As a stream, rising in the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies, passes over precipices and through rough and jagged gullies before it can pour out its fructifying waters over the plains and meadows below, so the Parish at Houthem has passed through many vicissitudes before it could distribute its life-giving streams of grace among the faithful.

At present Saint Gerlach is held in the highest veneration in the Dioceses of Cologne, Roermond and Liège. The Tuesday in the Octave of Pentecost, as well as the 5th of January, is celebrated as a Feast of St. Gerlach in the Diocese of Roermond. It is a most edifying sight to see the large crowds of pilgrims that visit the Saint's Shrine on these days of grace. It is especially on the Feasts of St. Gerlach that the faithful flow in from every direction to pray in humble supplication for some particular favor at the grave of the holy anchorite. Many hundreds, on such occasions, are compelled to wait till after the services have been ended before they can enter the crowded church and approach the Saint's grave in its centre.

Every Tuesday throughout the entire year a Solemn High Mass is celebrated in the Church of St. Gerlach, at Houthem, in the Saint's honor. One cannot enter this beautiful church without being transported, as it were, into another world. The entire ceiling, which is without central support and neatly adorned in the Rococo style, is covered by two magnificent oil paintings of the Ascension and the Madonna. On the walls of this unique church are ten life-size representations of as many scenes from the life of St. Gerlach. In passing through the main aisle these excellent oil paintings recall the life of the Saint vividly before the mind, and exert a peculiar and elevating influence upon the pious beholder. For they represent a striking instance of the boundless mercy of God, and perpetuate the memory of the heroic virtue and fervent love of St. Gerlach.

These paintings serve to inform us that "God permitted Saint Gerlach to indulge his passions for a time in order that His mercy might one day become the more apparent, and that no man may ever despair of pardon!" They recall the Saint's life of penance in the Holy Land, and the long years of holy austerity he spent in the village of his birth. These mute works of art seem to emit rays of that consuming love of God, which set Saint Gerlach on fire and impressed itself on his every thought, word and action.

May he ever be to us what he has been to countless numbers in the past, a light, a guide in the path leading from time to eternity, from earth to heaven!

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Litaniae SS. Cordis Jesu.

For One or Two Voices with Organ Accompaniment.

LUDWIG BONVIN, S. J. Op. No. 58.



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BLANDINE OF BETHARRAM.

By J. M. Cave.

(*Continued.*)

AND now, relentless fate has laid its hand upon Margaret Moore. Only Sister Noella, herself, could tell how often and how vainly she had tried to interest her in good works, to draw her into the sunlight, to tempt her to visit the convent, the hospital, the orphanage. She could not fail to see that Margaret was not a practical Christian, if a Christian at all, but she felt confident that her prompt act of charity in housing the orphans in her own house, in giving up for their use every article of her household furniture, and even many that she would feel the loss of, could not fail to gain for her soul some great grace. Already had not some reward come? Was she not reaping a harvest in this freedom from care, in the quiet and regular life secured to her by her act of generosity? But, if Margaret saw in the blessing of a bountiful table prepared for her, or in the quiet life she was free to enjoy, the loving hand of her Heavenly Father, she did not in any way allude to it; did not render thanks for it to Him to whom alone thanks are due. She accepted the good, the comfort, provided for her by the Sisters; she gave them ample remuneration, a full equivalent, to say the least, and she was resolved that they should be further enriched at her death. "Who gave me the power to do this?" she forgot to ask herself. Therefore, when mercy and blessing had knocked long unnoticed and unanswered at her door, another hand struck a resounding blow upon it, and she was forced to take notice of the summons. God alone could arouse that dead heart, and by a blow, not a caress. The prayers of Sister Noella and her orphan charges had brought down the blessing. Far more precious will be the reward obtained by their sufferings and sacrifices, offered for the intention of that soul, and to save her from a death like unto that of her friend and companion.

"We must pray for her soul," had the good nun said to her sisters in religion and to the orphans. "She is well now, her mind is at peace, but still she does not turn to God, does not enter the church to ask for, or thank for blessings. Let us offer our sufferings for her conversion, for the next nine days, and on the ninth day give our Mass and Holy Communion for this intention." And so it had been done. But Margaret is still insensible to the mercy shown her.

Blandine, the little sentinel, sits motionless, hardly daring to breathe. In her large dark eyes there is an expression of fear softened by pity and love, for Madame Marguerite was greatly beloved by this little creature, whose innocent eyes are now fixed sadly on that face distorted by passion.

How she longed to speak, to say how sorry she felt, to tell the "dear lady," as the little orphans called Margaret, how she and all the little children she had sheltered in her pretty villa were praying for her, and how they would keep on praying for her. And, perhaps, if Sister Noella would only consent, she, Blandine, would go on pilgrimage, barefooted, to the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, to ask for her cure. And a twinge of remorse almost brought tears into her eyes, for Blandine loved Our Lady of Betharram with a jealous love, and was not the Well of Betharram older, much older, than the Grot of Lourdes, and had not its healing waters been curing pilgrims these hundred years and more? Then there was another

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reason strong in Blandine's little heart, for prefering Betharram to Lourdes. It was that Our Lady of Betharram holds the dear child Jesus on her knees. O, how Blandine loves that statue ! More, much more, than any image in the whole world. She is always sad at Lourdes. She is sure the Immaculate Virgin must be very lonely, since her dear Jesus is nowhere to be seen about the Grot. Not to have Him in her arms up there in the niche, seems dreadful to the little child. She knows they carry the sacramental body of the dear Lord in grand procession into the very Grotto itself, but He does not remain there long, and she wants our Blessed Lady to have the consolation of holding Him in her arms. What a pity Bernadette did not see Our Lady with the little Jesus ! Then it would be like Betharram, Mother and Son always together. Then, too, it would be easy to see how she wrought the miracles, because He was right there to put the cures into her dear hands, and see how pleased she would be to give them to the people.

O, how Blandine prayed that she might cure the "dear lady." But she dares not let the least sound escape her now, much less talk to her of Lourdes or Betharram. She can only gaze and gaze in childish pity. Once or twice she closes her eyes very tight, to see how it feels to be quite blind, but only for an instant, for she fancies the sick lady can see what she is doing, perhaps even guess her very thoughts.

The silence reigns long. It is like a death chamber. Not so much as a fly on the wing stirs the stillness, save when at intervals the sufferer moves suddenly, or grinds her teeth hard, in an effort not to give way to her feelings, and let her pain loose in a mad torrent of cries and groans, that might perhaps break the evil spell and set her free. But she feels the presence of the little child, and recalls the look of her large dark eyes, remembers how thoughtful, attentive and respectful she has ever been, and above all how silent and how timid was that docile little maid who had learned to fetch and carry between Sister Noella and herself, and never to be in the least indiscreet in word or act.

Somehow Blandine's presence does not annoy her. Remembering her modest air, the thoughtful look in the large eyes, she also remembers the words of the Superior: "Blandine is a child to be trusted," so that she, at times, almost forgets her presence. Once she quite forgets, and throws up her arms in a wild convulsive movement, and wrings her hands and shakes them. Blandine fancies she wants to speak, and cannot, so she advances a little, very timidly, saying "Does Madame want something?" Margaret motions her away.

Blandine's eyes slowly fill with tears. O, if only she could do or say something to comfort the dear lady. While she looks with heart full of childish compassion upon the sad sight, she notices that there is blood on Margaret's lips. Her pity suggests that it would be good to wipe it off with nice cool water. Water was there, from the fountain of St. Roch, but no napkin. She seeks for the clean handkerchief she has always in her inner pocket, under her heavy black apron and grey gown; in the skirt pocket, so rarely used. In doing this she touches something bulky and stiff. An involuntary cry escapes her lips.

"What is the matter, Blandine!" Margaret has caught the sharp little cry, low as it is, and fears she has frightened the little one, and that she is going to give way to terror.

"O Madame! Madame!"

"What is it, Blandine? Have I frightened you?" "Oh, no, dear lady! no! But something I forgot, something of yours, and I put my hand in my skirt pocket now to find a clean handerchief to wipe your lips, dear lady, and O, I am afraid you will be displeased with Blandine! Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do?"

"What did you forget, dear? Do not

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be afraid, I will not be vexed with you. Tell me what is it, dear?"

But Blandine was thoroughly frightened, and could only reiterate, "I am so sorry. Now, it will make you worse, and I wanted so much to make you better. May I tell Sister Noella first?"

"Tell me first, Blandine; is it really something for me?"

"Will the dear lady only not get worse?" pleaded the child. "Only promise not to get worse." The accent on the worse is painful to hear.

"I will try not to get worse, child; nothing can make me worse now. Tell me all, Blandine."

"Madame, it is this letter."

"A letter! and for me!"

Blandine placed in Margaret's hands a heavy envelope, covered with great seals. Margaret held it for an instant, touched the seals, laid it down with one hand upon it, the other shielding her eyes. The spasm of pain that contracted her features was very pitiful to behold.

The child sobbed and sobbed.

After what seemed a long, long time to Blandine, she spoke.

"How came you by this letter, dear?"

"I was bringing it to Madame yesterday. The facteur gave it to me at the door, when I was coming to the dear lady from Sister Superior. He asked me to read the address, and if it was for the English lady. I said yes, for I could read Madame Margaret. He said he thought so, too, but if it were not, it could be sent back to the postoffice. Then I came with it in my hand—"

"Well, Blandine, and then?"

"Madame sent me back for Sister Superior." This was said so low that Margaret could hardly catch the words. She understood all. She recalled the least incident of that hour.

"You are not to blame, dear Blandine. How could I blame you?"

"And Madame is no worse?"

"No, dear, no worse. See if you can read all the address, and the postmarks."

Blandine read: "Madame Margaret Moore—" then hesitated. "I can spell the name, but I cannot pronounce it, Madame."

"Spell it, dear."

"D-u-n-r-o-b-y," spelled Blandine.

"And the postmark?"

"London, and another mark, Madame, that is blotted out."

Margaret held out her hand for the letter. "That will do, dear; thank you."

"Is Madame really no worse for my fault?"

"No, child, no. But promise me to say nothing of this to anyone."

"I cannot promise, Madame." The words gave pain to the child; she found it hard to say them.

"Why not?"

"I must confess my sins—every one."

"There is no sin; you did no wrong."

"I forgot," said Blandine. "It is wrong to forget."

"How did you happen to put the letter in your pocket, my child?"

"I hardly know, dear lady. I was frightened, and only remembered it when Sister Superior had gone, though it was in my outside apron pocket, where I put all Sister's things. When I was going to bed I put it in my other pocket, because Sister Superior could not listen to me; then I forgot."

"Have you any occupation for your hands, Blandine?"

"I have my beads, Madame."

"Then leave me for a little while. I will call you if I want anything."

"I will say my beads for Madame," said the child, as she softly withdrew to the next room.

Her little heart was sore at that moment, for although the "dear lady" had not manifested the least displeasure on account of her forgetfulness, yet she would have less confidence in her hereafter. Moreover, a sin of omission was a real sin to Blandine. She pondered over it while reciting her beads, and resolved to be more careful in fu-

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She never thought of seeking excuses for her fault. One thing was clear to her childish mind: she had failed in a duty. To make amends, and to confess it, was all she could do. And this she could do only by praying very much for Madame Margaret, and accusing herself to her good father confessor.

Although Madame Margaret had offered no word of thanks for the gentle and willing services rendered her, for the proffered prayers, or the pure sympathy shown by the little child, it was not from insensibility to them, even at that hour. But, at the touch of that letter, such a flood of anguish and terror began to sweep through her soul that her reason threatened to give way. The full force of what had befallen her struck her like a new blow. The immensity of her loss, her isolation and impotency appalled her. Before the letter had been placed in her hands she had indeed been almost wild with rage at losing the sense that made life tolerable. Had she been reasonable, resigned, or capable of weighing her loss; had she, in one word, been a practical Christian, she would have said: "Blindness for me is not such a dreadful calamity after all. I am a being lonely and apart, safely shut away from the great world, lost in it, and so can do without the sight of my eyes. God has given me shelter and food, kind hearts to serve me, good nuns to protect me, children to come and go within my hearing, like birds and bees to make music and honey for my other senses. Nothing can harm me here. I have been dead and forgotten these fifteen years and more, and desire thus to remain till the angel of death shall summon me hence."

Some such thoughts would surely have come to her after the first natural outburst of rebellion against the inevitable. But now, O, irony of fate! After fifteen years of wasted sight, fifteen useless and sinful years of poring over godless pages, fifteen years of wasted sunlight, firelight, sleep and vital energy, a use has come for the wasted light and strength.

What could this sealed missive be, that had found her after all these years? It was very thick, sealed with five great seals. She counted them with intense, feverish desire to penetrate their meaning by the sense of touch. O, for one little gleam of light, for five brief minutes' sight, to read this mystery, and then she would shut her eyes again for years, or forever, if it must be so! Is there no way to compass this? She rubs her eyeballs hard, till sparks of fire seem to shoot from them. She opens them, strains their lids to the utmost tension, strikes them, lightly, then less lightly, and at last with the fury of baffled effort, beats them till the pain overcomes her physical power. She was desperate. At this crisis a thought suggests itself. She puts it away at first, for the harder remedy of blows seems less painful. But since it does not avail?

She thinks of it again. She will try it. Slowly, with infinite precaution lest she should startle Blandine, she slips from her bed and kneels. She does not pray. She cannot.

If you have neglected your best friend for a long series of years, ignored him over and over again, both in public and in private, it will not prove easy to turn to him in a great crisis. And this is perhaps why Margaret does not pray. And yet her act seems something like a call upon the friend so long ignored.

In imitation of Him, on whom she had not yet called, she spits upon the oaken floor, and with the saliva rubs her aching eyes. This done, she keeps them closed purposely for a long, long while, in trembling fear. She returns to her couch and settles herself once more. Her left hand grasps the letter, her right hand holds down the rebellious lids that would fain fly open, were it not for that restraining hand. She dares not open her eyes suddenly, lest sight had as suddenly been restored, and she feels that the joy would overcome her, even to

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faintness. She remembers Blandine, and will not risk an exclamation even of sudden joy. She is almost sure she can see. Nay, in her presumptuous confidence, she fancies that the one act of faith, implied in the effort she has just made, merits this reward. The longer she hesitates, the more confident she becomes, that only the lids and her shielding hand interpose between her and daylight.

A sort of gladness begins to pervade her being, a reaction from the anguish of past hours. She is saying to herself "the night and the blackness will soon vanish," when she catches the sound of footsteps mounting the stairs. She recognizes the tread of the physician, and the light step of Sister Noella. She feels sure she will see them, quite sure. They are at the door. She removes her hand —darkness, nothing more.

"She has fainted," said the doctor, as he bent over the bed. "Humanly speaking, there is little hope," was his verdict, pronounced later, "although she has a good constitution and might survive, were she only reconciled."

After what seemed long battling with rough waves by night, in storm and darkness, battling with fire and flames, and cruel demons that mocked at her, and tortured her and lured her ever farther and farther from the calm, safe shore, there came a sudden calm, from which Margaret awoke an innocent and happy child once more. Slowly the conviction came to her that she had been ill and dreaming through a long series of fearful years. But, Oh, it was only a dream, for here she is, in the chapel of the dear old convent, the child, the favored child, of the house. She is weak still, after her long illness, and she just lies still, watching the sisters come and go about their work. It is perfect ecstasy to see Sister Clare, the Sister Sacristan, strip the altar bare, leaving no ornament at all about the Tabernacle. But it looks all the more sacred and awe-inspiring, in its unadorned beauty. The red lamp burning before it shows that Jesus is there. And she kneels in worship to Him, all the more fervently since lights and flowers have all disappeared.

Without the least effort she sees through the closed doors, the gleaming chalice and the golden ciborium, beneath their richly wrought veils. She remembers that the hour is fast approaching when the Divine Prisoner will come forth from that miniature temple to enter her heart, as He once entered the heart of John, the Beloved Disciple, on the night He left His own, to begin His Agony. She is waiting with eager expectation for that day. Reverently and very zealously works Margaret, to prepare the tabernacle of her heart for Him.

It has come at last. Look! There lies her white robe for the feast. Beside it, a wreath of lilies, white beads, an ivory-bound prayer book. All must be new and spotlessly white for Him on that day, not for her, the little convent maid. Why must that day end? She could kneel forever before that altar, in those white robes of purity and innocence with Jesus in her heart!

The beautiful dream holds the sleeper long. The watchers gaze in wonder on her transfigured face. The look of anguish, and pain, and premature old age it wore, has given place to softness, sweetness, peace. The look of a child about the mouth, the soft breathing of an innocent sleeper, the restful look of a happy mind in sweet repose. Sister Noella stands transfixed. She holds up a warning finger, as Blandine stirs in the corner, where she sits waiting for orders. O, what a change! Youthful, beautiful, has that face suddenly become. The smile upon the lips tells of holy thoughts. "Dream on,"—the nun says to herself— "Dream on! good angels guard thee! Thy soul must once have been very beautiful."

And Margaret dreams on. Ere long she smiles again, a happier smile, for it is she, Margaret, herself and none other, who now strips the altar and unveils the

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tabernacle, leaving them unadorned for a brief space. It is she, who kneels and says, "No flowers, dear Lord, no lights, nothing but the heart of little Margaret." And it is Margaret and none other who speedily brings back fairer flowers, and brighter lights, and richer veil, arranging all with loving skill, till the effect is wondrously beautiful, and when all is done little Margaret kneels again and again lays her young heart at the royal wounded feet of Him whom her young soul loveth so dearly.

By and by the sleeper sighs, a mournful sigh, a wail. Sister Noella, watching every change in the beautiful face, cannot restrain her tears, and little Blandine chokes back her sobs and comes to kneel close by the sufferer's bed.

"Good angels abide with, defend her," prays the weeping Sister.

And Margaret dreams on. The altar and the tabernacle are still beautiful, but the long sigh heralded a change. The dreamer's face loses its expression of childlike innocence. It ages a little. The smile of rapture and innocent worship fades slowly. It seems now as if she had ceased to breathe. The change has come. The child is a grown woman, and surely this is not the convent garden in which she stands! Some one has led her almost by force from that dear chapel, and she sighs and turns again and again to catch a glimpse of the convent walls as they hurry her away. Another and a deeper sigh, and the dreamer sleeps more heavily for a little while. Then she stirs restlessly. She is again in white, crowned with flowers, not lilies but roses, and she is very beautiful. She catches her own reflection in a long mirror, and she sees that she is very beautiful, and she smiles a smile of triumph and satisfaction.

The nun buries her face in her hands. She is reading the story of the dreamer's life. She sees the world in all her thoughts, reads every transition of the mobile features. Triumph and pride and joy seem to be there for a brief moment, and then the face falls again, care-lined, drawn, aged.

And now begins a great struggle. The dreamer is trying to escape from something or some one. After a long battle she falls into a state of exhaustion that nearly wrecks her life. For days and nights the fever rages. Faithful Sister Noella still keeps the night watches, and Blandine, the angel of the orphanage, is beside her. The crisis of the fever is at hand; soon she must either live or die.

And Margaret dreams on, through all the phases of her life. In her dreams she sees herself still in the great world; she feels that her body still lives, but that her soul is dead. Its light and life have been quenched in tears that do not heal.

And now the bodily life is failing too. She is going on a journey. She is called by a voice that she hears at first faintly, as from a great distance, then nearer and nearer, louder and louder, stern in its menace at last. She tries to obey, to rise and follow whithersoever it leads, but she cannot—she has no power, Horror has paralyzed her. Horror is written upon every line of her face. Great drops of cold sweat stand upon her brow. She sees figures that call and beckon to her to hasten, hears not one voice but many, while over her bend frightful faces that she cannot beat back. There is a gulf just before her feet; it widens and deepens: soon it will swallow her. She realizes now that it is the open gulf of hell, and there is no hand to hold her back—the voice must be obeyed.

"She is in torments!" groans Sister Noella, as she sprinkles the sick woman and the bed, and all the place around with holy water. "She is in torments! Pray, Blandine, pray!"

And Blandine prays, and the priest, on his knees, close by the bed, prays, for he sees what the dying woman sees, and he is battling for her soul.

Suddenly Margaret speaks. She appears to be answering one close beside her. She beholds the form of her who

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left her the dire heritage that defiles the walls of the apartments ; the poison that drugged her senses and held her back from God. And the vision bids her look upon them. Margaret's eyes roll around the room as if reading the ominous titles, while the finger of the phantom is pointing to them and telling her, that, till the last leaf shall be consumed, she burns in hell-fire. And Margaret's fever-crusted lips try to form the words after her, "Burn them ! burn them !" But no sound comes from the parched throat. The struggle is dreadful to look upon. The priest of God can only pray, and the nun can only pray and sprinkle the holy water, and moisten the dry lips from time to time, and from time to time cool the heated brow. Ah, the saintly, tireless nun ! How she fights for that perishing soul ! And little Blandine, too, ceases not to supplicate her dear Lady of Betharram for the "dear lady."

Now the sufferer makes a convulsive movement, tries to throw off the coverlet, and tears open the garment at her throat. She is suffering. Sister Noella aids the feeble, feverished hands, and Blandine whispers : "Perhaps she wants a crucifix." The child never thinks that anyone can be without that safeguard, and she adds, "Please give her mine."

But Margaret is not dreaming of a crucifix. To her feverish fancy has suddenly appeared the letter with its five great seals and she is feeling for it. It is there, clinging damp with perspiration to her breast. Sister Noella, who has more than once felt and touched a package of paper, has forborne to remove it, lest in a moment like this the sick woman might miss it, and be anxious. She places it now in the groping hands that cannot hold it. It falls upon the counterpane, while Margaret sinks once more into a state of quietude from utter exhaustion. This is the crisis. If she wakes from that trance there will be a little hope. The faithful watcher keeps up the battle, till the breathing becomes easier. She then takes up the letter, and is about to transfer it to a place of safety, when the bold characters of the address catch her attention. They are so large and clearly formed that it is impossible not to see the name, "Margaret Moore Dunroby."

The Sister reads again. She thinks her eyes deceive her. No, it is no illusion! And it is all she can do not to exclaim aloud: "Margaret Dunroby !" She only murmurs "O my God, my God!" as she bends over the sick woman and scans her sleeping face. Sister Noella had been indeed praying till now, for the soul in danger. But now she pours out all her heart in prayer for the life. Little could the sleeper guess why she is now tended with such refinement of care, prayed over with such intense yearning, watched with such ceaseless solicitude. She little guesses whose hand moistens her lips, whose voice charms away the evil spirits that laugh mockingly at her and repeat names that make her shudder even in her feverish dreams, though she has been vain and proud to quote them and to dwell upon their fascinating language.

Little does Margaret Dunroby guess whose prayers are keeping alive the faint spark of life left her, that it may burn, if only for one hour, for her God, before going out forever. "Her soul, dear Lord! her soul, for his sake," is the prayer of the holy nun. "Spare her soul *for his sake*, and do with me as Thou wilt."

"Pray, dear Blandine," urges still the grey nun.

"I am always praying for the dear lady," is the soft answer.

"Dear lady," repeats Sister Noella, taking up the familiar appellation, as she bends anxiously over the sleeper. Ah, who had ever been dearer than that blind woman now struggling in the grasp of death, and such a death! So far not one gleam of Christian hope to brighten the dark road she is now fast approaching. O, how will it be when that soul shall lie naked before the eye of the Almighty!

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"No, no! *Not this! not this*," had been Margaret's cry when blindness fell upon her. And now the grey nun is lifting the same cry: "No, no, dear Lord, not this! O, not this unprepared death! Take her if Thou wilt, but give her time to make her peace with Thee. Save her soul, O dear Lord! Save her immortal soul from perdition, even though the flesh perish!"

But for this she must be aroused from the lethargy that is seizing her. The weight that holds her spirit in bondage must be shaken off. "Margaret! Margaret! Look up! Try to speak one name. Say, 'Jesus have mercy upon me,'" pleads the nun, while she essays to hold the emblem of man's salvation in the feeble fingers.

The priest is going away, after a long night of such effort as he had never, or rarely, been called upon to pass, to gain a soul. His face wears an expression of keen sorrow. He shakes his head, clasps his thin hands, almost weeps at the pitiful sight. Sister Noella turns towards him with one more appeal. He sees her face strangely convulsed. She holds up her hands in supplication, while she murmurs: "O, pray on, father, pray on! *She must not die!* She *must not* die *thus!* She is dear to one of mine. Pray! Save her! Call back her spirit for his sake and mine."

"You know her, then?"

"Yes, yes. She must be saved, I know her." They kneel together once more.

Little Blandine, who has been lying prone upon the floor, crucifix in hand, praying, weeping, softly draws near. "Sister, may I go up on the Calvary?"

The Sister nods assent. The child flies as if wings had been given her. A mute appeal before the Tabernacle, eyes welling over with tears fixed a few minutes on the Divine Child and loving Mother, and she hastens out. Only stopping to draw off shoes and stockings, she begins to make her way up the Calvary, as she has done so often, in processions, and especially on that one great day, the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, when she has followed the bearers of the great Christ of Betharram. Every step of Blandine's Way of the Cross to-day is such a prayer of faith and love to Our Lady of Betharram, that the mother heart of Mary cannot resist.

The flame of life flickers and trembles in Margaret's breast. It rises and falls many a time while the nun is doing her best to keep it alight, while the priest is saying Mass, offering for her the Holy Sacrifice, the highest, holiest, safest resource for suffering souls, for the living and the dying, and while little Blandine, her feet bleeding from knocks, and the sharp stones she might have avoided had not her eyes been so full of tears, mounts up and up to the Chapel of the Resurrection on the summit of the mountain, and there makes a solemn promise to Our Lady of Betharram to be forever her own faithful little servant, if "the dear lady will only ask Jesus to come to her." "If she will only *ask Him*, *He will come*, Sister says, and if He comes He will cure her." Blessed confidence of childhood and innocence!

"Surely *her angel* sees the Father face to face," thinks Sister Noella, as the little girl enters noiselessly and kneels once more at the foot of the bed. "How good God is to lend such to this earth! What would it be without them?" And to this thought follows another that makes her weep afresh. The prostrate figure lying there, the blind woman over whom she is yearning as a mother at this hour, was once like that, a child of beauty and of promise. "Jesus, mercy! Mary, help!" is all she can say.

* * * *

"Sister Christmas!" How the faintly whispered words thrilled the nun's heart!

"Dear Margaret!" A tender caress, a few drops of cordial, and a finger on the lips as warning not to speak. "Not a word, dear, not one!" And she goes away to enforce her command.

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"BAREFOOTED, BLANDINE BEGAN TO MOUNT THE HILL OF CALVARY."

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"Sister!"

"Sleep yet, my dear. Soon I will hear you."

When a little more strength comes, after a little restful sleep and strengthening draught, she lets her patient have her way.

"But only a few words, remember. I shall vanish again if you try to say many."

Two feeble hands reach out. Sister Noella takes them and holds them gently and firmly.

"Sister!"

"What is it, dear Margaret?"

"I see!"

The large, dark eyes were closed; under their heavy lids lay a mist, like tears.

"Are you sure, dear Margaret?"

"O, I see at last!"

Still the lids were not lifted and the mist was thickening.

"What do you see, my dear?"

"I see myself." A pause, and, "Oh God, what a sight."

The cry of pain, though weak as that of an infant, wrung the nun's heart.

"Margaret, dear Margaret, listen to me, or rather to the voice of one speaking through me. Look not upon yourself, you are not your own. Look away from yourself, to Jesus, who loves you." She encircled the suffering form with her arms, comforting her with tender touch as well as with voice.

"O I cannot *now see myself*," moaned Margaret, "the sight is deadly."

"No! no! not so! There is no wound that Jesus cannot heal. Look to Him. Only speak His name with love, and all fear will vanish."

"O, I dare not, I dare not!"

"My poor friend, listen to me! He is near you. He has spared your life for this alone. For this we have been praying night and day, here, by your bedside. For this little Blandine has but now climbed the hill of Calvary, barefooted; and on her knees has asked life for you from our Lady of Betharram. But, Margaret, life has been asked for you, *for Jesus' sake.* I am sure you have heard the little one praying and sobbing here 'for her dear lady.'"

"Yes," said Margaret, "Even in the intervals of delirium I heard her, and seeing her with the eyes of my soul has brought me to see myself. Myself, once like her. And now!"

"And now as dear to Jesus as then, dearer perhaps, since He paid the price for your soul, as it is at this hour. Call upon Him, Margaret. For this our Lady has heard the prayers of the innocent child, we may well believe."

(*To be continued.*)

JUNE'S OFFERING.

CLUSTER and twine thy roses high,
Sweet month of the Sacred Heart,
Shower the earth with their petals white
And crimson, thou month of song and light,
God's month of love thou art;
Breathe of His love to the cloudless sky,
Till the dews from thy verdure part.
Come, wreath them thick about His feet,
Frail blooms for the Lord Divine,
Their lips the morning dew begems,
But thorns lie hid on their slender stems.
Sweet Heart, the earth is thy shrine:
The roses are fragrant emblems, meet
Of Thy love, but the thorns of mine.

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SOME NOTABLE MEXICAN CHURCHES.

By A. U. Mignerez.

TO a lover of quaint ecclesiastical architecture, the churches of Puebla will prove a veritable feast. Months could be delightfully spent in and out among these Houses of God, and even then I doubt if all their unique beauty could be discovered.

The Puebla Cathedral naturally stands first among the churches of the City of the Angels, not on account of its exterior, which is a heavy piece of architecture, but for the interior, which strikes one at first as being all of onyx and colored marble. The date of this church is uncertain, but we know from the chronicles that it was well advanced by 1649. It stands on the side of the *Plaza Mayor* on a terrace which is enclosed by one of the finest iron railings in the world. It is called St. Peter's Gate and was erected within the past decade as a memorial to Pope Pius IX., whose statue is just within the atrium. This railing is ornamented with statues of the Twelve Apostles. The intermediate pilasters have representations of the Doctors of the Church and the particular heresies they condemned, crosiers indicative of Apostolic Jurisdiction, the Arms of the Republic, while angels crown their tops in reference to the angelic protection granted to Puebla, whence its name, *Puebla de los Angeles*. Upon the principal gate are bas-reliefs representing the founding of Puebla, the laying of the first stone of the Cathedral and its consecration. On the pillars of the gateway are statues of Hope and Charity, and between the two towers that rise loftily from the terrace is the principal entrance. Over the door to the right is a bas-relief of St. Francis receiving the stigmata, and to the left is one of St. Rose presenting a wreath of flowers to the infant Saviour in His Mother's arms.

The length of the building is three hundred and twenty-three feet by one hundred and one feet wide. Its interior height is eighty feet and it is crowned by a magnificent dome. There are eighteen bells in the old tower and an inscription tells us that this tower cost $100,000.00. From its ponderous mass of dark bluish stone and great projecting buttresses one is apt at first, as I have said before, to feel oppressed by the architecture of the Cathedral. But that sensation quickly passes, once the huge doors are swung open and the beauties of the interior are revealed.

A flood of light fills the great aisles and plays about the massive columns and catches up the soft pink and gray tints of the marble floor which is laid in diamond-shaped figures producing a wonderfully pleasing effect. We can well realize that the high altar cost $100,000.00 and more; it is nearly all of onyx, that beautiful Mexican variety called tecali which is quarried only a few miles from Puebla. Over the tabernacle is a very fine bronze figure of *La Purisima*, the Immaculate Conception, under which title the Cathedral is dedicated, and under the altar is the onyx crypt for the bodies of deceased bishops. The choir is closed near the altar by very fine swinging gratings of wrought iron which date from the seventeenth century. Its two organs are very ornate and enclosed in quaintly carved wood; the side entrances are by carved doors of beautiful handiwork and the interior is a marvel of marquetry work which reaches its culmination in the door. This has an inlaid picture of St. Peter which is just above the Bishop's throne, and near a little shrine wherein is kept one of the thorns of our Lord's Crown. The pulpit and sounding-board, between the choir and the

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THE PUEBLA CATHEDRAL.

altar, are carved from Mexican onyx. It is a masterly piece of work.

The side altars or *cappillas* (chapels), as they are called in Mexico, are all enclosed in fine wrought iron railings, some of them marvels of dainty workmanship. In the *Cappilla de los Reyes* (Chapel of the Kings) there is an old painting of the Assumption of excellent quality and also a charming little statue of *Nuestra Señora de la Defensa* (Our Lady of the Guard), which is said to be miraculous. This chapel has been restored within a few years in admirable taste.

In another *cappilla*. that of San José, a particularly fine statue of the Saint appeals to one's artistic feelings, while statues of Santa Ana and San Joaquin are also of fine workmanship. They are all by the Puebla artist, Cora. In front of the altar is the tomb of Bishop Vasquez, to whom Pope Gregory XVII. sent an exquisitely carved ivory crucifix which may also be seen in this little chapel.

A gorgeous altar is that contained in the *Cappilla de los Relicarios* (Chapel of the Relics). One is dazzled by the wealth of carved and gilded wood and inlaid pictures which compose it. As its name indicates, there are many relics enshrined there. A very beautiful *Mater*

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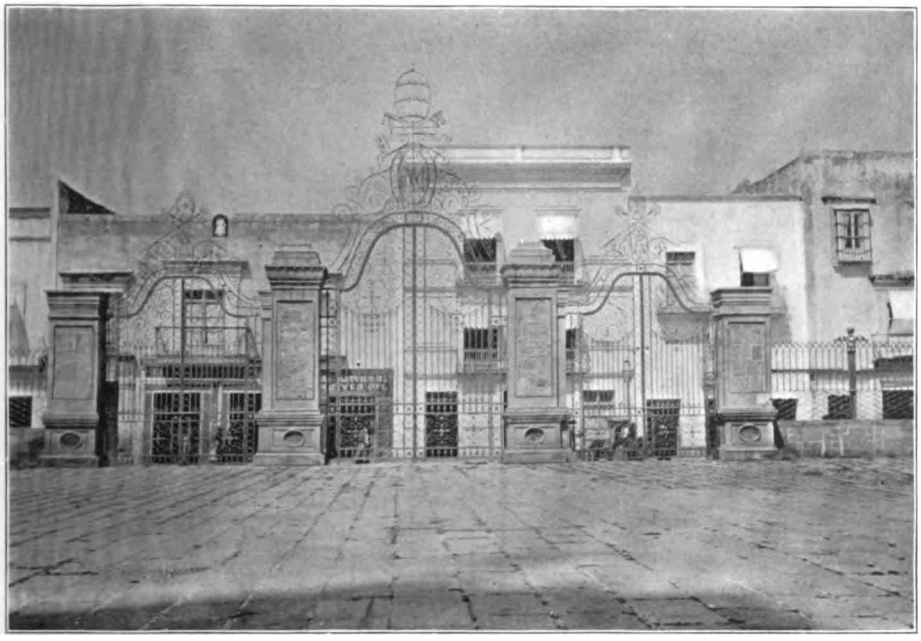
Dolorosa by Acazingo is one of its attractions.

The *Cappilla de San Pedro* has a notably good San Francisco, while in the *Cappilla de la Soledad*, dedicated to the Sorrowful Mother, are many beautiful pictures representing the Passion. A good statue of San Nicolas by Cora is in the Capilla of this Saint.

One cannot judge of the Stations of the Cross, as they have been restored, but the indications are that they must have been a good piece of work. The same ornate idea is carried throughout the church and into the sacristy where a profusion of onyx, fine paintings and carved wood is to be found; even the tables and various small stands and the chests of drawers containing the vestments are all wonderfully rich and ornamental.

The Chapter Room, *Sala Capitular*, is unique and full of interest. It is a great arched and domed apartment that is almost covered with paintings. Fifteen portraits of Puebla bishops (the remainder are in the Episcopal Palace) are set in elaborately carved and gilded frames side by side with a very good Assumption, portraits of Pope Gregory XVI. and Leo X., the Spanish Emperor Charles V., and the first Bishop of Puebla, Fray Julian Garcés. Back of the paintings are magnificent Flanders tapestries said by tradition to have been donated to the Cathedral by Charles V. There are also a number of carved chairs and onyx tables, all marvels of richness that carry one in spirit to the grandeur of the Orient.

Besides the paintings mentioned there are many more in the Cathedral. The best of these are an allegorical series of the Blessed Sacrament, a particularly fine Assumption, an Apparition of Our Lady of Mercy to St. Raymond, a St. Leocadia, a Madonna and Child to whom San José and San Miguel are offering the Cathedral, and a Child Jesus resting on the Globe. These are by Ibarra and are of no inferior merit.



ST. PETER'S GATE.

After the Cathedral, the Church of San Francisco is the finest and most interesting in Puebla. It has an imposing exterior, and is a building of bluish-brown stone

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with a highly ornate façade of tiles and stone carvings.

This church was founded in 1532 by a humble Franciscan Brother, but the existing building dates from 1667. Over the central doorway is a large bas-relief of St. Francis receiving the stigmata. The main altar is of peculiar interest in that it contains above the tabernacle the statue of *Nuestra Señora de los Remedios* (Our Lady of Resources). This figure, but eight inches high, with a tiny infant carved in wood, and now crumbling and worm-eaten, is very dear to the people of Puebla. It was presented by Cortes to his friend Don Axotecatl Cocomitzin in gratitude for his aid during the Conquest. It is also called *La Conquistadora* (the Conquerer). The best pictures in this church are in the choir, which is notable for its richly carved wooden stalls and a fine old organ.

In the sacristy are some interesting portraits of the first Franciscan missionaries to Mexico, and are often referred to as the "Twelve Apostles." These pictures, as also a Last Supper and a Holy Sepulchre, are of fair quality. There are besides many paintings taken from the unused chapels, all more or less interesting from their quaint subjects or unique treatment. There is an exquisitely beautiful laver of tile work in the lavatory, and directly above it hangs a portrait of the great Franciscan missionary, Fray Antonio Margil de Jésus, and the disciple who went with him to Jalisco upon a dangerous mission in the seventeenth century.

The principal side altar of San Francisco is the *Capilla de San Sebastian de Aparicio*. It opens out from the main church on the north, from which it is divided by a beautiful wrought-iron grating, so fine that it almost seems like a filmy lace veil. This San Sebastian was a lay brother of the Franciscan Order, who lived a long and holy life.

The interest that centres chiefly around this *capilla* lies in the paintings. They are illustrative of the life of the Saint and the miracles he wrought. Besides this series, there are two very good pictures which portray the lives of San Diego de Alcalá and San Pascual. This chapel, which is in reality a small church, was built in 1672. It has two domes, one over the nave, the other over the choir, and is remarkably well proportioned. The relics of San Sebastian, though at one time enshrined in the quaintly beautiful altar of this *capilla* are now with the others in the *Capilla de los Relicarios* at the Cathedral. The painting over the altar in the west transept of San Sebastian's is a unique representation of the Apparition of Our Lady of Aranzazu to a group of shepherds, and is considered a very clever piece of work. There is here also the same profusion of wood carving and onyx as seen in the other chapels.

The Church of San Francisco has a half dozen more chapels, but they are no longer used and are all walled up. The little burial ground of the convent in the rear of the chapel, while quaint and extremely picturesque, is now hardly accessible.

In the Jesuit church, *La Compañia*, which dates from 1587, one finds a combination of the antique and the modern. It is a massive building, with lofty towers, a tiled dome, and a very ornate exterior of arabesque in stucco work. An odd feature of the architecture of *La Compañia* is found in the great flying buttresses which are sprung across the roof of the aisles to the walls of the nave.

A "dim religious light" is foreign to this church; all is brightness within, and the effect is very pleasing. Though modern, the altars have an interest all their own and appeal at once to a sense of the beautiful if not the antique. Then, too, this church is rich in carvings and paintings. The Stations of the Cross are considered fine specimens of artistic work, while the carved figures of the Twelve Apostles on the Corinthian columns possess much merit. These columns support the vaulted roof, and not

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only give to the interior the impression of strength and greatness, but they seem to stand out like so many sentinels, forming a veritable guard of honor. A particularly good statue of the Jesuit Saint, Ignacio de Loyola, is enshrined over one of the altars dedicated to him.

Just as interesting as the church itself is the sacristy of La Compañia, which is full of beautiful marquetry work dating from 1726, or thereabout. The daintiest and most fascinating of this inlaid work is a table I saw in the ante-sacristy, which also contains a very fine Descent from the Cross. There is, besides, in the sacristy proper, a wonderful painting called "The Triumph of Mary." It is really a Coronation, and was done by José Carnero. The altar, too, is a mass of onyx, and ornamented above by the paintings of Juan de Villa Kobos, which possess no mean merit.

In its main architectural richness, the Church of San Cristobal does not differ from the others described above. But in its interior it has one point of difference, and this is the peculiar treatment of the ceiling, which is a mass of intricate stucco work with figures placed in at intervals. The statue of the Patron



CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

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Saint is by Cora, and is considered excellent. There are, besides, some other carvings of merit and a few really good paintings. The Puebla onyx is lavishly used in the pulpit, which is composed almost entirely of that exquisite stone. Another thing strikes us in this church.

There are five or six more Puebla churches worthy of at least a little word *en passant* when speaking of notable houses of worship. These are the Santa Clara, famed for its noble arched roof and great buttresses, and especially its sacred shrine of the Crown of Thorns, so-



PRINCIPAL CHAPEL OF CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

It is the two sets of seats—one slightly raised at the sides of the nave for the men, the other set in the nave itself for the women. This is a curious and unusual arrangement that is not found in any other Mexican church. San Cristobal was restored in 1886, but in perfect taste and keeping with its ancient design.

called, because the *relicario* holds some of the thorns of Christ's Crown; the Church of San Antonio, notable because the Mexican proto-martyr, San Felipe de Jésus, spent some years in the monastery attached to the church. A relic of San Felipe is here venerated. The beautiful old Church of *Nuestra*

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Señora de la Luz (Our Lady of Light) is a marvel of tile-work, even in Puebla. One stands entranced before its glazed beauty. The *Calvario* is the name given to a group of quaint little churches which compose it, a name most appropriate, for each one of these buildings seems like a mournful strain of Calvary. Not far from it is the pretty Church of La Soledad, also connected with the *Calvario*, in that it is dedicated to the Mother of Sorrows. The *Mater Dolorosa* is always spoken of as *La Soledad*, Solitude, in Mexico. Then the Church of San José, the Saint who protects Puebla from lightning, is also very interesting. It contains a most curious figure of San José, which was carved from a lightning-rent tree. This image is greatly beloved and highly venerated by the natives. In addition to some good paintings, this church has a fine sacristry, laden with rich carvings, inlaid work and onyx, and a very delightful little chapel dedicated to Jesus of Nazareth.

Puebla counts forty-five churches, all told, and in each one may be found something to fascinate the lover of the quaint and curious in ecclesiastical architecture, and to aid the devotion of those who pass within its walls to pray.

THE STORY OF A NOBLE LIFE.

THE LATE MISS SARA TRAINER SMITH.

BUT a few short weeks have passed since the fair May day—St. Monica's own—when in obedience to that "one clear call," awaited in loving submission to the Divine will, the pure spirit of Sara Trainer Smith passed in peace and hopefulness from the world, which her sweet individuality, not less than her brilliant intellect, had helped to make brighter and better. Already the tributes to her memory have so multiplied, that their quotation in part would probably be the simplest method of conveying a just idea of her personality to those unseen friends of hers, the countless multitude of Catholic readers knowing her as the writer, in whose every line is read "a message sweet and all her own." This power of reflecting herself in her writings, is the secret of the rare charm pervading her works, prose and verse alike; the sentiment lingers even longer than the ringing rhythm or polished phrase equally familiar to that facile pen, and longest of all remains the impression given of the writer's personality. The understanding thus established is well proven by the perusal of these messages of sympathy. They have come from all sources—dignitaries of the Church she loved and the Church she left, editors clerical and lay, from religious and woman of the world—from those who claimed her as confrere in the ranks of literature and from the lowly and unlearned who met in her, their angel of helpfulness. Of all alike, the keynote is that simple sincerity which was her own distinguishing characteristic as author and woman.

"God rest her lovely soul," writes one of the most erudite of our editors. "May God have her in His holy keeping," is the message of a litterateur whose well-turned sentences are the admiration of many. "Her loss is a personal affliction—a close bereavement," is another editorial comment, and from a sisterhood all unused to public expression of their sentiments comes the following gracious tribute:

"No one holding converse with her would have imagined from her modest demeanor the wealth of knowledge she possessed, but like the humble violet whose perfume sweetens the lowly spots

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of earth, lifting up its heart to God and smiling on His presence, so did our dear departed sister raise her mind to pure and lofty ideas to which she freely lent her pen for the benefit of Christ's little ones or for any charity that she felt could be benefited by her writings."

There is no hackneyed ring as of the ready-made "obituary" which had long lain in grim readiness for its occasion. Like a reëcho of her own charming plaint for a lost friend are the verses in which a poet, Mr. Coleman, voices his regrets and those of many beside, less favored than he in the gift of expression:

Dead at the coming of the rose and leaf!
Fled, and I have not any tears to weep!
Why should I trouble her deep rest with grief,
Since God hath given His beloved sleep?

Dead! and the days without her smile are dark!
Fled, when the lilac branch was blossom-flushed!
How can I list to any song of lark,
Since her dear voice forevermore is hushed?

Hushed? Nay, it rises in sublimer strain,
With sister saints who swell the joyous hymn,
Where parting is not, neither grief nor pain,
Nor any eyes with idle tears are dim.

Her soul hath clomb God's starry ways aloft,
But earth! of whose sweet flowers she was a part,
Hide her dear dust in blossoms deep and soft,
And fold her very gently to thy heart!

Take her, O flowers! who was of kindred birth;
Ah! though she reigneth with the pure and just,
Green be her grave in thy soft keeping, earth!
And sweet with earliest roses be her dust!

Fortunately, the usual obituary notice was in her case as impossible as it should have been inappropriate, for Miss Smith had consistently refused to conform to the innovation of the "biographical sketch" and portrait gallery, which have become such important factors in so-called literary prominence. The honor of personal advertisement, as a friend has happily phrased it, she persistently declined and never ceased to deprecate its prevalence as something that demeaned the beloved estate of literature which she would fain see upheld in all its oldtime dignity. Even now the knowledge of how deeply she felt on this subject in a measure seals the lips and hampers the pens of those who feel that in justice to the reading public the name of one of our leading Catholic authors shall not be allowed the semi-obscurity her modesty labored to preserve.

Hers was not an eventful life, but it was most assuredly an interested and interesting one. She was born in the historic Jesuit parish of Bohemia Manor in Maryland, where her parents resided temporarily on the estate of her paternal grandfather, but her childhood and girlhood were spent in great measure in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, the home of her pioneer ancestors.

Here she learned to prize, with the permissible pride of long descent, the stainless records of those sturdy Swedish settlers of the seventeenth century, from whom her father sprung, and not less the honored place won in county circles by her maternal great-grandfather, who also bore the name of Smith (John Smith, gentleman, it reads in Delaware annals), of Irish Presbyterian stock.

From him her mother inherited the

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historic home at Marcus Hook, known as one of the oldest on the Delaware River, where with her parents and sister, the happy, sheltered girlhood was spent. Near Marcus Hook stands now the railroad station, bearing the name of "Trainer" in token of the family's ownership, and not far away is Ridley Park Lake, which was formerly known as "Trainer's Dam," where their mills stood in the pioneer days.

It was little wonder that the precocious child who pored tirelessly over chronicles in which those of her blood and name were prominent figures, grew up to be, what a biographer of her idolized father describes him to have been, "an ardent American and in heart and soul a Delawarean."

Captain Frank Smith at the age of thirteen years had adopted a seafaring life, in opposition to family wishes and traditions, but the wisdom of his choice was proven by the rapidity of his advancement in the merchant service, where his name became a synonym for fidelity and success. When his little daughter was seven years old, an event occurred which left its never-fading impress on her receptive mind and lent color and incident to many a glowing page in the after years. This was a voyage around the world in company with her mother and younger sister on her father's ship the *Susquehanna*, which sailed from Philadelphia to San Francisco—thence to China, returning to New York.

The writer remembers well the breathless attention with which a group of wondering little ones often listened to "dear Miss Sara" telling in her graphic, earnest way her childish recollections of that voyage—of the nights at sea when her father took opportunity to teach her the lore of the heavens, in which he was proficient—of how the passage through Magellan Straits impressed her—and of English Charlie, a sailor never to be forgotten, for he was the owner of a copy of the "Scottish Chiefs" which he presented to the Captain's little daughter and which she read on board. Shakespeare was already the favorite companion of this child of seven, yet no one could remember how she had learned to read; to this extent she was in some fashion her own teacher, for on account of her frail health her parents discouraged her inclination for literature. It was honestly hereditary, however, as was in after life the reposeful air which bespoke the gentlewoman, and the serene sweetness of expression, recalling ancestresses who wore in colonial days the gown of silken gray and snowy kerchief of Quakerdom. Captain Smith was more than locally famous as a scholar and orator, writing ably on many subjects, and his wife, although she never published anything, was known amongst her acquaintances, as the possessor of much literary ability.

A few years after this voyage, another, more eventful but less fortunate was undertaken. Captain Smith then commanded the *Trade Wind*, which, when built was the largest merchant ship afloat—too large for the Delaware channel, so the start was made from New York to Mobile, where a cargo of cotton was taken aboard to be delivered in Liverpool. The real object of this second voyage was to place the children at school in England, while their parents made a continental tour, and sometimes while listening to the story of that June night, when off the Newfoundland Banks the outward-bound collided with the *Olympus* of Boston, it has seemed that the loss of the *Trade Wind* was America's gain, for the project of English education was abandoned, because of that dreadful experience which made the Captain resolve never again to trust his dear ones to the mercies of the element he loved so well, and Sara Trainer Smith was, consequently, in education as in birth and affections an *American*. Much of the intimate knowledge which many of her stories show of seafaring life, dates from this period.

Those trying episodes of being taken

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aboard a rescuing bark without the beloved father, who stood firm in his purpose of remaining by his ship while a hope of saving her remained, and the long hours of suspense shared with her mother and sister, while ignorant of that father's fate, were her most vivid memories. By a wonderful ordering of Providence, the frail raft on which he escaped from the sinking wreck drifted, after ten hours' battling with wind and wave, across the path of the same bark which bore his family to safety, and all came together to New York.

Then the Captain was induced to retire to the peaceful country home, where during the formative years of his gifted daughter's life he was her guide in the paths of learning, for, although she attended for a time a private school in Philadelphia, her education was in great measure conducted at home.

Duty to his country called the father from this ideal life and under his old friend, Admiral Dupont, to serve at Fort Sumter. As sailing master of the *Bienville*, he stood on the bridge as she led the battle of Port Royal, and later commanded the *Alabama* at Fort Fisher, practically the last naval conflict of the Civil War. Thenceforth, until his death, in 1878, Captain Smith was a semi-invalid, never recovering from the mental and physical strain of the service, and thus another bond became established between him and the daughter, whose frail health made her all the more available as a companion.

During these years, however, the greatest change of all came into the life of the young author—the change that led away from cherished family traditions, from the Episcopal faith, professed for many generations by the Swedish Smiths and the Anglo-Irish Trainers. As a voice from heaven, the call of conscience and honest conviction, unheard of her loved ones, sounded to this girl of twenty, whose response was prompt and uncompromising, as was her nature's way.

Indirectly, or rather under Providential direction, her love of reading led to her conversion. While visiting at the home of Catholic friends at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, she first read some Catholic books which interested, perplexed, and finally convinced her. "It was only what I have always believed, but could not express," she said in describing how conviction came, and to the end there was this intangible something in which she differed from most converts, and of which this seems the explanation—she was a "born" Catholic always and in all things.

"The ideal convert" she has been called since her death, by a priest well qualified to judge, and in a personal letter, written not a great while since, was found an extract that might be her own explanation of the term. The letter refers to the anniversary of her baptism which occurred in the chapel of Mt. St. Mary's on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

The little story is told, as all her stories are, with her own charm and directness—"Years ago as a girl," she says, "I went up to the mountain and found God." There follows a description of the "sweet golden-tinted afternoon"—of the little chapel and the officiating priest "who had tears in his voice as in his eyes"—of the baptismal candle that friendly hands had wreathed with heliotrope and rose-geranium, and which was laid carefully away amongst her treasures to await her last hour. And then the paragraph—"Dear Father Henry!—Does he know in Heaven that I still keep the Feast with loving reverence and devotion—that I am *truly*, *humbly*, *gratefully* a Catholic as I have ever been from that day."

The true, humble, grateful Catholic, true to the spirit as the letter of her Faith—humble and unassuming as the little child—grateful always, that she had been called and chosen, was the ideal convert, who with voice and pen has been the instrument of winning and saving many souls to the Faith.

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From the day of her baptism, her talents, wonderful even then, were devoted to the interests of her religion. Those conversant with the progress of Catholic literature during the past quarter century know how completely and prominently the name of Sara Trainer Smith is identified with it. Every magazine and leading periodical devoted to Catholic interests counts her amongst its leading contributors and she wrote for many high-class secular publications as well.

Her versatility and facility of expression were wonderful; the easeful style, which in so many is the result of what Dr. Johnson called "hard writing" was in her the natural outcome of absolute freedom from effort, and her conversation was equally fascinating and instructive as her writings. To be forever treasured by her childish friends, are letters from "*dear Miss Sara*," called forth by the "great occasions" of childhood, which are as elevated in thought and faultless in diction as any of her published works.

That she possessed a "masculine touch" has been frequently said of her by admirers of this rather indefinable quality, and in proof thereof, the fact has been adduced amongst others, that a leading New York daily, famed for its virile style, has copied her unsigned editorials. It is true that many characteristics in which the feminine nature is alleged to be usually deficient, were hers to a marked extent, the punctuality taught her by paternal example, the entire freedom from all petty jealousies, which might easily be the result, in her case, of her assured status in literature, and that spirit of helpfulness and sympathy with the tyro in the ranks, of which Boyle O'Reilly, whose memory she cherished, was such a distinguished exponent. However, these were but the added touches that helped to make the ideal woman of whom her sex may well be proud. Her tastes were purely feminine in the best sense of the word, the fingers familiar with the pen of authorship were equally deft in the intricacies of dainty needlework, and indeed this was her favorite change of occupation. How it, too, was made conducive to Catholic benefit, can be gathered from her touching lines called "Making the Altar Linens."

"A square of linen—a reel of thread,
Cobweb filament white as snow—
A needle slender and sharp to wed
Delicate edges row on row,
But fair, fair linens in trembling hope,
In thankful joy as my fingers move,
To your mission blest in its widest scope
I give each stitch with a throb of love.
Prayers and blessings and cares and fears
Weave themselves into hem and turn,
Folded away for the endless years,
When the lamps of the Altar cease to burn."

More than three hundred short stories, novels—many of them yet unpublished—countless poems and sonnets, all bearing the hallmark of genuine poesy, essays innumerable, several series of brilliant syndicate articles that attracted international attention, these remain, to attest the rare resources of a mind that never needed resort to what O'Reilly called the "elaboration of what it had received," but conceived and gave freely of its own origination. This was all the more wonderful too, from the fact that Miss Smith's life was spent literally in quiet ways.

From the old homestead, after her father's death, the family came to Philadelphia, where the beloved mother passed away, nine years later. Then there were a few years spent at Cape May Point and some long stays in Virginia, which held next place to Delaware in her affections. There were recent years of activity in Philadelphia, when Miss Trainer Smith was associate editor of the *Catholic Standard*, President of the Confraternity of St. Gabriel, Vice President of the Women's Auxiliary of the Catholic Historical Society, which owes much of its early prestige to her, a Child

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of Mary, as energetic as devout, and an active worker in St. Vincent's Aid Societies and many other charities.

Is it a wonder that to those who knew her so lately in these varied activities, the news of her death should come as a sudden bolt from a smiling sky? It is true that six months ago, the little household, consisting now of the cherished younger sister from whom she had never been separated, and a beloved protege to whom she was linked by the sacred bond of sponsorship, removed from the city to Sharon Hill, Delaware County, avowedly because of Miss Smith's failing health.

But much was hoped for, from the quiet surroundings and because of her intense sympathy with the beautiful in nature which here abounds. Then it was native air as well, and when, week after week and month after month, the brilliant pen showed no sign of flagging, anxiety ceased in the hearts that loved her best. None could associate with invalidism, such work as recently appeared over her signature. Her first long story for children, a signal success in a new field, appeared this year, followed by several short ones and in her favorite magazines the dear familiar name was still in evidence. It was known that at last she had consented to consider publication, that two volumes were in the hands of the publishers and several others under way, and then the stroke fell, that to her meant life everlasting, to her friends an earthly void for evermore Well may we ask the readers of her well-beloved MESSENGER for prayers for the mourners, to whom "because of her goodness she was so precious."

There was nothing of struggle or anxiety in that passing away, all was in consonance with the lovely peaceful life. "If I had the world to choose from," she said but a few days before her fatal illness, "I should elect to live and die at Sharon Hill."

Speaking with a friend, to whom she reluctantly confessed nights of sleeplessness which were a trying feature of her illness, she added, "But there are compensations, for never before have I understood the beauty of our Winter dawns—each sunrise is to me a new delight and a new lesson." So, to the end the optimism and unselfishness that had been the ruling powers of her life were asserted and maintained.

Almost her last conscious words, with the exception of those sacred names which ever tremble on the dying lips of such as she, were of gratitude. "Every one is always so kind," was a final expression of that love for her fellow-beings which showed in every act and word, remembered of her, to whom, had she but allowed herself to be known as she deserved, all the world should have joyed to do kindness.

Beside that couch of peace the baptismal candle, preserved for this solemn hour, lent its hallowed light, the fragrance of the "heliotrope and rose-geranium" in which it had so long lain lingering after its flame had quivered into darkness, even as the gracious gentle memory of its owner must remain with us who prized the living presence.

Only her own pen could do justice to the scene when, in the quiet parlor, friends looked their last on the dear face, around which were set as a chaplet, clustering lilac plumes, freshly gathered from trees planted by her mother's hands in the garden of the old homestead at Marcus Hook. Of that same garden and the beloved mother of whom it was once the pride, she had written:

O sweet, rare life! thou art not laid low—
Mother, still as the seasons go,
Thou art crowned and blest when thy roses blow.

She lay, as she was wont to say she liked to remember departed friends—

Tall tapers burning at her head
And radiant whiteness o'er her shed,
At rest—at rest—among the flowers.

Every incident and surrounding recalled some prescient line of hers—the

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treasured Rosary in her hand, the Crucifix beside—what could recur more fitly than the closing paragraph of an explanation she wrote last year of "Our Lady's Beads:"

"You shall not go empty-handed to the gate of heaven if you carry thither your worn beads and your indulgenced Crucifix, jeweled both of them, to the All-seeing Eye, with the whispered words of our Lord's Prayer and His Mother's praises."

Simple and unostentatious as her life was the morning funeral at the Church of the Holy Spirit. The musical service consisted of her favorite hymns, most of them rendered by two of her chosen friends, the Misses Donnelly. The school girls of St. Vincent's Asylum, whose cause she had always befriended, were there, too, and their young voices rose to greet this her last incoming to an earthly temple with the refrain she loved, "The Hymn to the Sacred Heart."

As the echo of her own gentle reproval to those who grieved, came Miss Donnelly's choice: "He wipes the tear from every eye." Then Schubert's "Adieu," "Jerusalem," Miss Eleanor Donnelly's hymn, "Like a strong and raging fire," "Cross and Crown," and at the close "Jesus, Saviour of my soul."

In the language of sacred song had been told all—of the Cross so joyously accepted, of the Crown aspired to in all humility, of the Heart wherein she put her changeless trust.

A little later, as the noon sun struggled through the grayness of a typical Spring day, all that was mortal of Sara Trainer Smith, poet, novelist and critic, the ideal Catholic woman and convert, was laid away before the eyes of loving relatives and childhood's friends in the family vault of the Old Swedes' Graveyard in Wilmington, Delaware.

May God's eternal peace be hers whose earthly presence was as a rest and a benediction!

ANNECY—ITS SAINTS AND ITS SHRINES.

By D. S. Béni.

TO the Catholic heart the name of Annecy is synonymous with that of St. Francis de Sales and his co-laborer St. Jane Frances de Chantal, the glorious founders of the Order of Visitation; and their spirit still lives in that city, which is honored by their holy shrines. The beautiful lake of the same name reflects the snow-capped Alpine mountains which surround Annecy and frame in the great reliquary, for everything in it and around it has become sacred from its holy associations, and the whole atmosphere is filled with souvenirs of these great saints.

The town of Annecy lies on the slope of one of those mountain ridges which form the continuous descent from the summits of Saint Bernard and Mont Blanc, and the scenery is unrivalled. Parmelan on the east rises up like a colossal castle built by the Titans, and from its highest peak, La Tournette, two thousand metres above the level of the sea, the Alpine chain may be followed by the eye as far as Mt. Viso, in Italy. The highest peaks of Parmelan are covered with snow for ten months of the year, and at the same time exuberant vegetation covers the slope and ridges. Luxuriant vineyards and fields of tasseled corn wave gracefully in the passing breeze, fruit-laden orchards, broad-leafed planes and majestic forest trees fill their place in the grand panorama, and every flower that blooms beneath the Alpine sun, in its hues or fragrance, whispers the name of the great Bishop

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of Geneva, who, seeking only God, found Him everywhere, and by his incomparable illustrations, drawn from nature on these same mountains, raises the soul from nature up to nature's God.

Mendane, on the north, is the provincial barometer. When the mists overshadow its peak the rain will soon follow, so that it has passed into a proverb: "*Quand Mendane a son chapeau c'est signe de pluie.*" Sennoz on the south, called the "Righi of Savoy," is covered almost to the summit with rich pastures, which present to the eye many shades of verdure. Looking upward, we were surprised sometimes to see, even in mid-day, a great "star in the east" —not in the sky precisely, but on the slope of Parmelan—awakening pious thoughts, which were soon irreverently dispelled by the passing remark of those accustomed to this phenomenon: "It is the camp fire of some tourist preparing to spend the night on the summit, to witness the sunrise from La Tournette."

The origin of Annecy is lost in the night of time, though the curiosities extracted from its lake, and other antiquities preserved in its museum, prove that it existed before the Christian era. The Romans built, on the plain which lies north of the present city, a town of some importance, and recent investigations at this place have revealed traces of old streets, of potteries, medals, and the remains of some statues which are remarkable specimens of Grecian art. The Roman city was destroyed by the barbarians. The first authentic act which mentions the present city is a donation made in 867 by the Emperor Lothaire to his wife, Thieteberge, whom he had repudiated. In the tenth century Annecy became the residence of the Counts of Geneva, who had been driven from their capital. This family having become extinct in the person of the Antipope Clement VII., in 1401, the county of Genevois passed into the hands of Amadeus VIII., Count of Savoy. From 1514 to 1659 the county belonged to a younger branch of the House of Savoy, under the name of the county of Genevois and of Genevois-Nemours. At the death of the last member of this house the property returned to the dominion of the Dukes of Savoy and the Kings of Sardinia, and thus it remained until the annexation of Savoy to France in 1860.

Annecy is the chief city of Haute-Savoie and has a population of about twelve thousand. The more ancient part of the town, with its dark and sombre arcades, has the appearance of an Italian city, and it is said that American visitors speak of the arcades as "the *caves* of Annecy." Apparently rising from the placid and peaceful waters of the azure lake, the Castle of Annecy, built upon a rock, with its high towers and frowning fort, looks down upon the quiet town. This was once the stronghold of the Counts of Geneva and Genevois-Nemours. The more modern portion of the city is shaded by magnificent trees, and every promenade presents a beautiful view of the majestic mountains and the lake, which is fed by springs and rivulets that flow into it on every side. Le Jardin des Plantes, filled with luxuriant trees and shrubbery, lies between the Canals of Vassi and Thion, and in sight of it is the Isle of Swans, which from a distance looks like a point of embarkation for the steamboats and sailing vessels which skim across the lake.

The first of these steamers was presented to Annecy by the Empress Eugenie in 1860, when the ill-fated Emperor and Empress visited Savoy after its annexation to France. The Imperial party at the same time visited the shrines of the great saints and entered the Monastery of the Visitation, where they inscribed their names in the *Convent Book*, hallowed by the Wish of St. Francis de Sales, written by the same hand that wrote the Introduction to the Devout Life and the incomparable Treatise on the Love of God. In that same book, St. de Chantal recorded the renewal of her vows, on the 21st of November, for

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LAKE OF ANNECY.

thirty-one years, and in it, every Sister of the Visitation of Annecy from 1610 to the present day, has annually recorded the renovation of her vows, signed by her own hand. Many distinguished visitors of Church and State have there traced their names, among whom are many of our own illustrious and saintly American Bishops. May they all share in the wish of St. F. de Sales, which is inscribed on the first page: "Yea, Lord Jesus, graciously hear the exclamation of my heart in behalf of Thy spouses. Be this book inscribed by Thy own self, and suffer not any one of them to set her name in it, except through Thy inspiration and motion, so that this little volume may cover my shoulders as a mantle of honor, and my head as a crown of glory; and that in all my aspirations towards Thee, I may mentally pronounce, in a canticle of joy and praise, every name that shall be recorded in it, offering the list as a posy of sweetness to Thy Divine Providence. O Jesus! sweet and holy love of our souls, grant that the year in which each Sister shall write her vows and oblations in this book, be to her a year of sanctification, the day a day of salvation, the hour an hour of never ceasing benediction. Grant that the hearts that Thou hast aggregated in Thy name and that of Thy dear Mother, be never dispersed; that what Thou hast assembled be never divided, and that what Thou hast joined be never separated. Rather say, that the names inscribed in these perishable pages, shall be forever written in the Book of Life, with the just, who reign with Thee in immortal bliss. Amen, Amen."

Among the relics which were shown to the Empress, was a shoe, much patched, which had been worn by St. de Chantal. Her Majesty kissed it reverently, and asked if she would be permitted to see one of the cells of the religious. She was greatly astonished, when she saw only a poor little bed, one chair and a stand holding a crucifix, which she looked upon as the most extreme poverty. In all the subsequent reverses of fortune through which that heart-broken Empress has passed, has she ever found the peace which made that cell an earthly Paradise? St. de Chantal said: "I have seen kings and queens, princes and princesses, great lords and great ladies; all had their heavy crosses and their cares, and never have I seen any one so happy as a nun, who truly loves the good God, her Superior and her cell." As a souvenir of his visit, the Emperor sent to the monastery a beautiful life-size painting of the Visitation, representing the meeting between the two holy kinswomen, filled with the Holy Ghost.

The Church of the Visitation, which keeps guard over the holy shrines of Annecy, is the magnet which attracts the pious heart; to that spot, "swift as the arrow from a bow," the pilgrim turns his steps. The church belongs to that style

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of architecture, known in Italy as the Cinquecento, or Bramantesque. It is built of massive blocks of white, gray and rose-colored Italian granite, ornamented with Cararra marble; a fitting mausoleum for the two great saints, in whose honor it was erected, while the plain and dingy monastery, *a la Capucine*, by its side, stands as a monument to the spirit of religious simplicity and poverty, so earnestly inculcated by the holy founders of the Order. Seven altars of Italian marble adorn the interior of the church. The main altar is ornamented with marble of many colors. Above it, between the two sculptured columns, is a group in bas-relief, representing the mystery of the Visitation. Immediately in the rear of the altar is the massive shrine in burnished gilt, supported by two angels in Cararra marble, the whole crowned by an immense medallion in bas-relief, portraying the apotheosis of the glorious Doctor of the Church. To the right a representation of the same style, shows the Saint in adoration before the Sacred Heart, and on the other side of the sanctuary, a corresponding medallion represents the Saint seated, surrounded by the first mothers of the Order, to whom he is giving the constitutions of the Visitation. To the right of the sanctuary are the handsome altar and shrine of the holy foundress, which corresponds with the main altar; on the opposite side is a similar altar, erected in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. In the rear of this altar lies the body of Saint Castus, a Roman youth, who won the crown of martyrdom at the age of thirteen. The shrines of silver and gilt were presented by Charles Felix, King of Sardinia, and the precious bodies of the holy founders of the Visitation may be seen as they sleep in the stillness of death, while their spirit animates, not only their Order and their city, but thousands who love and venerate them throughout the Christian world. So great is the devotion to these Saints, that often as many as forty Masses are celebrated in this church in one day, and during the Summer and Autumn visiting clergymen succeed one another at the altar until one o'clock in the day.



ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

The sweet spirit of courtesy and Christian charity, which distinguished the gentle Bishop of Geneva, seems to cling to the town, and the people, with the pure mountain air, imbibe a pristine simplicity and perfect contentment in their state of life. Their love for the Church and for Savoy is admirable, and their enthusiasm in speaking of their saints would awaken fervor in the most apathetic heart. Their courtesy to strangers is very marked; not a mercenary politeness, but the spontaneous desire to please others, which cannot fail to make a good impresson.

When the Bishop of Annecy walks through the streets it is touching to see

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the little children run before him and fall on their knees, to ask his blessing. Thus are the old customs kept up and handed down to successive generations, for we read in the life of St. Francis de Sales that when he left his palace the little children ran to meet him and fell on their knees around him. He caressed them all, laying his hand on the head of one and on the cheek of another, giving his blessing to a third, and thus continued on his way. The first who had received his caresses ran to take the last place, to receive them a second time, and as the Saint advanced the number of these little people increased. This sometimes irritated the members of his suite, who would have dismissed these children if he had not prevented them, saying with a gentle voice: "Let them come. They are my little people. They are angels. They are pleasing in the sight of God." In this, as in all else, the holy bishop was a faithful imitator of his Divine Master, who said: "*Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.*"



ST. JANE FRANCES DE CHANTAL.

St. de Chantal, in describing her holy Director, uses these glowing words: "Was there ever seen a spirit so meek, so humble, so kind, so gracious, so affable as his? He walked in the common way, but in a manner so divine and heavenly that it seems to me nothing in his life was more admirable. And, shall I venture to say it, it seems to me simply that my Blessed Father was a living image in which the Son of God was depicted. I am not alone in this opinion: Many persons have told me that when they saw this blessed one it seemed to them that they saw our Lord on earth." Pere de la Rivière, one of the first historians of the holy bishop, says: "The sunflower, wherever it may be planted, always turns towards the sun, as if to see and be seen by it. Thus this holy prelate, wherever he was, fixed his spiritual eyes upon the incomprehensible majesty of the Most Adorable Trinity, offering himself as a sacrifice of praise. He raised his spirit to sublime aspirations. His exercises were always directed to sacred objects and subjects, for what he did was either a sacred thing or he rendered it sacred by a holy intention. He spiritualized everything. He made everything divine, and thus converted earth into heaven."

This was the great founder of the Visitation, who told his daughters that as their Order was the least and last in the Church of God, they must be as little March violets hidden under the leaves of their own humility. He was wont to say that the Visitation, like the world, was made out of nothing; and when he purchased the little Gallery House for his first three Visitandines, he exclaimed in a transport of joy: "I was never happier than now, that I have found a hive for my poor

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bees, or rather a cage for my little doves."

This little Gallery House, the cradle of the Visitation, is almost on the shore of the lake. It received its name from a little covered gallery which connected it with an orchard across a narrow road. The events which transpired in this sacred spot were faithfully transcribed by Mother de Chaugy, but more minutely by Mother Fichet, who had a wonderful memory and at the same time possessed the pen of a ready writer, as the many manuscripts and letters in her handwriting in the archives of Annecy still attest.

We are indebted to the Sisters of the Visitation for their courtesy in permitting us to translate and transcribe her manuscript of *l'Histoire de la Galerie* which Mgr. Bougaud has so gracefully interwoven into his beautiful Life of St. Chantal. The history abounds in sweet little anecdotes, related so naturally that we seem to be near the historian, listening to the words from his own lips.

Could anything be more charming than Mother Fichet's narration of her own disobedience at the bedside of Mother de Châtel? She says: "While our Mother de Chantal went to Dijon with Mother Favre, Mother de Châtel was ill, and during five days she suffered a burning thirst without being willing to take a single drop of water to alleviate it, for fear of failing in obedience. She was soon reduced to the last extremity. Our Holy Founder having administered the last Sacraments, being unable to remain with her, sent M. Michel our confessor to assist her in her last passage. Mother de Bréchard, who was Assistant, held the place of the absent Superioress, and watched the sick this night, with several of our Sisters. She ordered Sister Roget and Sister Fichet to go to bed, but they waited to be told three times. M. Michel, who was present, did not fail to remark this, and reported it to our Holy Founder, who on the next morning, having entered after Mass, gave his correction to our two Sisters in this manner. 'Our Sisters remind me of those girls in the world, who when their mother says to them do this, or do that—answer her: Oh, mother I will do it soon, I beg you to excuse me; and thus, provided we say: Oh my *poor* Sister, oh my *dear* Sister, we think we are very obedient.' The two Sisters recognized themselves immediately, but they feigned ignorance, until our Holy Founder rose to go, followed by M. Michel; then they stepped behind the latter and pulled him by the cloak, as they whispered: '*You* told him that, *you* told him.' Our Holy Founder heard this, but he did not turn around to look, he only smiled sweetly and passed out of the house." Thus was the sacred spiritual infancy reproduced in the Little Gallery House, and in reading this history we comprehend the meaning of our Lord's words. *Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven.*

On another page of this naive history we read that one day Sister Fichet and Sister Favre went out to dress the wounds of the poor, as was the custom in the first days of the Visitation. The servants of the holy Bishop remarked to him that the Sisters were passing his house; he ordered them to be called in, and said to them: "My daughters, you are going to dress the wounds of the poor; here is one who has a sore on his leg. Will you not show him the like charity?" Delighted with the honor shown them, and anxious to relieve their much loved father, their hands trembled so much that they applied the remedies rather roughly. The Saint remained silent until they had finished, then he said to them: "My daughters, when you dress the wounds of the poor, be careful not to press upon the inflamed flesh; steady your hands that you may not tremble, but above all, remember that you must perform such acts of charity, sweetly and tranquilly." It is evident that the holy prelate had called the Sisters in, only to test their skill and give them a little lesson. When they re-

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turned home and related what had happened, Mother de Bréchard was exceedingly anxious to visit her holy Father, for she was skilful and experienced in the care of the sick, and she asked permission to stop at his house in passing, to inquire for his health. The Bishop answered: "No, my daughter, though our mother herself should come and bring you with her, I would not receive your visit, whatever consolation it might give me, and whatever relief your remedies might afford; for although the innocence of the hearts of the father and daughter do not need so much reserve and so many barriers to guard them, the father must remain unvisited by his daughters, or even by his very dear mother. Therefore, unless a greater evil should seem to demand a different course, my very dear daughter and my beloved mother will pass modestly by the lodging of this poor father and son, without entering and without seeing them, but will go on to visit the poor people who are neither fathers nor sons, but whom they will regard as members and brothers of Jesus Christ. Remain then in peace my very dear daughter, until I can go to the Monastery parlor: for I do not deny that the eyes of my beloved mother and the remedies of my dear daughter would be salutary. But since you cannot dress my wounds, relieve a little the heart of your poor, miserable father—pray for him, who wishes you a thousand blessings. One day we shall all see each other in that beautiful eternity which will have no bounds, no limits but its immensity."

Although the Sisters of the Visitation at that time visited the sick, that was not the chief end of their Institute, as their Constitutions plainly show. Their principal end was union with God by the interior life. They gave to the abandoned poor, who needed their charity, at the most only two hours a day, and every month two other members of the community replaced those who had preceded them in this charitable work. Therefore each Sister had her turn scarcely once a year.

The little Gallery House was so poor that on the day, June 6, 1611, when the first three Mothers pronounced their holy vows, the little chapel was draped only with white sheets, upon which were pinned bunches of wild field flowers, and their fragrance breathed forth to these new spouses of Christ the words which were first addressed to the Spouse in the Canticle of Canticles: *I am the flower of the field and the lily of the valley.*

On June 10, 1611, the first Friday after the Octave of Corpus Christi, St. Francis de Sales wrote the following note to St. de Chantal: "Good morning, my very dear Mother. Last night God gave me the thought that our House of the Visitation is, through His grace, great and noble enough to have its escutcheons, its coat-of-arms, its device and its motto. I think then, my dear Mother, if you approve, that we will take for our arms a heart pierced with two arrows, encircled by a crown of thorns, the poor heart surmounted by a cross graven with the sacred names of Jesus and Mary. My child, the first time I see you I shall tell you a thousand little thoughts that have come to me on this subject; for in truth our little Congrega-



THE GALLERY HOUSE.

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CASTLE OF THORENS. BIRTHPLACE OF ST. FRANCIS.

tion is a work of the Hearts of Jesus and Mary. The Saviour dying has brought us forth by the opening of His Sacred Heart."

Mgr. Bougaud, whose ardent love for the Visitation shines forth, not only in the Life of St. de Chantal, but also in that of the Blessed Apostle of the Sacred Heart, asks this question: "What were those 'thousand little thoughts' that St. Francis de Sales had had during the night, and that he wished to confide to Mother de Chantal? When on June 10, 1611, almost a century before our Lord's apparition to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, St. Francis de Sales gave for arms to his rising Institute, a heart crowned with thorns and surmounted by a cross, was he not yielding to a sublime presentiment? Had God during that blessed night, of which we possess so little information, favored him with the revelation of the great event, which, a century later, was to cast so sweet a light upon the Order of the Visitation? Or when He decreed to give to a world full of hatred, and soon to be full of ruins, the sweet devotion of the Sacred Heart as a consolation and a hope, did He choose the Visitation for its propagation only to recompense it, for having at its birth, taken for its arms that Heart, crowned with thorns, thus giving the signal, as it were, for this beautiful devotion?" And may we reverently ask: Did that great prelate who called his daughters, Daughters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and who has promised them if they are very humble and faithful to God, to have the Heart of Jesus, their crucified spouse, as their place of retreat and repose in this world, and His celestial palace for their abode in eternal life, did he see through the dim veil of the future, the rise and spread of that devotion in the New World? Did he see in the shade of the trackless forests, prophetic spires pointing heavenward, which gleamed over altars dedicated to that Sacred Heart? And Religious Congregations, Confraternities and Sodalities binding together thousands of souls, having for their end the one desire of making known that Heart which has loved mankind so much?

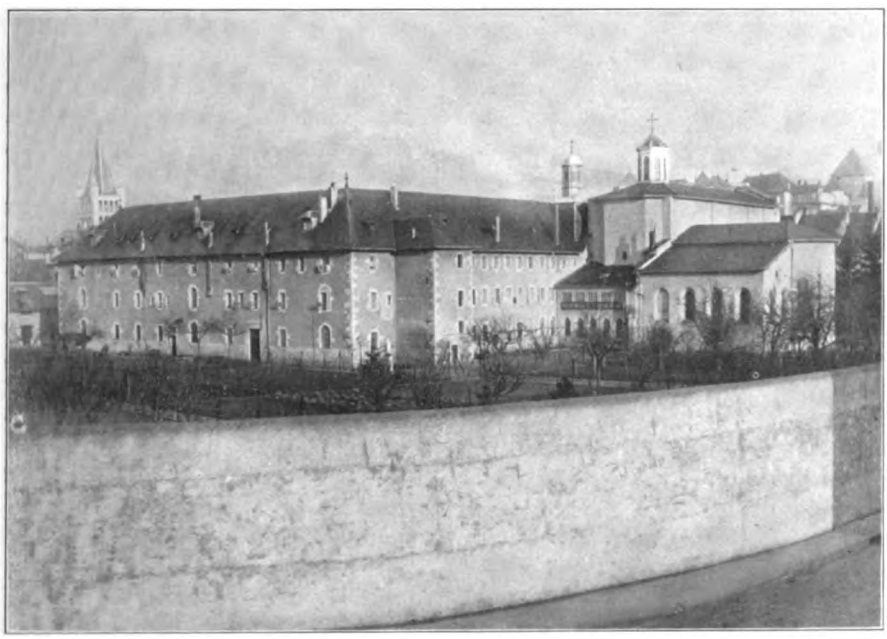
We know from "The Interior Spirit of the Religious of the Visitation" that the Saint established his Order in the Church to honor in a particular manner this Adorable Heart by the practice of humility and meekness, which are the foundation of the rules of the Daughters of the Visitation; and, as the different Orders which are in the Church are destined to honor some particular virtue of the Son of God, so that of the Visitation is established to render a continual homage to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in His hidden and annihilated life.

Mother Fichet again unveils to us the hidden life in the little Gallery House, which witnessed the miraculous cure of

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St. de Chantal by the application of a relic of St. Blaise in the hands of St. Francis de Sales. The candid historian relates that "Sister Fichet, who stood near the bed, remarked in an undertone: 'Indeed it was not necessary to go all the way to Armenia after a saint of the fourth century, for His Lordship could have cured our Mother without applying the relics.'" The holy Bishop heard these words. His face flushed and his eyes filled with tears. He reproved the Sister severely, commanded her to ask pardon of the holy martyr, and in raised her from the ground and said: "My daughter, we possess our souls by patience. You must not be so eager. If you had looked for your key with more tranquillity, you would perhaps have found it sooner. Be not troubled; all things work together for good unto those who love God."

The only picture which adorned the Gallery House was a small paper print, representing the Visitation, which may still be seen in the Monastery of the Visitation in Annecy. In one of the rooms of *La Galerie* is seen the cord of



VISITATION MONASTERY, ANNECY. REAR VIEW.

penance to fast on the eve of his feast for three successive years.

On one occasion the Saint came to say Mass at *La Galerie*, and, as the key of the sacristy had been lost, His Lordship retired to the upper gallery and knelt down to make his preparation for Mass. The Sisters, anxious to know if he was disturbed or vexed, peeped through the crack of the door, and were greatly edified by his recollection. When the key was found the sacristan knelt at his feet, to ask his pardon. He gently the great bell which Mother de Bréchard had fastened to the foot of her bed, that she might ring the morning Angelus more promptly; and Mother Fichet tells us that she herself suffered so much from want of sleep that she would willingly have gone to bed fasting, and endured all other mortifications, if she had only been allowed the comfort of a morning nap; but looking upon this as a temptation, she determined to throw herself on her face on the floor at the first sound of the tracklette for rising, and with this

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courageous effort the temptation vanished.

The Holy Founder gave many spiritual conferences to his first daughters in the Gallery House. He was then writing his Treatise on the Love of God, and the Sisters used to ask him, with childlike simplicity, what he had written since his last visit. He told them the chapter and then enlarged upon the subject, but he would not allow them to take notes, saying that all would be found in his book. Mgr. Bougaud says: "Composed for the daughters of St. de Chantal at their earnest request, the Treatise on the Love of God is consequently a part of their history. It belongs to them also by another title They were for St. Francis de Sales not only an incentive in his task,—they served him also as models. In describing the birth, progress, and all the beautiful operations of divine love in souls, the holy Bishop portrayed his daughters. He depicted their interior, which he knew so well and which God filled with the rarest graces. It was Mother Anne Marie Rosset who furnished him with the principal features of the VI., VII. and VIII. books of Theotime. He thought of Mother de Châtel when he so charmingly described the caresses of divine love in innocent souls. Mother de la Roche showed him its ecstasies; Mother de Beaumont its calm joy; Mother de Bréchard its consuming ardor; and Mother Favre its trials and terrible dereliction. As to Mother de Chantal, the model of all the others, we may say that, from the first to the last line of this great work, St. Francis de Sales never for an instant lost sight of her. He said to her in confidence: 'The book on the Love of God, my dear child, was written especially for you;' and again, 'It is for you and such as you that I have written the Treatise on the Love of God.' The Bishop could not deny himself the consolation of acknowledging. even in public, at whose request he had undertaken this task, and by what models he had perfected it. In his preface, a most lovely and ingenuous production, as was everything that came from his pen, after having mentioned the great writers of the past whom he had consulted . . . after having indicated those abundant well-springs from which he had freely and copiously drawn, he referred to another source, hidden from the world—namely the interior of his Visitandine Daughters. He tells his dear reader that there is in the little town of Annecy, a congregation of maidens and widows, whose piety and innocence filled him with consolation; that he often visited them to talk of God, which obliged him to treat of the most delicate points of piety."

(*To be continued.*)

THE LEGENDARY LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

By J. P. Ritter.

ALL the great legends which have inspired the literature and art of Europe since the early Middle Ages until the present time, are founded upon the eternal truths of religion. For three centuries at least—that is from the seventh to the tenth century—they constituted the sole literature of the masses, the only mental and moral nourishment of the unlettered lower classes, apart from the religious instructions and ministrations of Holy Mother Church. For the romances of chivalry, invented at a later period, were intended for the amusement of the nobility alone.

Of the incalculable influence of this legendary literature in elevating the benighted minds of the serfs and vassals

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of the period to the contemplation of divine things, Guizot has given us an eloquent description in his "History of Civilization."

"As after the siege of Troy," he writes, "there were found, in every city of Greece, men who collected the traditions and adventures of heroes, and sung them for the recreation of the people, till these recitals became a national passion, a national poetry; so, at the time of which we speak, the traditions of what may be called the Heroic Ages of Christianity had the same interest for the nations of Europe. There were men who made it their business to collect them, to inscribe them; to read or recite them aloud, for the edification and delight of the people. And this was the only literature, properly so called, of that time."

It appears, therefore, that during the so-called Dark Ages—which were far from being as savage and gloomy as the majority of historians have represented them—there arose a grand literature, instinct with the glorious truths of Christianity, to keep alive in the hearts of the ignorant and oppressed a sense of the dignity of their nature; a literature of faith, hope and charity; that presented the ugliness of vice and the beauty of virtue, and that inspired to resignation and endurance by revealing bright glimpses of a better world of eternal blessedness and peace beyond the grave.

It is true, that in many of these heroic legends, the gods and goddesses of pagan mythologies appear to have conferred their prerogatives upon certain of the saints venerated by Christians, and that this has led Protestant critics to regard such saints as mythical. These skeptics, however, appear to disregard a primary principle in historical research—that, because certain wild fables have become associated with the names of great personages in the remote past, it is illogical to assume that such personages have never existed. Is it not far more reasonable to believe that the similitude found in the attributes of the saints in question, and the heathen deities whose places they have taken as patrons to be appealed to in particular conditions and emergencies, necessarily resulted from the introduction of Christianity among pagan races?

In converting entire pagan communities to the Christian faith—as so frequently happened in the early ages of the Church—it was necessary to overlook for a time certain of the ancient superstitions and prejudices that had been handed down from father to son through many ages. I do not mean by this that the early missionaries effected a compromise with the idolaters; but that they permitted them to retain their traditions and habits in all cases where sin was not involved. In breaking down the idols of their deities, they substituted the holy images of the patron saints of Christianity. In depriving them of their protecting gods, they gave them in return the powerful intercessors of the Church. The result was tremendous; for the heathen, seeing their tutelary deities replaced by such sublime personages, realized that they were immeasurable gainers by the change, and became willing and easy converts.

But it was impossible for them to wholly eradicate from their benighted minds the superstitions inherited from their ancestors. The patron saints, who had succeeded to their tutelary deities, naturally became the heroes of many of the wild tales related of the former. Legends were associated with them which antiquarians have since traced back to their pagan sources, and the Catholic Church has been held responsible for the result. On the contrary, we find that the Church has rigorously endeavored to repress and denounce all those apocryphal traditions and legends of sacred events which had become the delight of her unlettered children.

But, because the Church refused her countenance to such extravagant tales, it was not on account of their vicious tendency. It was rather because they were absurdly regarded as historical events.

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Far from being degrading, even the wildest of these legends typifies some beautiful Christian virtue. Sometimes the story treats of endurance, courage and heroism, sometimes of the loveliness of virtue, faith and charity; again the noble deeds of a valiant Christian hero are narrated in the form of a sublime allegory. Indeed, during that dark period, which we have been taught to believe the most sterile in literary production, the genius of man was busy in inventing innumerable wondrous legends—some having an authentic historical basis, others wholly imaginary—that have inspired the greatest modern poets and romancers in their noblest creations. Nor has literature alone drawn from this inexhaustible source. The loveliest examples of art also have been evoked by the same inspiration.

As the legendary literature of the Middle Ages covers an immense field, it will be impossible for me to give more than a few illustrations of the grand old Christian narratives that delighted the people of Europe before the Reformation. In order to present them in their proper light, it will be necessary to separate them into three classes. In the first class I will place those venerated traditions which many of the faithful accept without hesitation, and some of which are regarded as historical by Holy Church; in the second, those pious traditions which the Church tolerates without endorsing; and in the third, those grand imaginative romances to which the title legend, as now understood, more properly applies.

In the gospel it is nowhere written that our Divine Lord appeared to His Immaculate Mother immediately after the resurrection, before revealing himself to Mary Magdalene in the garden; but there is a very ancient tradition to that effect. Indeed it is highly agreeable for Catholics to believe that Christ did not leave the bereaved and sorrowing heart of His Mother without the consolation which he had accorded to the Magdalene. The tradition is thus related by Mrs. Jameson in her Sacred and Legendary Art:

"After the awful tragedy on Mount Calvary, the Blessed Virgin, leaning on the arm of the Beloved Disciple, returned weeping to her home. There she retired to her chamber to be alone with her grief; but hers was not a hopeless sorrow; she had the most perfect faith; and, with the Book of Prophecies lying open before her, she knelt and prayed earnestly, saying, 'Thou didst promise, O my most dear Son, that Thou wouldst rise again on the third day. Before yesterday was the day of darkness and bitterness, and behold this is the third day! Return then to me, Thy Mother; O my Son, tarry not, but come!'

"And lo! while she prayed, a bright company of angels appeared before her, with palms in their hands which they waved triumphantly. They surrounded her kneeling, and sang in joyous chorus the glorious Easter hymn, '*Regina, Cœli lætare, Alleluia!*' And, as they sang, Christ suddenly appeared in the midst of them, bearing in His left hand the standard of the cross, and robed in radiant white, like one just returned from a great victory over the powers of sin and death. And with Him were the patriarchs and prophets whose imprisoned spirits he had released from Hades. This august company fell on their knees before the Holy Virgin, and blessed and thanked her because she had been the means of their deliverance.

"Yet for all this, she was not comforted until she had heard the voice of her beloved Son. Then He, raising His hand in benediction, spoke and said, 'I salute thee, O my Mother!' and she, weeping for very joy, replied, 'It is Thou indeed, my most dear Son!'" and she fell upon His neck, and He embraced her tenderly, and showed her the wounds He had received for sinful man.

"Then He told her to weep no more, but rather rejoice; for the pangs of death had passed away and the gates of hell had not prevailed against Him. Then

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the Blessed Virgin fell humbly upon her knees before Him, and thanked Him meekly for bringing redemption to mankind, and making her the humble instrument of His great mercy; and they sat together conversing on things divine, until He left her to show Himself to Mary Magdalene, who next to His Mother, had most need of consolation."

The Centurion, who pierced the side of the dead Christ with his spear, as He hung upon the cross, is the hero of a charming historical narrative. It will be remembered that this soldier, on witnessing the signs and omens that accompanied the Saviour's death, exclaimed in fear and trembling, "Truly this man was the Son of God!" Thus he became the first of the Gentiles whose eyes were opened to the divinity of Jesus Christ. According to a well-authenticated tradition, his name is given as Longinus, and he appears in the Roman Calendar as St. Longinus. It is related by Alban Butler that, as he uttered these words he placed his hands stained with the blood of our Lord, before his eyes, and immediately a great imperfection in his sight, which had afflicted him for years, was healed. It is perhaps unnecessary to explain that spiritual blindness is the imperfection alluded to in the tradition, considered in its allegorical significance.

On the restoration of his sight, Longinus turned from Mount Calvary in deep repentance for his sins, and sought the apostles, by whom he was baptized and received into the Church. Afterwards he withdrew into Cæsarea, where for twenty-eight years he labored as a missionary, converting many to the Christian faith. At last he was seized by order of the Governor of the province, and commanded to sacrifice to the Roman gods. But he refused, and moreover, assured the Governor, who was blind, that he could hope for the restoration of his sight only after putting him to death. At this this official directed that he should be beheaded, and immediately on the execution of his order, his sight was restored, and he also became a Christian.

On the famous Appian Way not far from the Eternal City, stands a venerable little church, erected on the spot sanctified by our Saviour's meeting with St. Peter, while the Apostle was fleeing from Rome in order to escape the wrath of the Emperor Nero. It is called the Church of "*Domine quo vadis?*" And the tradition connected with it is as authentic as any of the others relating to the latter years of the great Apostle's life. As the sublime incident has been unworthily described in a gross, but popular romance of the day—the historical novel "Quo Vadis," by Sienkiewicz—I will repeat it here as it is related by Alban Butler and earlier biographers of the Saint.

After the burning of Rome by the tyrant Nero, he sought to avert popular indignation from himself by throwing upon the Christians the accusation of having fired the city. This was the origin of the first general persecution, in which many perished by terrible and hitherto unheard-of deaths. In this emergency, the Christian converts gathered round St. Peter, and implored him with many tears not to expose his life, which was dear and necessary to the welfare of the Church. Persuaded at last by their arguments, St. Peter consented to depart from Rome; but as he fled along the Appian Way, about two miles from the gates, he was met by our Saviour travelling toward the city. Struck with amazement St. Peter exclaimed,

"*Domine, quo vadis?*"—"Lord, whither goest Thou?"

His Divine Master, looking upon him with a mild sadness, replied gently,

"I go to Rome to be crucified a second time," and with these words He vanished.

St. Peter, taking this for a sign that he was to submit himself to the martyrdom prepared for him, immediately turned back and re-entered the city. There he continued in his appointed work, preaching, baptizing, and exhorting his little flock to persevere in their faith, until he was finally seized with St. Paul and

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thrown into the Mamertime dungeons under the Capitol. The story of the imprisonment and martyrdom of the two Apostles is so well known that it need not be repeated here.

The fact that this beautiful tradition has been handed down, without variation or addition, from the earliest times is a convincing proof of its authenticity. A grander subject for the pen of the poet, or the brush of the artist, it would be difficult to find; and yet it appears to have been seldom treated in art, and to a great extent overlooked in literature (excepting in lives of the great Apostle) until Henry Sienkiewicz wrote his novel. But the tradition of St. Peter's meeting with his Divine Master is not the only instance of which it may be said that a sublime subject has been strangely overlooked. An incident in the traditionary life of St. Thomas the Apostle may be cited as an example.

In the *Legenda Aurea* of Jacques de Voragine, it is related that, when the apostles had dispersed, after the day of Pentecost, to preach the gospel to all nations, St. Thomas travelled towards the east.

"When St. Thomas was at Cæsarea," he writes, "our Lord appeared to him and said, 'The King of the Indies, Gondoforus, hath sent his provost Abanes to seek for workmen well versed in the science of architecture, who shall build for him a palace finer than that of the Emperor of Rome. Behold now, I send thee to him.' And Thomas went and Gondoforus commanded him to build for him a magnificent palace, and gave him much gold and silver for the purpose.

"The king went into a distant country, and was absent for two years; and St. Thomas meanwhile, instead of building a palace, distributed all the treasures entrusted to him among the poor and sick; and when the king returned, he was full of wrath, and commanded that St. Thomas should be seized and cast into prison, and he meditated for him a horrible death. Meantime the brother of the king died, and the king resolved to erect for him a most magnificent tomb: but the dead man, after he had been dead four days, suddenly arose, sat upright, and said to the king:

"'The man whom thou wouldst torture is a servant of God. Behold I have been in Paradise, and the angels showed me a wondrous palace of gold and silver and precious stones. And they said, 'This is the palace that Thomas the architect has built for thy brother, King Gondoforus.'

"And when the king heard these words, he ran to the prison, and delivered the Apostle; and Thomas said to him:

"'Knowest thou not that those who would possess heavenly things have little care for the things on this earth? There are in heaven rich palaces without number, which were prepared from the beginning of the world for those who purchased the possession through faith and charity. Thy riches, O King, may prepare the way for thee to such a palace, but they cannot follow thee thither.'"

There is in this tradition an allegory beautiful in its significance. It recalls to mind the words of our Saviour as recorded in the gospel, "In my Father's house there are many mansions," etc., and again, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moths and rust do corrupt and thieves break through and steal; but rather lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven where neither moths nor rust do corrupt and thieves do not break through and steal." I will not comment upon the authenticity of the narrative further than to say that it greatly resembles many of those religious legends, invented for the instruction of the people, and which were never intended to be regarded as facts.

St. Gregory the Great was one of those extraordinary men whose influence is not only felt in their own time, but through long succeeding ages. He lived in the seventh century, and reigned over the

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Roman Church for fourteen years previous to his death. The principal events of his life constitute an important chapter in ecclesiastical history. But apart from the facts regarding him, which historians universally accept, several singularly interesting and beautiful traditions invest his personality with peculiar charm. These traditions have afforded a number of picturesque themes for art, it is true; but they have been neglected by the poets and romancers. Yet what could be more suitable for the subject of a dramatic poem than the tradition entitled, "The Supper of St. Gregory?"

It is related that when Gregory was only a monk in the monastery of St. Andrew, a beggar presented himself at the gate and requested alms. Being relieved, he came again and again, until nothing was left for the charitable monk to bestow but the silver porringer in which his mother, Sylvia, had sent him a potage. He commanded that this should be given to the mendicant. It was his custom, when he became Pope, to entertain every evening at his own table twelve poor men, in remembrance of our Lord's apostles. One night, as he sat at supper with his guests, he saw, to his surprise, not twelve, but thirteen seated at his table; and he called to his steward and said to him:

"Did I not command thee to invite twelve? and behold there are thirteen!"

And the steward told them over and replied:

"Holy Father, there are surely only twelve!"

At this Gregory held his peace; and, after the meal, he called forth the unbidden guest and asked him,

"Who art thou?"

And he replied, "I am the poor man whom thou didst formerly relieve; but my name is the Wonderful, and through me thou shalt obtain whatever thou shalt ask of God."

Then St. Gregory knew that he had entertained an angel, or, according to another version of the incident, our Lord himself. Another tradition concerning the same Pope Gregory is briefly referred to in Dante's great epic. It is thus related in the *Legenda Aurea:*

"It happened on a time, as Trajan (the Roman Emperor) was hastening to battle at the head of his legions, that a poor widow flung herself in his path and cried aloud for justice. And the emperor staid to listen to her, and she demanded vengeance for the innocent blood of her son, killed by the son of the emperor. Trajan promised to do her justice when he returned from the expedition.

"'But, Sire,' answered the widow, 'should you be killed in battle, who then will do me justice?'

"'My successor,' replied Trajan. And she said:

"'What will it signify to you, Great Emperor, that any other than yourself should do me justice? Is it not better that you should do this good action yourself than leave another to do it?'

"And Trajan alighted; and, having examined into the affair, he gave up his own son to her in place of him she had lost, and bestowed on her likewise a rich dowry. Now it came to pass that as Gregory was one day meditating in his daily walk, this action of the Emperor Trajan came into his mind, and he wept bitterly to think that a man so just should be condemned as a heathen to eternal punishment. And, entering into a church, he prayed most fervently that the soul of the good emperor might be released from torment. And a voice said to him, 'I have granted thy prayer, and I have spared the soul of Trajan for thy sake; but, because thou hast supplicated for one whom the justice of God had already condemned, thou shalt choose one of two things: Either thou shalt endure for two days the fires of Purgatory, or thou shalt be sick and infirm for the remainder of thy life.' Gregory chose the latter, which sufficiently accounts for the grievous pains and infirmities to which this great and

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good man was subjected, even to the day of his death."

This tradition was extremely popular in the Middle Ages, when different versions of it were multiplied throughout Europe, despite the fact that it contradicts a fundamental Catholic truth. But, apart from its typification of divine and human justice, it seems to contain a deeper, hidden significance. For does it not suggest that the guiltless who suffer in this life on account of the sins of others, may be participating all unconsciously in the glorious scheme of redemption? As the Saviour atoned by His sufferings for the sins of all mankind, and as St. Gregory also suffered that Trajan might be saved, so the humblest of the faithful, when burdened with sorrow and affliction, may console themselves with the thought that they are doing penance for some poor sinner,—perhaps an idolized son, or dearly-loved daughter, who has strayed from the narrow way.

Concerning the female saints of the Church this may be said, so many enchanting myths and allegories have been interwoven with well-founded-traditions, that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between them. Thus the Church accepts the narrative of the finding of the true cross on Mount Calvary by St. Helena, as an historical event; but she does not so regard the beautiful "Legend of the Cross," as related by the Christian romancers of the Middle Ages. Again, she enjoins upon all her children a deep reverence and devotion to the great St. Ursula, the patroness of virgins; but she does not accept all the mediæval traditions of her martyrdom, and that of her eleven thousand virgin attendants at Cologne, as literally true. But of this later on.

Of the virgin saints of Christendom none has been more highly honored in modern literature, music and art than St. Cecilia. The tradition of her holy life and heroic martyrdom has been handed down to us [illegible] early Church, and the veneration paid to her memory can be traced back to the third century in which she is known to have lived and suffered. As the patron saint of music, it was only natural that she should have inspired the poets and painters of the *Renaissance* to celebrate her in their productions; but her universal popularity did not end with the Middle Ages. Her story has been told over and over again, through succeeding centuries until the present time, and not a year rolls by without seeing some new painting dedicated to her honor.

Chaucer, who first succeeded in adapting the English language to the requirements of poetry, has given us an almost literal version of her tradition in the "Second Nonnes Tale" of his "Canterbury Tales," and Dryden's muse never soared to so great a height, as when he dedicated to her his splendid ode entitled "Alexander's Feast." Handel set this masterpiece to music which has delighted all lovers of his art to this day, and Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a famous picture of the saint—taking the celebrated singer, Mrs. Billington, as his model—which called forth an enthusiastic compliment from the composer Haydn.

"What have you done?" said he to Sir Joshua. "You have made her listening to the angels; you should have represented the angels listening to her."

The poet Tennyson—who drew his highest inspiration from the sacred traditions, and romantic legends of mediæval times—has given us a charming word-painting of the virgin saint sleeping:—

"There, in a clear wall'd city by the sea,
Near gilded organ-pipes—her hair
Bound with white roses—slept St. Cecily;—
An angel looked at her!"

Cardinal Wiseman, in his admirable historical novel "Fabiola," has endued the traditions, concerning the saints and martyrs who perished during the persecution of Christians in the reign of the Emperors Diocletian and Maximus, with

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the very soul of reality. The heroic St. Sebastian, the meek and lamb-like St. Agnes, the youthful St. Pancras and other holy martyrs of the time, are grouped together with rare skill, into a fascinating romance which every Catholic should read. The learned author has succeeded in recalling a remote age with wondrous accuracy of detail; but the highest praise that can be accorded to his tale is that it portrays in a vivid manner, the true spirit of the early martyrs—the same spirit that filled the breast of the heroic St. Felicitas, and enabled her to glory in the martyrdom of her seven sons, who were slain in the most horrible manner before her eyes, and afterward to bless God that she had brought forth children worthy to be saints in Paradise. Many of the traditions embodied in "Fabiola" are regarded as historical by Catholics; so also are the profoundly pathetic narratives with which I will conclude this article. The first relates to the female anchorite, St. Mary of Egypt, and, in its present form, is attributed to St. Jerome.

About the year of our Lord 365, there dwelt in Alexandria a woman whose name was Mary, who was even a greater sinner than Mary Magdalene before her conversion. After passing seventeen years of her life in worldly vanity and wickedness, it happened that one day, while roving along the seashore, she beheld a ship ready to sail, and a large company preparing to embark. Upon her asking whither they were going, they replied that they were about to sail for Jerusalem to celebrate the Feast of the True Cross. Seized with a sudden desire to accompany them, she went on board the vessel, which soon afterwards set sail for its destination.

On arriving at Jerusalem, she joined the crowds of worshippers who had assembled to enter the church; but all her attempts to pass the threshold were in vain; whenever she endeavored to enter the porch, a supernatural power drove her back in shame, in terror, in despair. Struck by the remembrance of her sins, and filled with repentance, she numbled herself and prayed for help. Then the interdiction was removed, and she entered the house of God, crawling on her knees. Thenceforth she renounced her wicked life, and, buying at a baker's three small loaves wandered forth into solitude, and never stopped or reposed till she had penetrated into the deserts beyond the Jordan.

There she built herself a hermitage, and began a life of the severest penance, living on roots and fruits, and drinking only water. Thus she dwelt in the wilderness in prayer and meditation, supported only by her three small loaves, which, like the widow's meal, failed her not, until, after the lapse of forty-seven years, she was discovered by a priest named Zosimus. Of him she requested silence, praying that he would return at the end of a year with the Blessed Sacrament, that she might confess and communicate before she was released from earth.

Zosimus obeyed her, and returned at the appointed time; but, not being able to pass the Jordan, the penitent, supernaturally assisted, crossed over the water to him. Having received Communion with tears, she desired the priest to leave her once more to her solitude for the space of another year. Again he obeyed her, and, on returning to her hermitage for the second time, found her dead with her hands crossed meekly on her bosom. At this Zosimus wept bitterly and looking around, saw written in the sand of the desert these words;—"O Father Zosimus, bury the body of the poor sinner, Mary of Egypt. Give earth to earth, and dust to dust, for Christ's sake!" He endeavored to obey this last command, but being full of years, his strength failed him. Then a lion came out of the woods and aided him, digging in the sand with his paws till the grave was sufficiently large to receive the body of the saint. When it had been committed to the earth, the lion retired gently, and Zosimus returned home, praising God for having shown such great mercy to the penitent.

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The second historical tradition is of very ancient origin, the scene being placed in the deserts of Syria. It is to be found in Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints," from which I have condensed it as follows :

The anchorite, Abraham, had a brother who lived in the world and possessed great riches. When he died, leaving an only daughter named Mary, she was brought to her uncle Abraham, to be educated as he should think fit. The holy man resolved to train his niece in the same ascetic practices which he himself observed, and which he deemed necessary for the salvation of all men. Mary, therefore, when she was only seven years old, was conducted to the deserts of Syria. Her uncle built her a cell, close to his own, and, through a window which opened between them, taught her to say her prayers, to recite the Psalter, to sing hymns and to dedicate her life to holiness.

Thus Mary grew up in the desert until she was twenty years old, happy in her solitude, and ignorant of the pomps and vanities of the world. Then Satan tempted her and she fell. When she came to herself her heart was sorely troubled. She beat her breast and wept bitterly, thinking of what she had been and what she had now become. She despaired and said in her heart, "For me there is no hope, no return." So she fled, not daring to meet the face of her uncle, and went to a distant place where she lived wickedly for two years.

Now on the same night she fled from her cell, Abraham had a dream ; and he saw in his dream a monstrous dragon, who came to his hermitage, and, finding there a beautiful white dove, devoured it and returned to his den. When the hermit awoke he was greatly perplexed, not knowing what the vision might portend. But again he dreamed, and saw the same dragon. And he put his foot on its head, and crushed it, and took from its maw the beautiful dove, and put it in his bosom, where it returned to life again to spread its wings and fly upward toward heaven.

Then the old man knew that this must relate to his niece Mary ; so he took up his staff, and went forth through the world seeking her everywhere. At length he found her, and seeing her overpowered with shame and despair, exhorted her to take courage, promising to take her sin and her penance on himself. At this she wept and embraced his knees, crying, "O my father ! if thou thinkest there is hope for me, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest, and kiss thy footsteps which lead me out of this gulf of sin and death !" So he prayed with her, and reminded her that God does not desire the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live. These charitable words filled her with comfort. The next morning Abraham rose up, took his niece by the hand, and led her back to her cell in the wilderness, leaving behind them her gay attire and jewels.

From this time on Mary led a life of penitence and great humillty, ministering to her aged uncle, who died glorifying God. After his death, she lived on many years praising God, and doing good in humbleness and singleness of heart. Through her sanctity she found great favor with the people ; so that from all the country round they brought the sick, and those who were possessed, for her to heal them—such virtue was in her prayers, although she had been a sinner. At length she died, and the angels carried her spirit out of the shadow and the cloud of sin into the glory and the joy of heaven.

Although these two affecting little narratives are exceedingly simple and beautiful, and moreover, are vouched for as authentic by the highest authorities, they seem to have been altogether overlooked by those who have drawn upon the Christian literature of the Middle Ages for subjects to inspire them to works of poesy and art.

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The Apostleship in Daily Life.

General Intention for July, 1899.

Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

As our readers are well aware, it was the founder of our Association, Father Gautrelet, of happy memory, who was the first to appropriate the consecrated term "Apostleship" to the ordinary works of piety and mercy when performed by several of the faithful united together with the common motive of God's glory and the salvation of souls. Restricted, at first, to a number of young religious and ecclesiastical students, who were destined one day to continue the work of the Apostles in the exercise of the holy ministry, the term was gradually applied to all the faithful who agreed to unite with them in prayer or in works of zeal, and it now denotes an organization sanctioned by the Holy See, open to all the faithful, and justly regarded by all who know it as one of the greatest helps to Catholic devotion in our times.

The term "Apostleship" has been applied to many movements and associations, with more or less propriety, since Father Gautrelet first used it to designate the spirit of our league of prayers. Indeed it is used so frequently nowadays as to sound commonplace, and it is too often adapted to recommend schemes that little deserve to bear a name so sacred Before it was used to express the holy mission of the Apostles it was, and should have been, used with all propriety to designate any other charge or mission as well. Since their time Christians at least have reserved it to express the vocation or special charge of laboring for the salvation of souls, and to derive the full benefit of the term as applied to ourselves, to appreciate the character of our association, and to value the importance of the present General Intention we must bear in mind the exalted meaning of the word "Apostleship," and the strict sense in which we can appropriate it.

If we insist on the meaning of our title, it is because it helps us to conceive the correct idea of our duty as members of the League. It should remind us constantly that we unite together not merely to observe certain practices and to cultivate devotion to the Sacred Heart in a special way, but that in some manner we have like the Apostles, a mission to perform and an object to labor for, and a motive to inspire our labors, which must influence all we do, and that so continuously as to be the dominant influence in our daily life.

First of all we are charged to pray for one another. "I desire therefore, first of all that supplications, prayers, intercessions, and thanksgivings, be made for all men: for kings and for all that are in high station, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all chastity; for this

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is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth." This is a clear mission, or charge to pray with an object and a motive that are purely apostolic; nor are we to be content with prayer. The Apostle St. Paul bids us: "Therefore let us follow after the things that are of peace, and keep the things that are of edification one towards another," and again, "let all things be done to edification" With prayer we must join action, and while we must refrain from everything that can hinder our neighbor's salvation, we must leave undone nothing we can reasonably do for his welfare, temporal and spiritual, so that we may edify, or at least help to build up in him "God's building," as St. Paul styles us.

We are therefore constituted apostles, and though we are not all chosen to administer the sacraments, or to preach, we are still in the words of St. Peter, "a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ," . . . . "a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people, that we may declare his virtues, who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light." In these and other passages of Holy Writ we find not only a justification of the apostolic character of our league, but also an incentive to use all its practices as a means of cultivating an apostolic spirit, and of bringing every action of our life under the influence of this spirit. This is what we mean by praying for an apostolic spirit in our every day life.

The importance of cultivating this spirit we cannot over estimate. We are all glad to see men coming to the knowledge of the truth; we hail with joy every new means, or movement, that promises to make known to inquiring minds our Christian doctrine and observances; we support our foreign missions, we go out of our way to help those who are not of our faith to understand what to believe and practise; we rejoice when after careful study and deliberation men or women of trained intellect cast away every prejudice and pay to God the tribute of their reasoning powers by embracing the Church which keeps His truth among men; we are generous in our admiration and praise of all those who are the instruments of such conversions; and all this proves that we estimate the spread of the truth above every other good thing in this world. We are, nevertheless, apt to overlook the chief factors in the work of converting a human soul. Too often we forget that God alone, who knows the secrets of hearts, can lead souls unto himself; and too often, also, we forget that it is His will that we have all a share in the work, if not by preaching or by the administration of the sacraments, by our prayers and by our good example and zeal.

We are favored from time to time with accounts of the steps by which some notable conversions have been made. Missions, special sermons, doctrinal books, have much to do with them; family or other relationships often help to bring them about; but there is one factor which invariably enters into the process of converting a human soul, whether from unbelief or heresy, to the true religion, or from an evil to a good life, and that is the ordinary every day example of Catholics living in accordance with their faith. This is the silent, continuous, and gradually irresistible influence which we all have in our power, and which we are all bound to apply for the good of those with whom we come in contact. It is vain to talk about the conversion of our country, without living well enough to show the comparatively small number of its citizens with whom we deal the truth and holiness of Catholic belief and practice. It is not a Catholic spirit at all, but distinctively a Protestant one, which makes us wish to convert or reform others before we have embraced, in deed as well as in mind, the truth to which we hope to convert them.

The mere human instruments and

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means of converting souls are largely in the possession of non-Catholics. Costly churches, well salaried clergy, richly endowed seminaries and colleges, books, newspapers, clubs, university extensions, and settlements, and, what is more surprising, a restless activity in using all these resources to propagate their religious views and practices. For all this their churches are empty, their missions for the most part sterile, and the results they accomplish are never in proportion to their expenditure of money and energy. They are continually comparing, to their own disadvantage, their meagre fruits with our own, in spite of our comparative poverty. They are unwittingly pointing out what most urges upon their attention the consistency of our belief and the sanctity of our observances. They may avoid our preachers, and ignore our best doctrinal and conversational books; but they cannot blind themselves to the strong evidence of Catholic life, which is manifested so naturally by every true Catholic whether taken individually, or as part of his parish or congregation.

It is most important, therefore, that we should appreciate how much every Catholic can and should influence for good every one he meets in the daily walks of life. Even without any extraordinary means beyond those which our holy religion provides so abundantly to all of us, we can extend to others the force of the spirit by which we live. Like the branches engrafted on the vine, we draw our spiritual life from Christ; as His members, we derive all our religious vigor directly from Him. It were strange if we could partake of His life and not impart it to some extent to those who are disposed to receive it. It were strange, too, if we should be content with receiving for ourselves, or imparting to others, a slight share of His divine life and influence when we have at hand so many simple means of having and of giving it abundantly.

Our Apostleship of Prayer is one of the simplest of these means. Its practices, easy and commonplace as they may seem, soon beget in us an apostolic spirit, which inspires everything we do. Uniting us with Christ, and keeping uppermost in our minds His desires and intentions, it makes us pray and work and suffer, with the object and motive He had ever before Him, the glory of His Father and the salvation of our souls. Putting before us each month some leading interest of the Church, our Association gradually develops in us an intelligent zeal and sustains the same by appealing to our minds as well as to our hearts, by explaining carefully all these interests as they are recommended by the Holy Father. From the Vicar of Christ we are thus constantly receiving the impulse of zeal imparted to us through his faithful clergy, and the entire force of this impulse is made to affect even the slightest of our daily actions. In this way we live and move and have our very being so influenced by Christ that it becomes natural to us to exercise upon others the influence we derive from Him.

ELEANOR LESLIE.

ONE of the most interesting biographies recently published is the Life of Eleanor Leslie, written by J. M. Stone, and brought out by the Art and Book Company. Although in one volume, the book in point of interest is divided into three periods covering first, Mrs. Leslie's early years, then the time after her marriage, and later her Catholic life, dating from a short time before her husband's death to the close of her own life at the great age of ninety-two.

Eleanor Leslie was born of English parentage, and was fortunate in being

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blessed with an excellent father and mother who did everything for their children that affection and wealth could suggest. Her early life seems to have differed very little from that of most healthy, happy English children. Under the careful training of her mother, her character and personality developed, and at the time of her marriage she already showed the many noble qualities of heart and mind which later grew and were strengthened by sorrow and trial. At the age of twenty-three, she married a Mr. Archibald Leslie, of Scotland, a gentleman in every way, refined, amiable and accomplished, but unfortunately utterly lacking in any business ability, so that their whole married life, from 1823 until Mr. Leslie's death in 1851, was more or less harassed by anxiety about money.

Mrs. Leslie had all the foresight and clear-headed judgment that her husband lacked, and many of his ventures were taken against her advice. Her character comes out most beautifully in misfortune, and she was then, as at all subsequent times in her life, cheerful, brave and helpful. As long as she thought an evil could be prevented, she did all in her power to ward it off, but once misfortune or loss occurred, she showed the most perfect spirit in meeting the inevitable, and neither her husband or children ever found in her a discontented or repining woman. It may be said of Mrs. Leslie that her character was cast on large lines. She was too great of soul, and too broad and deep in heart and mind to have the temptation to petty littlenesses. There was in her a constant reaching out toward the highest and best, and her life shows in a remarkable degree how she was led on step by step, until she reached the perfection of all spiritual life in the Catholic Church.

During Mrs. Leslie's childhood and early married life the Church of England had reached a dead level of unspirituality and cold formalism. There was little in it to inspire fervor or devotion, and this may explain how strongly the Leslies were attracted toward the religion and preaching of a certain Robert Aitken, a dissenter and a man of remarkable personality. They met him on a railroad train, where his intense earnestness at once attracted them, and for some time they attended the services at Zion Chapel and listened to his preaching. There was much of vulgar sensationalism about the way his services were conducted, but there can be no doubt that in this case the foolish things of the world were made use of to confound the wise, for Mrs. Leslie owed it to Mr. Aitken that her own spiritual life was quickened, and that her love for holy things became deep and real.

About this time occurred the High Church movement in the Church of England, and the Leslies quickly became interested in it. As a stepping stone to the Church, Mrs. Leslie found in it much that satisfied her and that made the ultimate study and acceptance of Catholicity less difficult than it might have been.

It was not, however, until after the removal of the family to Scotland in 1844 that Mrs. Leslie was led seriously to look into the claims of the Church. Mr. (afterward Sir) George Bridges, who later became a Catholic himself, was the first person to call Mrs. Leslie's attention to the Catholic Church by lending her books, mainly of a devotional character. Later, when the Leslies settled at Portobello, near Edinburgh, they made the acquaintance of Father Clapperton, who materially aided Mrs. Leslie in dispelling her doubts. That Mrs. Leslie finally, with her husband's consent, had the courage to become a Catholic, shows her independence, her fearlessness and devotion. She took a step of all others especially difficult for a married woman to take. She was rewarded by having all her children, her husband and a number of relatives and friends follow her into the Church. The conversion of her two youngest daughters, aged thirteen and fourteen, was quite

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remarkable. Of their own accord they elected to follow their mother, and gave their reasons with great clearness and decision, so that even in conversation with Anglican clergymen the two children had rather the better of it, and their father ultimately withdrew all opposition to their becoming Catholics.

The life of Eleanor Leslie from this time is chiefly interesting because of its account of the revival of the Church in Scotland. We have read a great deal of the conversions in England between 1840 and 1890; but little is known, in comparison, of the Catholic revival in Scotland, or of the men and women who aided the good work. The book deals in the most charming manner with these people and the times, and Mrs. Leslie's friendship with them all—the Kerrs, Lady Cecil Lothian, the Bridges, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Harris, all of them converts, besides many born Catholics.

St. Margaret's Convent in Edinburgh, where Mrs. Leslie spent the last twenty or thirty years of her life, and where she died, was the first religious house opened in Scotland since the Reformation. Ultimately Mrs. Leslie's second daughter, Mary, entered this convent.

The vocations of her children form the most important part of Mrs. Leslie's Catholic life. Her only son and two of her three daughters became religious. That the giving them up was a fiery trial to Mrs. Leslie, no one who reads her life can doubt. She loved her children intensely, and after the death of her husband they naturally absorbed her all the more; but in the character of this noble and saintly woman, there was pre-eminently what might be called an affection for suffering, joined to the capability of making great sacrifices. Once she was sure of their vocations, she gave them up, one by one, aiding them by her own courage and faith. She lived long enough to have the bitterness of separation softened, and to reap abundant consolation from her children's religious life and work. For several years previous to the vows of her youngest child, Charlotte, the mother and daughter lived in Rome and in France, where they met many well-known Catholics, and were instrumental in effecting numerous conversions to the faith. In Rome they gathered around them a charming circle of priests and laity—among others Mr. William Palmer, so well known to readers of the "Life of Mother Henrietta Kerr." After Charlotte entered the novitiate of the Sacred Heart at Conflaus, Mrs. Leslie's life was chiefly spent in Edinburgh. Although she lived to the great age of ninety-two, she retained her wonderful mind to the last, and her vigor remained unimpaired up to a few years before her death. She was a typical English woman in her intrepid spirit and love of travel. At the age of seventy-nine she undertook a journey to France to see her brother, whose conversion she had long ardently desired. Ultimately he died in the Faith, though she had not the happiness to hear it, the news coming a few days after her own death.

We cannot put down the life of this woman without feeling that we are the better for having read it. Its mingling of deep spirituality with touches of humor and pathos—the gradual awakening of so many lives to higher and holier things than they had ever known—together with the different scenes and countries in which they lived, makes this Memoir of Eleanor Leslie one that must interest all lovers of good reading.

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From a Letter of Father Algué to his Father Provincial, Rev. Father Luis Adroer.

I.—THE OBSERVATORY DURING THE SIEGE.

MANILA, November 4, 1898.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER PROVINCIAL, P. C.

I avail myself of the return of the steamer "*Buenos Aires*," to send you a few lines. If your Reverence has any idea of the situation of the "Escuela Normal" and of the observatory, it will be easy for you to imagine the innumerable dangers through which the few have passed who remained in these buildings during June, July, August, and a part of September, that is, until the armed insurgents retired from the outskirts of Manila. Blessed for ever the providence of God which has preserved us with our house in the middle of so great dangers!

I must first tell you of the great reputation the observatory has won in the midst of the general disorder, especially at this time when our observations have been more useful, on account of the great number of foreign ships in the harbor. The visits of foreign officers, which were almost without interruption, frequent consultations about the weather, the adjustment of chronometers and like occupations kept Father Doyle and myself constantly busy. To this was attached parochial work, for as the parish priest of "La Hermita" was absent, we took charge of the parish, so that more than once in going to hear the confessions of the sick we heard the whizzing of bullets close by. We suffered, however, no harm, and what is more, though from March 1st to August the 13th, more than fifteen hundred persons took refuge in our house, only two were wounded. This seems providential, for many bullets reached us and five shells exploded in our grounds.

The period of the greatest d began on the 3d of June, so that I Superior was inclined to leave the o entirely. But Father Doyle and m convinced of the importance of n terrupting the services of the observ offered to remain at all cost, but on dition of being told to do so. I determined, then, to send to the " neo" inside the walls, all the comm except Father Doyle, Father Sola, m and four brothers, who were nec for the service of the observatory a the house. At the end of July the ger grew still greater, and again I Superior wished us to abandon observatory. The matter was subm to consultation and it was determin last, that we might remain, but obedience for our greater tranquillit merit. Then Father Sola went t city, and Father Doyle, I and the brothers remained in the observa This was very providential, be otherwise we would have lost all th struments and perhaps the building as did those in charge of "La Ag tura," the grounds of which are co uous to ours. They lost everythin cept a few instruments which we ke them in our house, from which no the insurgents nor the Americans taken anything.

During the blockade and siege a all the officers of the foreign ships were in the bay at that time, can visit the observatory, and I think th has thus become better known, an this reason its services better apprec than at any other time since its fo ation. The French, German, and anese admirals visited all the de ments with great interest, and we known in various ways, the exce impression made upon them. A p

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cal result of these visits was that they earnestly recommended the observatory to Admiral Dewey, who asked to be informed minutely about its situation, and gave orders that all care should be taken to protect us from any damage in case of bombardment. I do not think that we should regret the great expense and sacrifices the observatory has cost the mission, for, according to the opinion of many, it serves as a protection to all the other works of the mission, and is for the glory of God, before all classes of people, and is guaranteed an honorable and easy existence under all circumstances.

As soon as the Americans occupied the city, they asked to be favored with our observations, and especially with information about the typhoons. We are in the best relations with the captain of the port, and for the greater facility and opportunity in communicating our notices, the Americans have established a telegraph station in our house exclusively for our use, in charge of an American officer, and thus we are in direct communication with the cable station, with the captain of the port and with the government offices.

II.—PRISONERS OF THE INSURGENTS.

A Letter of Father Fidel Mir to Father Provincial.

MANILA, November 16, 1898.

Just a week ago Father Rossell—my companion in captivity—and myself had the satisfaction of returning to this college and embracing our beloved Fathers and Brothers after five months of painful and bitter separation. We started from Manila, as your Reverence knows, on the 20th of March, 1898, at 5:30 in the morning. We thought our journey would last, more or less, about fifteen days, but we returned to Manila at 3:30 in the afternoon of the 8th of November, having been away five months and thirteen days.

The first fourteen days we passed at Alaminos, the Province of Zambales, trying to execute as well as possible the double mission that had been given us to the people. They were very kind to us. The events that occurred during those days in Cavite were the cause of our not being able to do more, as they obliged us to abandon that province, the troops having done so already, leaving it at the mercy of the insurgents, who were not far off, and of about one hundred and fifty deserters who ran wild in that region.

We passed from there to Dayupan in the Province of Pangasinan. There we stayed about seventeen days, living in the monastery. The Dominican Father Vicente Aristegui treated us very well; he would not hear of our leaving the place as news arrived of the progress of the insurrection. But we saw that the house was filling up with Fathers of their Order, who returned from different villages; besides we feared lest the insurrection should catch us in some fortified town, so we decided to write to the leader of the rebels in that region, explaining to him the circumstances of our journey, and our wish to return home. For this we asked him to give us a sure passport, if he thought it right, and enough protection to travel in complete security.

He sent us the passport very willingly, written in his own hand, which, I may say, was worse than mine, bad as it is. It was sealed with the seal of his inchoative independence and with the arms of the liberating army.

The day after its reception, which was the 3d of June, we started, going by the railway in a car pushed by Taos, as the other roads were not passable owing to the rain. The next morning we met the insurgents, and from that time till we returned to Manila we were always amongst them. Having arrived at Bautista, we stayed with a good Englishman some eight or ten days whilst we waited for news of the state of the roads and of the insurrection in other provinces. Convinced that we could not travel by the railroad, as it was torn up in some places

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and barricaded in others, we went by Camilin and Gerona to Vitoria in the Province of Tarlac, travelling with new passports given by the local presidents, and the latter part in the company of some insurgent captains.

In Vitoria, in spite of our passports and of our living among them for some thirteen days, during which time we were treated very kindly by all, the vice-president of the revolutionary committee declared us prisoners on the 3d of July, and as prisoners we left Vitoria on the 5th in a cart dragged by carabaos for the prison of Lomboy, situated in the woods, where there were some friars and others. After a very painful journey we arrived at the suburbs to which the prison belongs, but the governor of the province, who resides here, would not carry out this order, because he thought it, as it truly was, unjust and arbitrary, and so he lodged us in his house, where we lived eight days in complete isolation. Here we suffered from want and hunger, but we received no personal harm, thanks to the cassock of the Society, which we wore, and which caused us to be much honored by these poor men.

On the 14th of July we were sent back to Vitoria. In the prison there they had collected the friars who were formerly in the prison at Lomboy and those who a short time before had been taken prisoners at Tarlac. They were eighteen in number belonging to the four orders. Here we were shut up and left in the company of those captives for Christ. But after an hour and a half the vicar of the village, who had been appointed major-chaplain of the army, and had verbal orders to liberate us, came to put us at liberty. Our Lord was satisfied with the offering of life and liberty we had made to Him and which we renewed when we entered into the prison, but He did not accept the consummation of the sacrifice, perhaps because we were unworthy of such a glory.

The revolutionary chiefs were unwilling to acknowledge the verbal ord chaplain had given for our liberty they wrote to the government of asking what they should do wit While the communication went an turned ten days passed away, d which time we were treated very w the chaplain in his own house. Th swer of the government was that we come down to Bacor. As the roads very bad and the weather worse, w not reach this town until the 8th o gust. As soon as we arrived they t that we were free to choose any pla Cavite for our lodging. But when two days we went to indicate the pla had chosen for our residence, the m chief told us it would be better for go to St. Fernando de la Campang giving any reason for the change. there that Freemasonry took an part in the matter. To our request the condition in which we were to St. Fernando, we were told that we free under the general supervision o local president. A little while afte arrival at St. Fernando we were moned to appear before the comma officers. We went to the house o government, where the chief with ev signs of regret told us that we re prisoners in virtue of an order he ha ceived just then from the war depart The order, which he had the kindn show us, said: "Two Spanish Jesuit be sent here; they shall be kept in private house, and under strict vigila and there we passed three months six days, treated now well and now b according to the whim of our capto

During all this time we suffered morally and physically—morally seeing and hearing much which we not avoid against Spain, the friars cers, etc., and with well founded that the punishment which has bee still is inflicted on the poor friars are the victims of their ferocity, mi turn be inflicted on us. We suffere very much physically on account o journeys, prisons, the quantity and

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ity of the food, and in many other ways, which we cannot speak of now.

The greatest danger of all we passed through occurred on the feast of St. Aloysius, when we first met the insurgents. We entered a town which we thought loyal and friendly. Two days before they had repelled a terrible assault of the insurgents and we began to speak to them as friends, and on this supposition we talked to them for about a quarter of an hour, saluting them in the name of their parish priest, whom we had left in Dayupan, and whom the insurgents held in deadly hate. As we were taking notice of the details of the defence, the curate, a good man, signified to us as best he could, that all those who were about us were insurgents who had taken the town the evening before. You can imagine the great danger in which we had unawares plunged ourselves. Luckily they did not understand what we said, and they were captivated by our simplicity and spontaneity. Were it not for that we should have been killed outright.

Our fathers learned of our condition, more or less, on the 20th of August, after the surrender of Manila, and then frequent prayers were ordered, and the superior began to treat for our liberty with an interest and activity worthy of all praise, and for which I shall be forever grateful. No means were left untried. Influential persons of authority spoke with the president himself, deputies, secretaries and ministers interested themselves in our behalf, but nothing availed against the advice of a certain counsellor and that of a private secretary, who are evil spirits incarnate, and who have the greatest influence with this government. They never said anything against us. They always answered that they would give us liberty, that the decree was already written, but the liberty did not come. The Freemasons worked strongly against us and endeavored to justify our imprisonment with the pretext of the book of Father Foradada, with our going to Cavite just after the outbreak of the revolution, with our not recognizing their independence, etc. They did not even attempt to give us a trial, and in this way try to excuse in some manner the great injustice.

But at last truth and justice triumphed, thanks to the prayers of ours and of many externs, and to the constant and singular charity of Father Superior, who did not relax a moment his endeavors in the midst of so many difficulties. So that when we had lost hope, and we were more vexed than ever by the insurgents—for on the last two days they even posted guards at the door of our small room—a telegram reached us calling us to Malolos, where the government actually resides, to receive our passport for Manila. The next morning the consul of Uruguay—an uncle of Mr. Peynoch, one of our scholastics—came for us and we went to Malolos. There they gave us our passports, with an apology, as the secretary of the interior told us, on the part of the president, for having arrested and kept us so long without sufficient reason.

We at once took the train for Manila. Your Reverence can imagine what happened on our safe arrival. Father Rector with a brother was waiting for us at the station, the rest of the community at the door of the college, to receive us with embraces and sincere congratulations, and tears of consolation. How many and how serious things had happened during the time of our absence! They had passed a long and painful siege, we a longer and more painful imprisonment. We had thus great reason to congratulate one another and to rejoice. Blessed a thousand times be the Society of Jesus who loves so tenderly her children! We had immediately a *Te Deum* with exposition and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; then a first class dinner, verses and everything which the sweetest and most affectionate charity could suggest.

This I wished to tell you, Rev. Father, for our mutual consolation and satisfac-

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faction, and as a sign of our gratitude to our mother the Society, and in particular to Rev. Father Superior of the Mission, Father Pius Pi, who made such great efforts for our liberation.

III. *From a Letter of Father Suarez to Very Rev. Father Provincial.*

COTTABATTO, November 2, 1898.

REV. DEAR FATHER PROVINCIAL, P. C.

Some days ago I wrote to Father Sancho about the conspiracy that the native soldiers and policemen had hatched against the Spaniards. I suppose that you have received it, and so this letter will be the continuation of the other. As I wrote before, the 7th of October was the day chosen by the conspirators to murder the Spaniards and all the people, and on this very day these conspirators were arrested and their trial begun. On the 24th the counsellor of Zamboanga arrived with the mayor of the town and two captains. On the 28th and 29th a council of war was held, and on the 29th at half-past four in the evening the sentence of death was pronounced on forty-nine of the guilty, and they were put in the chapel as we said. I had called beforehand from Tamontaca Fathers Bennasar and Majoral. At 5 P. M., these fathers, along with Father Ramo and myself went to the barracks which had been converted into a chapel. Father Ramo gave an exhortation to the condemned, and after that all made their confessions. It was a great consolation to us to see these savage men mild as lambs. At 9, the confessions being finished, we went to the convent for supper. After supper we returned to the barracks. Some spent the night speaking with us, some half asleep and others reconciling themselves with God.

At 3 o'clock A. M., I said Mass and gave to all holy Communion. During Mass Father Ramo spoke, preparing them to receive the sacrament and helped them in thanksgiving. At the end of the Mass I gave them from the altar the plenary indulgences. At 5 A. M., the artillerymen, the volunteers of anga and the volunteers of th formed in line before the barrac with the criminals in the middle t gan the march to the foot of the a mile off. We, the four fathers, the whole time by the side of the p praying and preparing them for death. We were all much edi their resignation, and their lame touched our hearts and caused us with them.

During the night, especially way to execution, they often aske the crucifix. They were divided i bands, one being executed af other. While the first were sh others remained in the prison, so to see their companions. We re there about ten minutes whi soldiers formed the square, durin we only heard the groanings of t creatures. Every moment they v peating, O my God! my Jesus holy Virgin Mary!

Finally they were taken to th of execution and made to kneel Then they exclaimed again wi more fervor, O Blessed Virgin! God! and even more when the raised their guns. They fired a a moan was heard. The corpses once covered with grass so th others might not see them, for th approacning the place of executi reciting prayers in a low tone a others answering.

By order of the Governor all th inals (who had finished the time ishment) came from Cottabatt they might be warned by this perience, and carry the corpses cemetery.

As some person absolutely wo credit told me, the trial was co with the utmost lenity. Had th acted with strict justice not o forty-nine, but all the 134 woul been shot, as all were convicted crime. All the rest were condem

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prison for life, except three or four, who were condemned only for four years.

We all here acknowledge ourselves debtors to the Divine Providence by which we escaped the terrible danger of being murdered. For this reason the Governor requested me to say a Mass in thanksgiving which was celebrated with great solemnity on All Saints' Day, the altar being decorated as on first class feast days.

A REVOLT IN MINDANAO.

CARAGA, MINDANAO,
October 25, 1898.

DEAR FATHER SUPERIOR, P. C.

To-day we were agreeably surprised by the arrival of the steamboat *Bohol*, which landed a cargo here, and brought us the correspondence of your Reverence, together with that of Brother Ferrer.

We have all been exceedingly anxious about you, for though we are far away from Manila, we have not been ignorant of the sufferings and privations to which you are still exposed. May God grant a speedy remedy! Here the only want we feel is the lack of provisions, but God gives us His grace to endure it, and we bear it not only with resignation, but even with pleasure.

It will please your Reverence to learn that my strength is now sufficient to stand the strain of missionary life, and that the general debility and bodily pain I was wont to experience, have finally disappeared. Consequently, I have been able to attend to all the missionary stations during the Paschal season and even to undertake a journey into districts peopled only by infidels. The trip gave me much consolation and animated me with the hope of being able to start a new settlement north of the new reduction of St. Fermin. This latter, by the way, as well as all the other reductions are in a most flourishing condition and it is quite manifest that the Sacred Heart of Jesus, our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph, under whose patronage they have been established, watch over and protect them as their own.

But though everything has been going on prosperously up till now in the reductions, the events that are beginning to occur in Baganga are causing no slight alarm. Your Reverence may not have received any particulars concerning the revolt started by Captain Prudencia Garcia, who, seconded by a former political exile, by the name of Sanchez, surprised and disarmed without any bloodshed, all the military companies of this mission and that of Baganga. This event took place on the 26th of last month, and that same day, a lay brother and myself were taken prisoners. We were set free at midnight, but only after I had paid fifty of the five hundred dollars which they asked for our ransom. At the time, I had only one hundred odd dollars in my possession. Early on the following day they recaptured us, for believing we had been liberated for good, we had made no effort to conceal ourselves. Sanchez at once gave us the order that we had to go with him to Baganga and whilst we remained shut up in the court-house jail, he went off and ransacked our convent, carrying away from it two bundles of clothes and eight or ten rolls of calico stuff which was to be used for the clothing of the school children and the newly baptized infidels.

When he returned to the court house, the brother begged for permission to remain at the convent in order to look after the domestic animals, but Sanchez told him scornfully that the *Apostoladas* would attend to that work. In this settlement, they give the name of *Apostoladas* to the female associates of the Apostleship of Prayer. Finally he set the brother at liberty and contented himself with forcing me to accompany him to Baganga. About half-past seven in the morning we set out on our journey, preceded by some twenty-four insurrectionists, some of whom carried the small supply of arms found in the court house, and others the bundles of goods that were seized in the

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convent. It was heartrending to see the expressions of sorrow and sympathy manifested by the few inhabitants that witnessed our departure. I say few, for the greater part of the terrified population kept entirely out of sight. On our arrival at the reduction of Santa Fe, we stopped awhile, and Sanchez seizing the truncheon of the captain of that place, broke it in pieces, exclaiming at the same time that the captain's official duties were to cease from that moment.

About midday we stopped at Murigao and I was told that we would start again in the cool of the evening. After luncheon Sanchez came to have a chat with me. We spoke for a long time about the Society of Jesus and various religious topics. He told me he had read the "Wandering Jew." I very soon saw that his ideas on religious matters were as confused as they could be. During the night I observed that there was a great commotion among my captors and shortly after I was informed that Sanchez had been seized and bound by order of Garcia, the principal insurgent leader. Before daybreak some of the rebels came to tell me that as Sanchez was to be shot within a few hours for the abuses he had committed, it would be well for me to hear his confession. I begged them several times to spare his life, but their invariable answer was that they were sworn to obey orders, that it was an established rule among them to inflict the penalty of death on robbers and mischief-makers, and that since the said Sanchez had robbed our convent and forcibly taken me prisoner, their leader was greatly incensed by his conduct and had, in consequence, sentenced him to be shot. At this moment, I received a letter from Father Gisbert who is stationed at Baganga, from which I learned that Prudencia Garcia had given his solemn pledge that no harm would be done either to us or our religion. My captors then told me that I was free to go whithersoever I pleased. It was already day when I went to speak to the unfortunate Sanchez. I b
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returned slowly to Caraga. As I approached that town I saw that the terror-stricken inhabitants had just begun to leave their hiding places in the jungle. With tears in their eyes, the poor creatures crowded around me and escorted me back to their hitherto deserted town.

Early on Sunday morning some Spanish forces from Mati arrived under the charge of Lieutenant Neyla, and a few days later the commander of the district with a small body of infantry from Davao came on the scene.

As all agricultural labors are suspended in the vicinity of Baganga, there is much suffering and privation in store for the poor natives. Father Gisbert has urged Garcia and his men to lay aside their arms and attend to the cultivation of the fields, but they refuse to do so until they receive a writ of pardon from the Manila Government. Meanwhile they remain under arms and strongly fortified on one of the hills overlooking the town. To-day an English boat brought us the mail, containing newspapers some four months old.

The commander of the district has returned to Mati to await the arrival of troops, and has left only a company to protect us. Will the Bagangese rebels attack us? Perhaps. Garcia says that he is not anxious to fight, yet we learn that he is tired of inaction, and if the Spanish troops do not go to attack him he will come out and force them to fight.

With the kindest regards to all, I am your devoted servant in Christ.

MANUEL VALLES, S. J.

MANILA, April 4, 1899.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

I received your letter, the date of which I do not well remember, and more recently your postal card acknowledging the receipt of the programme of our triduum for the end of the year. Your Reverence must not be surprised that I have been so slow in writing, for we have had to pass here through many tribulations, from all of which our Lord, thanks to His goodness! has safely delivered us. Frankly I was in no mood to write letters, although I appreciated your Reverence's good wishes and anxieties about us. It is sad to see so many calamities and miseries. But, however,—*ad rem:*

After the surrender of the city of Manila, the American troops took possession, and thanks to God! there was no disorder to regret. All behaved very well; lately there have been abuses on the part of the volunteers, but these are being corrected little by little. The authorities have treated us very well and we are on the best terms with them all. They have taken on themselves the obligation of paying the professors of the "Ateneo Municipal" and those of the Normal School, so that from August the 14th, 1898, up to the present, we have received our salaries just as we did from the Spanish Government. In a short while they will pay the officials of the Observatory. So your Reverence sees how our Lord sustains and protects us.

Since the surrender of the city till quite recently our "Ateneo" was half-filled with Spanish troops, but now there are none, for they have all been sent back to Spain. The classes of the college opened on the second of December, the number of students reached five hundred, and everything went on well until hostilities broke out between the Filipinos and the Americans on the night of February 5. The incendiary fires began, the disturbance was great, and, of course, the number of pupils dropped till it became half of what it was or even less. We closed the classes on Monday of Holy Week, and we had the distribution of prizes in private, as well as we could.

From Mindanao there is both bad and good news. Shortly after Aguinaldo's government was set up in Malolos, the natives and half-breeds grew so proud that they seemed to wish to rule everything. They became completely crazy; this word in all its force expresses their state. They sent emissaries to all the Visayan provinces even as far as Minda-

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nao. Their behavior was the same as in all parts of Luzon; they traitorously slew the Spaniards and committed a thousand atrocities. Amongst these was the capture of fathers of the Society in spite of the will of the people. They seized on the goods of the Church and did all sorts of evil; they made prisoners of almost all the fathers of the district of Surigao and Butûan, and of the fathers of the district of Misamis. The fathers of Cottabatto, Polloc, and Tamentaca were obliged to fly to Zamboanga with all the converts and the nuns, for the Moros (Mohammedans) of those regions cast themselves like an immense avalanche on the places abandoned by the Spaniards. We gave notice in time to the American Generals, but the troops were not sufficient for so great a territory, for you must know that this is a colonial empire greater than one can imagine, and there is an immense field for thousands of missionaries. The fathers who were made prisoners were not maltreated, for on Easter Sunday, after the chant of the Alleluia, we heard that they were all at liberty, thanks be to God!

The fathers and brothers of the south-east coast, those of Dávao and some others from the interior, were able to escape by means of an English steamer, which by the special providence of God touched the coast of Mati and Dávao. From there they were carried to Borneo —Sandakan—from which place we are expecting their arrival with many others from Zamboanga. Of the fathers who were in Dapitan we have heard that they are tranquil, that the Alcalde took prisoners some thirty or forty insurgents, who had escaped, and that everything was quiet.

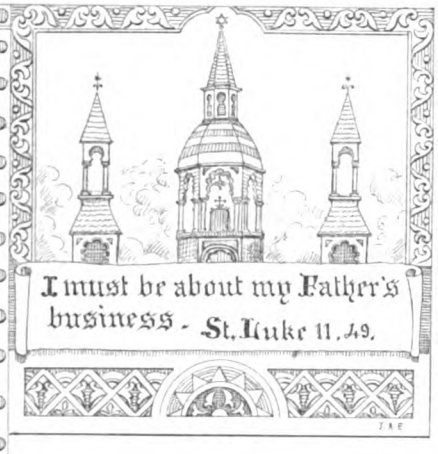
What about the state of religion here? It is certainly very bad. With the exception of the Archbishop of Manila, no bishop is in his own diocese. The Bishop of Nueva Caceres is in Spain on account of his poor health; the Bishop of Nueva Segovia—Vigan—is a prisoner and so are all the friars besides. The Bishop of Jaro is in Manila, and he cannot take possession of his wretched state, was obliged to f this data you ca —"*percute past* lution has take Spanish and abo highest degree. from the people, Mason without *ragées.*" The ignorant, fickle, novelty. They lambs. Being know enough to cannot protest, f and inflict the any complaint is ceedings of tho poor friars, as prison and are by word and act. at least 190 in 163, the Recol tinians) about 9 more than 80. approximate, for do not know the have died of hun others have bee impossible to re which they had s There seems to obtaining their li will give up eve friars, whom the in maltreating. *harum.*"

I would wish th could come here is incalculable; a when peace is de ever, seems to I say this becau American soldie themselves is ter to wonder at in t itself necessarily some time, when out they will be discretion of the

FRANC

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FINDING IN THE TEMPLE.

And when he was twelve years old, they going up into Jerusalem according to the custom of the feast,

And having fulfilled the days, when they returned, the child Jesus remained in Jerusalem, and his parents knew it not.

And thinking that he was in the company, they came a day's journey, and sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

And not finding him, they returned into Jerusalem, seeking him.

And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions.

And all that heard him were astonished at his wisdom and his answers.

And seeing him, they wondered. And his mother said to him: Son, why hast thou done so to us? Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

And he said to them: How is it that you sought me? Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?

And they understood not the word that he spoke unto them. (St. Luke, II.)

"To Mary the successive mysteries of our Lord's life, as they fell under her eyes, were the occasions of ever fresh wonder and joy. This was a new manifestation of our Lord, and so her soul and that of St. Joseph were filled with wonder. This is the true spirit of the children of God! There is enough in the ordinary course of life, day after day, to fill us with wonder, if we did but understand how we are to see God in everything, and how to study Him in what is ever passing before our eyes. Wonder, therefore, joyous admiration, at this new revelation of Himself, was the first affection of our Blessed Lady's heart at seeing our Lord thus occupied. Her long training in the study of her Son and His actions made her ever ready to fasten on these objects of wonder. She was informed beforehand of what was to come when that was necessary or opportune. But with a heart and soul like hers, so faithful with its loving homage and admiration, it may have been more glorious to God to leave her to read the lessons one by one, as they were presented to her. Her intelligence and heart were thus able to act, in many cases, more spontaneously and with a more exquisite perfection." —*Coleridge.*

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EDITORIAL.

THE CONSECRATION.

The Catholic world has been consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. As He dedicated Himself to our welfare, so we have once again responded by solemnly declaring that we belong to Him and mean to devote ourselves entirely to His cause. We have made our offering to Him, and directed it to His Heart, because it is an offering of love. An act of homage like this has a twofold virtue: It obtains for us extraordinary blessings from Him to whom it is made, and confirms us in our loyalty to His cause.

THE ACT OF CONSECRATION.

The Decree about the Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus comes too late to publish in this issue. Although dated May 23, the first copy of it we could get appears in *L'Univers* of May 31, reaching us June 9. We trust that the Latin text will arrive here in time to prepare a translation for our next number. Meantime we give a translation, from the French version, of the Act of Consecration which the Holy Father has issued with his letter:

"Most sweet Jesus, Redeemer of the human race, look down with favor on us humbly prostrate at the foot of Thy altars. We are and we wish to be Thine; but in order to unite ourselves to Thee by the strongest ties, we consecrate ourselves to-day to Thy Most Sacred Heart. A vast number of men have never known Thee; they ha
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"As the present century, almost full length of which has been by God's goodness covered by Our own life, is now hastening to its close, We have gladly determined, in accordance with the custom of Our predecessors, to pass a decree which may be a source of salvation to Christian people, and may, as it were, mark the last step of the solicitude with which We have exercised the supreme Pontificate. We refer to the Great Jubilee, long ago made a part of Christian custom, and sanctioned by the forethought of Our predecessors. Handed down to us from our fathers it has come to be called the Holy Year, on account of the extraordinary sacred ceremonies with which it is accustomed to be celebrated, but especially because it affords more abundant help for the correction of morals, and for that renewal of mind and heart which leads to holiness. We Ourselves were witness in Our youth how helpful to salvation was the last Jubilee decreed in solemn form during the Pontificate of Leo XII. at a time when Rome was the greatest and safest theatre for a public act of religion. We remember, and We ever yet seem to see in Our mind's eye the crowds of pilgrims, the multitudes who, in processional order, went from church to church—the holiest in Christendom, the apostolic men who preached in the public streets, the most sacred places in the city resounding with the praises of God, and the Pontiff with his college of Cardinals setting an example of piety and charity before the eyes of all. From the memory of those times the mind is recalled with some bitterness to the sad reality of the present day. For demonstrations of which we speak, and which, when carried out without hindrance, in the full light of the city, are accustomed wonderfully to foster and arouse the piety of the people, there is now, in the changed state of Rome, either no opportunity of organizing, or the permission depends on a will other than Our own."

THE NEED FOR PRAYER.

"Nevertheless, We trust that God, Who helps all good designs, will vouchsafe a prosperous and inoffensive course to this Our design, which We have undertaken for His honor and glory. For whither do We look, and what is it We desire? This thing only, that We may by our efforts put as many men as may be in possession of the glory everlasting, and that We may to this end apply to the diseases that afflict the souls of men those remedies which Jesus Christ has wished should be in Our hands to dispense. Not only does Our Apostolic charge call for this action from Us, but the very circumstances of our time seem also to demand it. Not that our age is sterile in good works and Christian glory; on the contrary, by God's help, splendid examples abound, nor is there any kind of virtue, however high or arduous it may be, in which we do not see many souls excelling, for the Christian religion has a certain divinely implanted force, inexhaustible and ever active, which arouses and fosters goodness. But, looking around, a man turns to the other side, and oh! the darkness, the error and the mighty multitude of those rushing to endless ruin. We are especially troubled with sadness as often as We think of the great number of Christian people who, captivated by a false license in thought and judgment, and eagerly draining the poison of false doctrine, daily squander the great gift of divine faith. It is from this that comes the distaste for the Christian life and the wide-spread lapse of morality; hence, too, that eager and insatiable appetite for the things which strike the senses, and all the thoughts and preoccupations which, turned from God, are fixed on the things of earth alone. It can scarcely be estimated what ruin has already issued from this dark source and invaded the principles upon which states are founded. For the spirit of revolt so widely spread, the stormy outbursts of popular discontent, the perils that no one

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can foresee, and the crimes of tragic horror are discerned, by those who look into their causes, to be nothing else than a sort of lawless and unbridled endeavor to gain and enjoy the things of this world."

ROME'S PLACE IN THE WORLD.

His Holiness adds, after calling for a solemn and universal homage to Christ, and determining the conditions of the Jubilee:

"Wherefore, beloved children, however many and wherever you may be, if you are able to visit her, Rome invites you most lovingly to her arms. In this holy time it is becoming that a Catholic, if he would be consistent with himself, should make his stay in Rome with Christian faith as his companion. He ought, therefore, especially to renounce all idle or profane sight-seeing as unsuited to the time, rather keeping his mind bent on the things that may assist his faith and piety. It will be especially helpful if he seriously ponder the peculiar spirit of this City, and the character which has been divinely impressed upon it, a character which no thought or violence of man can change or destroy. Alone from amongst all others, Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, chose the City of Rome for a most high destiny above all human thought, and hallowed it to Himself. Here, not without much long and mysterious preparation, He placed the seat of His empire; here He commanded that the throne of His Vicar should stand for all time; here He has willed that the light of heavenly doctrine should be piously and inviolably kept, and hence, as from a most sacred centre, should be shed abroad over every land; so that the man who shall separate himself from the faith of Rome shall separate from Christ Himself. The City's sanctity is increased by its ancient religious monuments, the singular majesty of its churches, the shrines of the Princes of the Apostles, and the tombs of the bravest martyrs. He who rightly understands how to listen to the voices of all these will assuredly feel that he is here not so much as a traveller in a strange city as a citizen in his own, and by God's help will leave it better than he entered."

GOOD AT HEART.

We cannot overlook the fine tributes paid to the Sacred Heart of Jesus by most of our Catholic editors during the past month. It is clear where their own heart is. For want of time, help, funds and other resources, they may often fail to gratify some fastidious readers, but they are not to blame. Sometimes they are deceived, but for that the deceivers are reprehensible; occasionally they write as respecters of persons, but in this also their hearts rule their judgment, and usually they live to learn how they have been misled. Their piety is enough to cover a multitude of defects, which would not exist at all if Catholic readers would take the trouble to express their views to the editors of Catholic papers and encourage them for what they consider good as heartily as they blame them or what they consider wrong.

CATHOLIC PRESS CONVENTION.

Although it is still a topic of discussion whether such a convention is advisable or not, so many of our Catholic weeklies are advocating it, that it is more than likely one will soon be held. If our Catholic educators could meet and part so much pleased with one another, why cannot our editors who already know one another editorially at least, and who for the most part treat one another so civilly that a meeting face to face would be a veritable love-feast? We could trust men who must produce every week a full and orderly programme of news, correspondence, editorial, etc., etc., to come to such a convention well prepared to discuss timely and definite topics, and to resent any action on the part of a few who make it a business to capture conventions. There is surely a need of such a convention; but the difficulty in summoning and organizing it seems to be the usual excessive editorial modesty.

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More than one third of the Vicariate Apostolic of Mgr. Chouvellon has been devastated. Eight districts are laid waste; fifteen chapels and residences, twelve schools, thirteen pharmacies, and one hospital have been pillaged and burned; two missioners and seventeen neophytes massacred; ten thousand Christians plundered, driven out of their homes, hunted down.

The crowds of fugitives, despoiled of everything, who had flocked within the best defended cities, and who had found shelter there, have now returned to their homes.

In the midst of this material and moral desolation, an epidemic broke out among the children, three hundred of whom perished.

The revolutionary movement which favored the dark plots of the secret societies so numerous in China, and whose threefold aim is the overthrow of the Tartar dynasty, the murder of Christians, and the expulsion of foreigners, is well nigh crushed. This result is due to the untiring and self-sacrificing efforts of the French Consul at Tchong-Kin, to the vigorous action of M. Pichon at Pekin, and to the tardy resistance of the mandarins and the troops of the Tsung-li-Yamen. It is hoped that the Empress will carry out the sentence of death, which the mandarins, upon remonstrances from the French legation, signed months ago against the three leaders of the present persecution in Su-tchuen.

The condemned chiefs are: Yu-man-tse, Tsiang-tsan-tchen, and Tsang-tsouy-pin, the very same who in the above district of Su-tchuen, excited already three persecutions, one in 1886, another in 1888, a third in 1890.

Among many important conversions, one that aroused much attention was that of Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, professor of philosophy and Japanese literature in the University of Tokio, Japan. With him was converted Mr. Nagai, professor of chemical sciences in the same University.

Their reception into the Roman Church took place in the Catholic Cathedral of Tokio.

The Society of Foreign Missions in Paris, published in the beginning of May, an account of the work done by its Missioners during the year 1898. Never, the account adds, during the 235 years of its existence, did the society record such a harvest of souls brought to the true faith.

This result must be ascribed to a special intervention of the Holy Ghost; the zeal and activity of the missioners, great as they are, not being an adequate explanation of it. In fact, in many localities, the pagans came of their own accord to ask for instruction and baptism. With more laborers and ampler means, the number of conversions would have been greater still. We subjoin a complete list of baptisms and conversions:

Baptisms of children born of Christian parents, ...	43,595
Conversion of heretics, . . .	371
Baptisms of adult infidels, . .	72,000
Baptisms of pagan children in danger of death, ...	193,363

What a consolation for every Catholic heart, especially when we recall the extraordinary trials undergone by so many Missions in the course of the past year!

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Our subscribers remember that the general intention for May was the Beatification of Jeanne D'Arc. As if to show how pleasing this intention was to Him, God has deigned to work, through the intercession of the Venerable Maid, a most signal miracle.

Sister Anne de Sainte-Marie, an Alsatian, aged twenty-one, and a member of the convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny, Merulana Srelt, Rome, had been suffering for many months from a cancer in the stomach. Her sickness was mortal, and her condition, according to the medical men, hopeless. Milk had become the sufferer's only food ; and when she could no longer bear even this slight nourishment, the doctors declared that the end was nigh. The sick Sister was resigned to death ; but she took part, nevertheless, in a novena that was being made for her recovery, through the intercession of Venerable Joan of Arc.

On the first of May, the eighth day of the novena, the sick, or rather the dying Sister, feeling that the end was near, received the last Sacraments, while asserting once more her complete submission to God's will. Suddenly, at half past ten in the morning, she raised her prostrate form, and under the influence of some strong emotion, appearing like one transfigured, she returned as it were from death to life. Something extraordinary, she said, was occurring within her, and the cause of her illness was being removed.

In fact, so perfect and instantaneous was her cure, that she rose at once, took some food, and presented herself to the eyes of the astounded community like a preternatural apparition.

With life there even came back the flush of health, the bright and steady gaze, and an infusion of vigor truly marvellous. Nothing remained of the past illness but the extreme leanness to which it had reduced her ; and this, too, soon disappeared. For on the very next day, May 2, Sister Anne de Sainte-Marie took part in the closing exercises of the novena, begun for her recovery, and ended in thanksgiving by the chant of the "*Te Deum.*"

The doctors could not believe their own eyes and were quite willing to sign, together with other numerous witnesses, the certificate which is to become the basis of a canonical process.

Among these witnesses are two Protestant ladies, who had been for some time the guests and inmates of the convent. Much impressed by this wonderful cure they requested to be allowed to join in the *Te Deum.*

An imperial decree has been published in China recognizing the Catholic religion throughout the Celestial Empire. The official status of Catholic missionaries will now rank with that of the mandarins.

Kaiser William, of Germany, has presented a high altar to the Abbey Church of Maria Laach in the Rhineland, belonging to the Benedictine Order, in fulfilment of a promise he made to the Lord Abbot when he visited the Abbey two years ago. A German paper gives the following account of the event:

"The Kaiser's representative, Freiherr von Loe, accompanied by several high officials from Cologne, was received by Abbot Beugler and the monks. Being assembled in the parlor, Freiherr von Loe made the following speech.

"'Right Rev. Lord Abbot, His Imperial and Royal Majesty has imposed upon me the distinguished duty of handing over to you Lord Abbot as head of this house, this altar dedicated to God, the costly gift and token of His Imperial Majesty's good will towards the Abbey of Laach, of the Order of St. Benedict. Nearly six years have now passed since the day—so important for your order—when the representative of the government, at the Emperor's command, handed over to the Very Rev. Prior of that time the keys of this venerable house

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of God, which for seven hundred years, had been for the Benedictine Order their consecrated place of divine worship. By a decree of December 16, 1892, the Emperor accomplished the transfer of the abbey church, and then for the first time gave public expression to the feeling of affection which he, the prince of peace, the protector of Christendom, the patron of arts and sciences, entertains towards that venerable Order, which, for thirteen centuries true to its motto, has preached the religion of peace, and in tempestuous times has afforded an asylum for learning. The Emperor's gift to-day bears witness to the continuance of the Imperial good will, which must cause the order greatly to rejoice. But not only the Benedictine Order, all German Catholics will to-day unite in feelings of gratitude towards the Emperor, whose high sense of justice omits no opportunity of showing his people that his care and attention extend to all his countrymen, wherever the German flag is hoisted. His powerful protection of the messengers of the faith in China, his words and deeds in the Holy Land, will never be forgotten by his Catholic subjects.

"'But I would only imperfectly fulfil the Emperor's instructions if I were to leave this spot without dedicating a few words to the memory of the noble princess, who is greatly revered by the Benedictines.

"'At the altar given them to-day the Benedictines will remember in their pious prayers the Princess Catherine of Hohenzollern, who thirty years ago did much to restore the Benedictine Order in Germany, by founding the Abbey of Beuron, to which Maria Laach belongs, and will invoke the blessing of heaven on Kaiser William. Thus for all time the name of Hohenzollern will remind the Order of the merciful dispositions of Providence, which made use of the Princes of this House in order to further the prosperity of the Order after its long period of suffering.

"'So I hand over to you, Right Rev. Father Abbot, the Emperor's gift, conveying to you at the same time the congratulations which His Majesty sends through me. May to-day be for the Benedictines a day of joy. Furthermore, may the Order be the bearer and messenger of Christian peace, of the fear of God, of steadfastness in faith, and of the love of mankind, virtues the practice of which during many centuries has founded and maintained its high reputation.'

"The Right Rev. Father Abbot replied in a touching speech, which space does not permit us to give to our readers. Then followed High Mass, celebrated at the new high altar, at which the Imperial party assisted."

Miss Anna Gaynor, an Irishwoman, known in religion as Mother Mary John, who lately departed this life, was the foundress of a work of charity which has been justly styled unique. Her home, called the Hospital for the Dying, is a refuge for those who, doomed to speedy death through disease or age, are deprived of care and shelter in that last sad period of their lives. They could not enter the ordinary hospitals because they could not be cured. They could not be received into the hospitals for incurables beeause these were intended for people who had presumably a long time yet to live. The only place open to them was the Poorhouse Infirmary, where, owing to defective management, it is said that death was more to be dreaded than in the most miserable attic or cellar. To these unfortunates the good Sisters of the Hospice give a welcome, lavishing upon them every tender care till they breathe out their souls in peace into the hands of their Creator. Catholics will not be surprised to hear that all is joy and brightness about the place and that even innocent jest and laughter are not wanting. The patients learn to bear their sufferings with serene patience, knowing that their trials will soon be over, and that then they shall pass from a life of misery to one of everlasting happiness.

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DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

Acts of Consecration.

June always brings the usual manifestation of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and it is a consolation to observe that priests and people vie with one another yearly at this time in trying to make this devotion better known and more widely practised. This year the decree of our Holy Father that the Catholic world should be consecrated to the Sacred Heart was an additional motive for fervor, and the novenas and triduums held preparatory to the feast have quickened the spirit of love and gratitude which this devotion inspires. The Directors of the Apostleship of Prayer have done their share to make this consecration the splendid public testimony of homage to Christ that His Vicar intended it should be. Our correspondence, the number of Centres reorganized, ceremonies for conferring the Badge, Promoters' receptions, the unveiling and blessing of statues and banners of the Sacred Heart, show how well they have labored to establish this devotion. Now that we have complied with the decree of the Sovereign Pontiff and have felt the benefits of this universal consecration, it remains for us to prove that we were sincere and earnest in making it, as we hope to be fervent and steadfast in keeping the promises implied in it. Directors will do well to renew it from time to time, at least once a year, and to recommend to the Associates under their charge the advantage of repeating every day some act of consecration, whether in one of the many forms they will find in the League Devotions or in a formula of their own, or still in the simple terms of the Morning Offering.

Litany of the Sacred Heart.

If the universal act of consecration made during the previous month should have no other benefit than to accustom the faithful to recite or sing the Litany of the Sacred Heart, it would be something to be grateful for. Directors will agree with us that nothing was more desirable, though nothing was more unlikely, than that this Litany should have been approved and recommended by the Holy See for use in our public services. A careful study of the invocations will furnish topics for beautiful instructions on the Sacred Heart, and it will be advisable for local Directors to adopt it as a programme for their sermons at the league services. Every Associate should have a copy of it, and for this reason we have printed it in our League Devotions and in leaflets. Every League choir should sing it at our First Friday services, and we have already had music composed for it by Rev. Father Bonvin, whose compositions are so well known to MESSENGER readers.

Welcome News.

Two items of news will interest our Directors. One of the miracles required for the canonization of Blessed Margaret Mary has been examined and approved, and the remains of Venerable Hoyos, the great promoter of devotion to the Sacred Heart in Spain, have been discovered, in a remarkable way, and are still incorrupt.

TO PROMOTERS.

To all our Promoters, and in particular, to all who have received their Cross and Diploma during the past month, we wish to express our gratitude for the zeal with which they have helped to make the

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Feast of the Sacred Heart, the occasion of so much honor for Christ. He is not unmindful of their services. "Those who promote this devotion will have their names written in my Heart never to be effaced." In May alone we issued to 266 Centres, 3,377 Diplomas for new Promoters. We trust that each one of them will prove worthy of the honor conferred upon them, and that the fervor they have shown during their probation may grow as their opportunities and experience in the work enable them to do more for the work of prayer and of devotion to the Sacred Heart, which they have promised to promote.

The Apostleship at Home and Abroad.

The Consecration of the World to the Sacred Heart.—There is one theme running through all the various *Messengers* in their June issue—joy and triumph and gratitude at the news of the Pope's intention to order a general Act of Consecration. Some of them take occasion of this to analyze the concept of the word consecration in order to bring out more clearly the import of this tribute of devotion; others taking the consecration in connection with the General Intention for June, the spread of the Apostleship of Prayer, point out their mutual relations and interdependence. As it may be safely said that it has been through the Apostleship of Prayer more than through any other pious association that devotion to the Sacred Heart has become so widespread in the Church to-day, so it is to be confidently hoped that with the increase of this devotion resulting from the Triduum of preparation and Act of Consecration, the spread of our Apostleship, its advance in numbers and fervor may be an immediate result of these exercises of piety. The large numbers of new aggregations, the thousands of Promoters who have received their Crosses and Diplomas, foreshadowed this happy consequence, and we must note with special pleasure that in no country are these new aggregations more numerous or the list of new Promoters longer than in our own.

Yonkers, N. Y., St. Mary's Centre.—In sending you enclosed order for League supplies I thought that a word or two with regard to our local Centre would interest you. Accordingly, I wish to inform you of our intention of observing the Feast of the Sacred Heart this year by a Solemn Triduum to conclude with a reception of twenty-five Promoters. On the last night of the celebration the Statue of the Sacred Heart is to be carried in solemn procession through the aisles of the church. A feature of the celebration on the three evenings will be congregational singing, though our regular and chancel choirs have been invited to take part. The preacher of the triduum will be one of the Fathers of the New York Apostolate, either Father Goggin or Father Cunnion. I may further note that the last six months has seen a very encouraging increase in the League membership.

At the beginning of that period only about half of the number of leaflets for which we subscribe found circulation, while to-day the whole is insufficient, and I am forced to increase my order. This happy result is due, under God, to the zeal of my 135 Promoters. The League is in high favor, too, among the boys and girls of our Parochial Schools.

Buffalo, N. Y., Holy Angels Centre.—At the recent Forty Hours' Devotion in this active Centre, each of the twelve districts into which the Apostleship of Prayer is divided, took turns in passing an hour in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. A neat four page leaflet, giving these assignments, and containing motives for earnest participation in this devotion, proved an efficient means of securing a large attendance.

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IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 582,189.

In all things give thanks." (1. Thes., v. 18.)

Special Thanksgivings.—CHESTER, PA.—"A little boy wishes to return thanks for the cure of his father's arm. The doctors wanted to take it off. I told my teacher in the Sisters' school, and she told me to promise publication in the MESSENGER, and to offer my communion on the First Friday. Papa's arm is now almost entirely well."

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—"Driven to desperation almost by my many difficulties, I happened to take up one of the MESSENGERS OF THE SACRED HEART, and reading the many letters, prompted by gratitude for favors received, I promised our Lord if He would take pity on my necessities, I would publish the fact besides having a Mass said every month for the poor souls who have no one to pray for them. The week had not elapsed before I obtained two of the favors I asked and now I am hoping that our Lord in His own good time may grant the third."

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—"A widowed mother's only son left home without her knowledge and for three months not one single word was received from him, nor could the slightest clue as to his whereabouts be obtained. I promised the Sacred Heart I would make public thanks in the MESSENGER if the poor suffering mother would hear from her boy. She did so within a few days, and I hasten now with a grateful heart to fulfil my promise."

JONESBORO, ARK.—"Last year I was very sick so that I had to be sent to St. Joseph's Hospital, Memphis, Tenn. People about here were alarmed at my condition which had become almost chronic. In my distress I finally took refuge in the Sacred Heart. I made a Novena and promised to publish my cure in the MESSENGER. Thanks be to the Sacred Heart of Jesus I am well to-day, and in order to spread the devotion to the Sacred Heart, please send me the MESSENGER, which I shall give also to my neighbors to read."

"We hasten to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a great favor obtained by a member of the League, who left over a year ago for the Klondike. He has always, since reaching the Klondike, worn the League Badge pinned outside on his coat. In this way he was recognized as a member of the League by a perfect stranger, who was also a member. A strong friendship sprang up between them. When parting, the stranger made our friend promise that if he were ever in need he would call on him. Up to February last our friend and his party had met with no success, and found they had provisions for only one day more. They had about decided to give up the claim they were working, when he remembered the promise made him by the League member. The latter was true to his promise, and gave the party provisions to last them till the arrival of the boat, thus enabling them to continue their work on the claim, and immediately after this they began taking out gold in good paying quantities. We consider this good fortune due to the Sacred Heart, and have promised the friend we would return thanks to the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER."

"I wish to acknowledge a favor I obtained through the mercy of the Sacred Heart. I suffered all Winter with malaria and was under the care of two

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of our best physicians constantly. Finally I decided to wear the Badge of the Sacred Heart, promising to publish in the MESSENGER if I was relieved and to have five Masses read for the poor souls in Purgatory. I haven't had a chill since I put on the Badge, and am now very well."

WASHINGTON, D. C.—"One of the Promoters of the League at St. Paul's Church, wishes, through the columns of the MESSENGER, to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for her recovery from a severe illness. Over a year ago a tumor had formed with the result that the physicians found it necessary to perform an operation. The operation was not entirely satisfactory, and after some months it was feared that the tumor had formed again, causing some disease of the bone. Prayers and novenas were offered to the Sacred Heart, and when, after several weeks, a consultation was held by several of the leading physicians of the city, it was found that nothing serious was the matter. In a short time she was discharged by these same physicians as completely cured. She feels that the Sacred Heart has done this for her and she wishes to return thanks with all her heart."

Special Thanks.—"I have been requested to send you the following thanksgiving for publication. Sister — of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Reading, Pa., had been deaf for more than two years. She had prayed a great deal, but was almost in despair of ever being cured, when she felt herself moved to make a Novena in honor of the Venerable Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia, foundress of the Magdalens. Therefore on April 16, she began together with the rest of the community this Novena. At first her sufferings seemed only to increase, till the morning of the 24th, when suddenly to her great joy she heard distinctly the voices of the sisters reciting the office."

Spiritual Favors.—The obtaining of a home near a church; a way to prevent the spreading of bad news, which would have done harm; restoration of peace in a family; a reconciliation between a daughter and her parents; the return of six persons to the sacraments after long absence; the grace of a happy death; reconciliation between father and son; reformation of two young men addicted to drink; providential arrival of a priest in time to administer the last sacraments; a death-bed conversion to the faith.

Temporal Favors.—Recovery from a dangerous operation; success of five in passing examinations; the retaining of a position; restoration to health for seven; favorable termination of a law-suit; employment for ten; recovery from pneumonia; the return of a long lost brother; improvement in eye sight; means to meet interest due on a mortgage; success of two teachers; recovery from threatened diphtheria; sale of property; cure of a sore without recourse to lancing at first judged to be necessary; a verdict for a large sum of money; cure of hemorrhages of the lungs; the finding of some money that had been lost; relief from severe pains in the side.

Favors Ascribed to the Application of the Badge or Promoter's Cross.—Cure of severe headaches; cure of a child with spasms; cure of ulcerated tooth; perfect healing of a fractured wrist-bone; recovery of a child suffering from meningitis; immediate relief from pain in the side:

OBITUARY.

John Fox, Our Lady of Refuge Centre, Refugio, Texas; Mrs. Mary Agnes Davis, Tampa, Florida; Mrs. Lucy Benoit, St. Joseph Centre, North Brookfield, Mass.; Mrs. P. T. Lonergan, —— Centre, Oswego, N. Y.; Mary L. McCabe, Gesu Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mary Agnes Kline, Good Shepherd Convent, Cincinnati, Ohio; Thomas Dunn, St. Ann's Centre, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Ellen G. McMahon, N. Y. City; Sister M. Aquin, St. Patrick's Convent, Cincinnati, Ohio; Sister Theresa Healy, St. Louis, Mo.; Loretta Thomas, Our Lady of Good Counsel Centre, New Orleans, La.

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In the life of Father Hand we have the history of a zealous Irish priest who, dying at the early age of thirty-nine, had lived long enough to accomplish a great work for the glory of God. Deeply grieved at the spiritual destitution of the Irish emigrants in many parts of the United States and the British colonies, where priests were few and far between, and souls were perishing in consequence, he felt inspired by God to come to the aid of his unfortunate countrymen. He was able, after many difficulties, to found All Hallows College, Dublin, to educate young men for the missions, and the good accomplished by this institution is now borne witness to in all parts of the world. The following extract, quoted in the first chapter to show the sufferings of Catholics in penal days, will, we think, interest our readers:

"More than forty-five years have passed away since a man, then about sixty years of age, led me into a prison and showed me the room in which he had been confined during upwards of four years, in consequence of the injustice to which the Catholics of Ireland were subjected in those days of persecution. On the day that he was immured his wife was seized by fever, the result of terror; whilst she lay upon her bed of sickness she and her family were dispossessed of the last remnant of their land and furniture; she was removed to the house of a neighbor to breathe her last under a stranger's roof. Her eldest child had completed his seventeenth year a few days before he closed her grave. Two younger brothers and two younger sisters looked to him as their only support. He endeavored to turn his education to account. It was discovered that he was a *Papist*, as the law contumeliously designated a Roman Catholic, and that he was guilty of teaching some propositions of the Sixth Book of Euclid to a few scholars, that he might be able to aid his father and support his family. Informations were lodged against him for this violation of the law, which rendered him liable to transportation. Compassion was taken upon his youth and misfortunes, and instead of proceeding immediately to the prosecution, an opportunity was given him of swearing before the Protestant Bishop that he did not believe in the doctrines of transubstantiation, of penance and of the invocation of saints; and the certificate of the Prelate would have raised a bar to his prosecution. The youth knew no principle of his Church which could excuse his perjury. He escaped and fled into the mountains, where he remained for more than a year subsisting upon the charity of those to whose children he still communicated the rudiments of learning, but in the most painful anxiety as to the state of his father, brothers and sisters.

"The declaration of American independence, and the successful resistance of the colonists, having produced some mitigation of the persecutions which the Catholics endured, this fugitive returned by stealth to the city (Cork), and was enabled to undertake the duties of a land surveyor, to have his parent liberated, his family settled—and he became prosperous."

This noble young man was the father of our own Dr. England, Bishop of Charleston.

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The early Protestant reformers not only made martyrs of the living but even persecuted the dead. They pulled down the churches, destroyed the shrines and images of the saints, and scattered their holy ashes to the winds. They succeeded only in part, but they succeeded too well. How many saints once so popular are now utterly unknown to the majority of Catholics ! The faithful of Scotland however, have treasured in their hearts the memory and love of their old saints to whom they have been so long unable to pay public and solemn veneration. Great then was their joy last year when the Sacred Congregation of Rites restored a number of these saints to their ancient honors, permitting the Scottish Church to once more erect churches and altars under their invocation, and to pay them the same homage that they received before the great apostasy. The names of these saints are, martyrs, Sts. Constantine, Mælrubha, Magnus, and Donan, with his companions ; Bishops, Sts. Bean, Blaan, Colman, Duthac, Fergus, Fintan, Moluag, Machar, Nathalan, Palladius, and Talarican ; Abbots, Sts. Adamnan, Comgan, Drostan, and Fœlan.

St. Constantine was King of the Britons in Cornwall. He became a monk on the death of his queen, and resided in the famous Monastery of St. David. After a long life spent in preaching the gospel in the southern part of Scotland and the northern part of England, he was slain by the unbelievers about A. D. 590.

One of the most celebrated Saints on this list is St. Foelan. Among the ruins of a church in Perthshire is the Holy Pool of St. Foelan, 120 feet long by twenty feet wide, a great place of pilgrimage in Catholic days. Strange to say, the pilgrims now are chiefly Protestants. They bathe in the water for the cure of various diseases, and had formerly the custom of leaving behind a bit of bandage or a small piece of their clothing as a sort of *ex voto*. The famous King Bruce attributed his great victory at Bannockburn to the help of St. Foelan, before whose reliquary he had fervently prayed on the night preceding the conflict.

* * *

The result of a battle often depends on some apparently trifling incident, and this is true also of spiritual warfare. A chance remark, a word in season, a little anecdote have often been the means of changing a person's life. Hence the great utility of such little books as Dr. Joseph Keller's three small volumes of anecdotes and examples to promote devotion to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Sacrament and St. Antony of Padua, Charles Warren Currier's *Child of Mary* containing pious practices for the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and *May Blossoms* by Father Palladino, S. J.

* * *

With a Pessimist in Spain, by Mary F. Nixon, is a bright and racy book of travel, brought out in excellent style and abounding in half-tone illustrations, just the thing for Summer reading.

The words of the authoress on the last page are but a repetition of the general testimony of travellers:

"It is the fashion to regard Spaniards as monsters or whited sepulchres or ravening wolves, or something unpleasant of a like nature. But we have travelled from Gibraltar to France and had nothing but friendliness and courtesy. The country is wonderful. There are mines of literary wonders and artistic delights and exquisite scenery displayed to one's view, mental or physical. I feel as if my Spaniards had opened to me as new a world as Columbus opened for them."

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BOOKS RECEIVED

BENZIGER BROTHERS,

New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

Natural Law and Legal Practice. By Rev. René J. Holaind, S.J. Pages, 344. 8vo. Cloth, $1.75.

The Most Holy Sacrament. Anecdotes and examples to illustrate the honor and glory due to the Most Holy Sacrament of the altar. From the original of Rev. Dr. Joseph Keller. Pages, 251. 16mo. Cloth, 75 cents.

The Sacred Heart. Anecdotes and examples to illustrate the honor and glory due to the Most Sacred Heart of our Lord. From the original of Rev. Dr. Joseph Keller. Pages, 256. 16mo. Cloth, 75 cents.

St. Anthony. Anecdotes proving the miraculous power of St. Anthony. From the original of Rev. Dr. Joseph Keller. Pages, 254. 16mo. Cloth, 75 cents.

FR. PUSTET & CO.,

New York and Cincinnati.

Father Hand. Founder of the All Hallows Catholic College for the Foreign Missions. By Rev. John MacDevitt, D.D. Pages, 287. 8vo. Paper, 50 cents.

Conquests of our Holy Faith; or, Testimonies of Distinguished Converts. By James J. Treacy. Pages, 473. 8vo. Paper, 50 cents.

Tributes of Protestant Writers to the Truth and Beauty of Catholicity. By James J. Treacy. Third edition. Pages, 383. 8vo. Paper, 50 cents.

B. HERDER,

St. Louis, Mo.

With a Pessimist in Spain. By Mary F. Nixon. Second edition. Pages, 360. 8vo. Cloth. $1.25.

In the Turkish Camp, and Other Stories. From the German of Konrad Kuemmel, by Mary Richards Gray. Pages, 136. 16 mo. Cloth, 50 cents.

ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS,

Boston, Mass.

A Child of Mary; or, Pious Practices for the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. By Charles Warren Currier. Pages, 104. 32mo. Cloth, 20 cents.

JOHN J. McVEY,

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Story of Saint Odile, the Pearl of Alsace. By Rev. Francis X. McGowan, O.S.A. Pages, 121. 16mo. Cloth.

JOHN MURPHY COMPANY,

Baltimore.

May Blossoms; or, Spiritual Flowerets in Honor of the Blessed Mother of God. By Father L. B. Palladino, S.J. Seventh edition. Pages, 148. 32mo. Paper, 35 cents.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,

London, England.

The Holy Gospel According to St. Luke. Pages, 88. 32mo. Paper, 2d.

The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. By the Very Rev. Canon Bagshame. Pages, 32. 32mo. Paper, 1d.

Protestant Fiction. By James Britten, K.S.G. IV. The Laity. Pages, 128. 16mo. Paper, 1d.

Protestant Fiction. V. Protestant Poets. Pages, 160. 16mo. Paper, 1d.

Dr. Horton and Rome. By James Britten. Leaflet Ex-Convict Widows and "Truth" Leaflet.

DUMOULIN ET CIE,

Paris.

La Mission Française du Madurè, 1898-99. Pages 43. 8vo. Paper.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, May 1 to 31, 1899.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
*Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	Fourteen Holy Martyrs' Church	May 8
Boston	Whitman, Mass.	Holy Ghost "	June 4
Buffalo	Limestone, N. Y.	St. Patrick's "	May 20
Cleveland	Honey Creek, O.	Mater Dolorosa "	May 17
"	New Washington, O.	St. Bernard's "	May 17
Davenport	Sigourney, Ia.	St. Mary's. "	May 5
Denver	Harman, Col.	St. John Evangelist "	May 4
"	Idaho Springs, Col.	St. Paul's "	May 20
Detroit	Albion, Mich.	St. John's "	May 13
Dubuque	Waterloo, Ia.	St. Mary's "	May 17
Hartford	Hartford, Conn.	St. Lawrence O'Toole's "	May 26
Kansas City, Mo.	Clinton, Mo.	Holy Rosary "	May 25
" "	Kansas City, Mo.	St. John's School	May 15
La Crosse	Chippewa Falls, Wis.	Notre Dame "	May 27
Leavenworth	Kansas City, Kans.	St. Joseph's Church	May 10
"	" "	Sacred Heart Chapel	May 10
Manchester	Newfields, N. H.	Sacred Heart Church	May 17
"	Westville, N. H.	Holy Angels' "	May 17
New York	Rondout, N. Y.	St. Peter's "	May 26
Peoria	Peru, Ill.	St. Mary's "	May 27
Pittsburg	Pittsburg, Pa.	St. Lawrence's "	May 17
Portland	Biddeford, Me.	St. Mary's "	May 10
Providence	Fall River, Mass.	Notre Dame de Lourdes "	May 17
Springfield	Fisherville, "	St. James' "	May 17
Winona	Fairmont, Minn.	St Paul's "	May 11
"	Sherburne, "	St. Luke's "	May 11

Aggregations, 26: churches, 23; schools, 2; chapel, 1. *German-speaking Centre.

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PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of May, 1899, from the 1st to the 31st (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Albany	Albany, N. Y.	St. Ann's . . . Church	10
"	Frankfort, N. Y.	SS. Peter and Paul's "	1
Alton	Bethany, Ill	St. Isidore's "	9
"	Charleston, Ill.	St. Charles' "	4
"	Collinsville, Ill.	SS. Peter and Paul's "	6
"	Nokomis, Ill.	St. Louis' "	8
"	Taylorville, Ill.	St. Mary's "	3
Baltimore	Annapolis, Md.	St. Mary's "	3
"	Baltimore, Md	St. Benedict's "	1
"	" "	St. Ignatius' "	24
"	" "	St. John's "	28
"	" "	Loyola . . . College	10
"	" "	Notre Dame . . . Institute	20
"	Frederick, "	St. John's . . . Church	4
"	Midland, "	St. Joseph's "	15
"	Washington, D. C.	St. Aloysius' "	40
"	" "	St. Patrick's "	3
Belleville	Madonnaville, Ill.	Immaculate Conception "	2
Boise	Boise, Idaho	St. Teresa's. . . . Academy	3
Boston	Boston, Mass.	St. James' . . . Church	12
"	" "	St. Joseph's "	24
"	" "	St. Patrick's "	16
"	" "	SS. Peter and Paul's "	18
"	Chelsea, Mass.	St. Rose's "	20
"	Haverhill, Mass	St. James' "	8
"	Lowell, Mass.	St. Michael's. "	45
"	" "	St. Patrick's "	23
"	Malden, "	Immaculate Conception "	34
"	Roxbury, "	Our Lady of Perpetual Help "	55
"	Salem, "	Immaculate Conception "	3
"	Wakefield, Mass.	St. Joseph's. "	12
"	Waltham, "	St. Mary's "	35
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Blessed Sacrament "	5
"	" "	Holy Cross "	8
"	" "	Nativity of our Blessed Lord "	6
"	" "	Our Lady of Good Counsel. "	20
"	" "	Our Lady of Lourdes "	6
"	" "	Our Lady of Victory "	7
"	" "	St. Charles Borromeo "	30
"	" "	St. Patrick's "	30
"	" "	Visitation. "	1
"	" "	St. John's. . . . Home	4
Brownsville	Laredo, Tex.	St. Augustine's . . . Church	6
"	Refugio, "	Our Lady of Refuge "	3
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	St. Agnes' "	8
"	" "	St. Joseph's. . . . Cathedral	75
"	" "	St. Mary's . . . School	34
"	North Java, N. Y.	St. Nicholas. . . . Church	12
Charleston	Charleston, S. C.	St. Patrick's "	5
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	Our Lady of Lourdes "	8
"	" "	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel "	5
"	" "	Our Lady of Sorrows "	9
"	" "	St. Elizabeth's "	3
"	" "	Sacred Heart. . . . Convent	4
"	" "	Mercy. . . . Hospital	3
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O.	Holy Family . . . Church	13
"	" "	St. Peter's . . . Cathedral	2
"	" "	St. Xavier's . . . Church	45
"	" "	St. Xavier's . . . College	29
"	" "	Mt. St. Mary's . . . Seminary	5
"	Dayton, O.	Sacred Heart . . . Church	20
"	Marion, O.	St. Mary's "	25
Cleveland	Cleveland, O.	St. Ignatius' . . . College	6
"	Defiance O.	St John Evangelist's. . . . Church	19
"	Toledo, O.	Ursuline . . . Convent	1
Columbus	Churchtown, O.	St. John Baptist's . . . Church	10
"	Mt. Vernon, O.	St. Vincent de Paul's "	17
"	Steubenville, O.	St. Peter's "	37
"	Zanesville, O.	St. Nicholas "	6
Denver	Denver, Col.	Sacred Heart "	8
"	" "	Sacred Heart. . . . College	3
"	Grand Junction, Col.	St. Joseph's . . . Church	4
Detroit	Detroit, Mich.	SS. Peter and Paul's "	14
"	" "	Detroit . . . College	11
"	" "	Sacred Heart . . . Academy	1
"	Dowagiac, Mich.	Holy Maternity . . . Church	19
Dubuque	Cascade, Ia.	St. Martin's "	5
"	Charles City, Ia.	Immaculate Conception "	24
"	Dubuque, Iowa	St. Ambrose's "	11
"	" "	St. Patrick's "	7
"	" "	St. Raphael's. . . . Cathedral	3
"	" "	Visitation . . . Convent	1
"	Eagle Centre Ia.	St. Mary of Mt. Carmel . . . Church	3
"	Fort Dodge Ia.	Sacred Heart "	10
Erie	Clarion, Pa.	Immaculate Conception "	6
"	Kane, Pa.	St. Callistus' "	20
"	Renovo, Pa.	St. Joseph's "	33

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Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Erie	St. Mary's, Pa.	Sacred Heart . . . Church	12
Fargo	Bismark, N. D	St. Mary's "	1
Fort Wayne	Fort Wayne, Ind.	Immaculate Conception. . . . Cathedral	6
"	Goshen, Ind	St. John's. . . . Church	6
"	Notre Dame, Ind.	Our Lady of the Sacred Heart . . "	9
Galveston	Galveston, Tex.	Sacred Heart. "	15
"	Hearne, Tex	St. Mary's "	4
Grand Rapids	Grand Rapids, Mich	St. James' "	11
" "	Ludington, Mich.	St. Simon's "	5
Green Bay	Askeaton, Wis	St. Patrick's "	4
Harrisburg	Bellefonte, Pa.	St. John Evangelist's "	1
"	Edgegrove, Pa	Sacred Heart "	40
"	Harrisburg, Pa	St. Patrick's. . . . Pro-Cathedral	7
Hartford	Ansonia, Conn	Assumption . . . Church	48
"	Cromwell, Conn	St. John's "	18
"	Derby, Conn	St. Mary's "	6
"	East Hartford, Conn	St. Mary's "	7
"	Norwich, Conn.	St. Mary's "	85
"	" "	St. Patrick's "	25
"	South Manchester, Conn	St. James' "	23
Helena	Missoula, Mont.	St. Francis Xavier's "	12
Indianapolis	Indianapolis, Ind.	St. John's "	4
"	New Albany, Ind.	Holy Trinity "	12
Indian Territory	El Reno, Ind. Terr	Sacred Heart. "	5
Kansas City	Lee's Summit, Mo	Immaculate Conception "	2
La Crosse	Chippewa Falls, Wis.	Notre Dame "	22
"	La Crosse, Wis	St. James' "	10
Leavenworth	Mt. Pleasant, Kans.	St. Patrick's "	10
Lincoln	Lincoln, Neb.	St. Theresa's . . . Pro-Cathedral	7
"	Minden, Neb	St. John's. . . . Church	11
"	Nebraska City, Neb.	St. Mary's "	2
Louisville	Fancy Farm, Ky	St. Jerome's "	2
"	Lebanon, Ky	St. Augustine's. "	21
"	Louisville, Ky	Assumption . . . Cathedral	2
"	Morganfield, Ky	St. Ann's . . . Church	7
Manchester	Concord, N. H	St John's "	1
"	Rochester, N. H	St. Mary's "	16
Marquette	Newberry, Mich.	St. Gregory's. "	6
"	Sault Ste. Marie, Mich	St. Mary's "	8
Milwaukee	Madison, Wis.	St. Raphael's. "	8
"	Manitowoc, Wis	St. Boniface's "	13
"	Ridgeway, Pa	St. Bridget's "	6
Monterey and Los Angeles	El Rio, Cal.	St. Clare's "	12
"	Los Angeles, Cal	St Vibiana's. . . . Cathedral	31
" "	" " "	St. Vincent's . . . Church	7
" "	Santa Cruz, Cal.	Holy Cross "	4
Nashville	Nashville, Tenn.	St. Mary's . . . Cathedral	9
Natchez	Vicksburg, Miss.	St. Francis Xavier's . . . Academy	9
Natchitoches	Compté, La.	Nativity . . . Church	6
Nesqually	Spokane, Wash.	Gonzaga . . . College	5
Newark	Butler, N. J.	St. Anthony's "	2
"	Elizabeth, N. J	Holy Rosary "	3
"	" "	Sacred Heart "	6
"	" "	St. Mary's "	3
"	Hoboken, N. J	Our Lady of Grace "	10
"	" "	St. Joseph's "	5
"	Jersey City, N. J.	St. Aloysius' "	40
"	" "	St. Paul of the Cross "	3
"	Morris Plains, N. J.	St. Virgilius' "	14
"	Newark, N. J.	St. Joseph's "	67
"	" "	St. Mary's "	8
"	" "	St. Benedict's. . . . College	1
"	Paterson, N. J.	Our Lady of Lourdes' . . . Church	1
"	West Hoboken, N. J	St. Michael's "	2
"	" "	St Michael's . . . Monastery	2
New Orleans	Baton Rouge, La	St. Joseph's. . . . Church	1
"	New Orleans, La.	Immaculate Conception "	8
"	" " "	St. Alphonsus' "	5
"	" " "	St. John Baptist's "	6
"	" " "	St. Joseph's "	4
New York	Gardiner, N. Y.	St. Charles'. "	3
"	New York, N. Y	All Saints' "	8
"	" "	Annunciation "	17
"	" "	Guardian Angels' "	15
"	" "	Holy Name. "	3
"	" "	Sacred Heart. "	5
"	" "	St. Alphonsus "	2
"	" "	st. Columba's. "	9
"	" "	St. Ignatius' "	33
"	" "	St. John Evangelist's "	19
"	" "	St. Michael's "	61
"	" "	St. Patrick's . . . Cathedral	25
"	" "	St. Patrick's . . . Church	15
"	" "	St Peter's "	19
"	" "	St. Raphael's. "	14
"	" "	St. Teresa's. "	5
"	" "	St. Vincent de Paul's. "	11
"	" "	St. Vincent Ferrer's "	20
"	" "	Sacred Heart. . . . Academy	6

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Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
New York	Peekskill, N. Y.	Assumption. Church	5
"	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	St. Mary's "	4
"	" "	St. Peter's "	13
"	Rhinecliffe, N. Y	St. Joseph's "	6
"	Yonkers, N. Y	Immaculate Conception "	25
"	" "	St. Mary's "	3
Ogdensburg	Ogdensburg, N. Y	St. Mary's Cathedral	4
"	Watertown, N. Y.	Notre Dame Church	3
Omaha	Omaha, Neb	Creighton. College	12
Oregon City	Astoria Oreg.	Holy Names' Convent	3
"	Portland, Oreg	Holy Names' Academy	3
Philadelphia	Allentown, Pa	Immaculate Conception Church	5
"	Ashland, Pa.	St. Joseph's. "	5
"	Easton, Pa	St. Joseph's. "	1
"	Norristown Pa.	St Patrick's "	13
"	Philadelphia, Pa	Gesu "	19
"	" "	Sacred Heart "	9
"	" "	St. Agatha's. "	36
"	" "	St. Boniface's "	7
"	" "	St. Edward's "	6
"	" "	St. Francis Xavier's "	3
"	" "	St James' "	45
"	" "	St. Joseph's "	8
"	" "	SS. Peter and Paul's Cathedral	48
"	" "	St. Teresa's. Church	10
"	" "	St. Veronica's "	4
"	" "	St. Vincent de Paul's "	10
Pittsburg	Beaver Falls, Pa	St. Mary's "	5
"	Bedford, Pa.	St Thomas' "	10
"	Braddock, Pa.	St. Brendan's "	50
"	Hollidaysburgh, Pa.	St. Michael s "	6
"	Latrobe, Pa..	Holy Family "	10
"	Meyersdale, Pa.	SS. Philip and James' "	6
"	Millvale, Pa.	St. Anne's "	14
"	Pittsburgh, Pa	Holy Trinity "	2
"	" "	St. George's "	4
"	" "	St. Paul's Cathedral	8
"	Sharpsburg, Pa.	St. Mary's. Church	7
Providence	Arctic, R. I	St. James' "	4
"	Central Falls, R. I	Holy Family "	4
"	Pawtucket, R. I.	Immaculate Conception "	20
"	Fall River, Mass	St. Patrick's "	10
"	Taunton, Mass	St. Mary's "	12
Richmond	Richmond Va	St. Peter's Cathedral	4
"	Martinsburg, W. Va	St. Joseph's Church	26
Rochester	Corning, N. Y	St. Mary's "	8
St Cloud	Collegeville, Minn	St. John's Unlversity	10
St. Joseph	St. Joseph, Mo	St. Mary's Church	2
St. Louis	Florissant, Mo	St. Ferdinand's "	10
"	Millwood, Mo.	St. Alphonsus' "	3
"	St. Louis, Mo	St. Bridget's "	7
"	" "	St. Francis Xavier's "	18
"	" "	St. Joseph's "	5
"	" "	St. Lawrence O'Toole's "	9
"	" "	St. Rose's. "	1
"	" "	St. Vincent's "	50
"	Troy, Mo	Sacred Heart "	5
St. Paul	Montgomery, Minn.	Most Holy Redeemer "	4
"	Red Wing, Minn	St. Joseph's "	4
"	St. Paul, Minn	St. Luke's "	6
San Antonio	Cuero, Tex	St. Michael's "	4
San Francisco	Berkeley, Cal.	St. Joseph's. "	9
"	San Francisco, Cal	St. Francis' "	4
"	" " "	St. Ignatius' "	1
"	San Jose, Cal	St. Joseph's "	13
"	Santa Clara, Cal.	Santa Clara College	1
Salt Lake City	Eureka, Utah.	St. Patrick's Church	8
" "	Salt Lake City, Utah	St. Mary's Academy	4
Savannah	Macon, Ga	St. Joseph's. Church	1
"	"	St. Stanislaus Novitiate	1
Scranton	Ashley, Pa	St. Leo's Church	47
"	Parsons, Pa.	St. Dominic's "	6
"	Wilkesbarre, Pa	St. Joseph's "	28
Springfield	Adams, Mass	St. Thomas' "	4
"	Holyoke, Mass	St. Jerome's "	28
"	North Adams, Mass	St Francis' "	28
"	Pittsfield, Mass.	St. Joseph's "	14
"	Springfield, Mass.	St. Michael's. Cathedral	1
"	Worcester, Mass	Sacred Heart Church	7
Syracuse	Clayville, N. Y	St. Patrick's. "	4
"	Oswego, N. Y.	St. John's "	45
"	" "	St. Mary's "	10
"	Syracuse, N. Y	Assumption "	20
"	" "	St. John's Cathedral	10
"	Taberg, N. Y	St Patrick's Church	9
"	Utica, N. Y	St. Agnes' "	11
Trenton	Perth Amboy, N. J.	St. Mary's "	50
Tucson	Phoenix, Ariz.	Immaculate Heart "	7
Wilmington	Wilmington, Del.	St. Paul's "	8
"	Chestertown, Md.	Sacred Heart "	8

Total Number of Receptions, 266. Total Number of Diplomas issued, 3,377.

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CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, JULY, 1899.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for the **The Apostleship in Daily Life.**

1	*S.*	Octave of St. John the Baptist.	Sobriety.	582,189 for thanksgivings.
2	S.	**6th after Pentecost.**—Visitation B.V.M.	Benignity.	548,239 for those in affliction
3	*M.*	Most Precious Blood.	Gratitude.	544,679 for the sick, infirm.
4	*T.*	St. Ulrich, Bp.C. (973).—St. Bertha, W. (723).	Genuine patriotism.	542,022 for dead associates.
5	*W.*	St. Antonius Zaccaria, C.	Piety.	69,180 for Local Centres.
6	*Th.*	Octave of SS. Peter and Paul.—H.H.	Intrepidity.	52,974 for Directors.
7	*F.*	**First Friday.**—SS. Cyril and Methodius, Bpp C.C. (Apostles of the Slavs, 900).—St Pulcheria, Roman Empress, V. (453)—1st D., A C.	Energy.	539,194 for Promoters.
8	*S.*	St. Elizabeth, Q.W. (Portugal, 1336).	Peacemaking.	599,610 for the departed.
9	S.	**7th after Pentecost.**—St. Ephrem, (Syria, 378).	Compunction.	565,940 for perseverance.
10	*M.*	Seven Brothers, MM. (150).	Concord.	610,978 for the young.
11	*T.*	St. Pius I., P.M. (157).	Respect for holy places	546,183 for 1st Communions.
12	*W.*	St. John Gualbert, Ab.C.F. (Vallombrosa, 1073).	Forgiveness of enemies.	153,894 for parents.
13	*Th.*	St. Anacletus, P.M. (90).—H.H.	Christian burial.	151,804 for families.
14	*F.*	St. Bonaventure, Bp.C.D. (O.F.M., 1274).	Good books.	521,610 for reconciliations.
15	*S.*	St. Henry, C., Emperor (Germany, 1024).	Liberality.	547,367 for work, means
16	S.	**8th after Pentecost.**—Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.—C. R.	Devotion to scapular.	131,622 for the clergy.
17	*M.*	St. Alexius, C. (417).	Contempt of the world	127,364 for religious.
18	*T.*	St. Camillus de Lellis, C.F. (1604).	Care of the sick	134,439 seminarists, novices.
19	*W.*	St. Vincent de Paul C.F. (1660).	Charity to the poor.	24,900 for vocations.
20	*Th.*	St. Jerome Æmiliani, C.F. (1537).—St. Margaret, V.M. (275).—H H.	Care of orphans.	27,128 for parishes.
21	*F.*	St. Praxedes, V (164).	Encouragement.	28,800 for schools.
22	*S.*	St. Mary Magdalen Penitent.—Pr.	Sorrow for sin.	23,765 for superiors
23	S.	**9th after Pentecost.** — St. Apollinaris, Bp.M. (79).	Temperance.	114,397 missions, retreats.
24	*M.*	Vigil.—St. Francis Solano, C.(O.F.M., 1610).—St. Christina, V.M. (300).	Abstemiousness.	121,677 for societies, works.
25	*T.*	St. James the Greater, Ap. (44).—St. Christopher, M. (III. Century).—A.I.	Perseverance.	161,664 for conversions.
26	*W.*	St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin.	Earnestness.	211,134 for sinners.
27	*Th.*	St. Pantaleon, M. (303).—H.H.	Politeness.	154,493 for the intemperate.
28	*F.*	St. Nazarius and Comp., MM. (I. Century.)	Cordiality.	967,616 for spiritual favors.
29	*S.*	St. Martha, V. (85).	Domestic duties.	951,221 for temporal favors.
30	S.	**10th after Pentecost.** — SS. Abdon and Sennen, MM. (250).	Self-denial.	1,003,515 for special, various.
31	*M.*	St. Ignatius, C.F. (S.J., 1556).—Pr.	Zeal for God's glory.	For *Messenger* readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship*. (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.—*Holy Hour*); A. I., B. I.—*Apostolic, Bridgettine Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Acts of Charity	23,436,035	11.	Masses heard	292,565
2.	Beads	2,276,143	12.	Mortifications	904,703
3.	Way of the Cross	84,302	13.	Works of Mercy	3,245,032
4.	Holy Communions	102,587	14.	Works of Zeal	1,303,035
5.	Spiritual Communions	1,494,758	15.	Prayers	6,581,073
6.	Examens of Conscience	474,252	16.	Kindly Conversation	1,728,285
7.	Hours of Labor	1,041,072	17.	Sufferings, Afflictions	190,362
8.	Hours of Silence	1,339,185	18.	Self-conquest	463,116
9.	Pious Reading	170,412	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	2,509,922
10.	Masses read	19,719	20.	Various Good Works	1,393,854
		Total,	49,045,222.		

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

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THE WORDS OF LEO XIII.

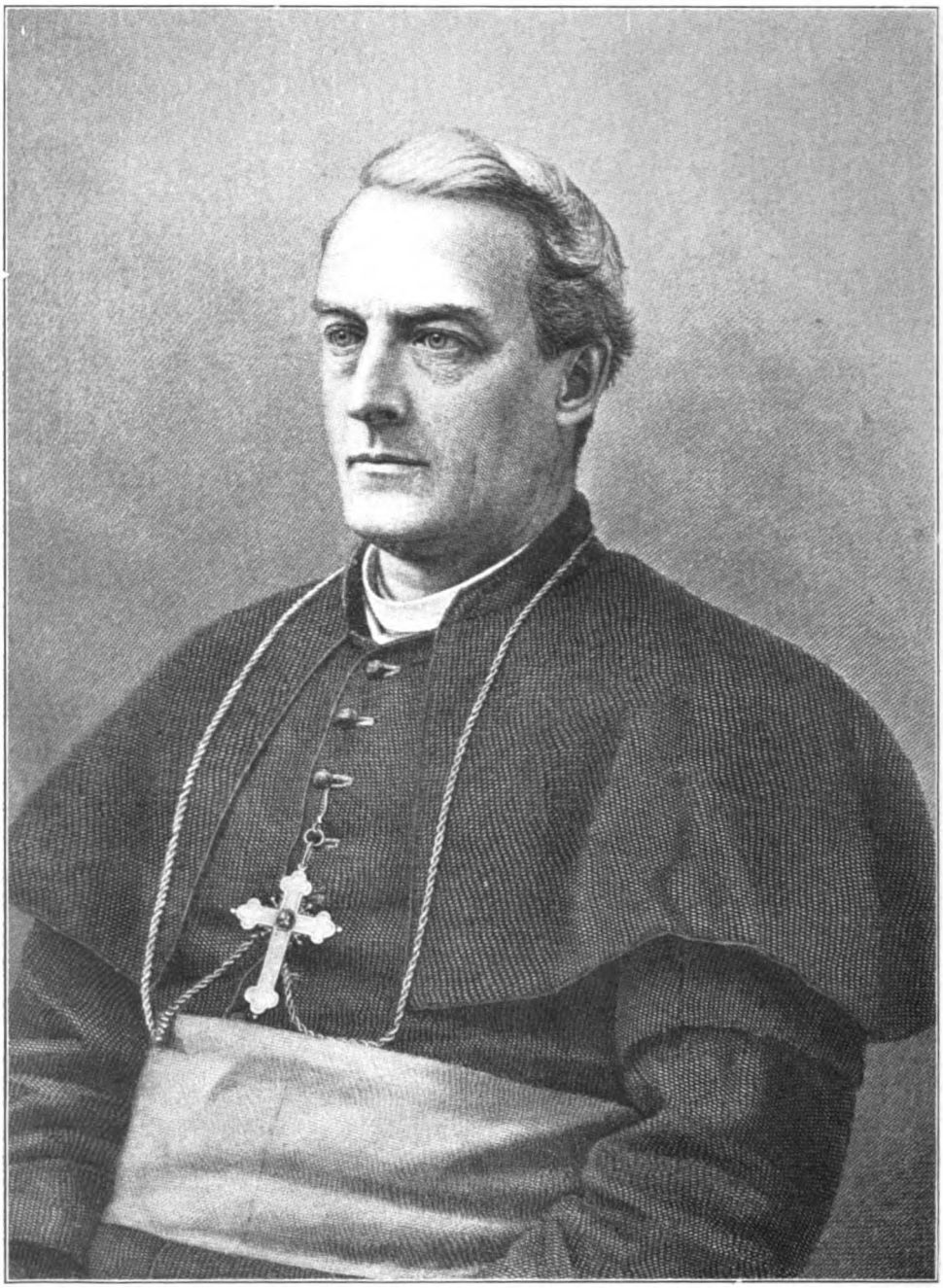
"And since there is in the Sacred Heart a symbol and a sensible image of the infinite love of Jesus Christ which moves us to love one another, therefore is it fit and proper that we should consecrate ourselves to His most Sacred Heart—an act which is nothing else than an offering and a binding of oneself to Jesus Christ, seeing that whatever honor, veneration and love is given to this divine Heart is really and truly given to Christ Himself.

* * * * * * *

"When the Church, in the days immediately succeeding her institution, was oppressed beneath the yoke of the Cæsars, a young Emperor saw in the heavens a cross, which became at once the happy omen and cause of the glorious victory that soon followed. And now, to-day, behold another blessed and heavenly token is offered to our sight—the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, with a cross rising from it and shining forth with dazzling splendor amidst flames of love. In that Sacred Heart all our hopes should be placed, and from it the salvation of men is to be confidently besought."

Encyclical Letter on the Consecration of Mankind to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

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THE RIGHT REVEREND H. P. NORTHROP, BISHOP OF CHARLESTON, S. C

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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXIV. AUGUST, 1899. No. 8.

CATHOLICITY IN THE PALMETTO STATE.

By Very Rev. Father Felix, O.S.B., V.G.

"A land without ruins is a land without memories. A land without memories is a land without history. A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see; but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land and be that land barren, beautiless and bleak, it becomes lovely in the consecrated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of hearts and of history. Crowns of roses fade—crowns of thorns endure."

WE may well adopt the picture our Southern poet priest paints of his beloved Southland as more especially representing the condition of the state in which the royal Palmetto spreads its giant branches and speaks of memories both sad and glorious—a state immortalized by historians, hymned and loved, with its battlefields consecrated by the ashes of heroes who fell for liberty's cause and nearly a century later drenched in the life blood of the chivalrous Southerner in behalf of principles he considered both sacred and just.

With truth it may be said that South Carolina wears a crown of sorrow, but like the realms of antiquity, she may now exclaim, "*E cineribus surgo*," "I arise from my ashes." A description of her civil and political life has been the task of great historians. This sketch however will present to the reader a few of the sad and happy pages in the history of the Church, its origin and growth in this extensive territory. As the Church in the Eternal City has lived in the sunshine of triumph or been obscured by the dark clouds of visitation, so here she has had her days of joy and her hours of sorrow. Constantine beheld a blazing cross above the Alban hills and conquered in this saving sign; "*in cruce salus*" is the inscription upon the diocesan crest of Charleston, and a cross radiant in glory, its emblem.

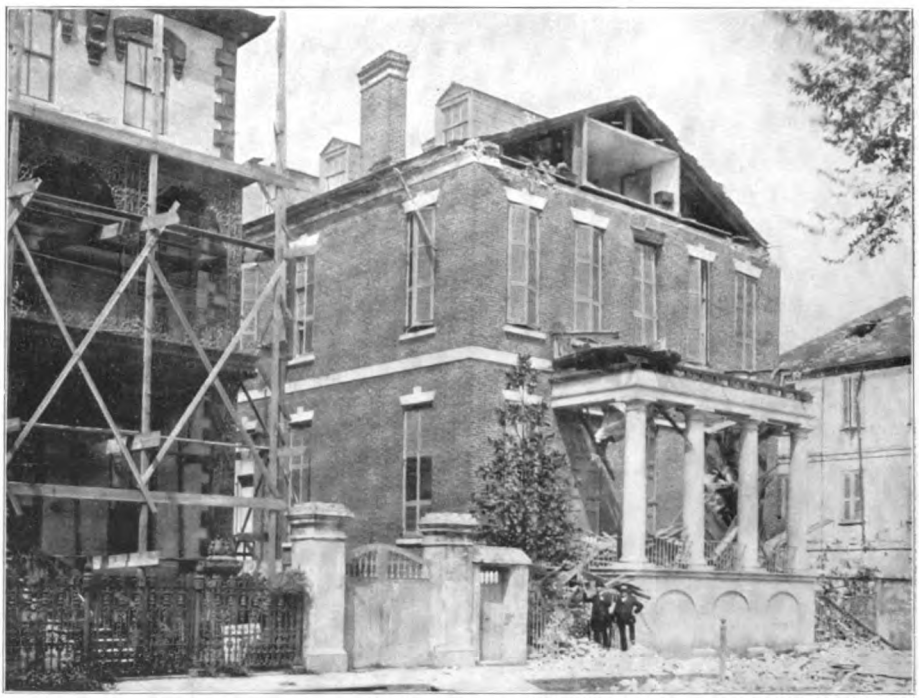
From the abbey towers of my monastic home, in western North Carolina, I often view the sun as it sinks to rest, after its day's journey, behind the lofty dome of historic King's Mountain. Its last beams bathe in refulgent splendor that lofty crest, just beyond the limits of the Vicariate Apostolic, in our sister state and mother diocese, South Carolina, and innumerable thoughts crowd into my mind

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of days, long since past, which formed an eventful epoch in our nation's history.

Many a Catholic soldier perished in the conflict of October 7, 1780, on this mountain. Historians tell us it was an Irish battle against English oppression, and the inscriptions upon the tombs of the brave, verify this assertion. It is well, especially in these days, to be reminded that our country's independence is far from being the gift of the Anglo-Saxon sword and musket, nor is it the exclusive boon of Protestant tenants. The signal overthrow at Cowpens, some six or seven miles to the South, followed closely upon the decisive engagement at King's Mountain, and paved the way to the subsequent surrender at Yorktown.



EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE AFTER THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

At Camden, a flourishing little city towards the interior of the Palmetto State, a graceful monument marks the final resting place of a great Catholic hero of the revolution, Baron de Kalb. A brigadier-general in the army of France, he was appointed major-general of the American forces, and to him Washington entrusted the disciplining and training of his first ragged army. With his brave Marylanders, many of whom, no doubt, belonged to our faith, he marched southward, to impede the British forces, was wounded at Camden, on August 16, 1780, and died ten days later.

In 1825, when Lafayette visited the States, he personally placed upon the tomb of de Kalb a marble slab bearing the words, "*foedus esto perpetuum*," What a scathing rebuke to our over-zealous religious opponents! Upon the grave of this distinguished Catholic soldier is a sentiment which has ever reechoed in the hearts of all American Catholics.

Perhaps it will not be inappropriate to mention here that while South Carolina has honored this hero by erecting a suitable monument, a resolution passed by Congress on October 14, 1780, that "a monument be erected to the memory of the late Major-General, the Baron de Kalb, in the city of Annapolis," has only

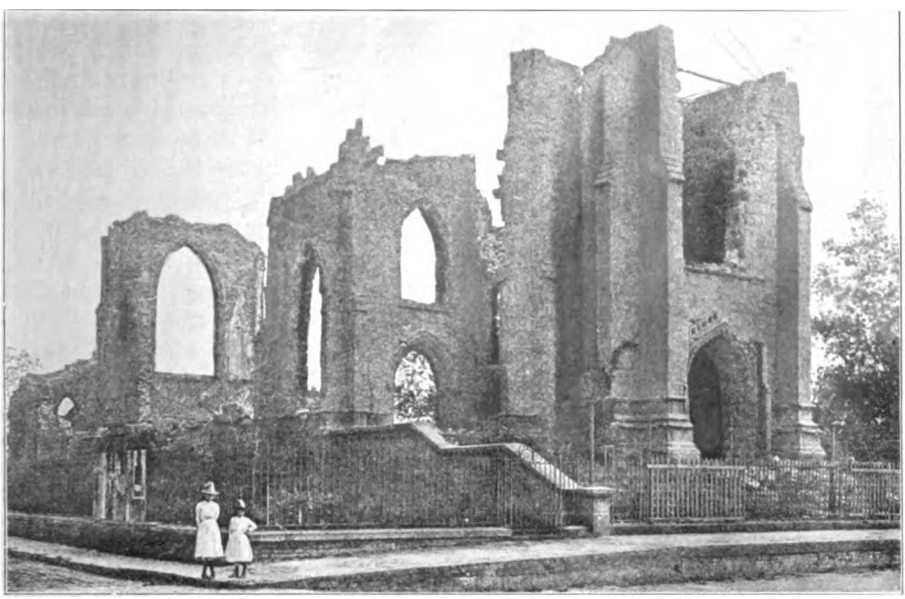
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been carried out in the minds of the grateful Congress.

Speaking of monuments, of times and people, I must not forget the stately column surmounted by a life-size statue of brave Jasper gracing the battery at Charleston. At the risk of his life, this noble boy of "Irish birth and Roman faith" — so tradition says — saved the Union flag from disgrace at Fort Moultrie, and is now honored by his state and country. Annually, on Erin's great day, the Irish Catholic brigade of Charleston salutes the man of whom the nation is justly proud.

Count Pulaski, the chivalrous soldier and hero of liberty, was a true son of the Church. It is related that he recited the Holy Rosary every day. To his memory Congress likewise voted a monument which was never erected, but the citizens of Georgia raised one to his honor at Savannah.

The patriotic record of the Palmetto State, during the War of Independence, is a splendid legacy of brilliant achievements made in behalf of liberty. To



RUINS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. FINBAR, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Another notable Catholic commander who surrendered his life at Charleston in the cause of American liberty, was the brave Count Casimir Pulaski. He came from Catholic Poland, with the highest recommendations to General Washington. Congress conferred upon him the rank of brigadier-general, and the corps of cavalry and infantry organized by him was known as "Pulaski's Legion." Aided by the French fleet in October, 1779, he was determined to recover Charleston. In the heat of the engagement he received the mortal wound from which he died two days later at the age of thirty-two.

review, however, the history of religion prior to the Revolution would be to assert that British oppression was the same here as elsewhere. Although anti-Catholic laws were enacted in South Carolina, no record is found to warrant the opinion that Catholics were residents of this state. Still it is reasonable to conjecture, in view of the fact that Charleston was the only prominent Southern port, that a few belated members of the faith were swept within those borders by the great tide of immigration. Annually two hundred and

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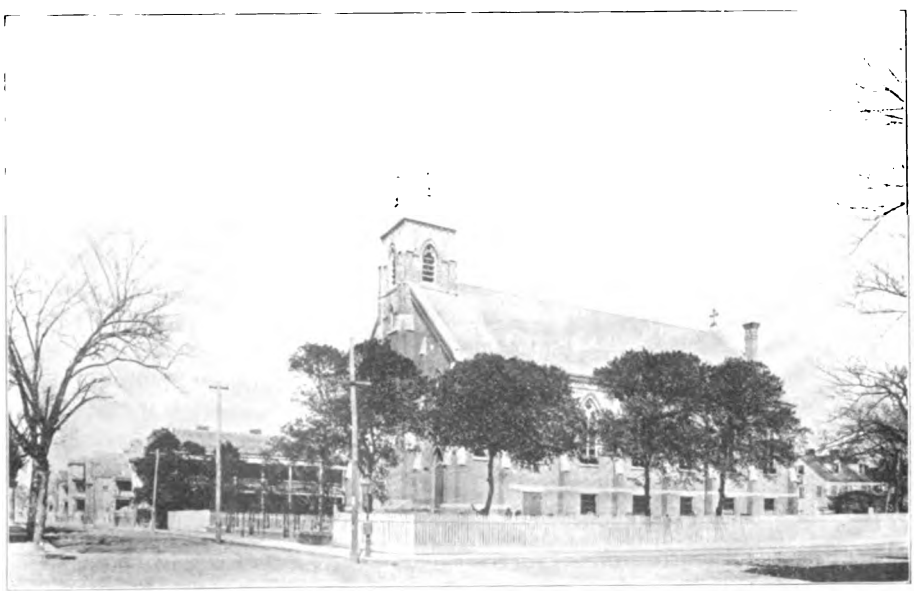
forty vessels cut the water between that city and foreign ports, exporting and landing goods from the West Indies, Spain, France, and England. It would be unjust to imagine in this vast commerce, that the Church was without representatives. Besides, to the State of South Carolina belongs the unique distinction of having first offered a premium for immigration, which leads me to believe that Catholic settlers found a home in that state. The enforcement of violent laws, however, the intolerance of "the Church by law established," the bigotry of the Huguenots, slavery, and other reasons which I mentioned in the sketch on North Carolina, almost crushed the embryo life of Catholicity.

The example of Catholic generals and soldiers during the war of the Revolution was such as to command the confidence of the great men of South Carolina. The illustrious Pinckney subsequently championed religious freedom, both in the Constitutional Convention of the United States, and in his own native state, where his name is foremost in history. Unlike the great Gaston, he was not a Catholic, but his efforts in behalf of the persecuted members of the Church were blessed in his posterity, for a goodly portion of his descendants are Catholics to-day, among them the beloved Bishop of the diocese, Henry Pinckney Northrop, D.D.

In the year 1786, a vessel bound for South America put in to the harbor of Charleston. There was a priest on board, and the few Catholics of the city, having become acquainted with each other, and enjoying the benefit of toleration, invited him to celebrate Mass. This he did in the house of an Irish Catholic for a congregation of about twelve persons. This offering of the Holy Sacrifice was the formal introduction of the Catholic religion to the present diocese of Charleston. A year or two later, an Irish priest in feeble health spent a short time in the city, and officiated whenever his physical condition permitted, but he soon left the state, probably for the West Indies.

The name of this priest has been called into question, some authorities giving it as O'Reilly, and others, chief among them Archbishop Carroll, call him Ryan.

Doctor Thomas Keating, who officiated at St. Mary's Church in Philadelphia, was subsequently sent to Charleston



ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON, S. C.

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by Rev. Dr. John Carroll, then superior of all Catholic missions in the United States. Dr. Keating figures as the founder of the oldest Catholic Church in the Carolinas and Georgia,—St. Mary's in Charleston. He purchased the property on Hazell Street, erected an unpretentious building and dedicated it to the Mother of God. St. Mary's may thus proudly claim the venerable title of the Lateran Church, *Mater Omnium Ecclesiarum.* When the health of Dr. Keating failed he returned to Philadelphia, and was succeeded in the Summer of 1793 by Rev. Simon Felix Gallagher, a native of Dublin, and remarkable alike for learning and eloquence. Elected professor in the Charleston College, his salary in this office relieved the poor congregation of the burden of support. He discharged his priestly duties faithfully, removed the old wooden structure and replaced it by a substantial brick building, which lasted until it burned down in the great conflagration of 1838. St. Mary's was then a complete ruin, but nothing daunted Bishop England and his zealous cooperators in their efforts to obtain sufficient means to restore it to its former flourishing condition.



CATHEDRAL OF STS. JOHN AND FINBAR, CHARLESTON, S. C. (IN COURSE OF ERECTION).

Years of vicissitudes have passed over this venerable edifice. She has worn the crowns of roses and thorns alike. And to-day, under the able administration of its present pastor, St. Mary's is one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical edifices in the land. Gems of art beautify the interior, and its imposing façade bears in golden letters the Angelic Salutation. From this mother church, at the dawn of the present century, missionary chapels arose at Savannah, Augusta, Ga., and Newberne, N. C. St. Mary's pastor held the spiritual administration over this vast domain unto the time which God had destined for sending the first chief shepherd to the Southland, *homo missus a Deo cui nomen erat Joannes* (a man sent by God whose name was John), the illustrious and im-

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ST. MARY'S CEMETERY.

mortal John England, first bishop of Charleston. In an apostolic bull, dated July 11, 1820, Pius VII. had established what probably constituted the largest diocese in the world—Charleston, comprising Georgia, and the two Carolinas.

John England was the son of prosperous and pious parents, natives of Cork, and it is not strange that with the blood of martyrs flowing in his veins, the heritage of saints, his youthful wishes and aspirations should so shape themselves that his subsequent career excited the admiration of the thinking world. He began his theological course in the seminary of Carlow, and was ordained in 1808 by Bishop Moylan, by special dispensation on account of his youth. As a young priest he exhibited that wonderful oratorical power which in subsequent years gained the hearts of the people for him, and its golden force was felt in the land of his adoption, not only in his cathedral church at Charleston, but on the highways and byways of the country, in public meeting houses, courts, and even in the congressional house of the United States.

For Ireland Father England entertained a profound and touching affection. He defended her noble claim before the whole world, and exposed the cruel oppression and persecution of British power. He stood bravely by the side of Daniel O'Connell, fearing neither prison nor death.

By a special decree of Pope Pius VII., he was appointed Bishop of Charleston and consecrated on September 21, 1820, at the parish church of St. Finbar in his native city, Cork, and straightway departed for America with his devoted young sister Johanna, one priest, and several students. Arriving in the United States, and later in Charleston, the prospect that opened before him was one that would have terrified the average missionary. True he possessed an extensive territorial diocese, but no churches, priests, nor congregation, nor

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even an element promising success. Nothing daunted the young bishop, and bravely he commenced his labors, and before "the close of many weeks a new epoch had dawned in the Palmetto State." The intelligent people became the slaves of his eloquence, the admirers of his learning, and less prejudiced towards his energetic efforts in spreading religion.

A first measure formulated by the prelate, was the establishment of a seminary for the education of a native clergy, in order to render his future priests accustomed to the insidious climate, their constitutions able to brave the periodical epidemics with which the land was visited, and to teach them the dire privations to which missionaries in the South were then and are partly, even now, exposed. A second enterprise was the establishment of the first periodical in the United States, the "Catholic Miscellany," under the personal conduct of the bishop himself. In it he courageously refuted with strong and erudite arguments, misstatements and absurdities with which the secular press was deluged. He formed societies for the promotion of higher social spirit, the chief of these being an anti-duelling society, with the famous General Thomas Pinckney as president.

Like a faithful steward he provided for all the wants of his master's household, redressed every evil, met every demand, and when the fearful visitations of yellow fever devastated homes and filled the cemeteries, as a tender father he gathered to his bosom the weeping orphans. For them he established the Order of the Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy, and beginning with the care of waifs, he broadened their sphere until to day they are remarkable among the teaching bodies of the South, and enjoy a history, a



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON, S. C.
(The oldest church in the Carolinas and Georgia.)

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record of noble service for religion and their country, the like of which few sisterhoods in this land can claim.

From the moment Bishop England received his appointment from the Supreme Pontiff until the day of his death, all the resources of his mind and his marvellous activity, which provoked the name of "steam bishop" from the College of Cardinals, were spent in behalf of his diocese. He often covered the distance between Europe and America, solicited in foreign courts and missionary societies, help for the poor Church in these States. He was twice appointed Apostolic Delegate to the Republic of Hayti to reorganize the Church there after bloody revolutions had almost crushed it. Many of the white refugees from San Domingo and Hayti found protection in his diocese.

His strength was a giant's, his will unbending, his zeal unquenchable, but overestimating his own physical constitution, he gradually undermined it by unremitting labor, and not by years.

On returning from a visit to Ireland, the passage, an unusually stormy one, lasted fifty-two days. A malignant disease broke out in the steerage, and Bishop England ministered in the capacity of priest and physician, and in consequence reached Philadelphia in a state of complete exhaustion. Forgetful of his own feelings, he preached a course of seventeen sermons before returning to Charleston. The illness that ensued was long and tedious, but on April 11, 1842, the sad news spread like wildfire to the city—"the bishop is dead." The entire city of Charleston mourned the great man. All foreign vessels in the harbor displayed their flags at halfmast. People of all classes and denominations united in paying tribute to the dead prelate, the Church had lost one of its greatest prelates and bishops.



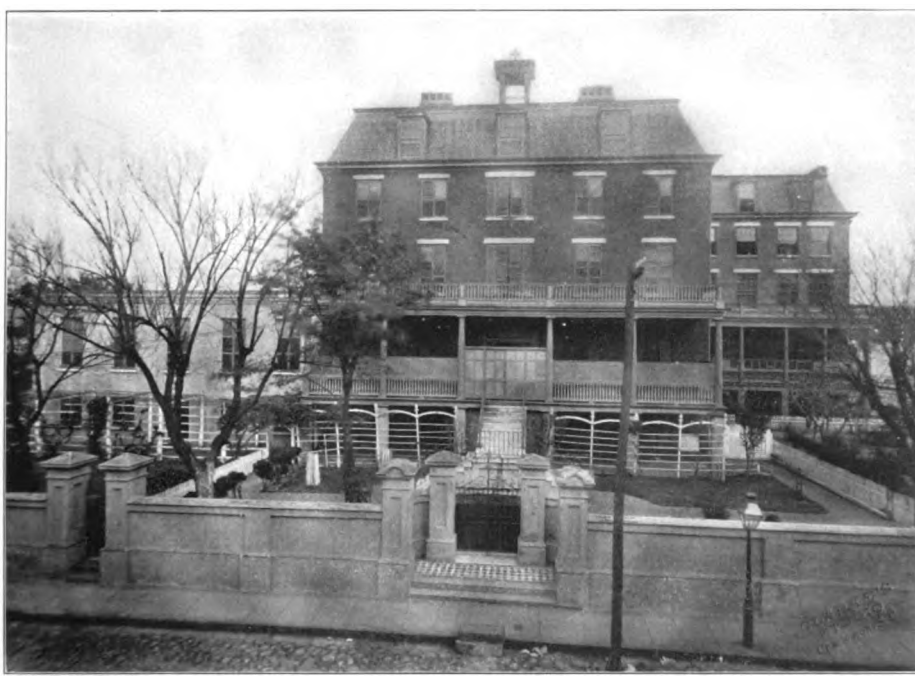
ACADEMY OF OUR LADY OF MERCY, CHARLESTON, S. C.

"Few men have enjoyed a higher and more universal reputation. His lips seemed to have been purified by a coal of fire from the altar on high, and his tongue a flame of the Holy Ghost running down from the day of Pentecost through an unbroken line of saints and pontiffs, illuminating nations in its path, abiding for a moment in this golden link,

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and then to pass with increased light to the end of time."

The Rt. Rev. Ignatius Reynolds was the second Bishop of Charleston. He was a native of the State of Kentucky, and was born of pious Catholic parents August 2, 1798. His primary studies were made in the seminary at Bardstown and his ecclesiastical course finished at St. Mary's, Baltimore, where he was ordained by Archbishop Marechal. The ability with which he discharged his duties, his piety and eloquence, attracted the attention of the hierarchy, and he was chosen to succeed Bishop England. On account of the eminence of the former bishop, his position was regarded as one of peculiar difficulty, but Bishop Reynolds assumed charge of affairs with the grace and tact of a skilled commander, and no prelate could have been received with greater joy by clergy and laity alike.



MOTHER HOUSE OF OUR LADY OF MERCY, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Bishop Reynolds at once perceived that large revenues were required to sustain the diocesan seminary at Charleston; he very prudently therefore united it to St. Mary's in Baltimore, especially since that city, by this time, was easy of access by boat and rail. The Institution of the Sisters of Mercy received permanent rules—these noble women had proved themselves especially during the yellow fever epidemics, angels sent to suffering mankind and affectionate mothers to the orphan children. Near the episcopal residence he laid the foundation and completed the grand Cathedral of St. Finbar, a gem of Gothic ecclesiastical architecture, and an ornament to the city and country.

Catholicity in the meantime expanded its benign influence and grew in number and strength; by consent of the Baltimore Council the State of Georgia was separated from the Carolinas to form the diocese of Savannah in 1850, and the Very Rev. F. C. Garland was created first bishop.

The enormous expenses which the construction of the new cathedral entailed, were ably met by Bishop Reynolds.

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ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S INFIRMARY, CHARLESTON, S. C.

"Only he," says the historian, "could have raised the sum." He toiled early and late, begged all over America, Cuba, and Europe, diminishing the debt to a small amount; but this effort cost the bishop his noble life. He died a faithful steward of God's vineyard in March, 1855.

Dr. Patrick A. Lynch was consecrated by Archbishop Kendrick on March 10, 1858, to succeed the lamented Bishop Reynolds. He was a South Carolinian by birth, received his early education in the Seminary of St. John, during the lifetime of Bishop England, who subsequently sent him to Rome, where he graduated with the highest honors and the title of Doctor of Divinity.

Returning to Charleston, he was first stationed at the cathedral, then transferred to the pastorate of St. Mary's, and appointed vicar-general of the diocese. Only a few years had passed in his administration when the critical period in the history of South Carolina and the South arrived.

The year 1860 inaugurated the war of secession, the first gun was fired from Fort Sumter, and initiated the bloody family strife of the greatest nation of America. In 1861, a destructive fire, kindled in the eastern portion of the city of Charleston, was driven by high winds across the most populous districts, leaving in its wake a mass of charred ruins. St. Finbar's Cathedral, once the pride of the South, the episcopal residence, the Catholic orphanages, convent buildings, the extensive diocesan library, were wiped out of existence in one single night. In the meantime the city had been blockaded by the Federal fleet, and a bombardment completed what fire had left untouched. The advancing armies in the interior of the state destroyed the little that was left of the once flourishing diocese of Charleston. Truly it can be said that no diocese of the Catholic world was ever reduced within a few short years to such a condition of poverty and dire distress.

Bishop Lynch, during these days of visitation, was on a mission of peace in behalf of the Confederacy, in Catholic France. Great confidence was placed in his ability and influence, and had his mission been seconded, peace might have been restored at an earlier day. His return to Charleston was not without danger, occasioned by the Federal fleet. Then, indeed, he saw what fire, sword and war had inflicted upon his beloved diocese.

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"Beneath my feet ten thousand children dead!
O how I loved each known and nameless one!
Above their dust I bow my mitred head
And murmur: 'Father, still Thy will be done.'
Ah! Father, Thou didst deck my own loved land
With all bright charms and beautiful and fair,
But foemen came and, with a ruthless hand,
Spread ruin, wreck and desolation there.

"Around me blight where all before was bloom,
And so much lost, alas! and nothing won,
Save this—that I can lean on wreck and tomb
And weep, and, weeping, pray Thy will be done."

It was now the task of the afflicted Bishop Lynch to build up his diocese from its ashes. When peace was at last restored, charitable hands and hearts most willingly extended aid to the bereft Southland, and by substantial donations from Northern cities Bishop Lynch was enabled to restore the most necessary churches, chapels and institutions in South Carolina. The Cathedral of St. Finbar, however, remained in ruins, and in the course of years ivy gently clustered around the fallen pillars and the shattered walls till in 1887, under the regime of the present illustrious bishop, it, too, arose from its ashes, bearing now the name of St. John the Baptist.

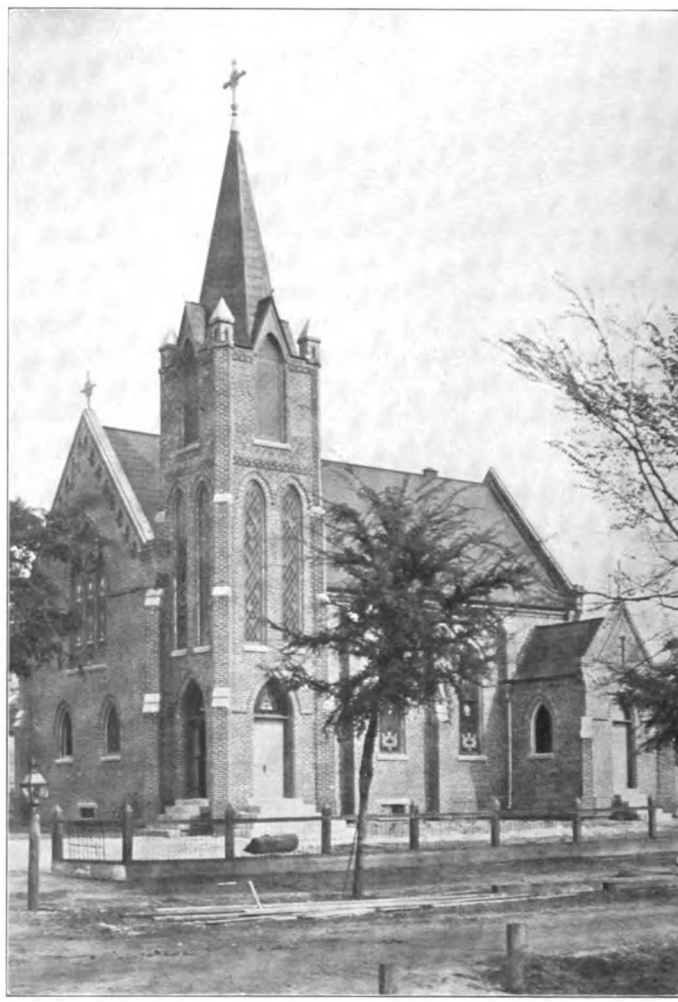
Dr. O'Connell refers to this sad period in his work, "Catholicity in the Carolinas and Georgia," with these significant words: "In poverty, wretchedness and degradation South Carolina was reduced to the condition of Ireland after the wars of the Stuarts, under the brutal sway of Cromwell and Irwin. Religion had suffered immense loss; flourishing missions, planted with labor



FATHER WOOD'S INFIRMARY BATTALION, U. S. A.

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and expense, had been broken up all over the diocese. During forty years Catholicity moved on slowly but surely, even under slavery; she was still in the desert. The masters looked into her fair face and rejected her. As a punishment came the terrible Civil War, sweeping away with irresistible violence the aristocracy and wiping out forever the last vestiges of slavery. The country waded in blood, the flower and youth, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, of the country were cut away, the arrogant pretensions and time-worn abuse of the past, all perished and can never more be revived. The statesman's cry is now "Onward!" Time at last broke down what non-Catholic ministers always call the barrier against Popery, 'the cottonfields of the South.' That they were not mistaken the future will prove. The Church is now for the first time in the South fairly started on the mission of enlightenment, civilization and virtue. Before many years what are now deserted missions will become Catholic parishes and episcopal sees."



CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART, BLACKVILLE, S. C

Under Bishop Lynch North Carolina was separated from Charleston and erected into a vicariate in 1868 with

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Right Rev. James Gibbons, now His Eminence, the Cardinal, as Vicar Apostolic. On February 26, 1882, the noble Bishop Lynch departed this life, to obtain his eternal reward. He wore the mitre during the most eventful period in the history of the South, and few bishops in the Church had such sad experiences as Bishop Lynch.

* * * * * *

On the eastern bank of the Congaree River, upon a plain of some elevation, is situated Columbia, capital of South Carolina. In the days of its foundation, one or two Catholic families were numbered among its population, but not until 1821 can we trace the first vestige of a congregation. Irish laborers had been introduced from the North to build a canal, an arduous and expensive undertaking in those days. Many of them died from exposure to excessive heat; some, however, settled down in Columbia after the completion of the enterprise and formed the nucleus of the present flourishing parish.

A lot was purchased from a Mr. Taylor, and a brick church of comfortable dimensions was commenced. Somehow the cornerstone was laid by Masonic craft; subsequently the emblems were extracted by Dr. Birmingham, and sent to Charleston to the Seminary. The position of the Catholics in Columbia during the Know-nothing times was exceedingly dangerous. Both men and women were immured in jail for most trivial offences, and the priests harassed and dogged until their lives were a continual warfare. However the storm of the time swept away, and the



URSULINE CONVENT AND ACADEMY, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Catholic congregation increased in number and social prominence. The present church was dedicated by Bishop Lynch in 1859. Early in the fifties, Dr. Jeremiah O'Connell founded St. Mary's College in that city. The Ursuline nuns in the meantime opened a flourishing academy for girls. Many influential Catholic families, acknowledging the exceptional advantages for the education of their children, settled in the city. Handsome buildings were purchased in 1857, and the legislature of the state granted the first privileges to these institutions.

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There were few places in the South in the *ante-bellum* days in which Catholicity had a stronger hold than in Columbia.

To the reconstructed and the reconstructors as well, the story of the burning of Columbia is familiar. The fair city of flowers was as the last song, on which the ministrel bird breaks its heart and dies. The United States army, having crossed the Savannah river, sacked, pillaged, and burned two-thirds of the town. Dr. O'Connell, who personally witnessed the fall of the city, gives the following graphic description:



THE JASPER MONUMENT.
MAGNOLIA CEMETERY.

"I said Mass that day, and consumed the Host (blessed be God !) to prevent sacrilege. The city was shelled all the previous day from the Lexington side, and the people were in great danger. They became greatly alarmed for their personal safety, and anxiously awaited the occupancy by General Sherman, for their protection. I approached him at the head of his troops, and he courteously halted the column. Robed in soutane, and with my breviary in hand, I meant my presence to be suggestive of mild and humane measures, should the contrary course be intended. Suspecting no general calamity, I solicited protection for the religious institutions. He hesitated, paused, referred me to the provost marshal, and at the suggestion of an officer who rode to his left, moved on. That officer, whoever he may have been, was General Sherman's evil genius; seeing his hesitation, his embarrassment, and the unusual courtesy of the halt of an entire army division, he checked the plea for moderation working at the heart of the commander, and the fate of the city was sealed. To him chiefly, I have always ascribed the loss of Columbia and the numberless evils and crimes which followed in its wake. I returned to the convent, round which were collected dense masses of people. It was the hour of midnight. Headed by the crucifix in the trembling hand of the Superioress, a mournful procession was formed. 'Mid smoke and fast approaching flames, accompanied by the crackling of falling houses and the din of the immense rabble appearing like fiends in the lurid glare, I conducted the Sisters and the children to the church and graveyard, and there we remained in fright and terror until daybreak." St. Mary's College and Ursuline convent were burned. The Sisters and children were housed in the vacant Methodist

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female seminary and General Sherman very kindly sent them military protection. The nuns rebuilt their institution at Valle Crucis near the city, but St. Mary's College was not again restored. At the present writing the Ursuline nuns conduct a flourishing academy in the city. They have erected an imposing brick building, and teach the parochial schools beside the institution of higher education. The parish church has been beautifully remodelled and through the zeal of the present pastor and his bishop the number of Catholics increased and the congregation itself ranks probably first in the diocese outside the city of Charleston.

* * * *

Greenville, the third city of the state in point of size, is the county-seat of one of the richest of the Piedmont counties. The city has a beautiful situation on a rolling plain at the foot of the Blue Ridge. From west to east through the central part of the town flows the Reedy River, its two falls of more than thirty eet adding picturesqueness and suggesting utility as well The unsurpassed healthiness of the country, the beauty of the scenery, rivalling in grandeur the most favored regions, and its mineral springs all combine to render this the most favorite section of the state. The advantages of commerce and education have made this city a centre. In its early days when but a village it was the scene of the humble labors of the future President Johnson.

In 1850 the first priest visited Greenville, and from that date we can chronicle the foundation of the parish. During the Civil War, Greenville was the rendezvous of the refugees of the South—most prominent Catholic families resided there, enjoying the advantages and protection this locality afforded. The beautiful little church with its commodious pastoral residence is now the centre of probably the largest missionary district in the South. The Rev. Pastor, a noble son of South Carolina, who most thoroughly understands the people in all the walks of life, possesses sufficient territorial jurisdiction to bear a crosier and mitre (his able predecessor, another son of the diocese, enjoys that dignity now as Bishop of Wilmington, Del.). His apostolic zeal bids him to be constantly on missionary visitations, bringing spiritual consolation to all of his scattered flock, a ray of happiness to the mansions of the rich, and often the daily bread to the huts of the poor.

The greatest natural curiosity in this land of sunshine, and that which all travellers are expected to visit, is Cæsar's Head, about a score of miles northwest of Greenville. At the base of this strange mountain are valleys of great fertility and beauty, interspersed with limpid streams, cold in Summer and in Winter sheeted with ice, some clear as the purest crystal. But when the ascent of the many thousand feet is made, one is bewildered at the dizzy cloud-enveloped height, and by the yawning square-cut abyss beneath. The human mind can scarcely grasp the sublimity of this Niagara of the desert, whose smoothed edges suggest that for innumerable ages some unknown river had thundered over its rugged side, and buried itself in the ocean that once broke in shattered foam at its base.

Other mountains are higher and seem to have risen more deliberately at the Divine mandate, leisurely strengthening their position by unassailable breastworks of immense barriers, whose firmness promises security to their everlasting reign against the unrelenting assaults of time and the accidental inroads of human art.

Extensive hotel accommodations at dizzy heights invite thousands of visitors during the Summer months. There is no church situated here, but the good missionary always finds large and interesting congregations assisting at the Sublime Sacrifice in spacious colonial parlors and halls.

Of Spartanburg, one of the most enterprising cities of the state, only passing mention shall be made. It possesses no

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features different from other places of similar size, no remarkable beauty, but enjoys this advantage, that it is located in the largest cotton manufacturing district of the state. Great stretches of white cotton fields delight the visitor here in Fall, and he may listen to the soft sad melodies of the negroes as they gather nature's products for their masters.

Catholicity here owes its establishment to Charleston refugees, who selected this place for their home when the city was bombarded by the Federals. A neat brick church was erected in subsequent years in which now a pious and growing congregation worships twice a month. Receiving its spiritual administration from Greenville up to this day, the little flock may, however, soon enjoy the blessings of a resident priest. A son of this mission now serves God as a priest of the diocese, and is assigned to pastoral duties at Aiken and the adjacent missions.

* * * *

Southwest of Columbia on the Georgia line lies Aiken, a noted health resort in the South. A number of Northern people have bought property in this place and built handsome residences. The city, while surrounded by manufactories, is exclusively a health and pleasure resort, hence repels all the advances of commerce. It is a place of mild air and sunshine, of activity and indolence, a strange blending of life's circumstances, and yet withal, one of the most lovely gems South Carolina wears in her coronet.

The fluctuating Catholic congregation is in charge of a resident priest and attends service in the neat little church of St. Clare. And this takes us back to the year 1867, when Dr. Persico, formerly Vicar of British India, built the first church here and labored faithfully in this field until his removal to the episcopal see of Savannah in 1870. Dr. Persico died, as it is well known, a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church. On my visit to Rome I had the pleasure of a lengthy conversation with His Eminence, and in a happy frame of mind he referred to his former missions in Columbia, where he assisted Dr. O'Connell, then in Aiken and Charleston. This St. Clare church was beautifully remodelled and rebuilt by the present pastor, who energetically sees to all that may enhance the beauty of God's temple.

Blacksville is monthly visited by the Rev. Pastor of Aiken, who recently completed the handsome brick church, dedicated by Bishop Northrop one month ago. A week later another new church was solemnly opened to God's service at Summerville, a place well known by Northern tourists. This mission is attached to Beaufort as well as the venerable little chapel at Watertown, one of the oldest missions in the state and the home of the illustrious Pinckney family.

* * * *

To return to the city of Charleston after rambling over this vast diocese, I complete the sketch by doing honor to him whose personality and indefatigable energy, whose unbounded kindness and geniality have adorned the episcopal seat which once was occupied by some of the most brilliant men who have illumined the pages of the history of the Church in the States.

In 1882 the present beloved bishop, Henry Pinckney Northrop, D.D., assumed the spiritual administration of the diocese. Prior to his elevation he worked in the humble missions of the Carolinas, enduring the innumerable privations to which missionaries were then exposed. Another brother, the lamented Father Claudian, also a worthy scion of the illustrious family, had given his services to God and the Church, but the hand of death drew him to an early grave, and the Catholics of both Carolinas wept over the great loss by his untimely demise.

In spite of innumerable adverse circumstances, Bishop Northrop has accomplished that for which his predecessors had laid the foundation. Catholicity, now enjoying prosperity, owes much to the benign influence of the chief pastor,

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whose personality is felt even in the most remote sections. Bishop Northrop began his ecclesiastical career at Georgetown College. Later he went to Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, and completed his ecclesiastical course in the Propaganda of Rome. From his first instructors, the Jesuits, he learned a great and useful lesson, essential to the true missionary, and which is the keystone of success, namely, under any and all circumstances, whether among poor or rich, whether on a most secluded, poor mission or surrounded by all the pomp and splendor of the episcopal dignity, to bear in mind and heart that "all is done to God's honor."

The city of Charleston has many churches; besides the pro-cathedral there are St. Patrick's and St. Joseph's. The congregation of the pro-cathedral has ably maintained its reputation for piety and social standing, and, guided by the zeal of its pastor, the poet-priest, Dr. Duffy, looks with anxious heart to the day when the portals of the grand cathedral will swing open and invite to the worship of God.

As the administration of no Charleston bishop had hitherto been free from disaster, or pestilence, or war, it thus happened that Bishop Northrop had manfully to face the destruction of his city by earthquake in 1886. On this memorable occasion, August 30, the Bishop was visiting his missions in western North Carolina, that section being at the time within his jurisdiction. The place was distant from a railroad, and cut off from all outside communication. The morning following the calamity, the Bishop met a native on the mountain road, whom he interrogated concerning the rumblings heard in the mountains the night previous. The plastic answer he received was, that people who knew it thought it had been an earthquake, and that the railroad men ten miles distant had told him a city called Charleston had been destroyed. Imagine the feelings of the prelate! As speedily as possible he made preparations for his departure, and with all haste reached Charleston, where he found his worst fears confirmed. The labor of years was swept away. Churches were seriously injured, his residence was in ruins, the asylums wrecked, and the sad situation was rendered more horrible by the frantic state of the people. Not a moment was lost by the Bishop. His appeal to the Catholics of the United States was generously answered, and through their munificence he was enabled to restore the shattered walls of the churches and institutions.

Shortly after the first throes of the earthquake had subsided, work was begun by the Bishop to rebuild the Cathedral burned during the war. The ivy clad foundations, massive and firm, were found by competent judges sufficiently firm to sustain the mighty edifice. Upon these, of equal dimension, and of equal grandeur as the old St. Finbar Cathedral, arose the new one named St. John the Baptist. It will still require no small fortune to complete this grand work.

Fifty years ago St. Patrick's parish was established by Bishop England, under the Rectorship of the late Father Patrick O'Neal, whose genial and pleasant manner, tender, and gentle ministration, and whose unselfish and persevering devotion to duty are still affectionately remembered by many of the present generation.

Some years ago the frail, but venerable edifice in which so many Catholics of Charleston had worshiped was taken down, and on March 17, 1886, the cornerstone of the new St. Patrick's was laid with solemn ceremonies, and with the confident hope that the succeeding St. Patrick's Day would witness its consecration to the service of Almighty God.

To build, furnish, and pay for a church edifice as imposing in proportion and style as St. Patrick's, in less than fourteen months, including several months' interruption caused by the earthquake, was an undertaking few men would attempt, and still fewer accomplish. Only those

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who knew Mgr. Quigley, the rector of St. Patrick's, could bring themselves to believe this work could be done. Notwithstanding the delay of the earthquake and the pecuniary loss entailed upon the parish by this disaster, solemn pontifical Mass was celebrated in the building twelve months after the laying of the cornerstone, and May, 1887, saw its consecration.

Another flourishing congregation in Charleston is under the protection of St. Joseph. Formerly a portion of this congregation was exclusively German, but since the South generally has received no increase in population by emigration for years past, the German element of this church has amalgamated with the English portion, and the administration of this parish was rendered less difficult. The present pastor is also a South Carolinian by birth and has witnessed from his infancy the progress of Catholicity in the Charleston diocese, and gives his entire energy to the well-being of his flock.

Opposite the harbor of Charleston on Sullivan's Island, is a picturesque little church, Stella Maris, greeting the sailors as they near the American continent from foreign shores, and bidding them God-speed on their voyage as they pass Fort Sumter out into the Atlantic. During the Summer the congregation of this church is exceedingly large, owing to the fact that the scorching southern sun drives people to a cooler and healthier spot, and in Stella Maris they find spiritual consolations whilst they spend idle hours in recreation.

Charleston in ante-bellum days, had a large slave population. Many negroes had been introduced from San Domingo and the West Indies, who were all Catholics. These then formed the nucleus of a colored congregation. Bishop, priests and Sisters of Mercy labored incessantly in their behalf. There were schools for slave children, and institutions which trained them for manual labor under the protection of the Church. At present there are nearly six hundred Catholic negroes in Charleston in charge of the Rev. George A. Kraft, who devotes his entire life to their spiritual and temporal advancement. However hard it may seem to take the negro into the Church and to retain him even after baptism, still thinking minds see the only solution of the negro problem of the South in Catholicism. Train their hearts to true virtue, raise their minds in the true worship of God, teach them to love work and dispel foolish pretensions, and you have the solution of the question.

It must redound to the lasting honor of Bishop Northrop, that during our recent war he placed a priest at the disposal of the Catholic soldiers, for whom no spiritual provision had been made by the United States. Thousands of them were sent to the hospitals of the city, and were stationed at Charleston to protect the harbor, city, and forts. Day after day the man of God ministered to the sick and dying, and the wounded from the battle-fields of Santiago ; and were his labors blessed ? Tenfold ; souls lost to the faith for years were reclaimed, and others were sent on their last long journey with all the spiritual consolations and benedictions of our religion. Those who recovered and returned to their distant homes, carried with them the sweet memory of the services of the priest and the Sisters of Mercy, and to-day are better men for their ministration. All this was purely an act of charity on the part of the diocese of Charleston, but it proves clearly that God's honor and glory are one with the lives and interests of Charleston's bishop and priests.

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THE LITANY OF THE SACRED HEART.

By the Rev. Aloysius P. Brucker, S.J.

WHEN we reflect that the Catholic Church has thus far officially sanctioned but three of those beautiful forms of prayer called *Litanies* (1) we will not deny that the new Litany of the Sacred Heart deserves more than a passing notice. The three authorized Litanies, viz., the *Litany of the Saints* (the one *for the dying* is but a shorter form), the *Litany of the Blessed Virgin* or *of Loretto*, and the *Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus*, are part of the ritual and approved for public use in the whole Church; for some time the new *Litany of the Sacred Heart* was approved only for some dioceses or societies, but it has been very recently put on a par with the former.

The first decree in regard to it, issued by the Sacred Congregation of Rites and signed by its Prefect, Cardinal Mazzella, S.J., is dated June 27, 1898. It states that Bishop John Robert, of Marseilles, France, had proposed for approbation a certain Litany "particularly dear to the clergy and people of Marseilles, chiefly because the liberation of their city from the plague is attributed to this prayer, in the year 1720," under the saintly Bishop Henry de Belzunce. Besides this, the decree also mentions the earnest entreaties of Cardinal Perraud, of Autun (the diocese of Blessed Margaret Mary), in the name of his flock, to the same effect. The Litany was carefully examined, and six invocations added to it, thus making the total thirty-three, the number of the years of our Saviour's mortal life. All this was sanctioned by Pope Leo XIII. who also allowed the Litany "to be publicly recited or chanted in the churches and oratories of the two mentioned dioceses of Marseilles and Autun, and besides of the whole Order of the Visitation.

Later on, November 12, 1898, a similar favor was granted to the whole Society of Jesus, at the request of its Very Rev. Father General, Louis Martin. Soon after, we see the privilege in full vigor in the great city of Paris, whose Cardinal Archbishop ordered a solemn chanting of the Litany in all the churches, on New Year's day, 1899. The diocese of Montreal (Canada) was the first in America to secure the same privilege.

Then there came to the Holy See so many petitions from bishops, religious institutes and pious associations, that, on April 2, of the current year, a new decree from the Sacred Congregation of Rites approved the use of the Litany for the whole Church, stating that the numerous petitions from all sides showed clearly a universal desire to see these invocations in use everywhere, for the greater glory and praise of the Divine Heart; moreover, continues the decree, "the Holy Father, in his tender devotion to the most loving Heart of Jesus, and in his desire to afford a remedy for the evils which are more and more weighing us down, purposes

(1) *Litany*, from the Greek *litaneia*, *an entreating*, *supplication*, is "a public and universal prayer for which, in a public calamity, all without distinction of age or sex, unite with one voice, in a common supplication, to implore God's mercy and assistance, and, as it were, storm heaven." (Cornelius a Lapide, in 2 Paralip., 20, 12 a. 13.) This definition is given by a Lapide when, in the passage quoted, he comments on a solemn supplication or procession which took place in King Josaphat's time: "'O our God, (thus prayed the King) wilt Thou not then judge them (our enemies)? As for us we have not strength enough to be able to resist this multitude, which comes violently upon us. But as we know not what to do, we can only turn our eyes to Thee.' And all Juda stood before the Lord with their little ones, and their wives, and their children."

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to consecrate the whole world to this Adorable Heart; to give greater solemnity to this consecration, he has determined to prescribe at an early date a triduum of prayers, of which these pious invocations will form a part." The decree finally reminds us of the indulgence of three hundred days already attached to the recitation of this Litany. This decree, like the former, is signed by Cardinal Mazzella, S. J.

We now come to the Litany itself, and after a general investigation of its origin, we shall make a deeper study of the thirty-three invocations it contains. This study will show, once more, that the very substance of the official prayers of the Church is taken from that "marrow of the cedar," Holy Scripture.

It was obvious, first of all, that we should look to the apostles of the devotion to the Sacred Heart for the original sources of the Litany, and we are happy to state that we were not disappointed. The place however where this Litany was to come into prominence, was not to be the famed Paray-le-Monial, which was favored enough already: it was to be Marseilles, justly called the *City of the Sacred Heart*, the same city that had shown much generous hospitality to the first messengers of the Faith in Gaul, the friends of Jesus Himself, Lazarus, Martha, Mary Magdalen and their companions. But let us briefly recite the authentic details of the event.

In the year 1720, the plague was threatening the destruction of that city; on October 22, its Bishop, Henry de Belzunce, addressed a Pastoral to his flock, in which, after describing the terrible calamity that had befallen this most flourishing city, he declares that his only hope would henceforth be in the Divine Heart of Jesus, and consequently he ordains that every year and in the whole diocese, a solemn feast of the Sacred Heart shall be celebrated, on the Friday after the Octave of Corpus Christi, on which day (continues the Bishop) said feast is already kept in several dio[illegible]s of the kingdom. A few days later, on November 1, Feast of All Saints, Belzunce went, in a mournful procession, to the centre of the desolate city, and there, according to his own expression, in the midst of the living and the dead, he pronounced a solemn Consecration to the Sacred Heart; then, before Mass, he promulgated his decree establishing the feast. Less than two years later, on May 28, 1722, the four Consuls of the city made, in the hands of their Bishop, a solemn vow by which they engaged themselves for ever to assist at Mass in a body, on the feast of the Sacred Heart, in the Church of the First Monastery of the Visitation, and there to offer a four-pound wax taper to be burnt before the Blessed Sacrament in expiation and thanksgiving; at the same time, they requested the Bishop to establish, for the afternoon of the feast, a solemn procession at which they bound themselves to assist. This vow was duly pronounced by the Consuls on June 4, feast of Corpus Christi, and ratified by the Bishop, who soon after decreed also the annual procession. One of the four Consuls was named Peter Rémusat; now, we know that it was at the suggestion of the humble Visitandine, the Venerable Ann Magdalen Rémusat, that the saintly Bishop had taken these steps for the glory of the Sacred Heart and the liberation of Marseilles. (Bougaud, *Histoire de la Bse. Marguerite Marie*, ch. 16, p. 420.) Belzunce himself relates all these details in his petition to Pope Benedict XIII. in favor of establishing the feast of the Sacred Heart for the whole church. (See Galliffet, *De Cultu Sacrosancti Cordis* p. 511 and 530, edition of 1753.) It is interesting to remark that Pope Leo XIII. intends now to do for the whole Church, what Belzunce did for his Episcopal city, as we read in the latest decree.

It was then, most probably, on the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 12, 1722, at Marseilles that this Litany was solemnly sung for the first time.

To corroborate our conclusion, we will here quote a few sentences from the mag-

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nificent Pastoral Letter published a few months ago, by Cardinal Perraud, to promulgate in his diocese the privilege now extended to the whole Church.

"As to the Marseilles Litany (writes His Eminence), it certainly is the pious work of the Ven. Ann Magdalen Rémusat (born at Marseilles, where she also died February 15, 1730); she had it incorporated in the *Manual* of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, established in 1718, in the First Monastery of the Visitation at Marseilles (1), and also reprinted in that same Manual the little office of the Sacred Heart borrowed from the work of Father Croiset, S.J.

"The invocations of this Litany are taken from the earliest formulas, but their arrangement was the Ven. Visitandine's own work, and it is easy to understand how they are justly dear to the people of Marseilles, who made use of them, with so much fervor and success, to obtain their liberation from the plague of 1720.

"These ancient formulas were those that had been used in the Monasteries of the Visitation of Paray-le-Monial, Dijon, Moulins and Lyons, thirty years at least before the plague of Marseilles, and during the lifetime of the Bl. Margaret Mary."

Cardinal Perraud then gives us one more interesting detail: "The Litany in the times of the Blessed, comprised thirty-three invocations in honor of the thirty-three years of our Lord on earth. In conformity with the wish we had expressed and transmitted to Rome, this number with its sacred symbolism was accepted by the Congregation of Rites, and six invocations taken from the old formulas were added to the Marseilles Litany."

According to this, then, the arrangement, or the order in which these invocations were put in the Litany, was the work of the Ven. Ann Magdalen Rémusat, but the material of the invocations was borrowed from more ancient formulas. The latter point remains now to be elucidated.

The first Litany of the Sacred Heart, in chronological order, was published long before the year 1622, and consequently several years before the revelations to the Blessed Margaret Mary, in a wonderful little book of sixty pages, entitled *Meta Cordium, Cor Jesu*, The Goal or Aim of all Hearts, the Heart of Jesus, and written by the saintly Fr. Gaspar Druzbicki, S.J., who died April 2, 1662, at Posen, Poland. Besides a very orthodox explanation of the Devotion to the Divine Heart, the little book contains meditations and prayers, and among the latter an admirable little office of the Sacred Heart, and six different Litanies. The first of these invokes the Sacred Heart under its various symbols; the next, divided in two parts, sings its praises; the third tenders to the Loving Heart the soul's petitions; the fourth addresses itself to the Suffering Heart; the fifth, to the Triumphant Heart; and the sixth recites the virtues of the Sacred Heart for imitation. These Litanies were no doubt known to Fr. Croiset, when in 1680, he published a similar manual, with several Litanies, and later in 1691, his complete work, where they were also incorporated. (See notice on Fr. Druzbicki, in the *Petit Messager du Cœur de Marie* (Toulouse), June, 1899.)

Next in the order of time, comes the Venerable John Eudes, formerly of the Oratory and Founder of the Institute of Jesus and Mary, who, in a Manual of Devotion, published in 1668, viz., five

(1) This Confraternity of the Sacred Heart is the two hundred and ninth in chronological order, its diploma being dated August 30, 1717. To show the wonderful spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, it is enough to state that in thirty-two years, from 1693 (three years after the death of the Bl. Margaret Mary) to 1726, no less than three hundred and seventeen confraternities in honor of the Sacred Heart were authorized and enriched with indulgences by the Holy See. (Galliffet, *de Cultu Sacrosancti Cordis*, p. 541 and foll.)

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years before the first revelation to the Blessed Margaret Mary, gives a Litany made up of forty-four invocations, of two or three words each, and ending with supplications similar to those of the Litany of the Holy Name. As we will point out at the proper place, a few of these invocations coincide with those of our new Litany. Let us also mention, in passing, that this holy man was instrumental in having obtained from Bishop Charles Francis de Loménie, of Coutances, Normandy, an ordinance, dated January 25, 1688, establishing the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary (*Sacri Cordis* (*sic*) *Jesu et Mariæ*) as a movable feast. However, the first to establish the feast of the Sacred Heart on the day designated by our Lord Himself to the Blessed Margaret (*de Sacratissimo Corde Jesu Christi, feria sexta post octavam Corporis Christi*), was Archbishop Antony Peter de Grammont, of Besançon, in 1694, three years after the death of Blessed Margaret Mary; Lyons came next, 1718, and then Marseilles, 1720, as stated above.

At this point, we have reached the truly authentic sources of our Litany, all easily traceable to what we may call the official Apostles of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart, namely, the Blessed Margaret Mary, the Venerable Claude de la Colombière, Father John Croiset and Father Joseph de Galliffet. Let us then see the part played by each of these in the composition of the Litany, and our problem is solved.

The Blessed Margaret Mary (*Vie et Œuvres de la Bse. Marguerite Marie*, vol. 2, p. 475; edited by the Visitation Nuns), has left us of her own composition thirty-three salutations to the Sacred Heart, among which are found nine of the invocations of our Litany. If we except a few, taken directly from Holy Scripture, and inserted by Fathers Croiset and Galliffet in their Litanies, nearly all the others, at least a dozen, are found in the various writings of the Blessed Margaret. And we already know, from the Pastoral of Cardinal Perraud, that her thirty-three salutations are remembered in our thirty-three invocations of the Litany.

It is not so easy to make out the part of the Venerable Claude de la Colombière. However, about twelve or fifteen of the invocations are readily found in his writings. Besides, he was the teacher and master that inspired Father Galliffet, of whom we shall speak below.

The larger part in these contributions, it seems, should be credited to Father John Croiset, S. J., who was like the Venerable Ann Magdalen Rémusat, a native of Marseilles. At the request of the Blessed Margaret Mary, he wrote the first book which treated at length of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. However, before publishing his principal work, he had written some additions to a small manual of prayers to the Sacred Heart, called the *Recueil de Dijon*, printed in that city in 1680. His celebrated book *La Dévotion au Sacré-Cœur de N. S. J. C.*, saw for the first time the light of publicity at Lyons in 1691, one year only after the death of the Blessed Margaret Mary. In it besides a lengthy explanation of the devotion, he gives numerous prayers to the Sacred Heart, and concludes at least from the third edition of 1694, with a sketch of the life of Sister Margaret Mary. We have under our eyes the Paris edition of the year 1757, and among other prayers we find several Litanies of the Sacred Heart. It may not be uninteresting to say a word of these. There is first a general Litany, containing nearly all the invocations of the newly approved one, and a few which have been eliminated. Then there is the Litany of the Saints devout to the Sacred Heart, of whom we give here the enumeration: Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, St. Joachim. St. Ann, St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist, St. Francis De Sales, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Bernard, St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Elzear, St. Mary Magdalen, St. Agnes, St. Leugarde, St. Gertrude,

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St. Mechtildis, St. Clare, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Teresa, and St. Rose. (We need not remark that this Litany is far from complete, as it omits many friends of the Sacred Heart, as St. Augustine, St. Bonaventure, St. Bernardine, St. Aloysius, and others.) In the third place, there are Litanies for every day of the week; for Monday, to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in His Infancy; for Tuesday, conversing with men; for Wednesday, in solitude; for Thursday, in the Blessed Sacrament; for Friday, suffering; for Saturday, dying; and for Sunday, risen from the dead. These Litanies are all given in Latin and in French. The oldest English version of the General Litany that we have been able to discover, is to be found in a modified translation of Father Croiset's book, entitled "The Devotion to the Sacred Heart," and dated Bruges, 1765. In an Italian translation of the same work, dated Venice, 1740 (first approbation, 1722), we find no Litany of the Sacred Heart, though there are the other usual practices of devotion.

Finally, there is Father Joseph de Galliffet, S.J., who was undoubtedly one of the most zealous advocates of this devotion in Rome itself, where he was then discharging the high office of Assistant to the General of the Society; he had learned it at the very best school, having been at Lyons in the year 1679, the penitent of the Venerable Father de la Colombière; we are even told that a few years later, being at the point of death, he recovered suddenly, upon the vow a companion made in his name to devote his whole life to the glorification of the Sacred Heart. (Daniel, S.J., *Histoire de la Bse. Marguerite Marie*, ch. 29.) Accordingly, he published at Rome in 1726, that is six years after the Plague of Marseilles, the first edition of his great work, *De Cultu Sacrosancti Cordis*. The book was published with the encomiums of the highest Roman authorities and the approbation of the General of the Society, Father Michelangelo Tamburini. A German edition appeared in 1728, a Mexican edition in 1732, and his own French translation was published as late as 1733 at Lyons. The work sets forth in three parts, the nature, the excellence, and the practice of this devotion; in an appendix we read the Memoir of the Life of the Blessed Margaret Mary, and all the official ecclesiastical documents concerning the devotion from its origin. It is in the third part of the body of the book, that we read besides some practices in honor of some saintly personages, several exercises of praise and invocation of the Sacred Heart, an Act of Reparation, the Act of Consecration, composed by the Venerable Father de la Colombière, a little Rosary, and finally what the author entitles, Pious Affections to the Heart of Jesus, *Pii Affectus ad Cor Jesu*. These invocations are in the form of a Litany and thirty-six in number. It is remarkable that besides the *versicle* of our new Litany, Rome has taken from Galliffet no less than twenty-two invocations, eight of which have been slightly modified. They are, as we stated above, in perfect harmony with the general Litany found in Father Croiset's book.

Thus we know that the new Litany is derived from those who were at the very fountain-head of the devotion to the Divine Heart; the Blessed Margaret Mary, whom the Sacred Heart made His Apostle; the Venerable Claude de la Colombière, whom He sent her as a spiritual guide; Father John Croiset, whom the Blessed Margaret herself induced to write; and Father Joseph de Galliffet, a disciple of the Venerable de la Colombière, whom Heaven itself selected for a similar purpose.

Now, to come to the Litany itself, it would, perhaps, be difficult to make an accurate division or to give a logical analysis of the thirty-three invocations it contains. However, in a general way, we may state that some of these invocations are praises of the Sacred Heart in its nature and its perfections divine and human; others are a re-

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hearsal of the sufferings and humiliations which its love made it embrace for our salvation, and others still are appeals to the bountiful mercy which is our hope for time and eternity. Let us now study the various portions of the Litany, namely invocations, versicle and prayer.

1. *Cor Jesu, Filii Patris æterni*—Heart of Jesus, the son of the Eternal Father. Cf. John, 1, 18, etc. "The only begotten Son who is in the bosom of the Father." Ven. Colombière.

2. *In sinu Virginis Matris a Spiritu Sancto formatum*—fashioned by the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin Mother. Cf. Luke, 1, 31 and 35: "Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb and bring forth a son; . . . the Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee." (Archangel Gabriel to Mary.) Croiset.

3. *Verbo Dei substantialiter unitum*—substantially united to the Word of God. Cf. John, 1, 1 and 14: "The Word was God, . . . and the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." Galliffet.

4. *Majestatis infinitæ* — of Infinite Majesty. Cf. Matt., 25, 31: "And when the Son of Man shall come in his majesty, and all the angels with him, then shall he sit upon the seat of his majesty." Galliffet.

5. *Templum Dei sanctum*,—the holy Temple of God. Cf. Psalm 64, 5: "Holy is thy temple." Ven. Eudes; Ven. Colombière. *Dei sanctitate sanctum.* Gallifet.

6. *Tabernaculum Altissimi*,—the Tabernacle of the Most High. Cf. Psalm 45, 5: "The Most High has sanctified his own Tabernacle; God is in the midst thereof." *Sanctissimæ Trinitatis sanctuarium.* Galliffet.

7. *Domus Dei et Porta cœli*,—the House of God and the Gate of Heaven. Genes. 28, 17: "This is no other but the house of God and the gate of heaven." (Jacob on his journey to Mesopotamia.) Croiset.

8. *Fornax ardens charitatis*—a burning furnace of charity. "*Fournaise ardente*," Bl. Margaret Mary; Ven. Eudes; St. Bernardine; Croiset.

9. *Justitiæ et amoris receptaculum*,—a shelter of justice and love. Cf. Ps. 84, 11: "Mercy and truth have met each other; justice (of God) and peace (for men) have kissed." Croiset: *amoris et justitiæ habitaculum.*

10. *Bonitate et amore plenum*,—overflowing with loving kindness. "*D'incomparable bonté*," Bl. Margaret Mary; Ven. Colombière; St. Bernard; *Dei bonitate bonum:* Galliffet; *Bonitatis oceanus:* Croiset; *Misericordiæ thronus:* id.

11. *Virtutum omnium abyssus*—an abyss of all perfections. Cfr. Psalm 41, 8: "Abyss calls upon abyss, at the noise of thy flood-gates." Ven. Eudes; Ven. Colombière. "*Illustre et parfait modèle de perfection*," Bl. Margaret Mary. *Principium et origo omnium virtutum:* Galliffet, Croiset.

12. *Omni laude dignissimum*,—most worthy of all our praise. "*Admirable et très digne*," Bl. Margaret Mary; Ven. Colombière. *Adoratione Deo debita adorandum, amore Deo digno amandum:* Galliffet. *Infinite amans et infinite amandum:* Croiset.

13. *Rex et centrum omnium cordium*,—the king and centre of all hearts. Cfr. Psalm 83, 3 and 4: "My heart and my flesh have rejoiced in the living God. . . . Thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God!" Psalm 72, 25 and 26: "For what have I in heaven, and besides Thee what do I desire upon earth? . . . Thou art the God of my heart, and the God that is my portion for ever." Bl. Margaret Mary; Ven. Eudes; Croiset.

14. *In quo sunt omnes thesauri sapientiæ et scientiæ*,—in whom are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Galliffet, from Coloss. 2, 3: "In whom (Christ Jesus) are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." St. Peter Damian.

15. *In quo habitat omnis plenitudo*

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Divinitatis,—in whom dwells all the fulness of the Godhead. Galliffet, from Coloss. 2, 9: "For in him (Christ) dwells all the fulness of the Godhead corporally."

16. *In quo sibi Pater bene complacuit*, —in whom the Father is well pleased. Galliffet, from Matt. 3, 17 and 17, 5: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (God the Father in Christ's Baptism and Transfiguration), according to the Prophet Isaias (ch. 42, v. 1): "Behold . . . My beloved in whom my soul has been well pleased." (Matt. 12, 18.)

17. *De cujus plenitudine omnes nos accepimus*,—of whose fulness we all have received. Galliffet, from John 1, 16: "and of his fulness we all have received, and grace for grace."

18. *Desiderium collium æternorum*,—the desire of the everlasting hills. Croiset, from Genes. 49, 26: "Until the desire of the everlasting hills should come" (Jacob's prophecy to his son Joseph).

19. *Patiens et multæ misericordiæ*,—patient and rich in mercy. From Joel 2, 13: "For he (the Lord your God) is gracious and merciful, patient and rich in mercy." "*Très patient*," Bl. Margaret Mary; Ven. Colombière; *Thesaurus nunquam deficiens:* Galliffet.

20. *Dives in omnes qui invocant Te*,—liberal towards all who call upon Thee. Galliffet, from Rom. 10, 12: "For the same is Lord over all, rich unto all that call upon Him."

21. *Fons vitæ et sanctitatis*,—the fountain of life and holiness. From Psalm 35, 10: "For with Thee is the fountain of life," and Isai. 12, 3: "You shall draw waters with joy out of the Saviour's fountains." Bl. Margaret Mary; Ven. Colombière; Vision of Bl. Peter Canisius. *Fons aquæ salientis in vitam æternam*, *Puteus aquarum viventium:* Galliffet.

22. *Propitiatio pro peccatis nostris*,—the propitiation for our sins. Galliffet, from I. John 2,2: "And he (Jesus Christ the Just) is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for those of the whole world." Cf. Isai. 53: "The Lord has laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was offered because it was his own will . . . If he shall lay down his life for sin, he shall see a long-lived seed, and the will of the Lord shall be prosperous in his hand."

23. *Saturatum opprobriis*,—filled with reproaches. Galliffet, from Thren. 3, 30: "He shall give his cheek to him that strikes Him, He shall be filled with reproaches." *Amaritudine repletum propter nos:* Galliffet.

24. *Attritum propter scelara nostra*,—bruised for our offenses. Galliffet, from Isai. 53, 5: "But he was wounded for our iniquities, he was bruised for our offenses." Ven. Colombière.

25. *Usque ad mortem obediens factum*,—become obedient unto death. Galliffet, from Philip. 2, 8: "He humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the Cross."

26. *Lancea perforatum*, — pierced through with a lance. Galliffet, cf. John 19, 34: "One of the soldiers with a spear opened his side, and immediately there came out blood and water: and he that saw it (St. John, the beloved Apostle) has given testimony, and his testimony is true; and he knows that he says true, that you also may believe." Bl. Margaret Mary, Ven. Colombière; St. John Chrysostom, St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure. *Amore vulneratum in Cruce sanguine exhaustum:* Croiset.

27. *Fons totius consolationis*, — the source of all consolation. Galliffet, cf. II. Cor. 1, 3: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort." "*Soulas des affligés, origine de tout bonheur*," Bl. Margaret Mary, Ven. Colombière; St. Francis de Sales, *Solatium peregrinantis animæ:* Croiset.

28. *Vita et resurrectio nostra*,—our life and resurrection. Croiset, from John 11, 25: "I am the resurrection and the life . . . And every one that

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lives, and believes in me, shall not die for ever" (Jesus to Martha the sister of Lazarus).

29. *Pax et reconciliatio nostra*,—our peace and reconciliation. Galliffet, cf. Mich. 5, 5: "And thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, art a little one among the thousands of Juda: out of thee shall he come forth unto me who is to be the Ruler in Israel . . . And this man shall be our peace," and Rom. 5, 11: "We glory in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received reconciliation." Figured in Noe: "Noe was found perfect, just, and in the time of wrath he was made a reconciliation." (Eccli. 44, 17.) Ven. Eudes; Ven. Colombière.

30. *Victima peccatorum*,—the victim of sinners [different from invocation 22]. Cf. Ps. 128, 3: "The sinners have wrought upon my back: they have lengthened their iniquity." Figured in the emissary goat: "And putting both hands upon his (the emissary goat's) head let him (the High Priest) confess all the iniquities of the children of Israel and all their offenses and sins: and praying that they may light on his head, he shall turn him out, by a man ready for it, into the wilderness." Add Jer. 46, 10: "This is the day of the Lord the God of hosts, a day of vengeance, that he may revenge himself of his enemies." Vision of Bl. Margaret Mary: "Behold the Heart that has loved men so much, and however, etc." Ven. Colombière. *Hostia vivens, sancta, Deo placens,—Etiamnum ab ingratis hominibus dilaceratum:* Galliffet.

31. *Salus in Te sperantium*,—the salvation of those who trust in Thee. Galliffet, cf. Daniel 13, 60: "With that all the assembly cried out with a loud voice, and they blessed God who saves those who trust in Him."

32. *Spes in Te morientium*,—the hope of those who die in Thee. Galliffet, cf. Ps. 15, 9: "My heart has been glad, and my tongue has rejoiced: moreover my flesh also shall rest in hope," and I. Tim. 1, 1: "Paul an Apostle of Jesus Christ, according to the command of God our Saviour, and of Christ Jesus our hope." St. Mechtildis; Blessed Margaret Mary. *Terror dæmonum:* Croiset.

33. *Deliciæ sanctorum omnium*,—the delight of all the saints. Galliffet, cf. Proverbs, 8, 31: "And my delights (were) to be with the children of men." Blessed Margaret Mary. *Perseverantia Justorum:* Croiset.

Besides those mentioned at the proper place, there are a few more beautiful invocations which were also left out in the new Litany: *Pascens inter lilia*, (1) *Thronus gratiæ, Usque ad mortem in horto tristissimum, Cultorum tuorum dulce præsidium, Adjutor in tribulationibus quæ invenerunt nos nimis*, etc.

V. *Jesu, mitis et humilis Corde*,—Jesus, meek and humble of heart. Galliffet, from Matt. 11, 29: "Come to Me, all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you. Take up my yoke upon you, and learn of Me that I am meek and humble of heart: and you shall find rest to your souls. For my yoke is sweet and my burden light."

R. *Fac cor nostrum secundum cor tuum*,—Make our heart according to Thy Heart. Galliffet, cf. 4 Reg. 10, 15: "Is thy heart right as my heart (is) with thy heart?" (King Jehu, to Jonadab.)

Prayer. Let us pray. O almighty and eternal God! look upon the Heart of Thy dearly beloved Son, and upon the praise and satisfaction He offers Thee in behalf of sinners, and to those who seek Thy mercy, grant Thou peace and forgiveness: in the name of the same Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who lives and reigns with Thee, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, true God, forever and ever. Amen.—Cf. the prayer said by the first Christians, Acts, 4, 24.

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(1) Feeding among the lilies—Throne of grace—Most sorrowful in the garden even unto death—Sweet protection of thy clients—Helper in our tribulations, which have overwhelmed us, etc.

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Suscipe Domine.

ST. IGNATIUS. J. CHIANALE, S. J.



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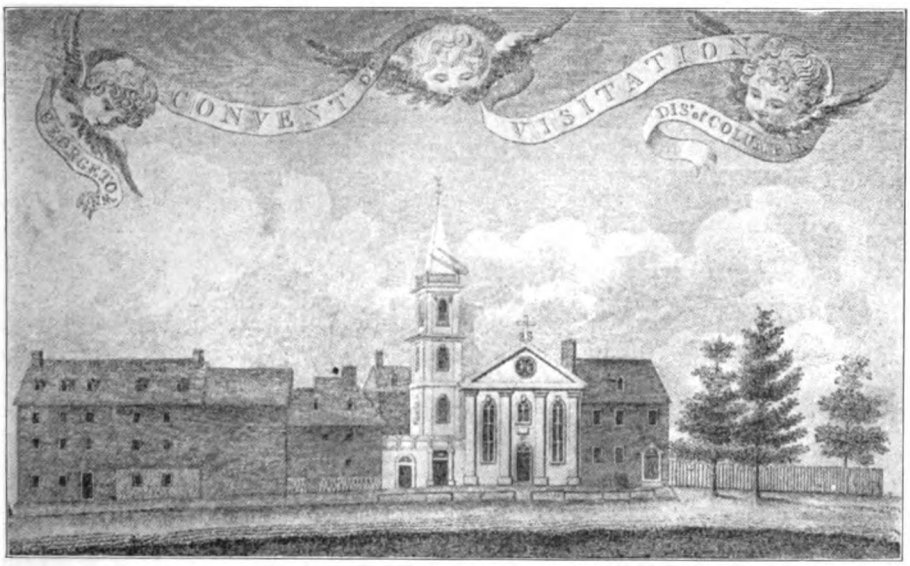
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FROM THE ORIGINAL CIRCULAR OF THE ACADEMY.

A VISITANDINE CENTENNIAL.

By E. M. Smith.

THE famous old Convent of the Visitation, which, since 1799, has marked a hallowed spot in the landscape of Georgetown, D. C., was not dependent upon the celebration of its one hundredth anniversary to be brought prominently before the public; indeed, so widely known is this noble Catholic institution, so frequently have sketches and accounts of it appeared in the various magazines, and to such distinction have many of its former pupils attained, that it seems superfluous to give more than a cursory glance into its past, and unnecessary to dwell upon a history that has already been beautifully and exhaustively told by George Parsons Lathrop and his wife, Rose Hawthorne, in their interesting volume entitled, "A Story of Courage." But it may be advisable to give a brief summary of the events that led to the founding of Georgetown Convent and the establishment of the Visitandines in America.

Two hundred and six years had passed since St. Jane Frances de Chantal, under the direction of her spiritual adviser, St. Francis de Sales, planted at Annecy, in France, the tiny seed which was destined, under the guiding hand of God, to flourish and grow into a great order, whose far-reaching influence should be felt in a continent to them almost unknown. The original idea of St. Francis was to dedicate this new order to St. Martha, the model and patron of all who serve the poor, but the holy widow, Jane Frances, Baroness de Chantal, was ardently desirous of having her little community placed under the care of the Blessed Virgin Mary and, without making her intention known to her director, she prayed to God that her wish might be granted.

Whether St. Francis de Sales thought better of his first decision or whether an inspiration came to him from on high, we cannot presume to say. It may be that God wished to answer the prayer of this devoted woman, who had laid aside the glories of her state in life and turned a deaf ear to the whispers of domestic happiness in order to

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give herself up entirely to His service. At any rate the embryonic community was soon afterwards dedicated to the Blesssed Mother in special commemoration of the mystery of the Visitation, and the Sisters were at first called *Filles de Sainte Marie*. When, after some years, they were firmly established and able to carry on their works of mercy, the name "Visitandines" was given them and has clung to them ever since. The Order was first organized as a contemplative



THE QUADRANGLE.

one, but poverty and other causes led to its gradually becoming a teaching body as well, and so great was the reputation of some of its members for sanctity and wisdom, that it reached the "seats of the mighty," and many royal and distinguished visitors came to them for counsel or consolation—we cannot say which. Among these royal guests was no less a personage than Louis XIV., *Le Grand Monarque*, who, while himself setting a very poor example of virtue to his subjects and courtiers, was quick to appreciate and admire the life of holiness led by these followers of St. Jane Frances.

It would be too long a story to relate even briefly the trials and hardships patiently borne by the members of this celebrated Order from the time of its foundation in France, two hundred and eighty-nine years ago. Rarely is success obtained without labor and suffering, even when God, by miracles, attests His approval of the work; to reach the mountain top we must pass through the valley of pain, and long and weary is the ascent that leads to the heights of glory.

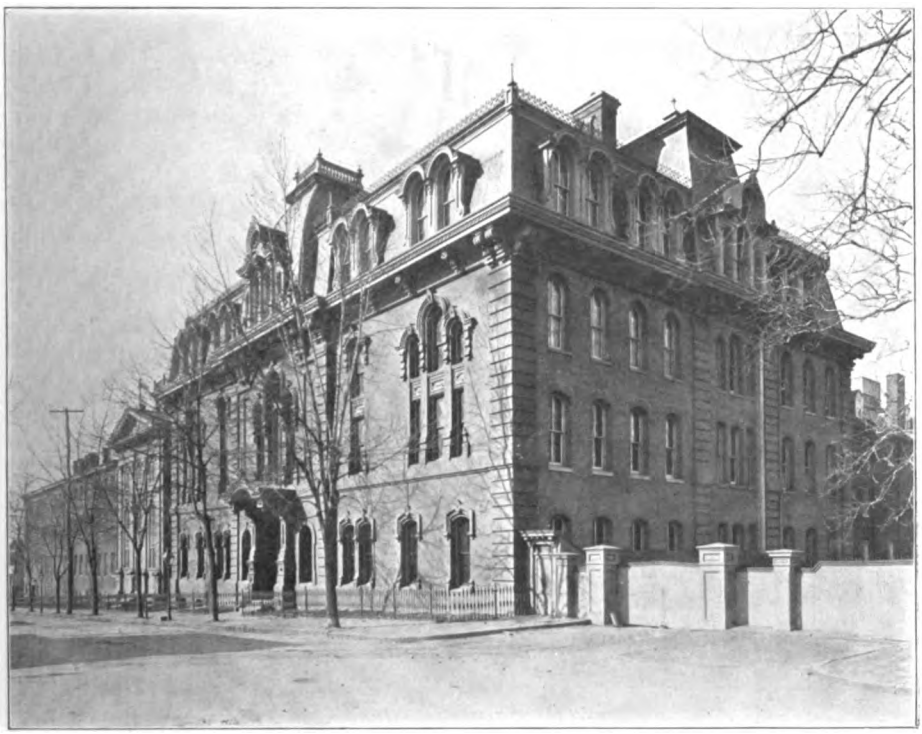
It would seem that the words that Christ spake to His Apostles were meant to apply to every religious body from that time onward, and that each true band of followers must perforce "suffer all things for His Name's sake." What St. Jane Frances and her struggling community had to endure at Annecy was experienced with even greater discourage-

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ment by Miss Alice Lalor and her little band from the year 1799 to 1816. It is hard to realize the suffering and privations that some generous souls will voluntarily undergo for God!

What stronger proof does Christianity require than that of the vast army of men and women who, in spite of all efforts to destroy them and annihilate their faith, have gone steadily on with their Master's work and increased tenfold with the blood shed at each persecution? Ancient worship, at the best, has no parallel to offer, modern skepticism no explanation. Something more than the bare *non credo* of the Agnostic is needed to destroy this conviction of the truth which is forced upon us, no matter how unwilling some minds may be to receive it. When we think of cultured women, reared in many instances in luxury and affluence, joyfully embracing a religious life, we must needs feel a sensation of shame and disgust at the thought of our own self-indulgent existence. Filled with divine love they soon grow indifferent to the petty hopes and ambitions of a world that, however bright its prospects, soon narrows itself to a grave—six feet of cold, hard earth and a coffin under the daisies.

But Massillon, the great French priest and orator, explains this sublime love. In one of his admirable sermons he says: —"To such the Lord alone appears good, faithful and true; constant in His promises, amiable in His indulgence, magnificent in His gifts, real in His tenderness, merciful even in His wrath; He alone appears great enough to fill the whole immensity of our heart, powerful enough to satisfy all its desires, generous enough to soothe all its woes; He alone appears immortal and worthy of our endless affection, finally He alone excites no regret except that we learned too late to love Him."



MONASTERY AND CHAPEL, NORTH VIEW.

It was under the direction of Father

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Neale, then President of Georgetown College, that Miss Alice Lalor, Mrs. MacDermott and Mrs. Sharpe formed the nucleus of a religious community that was destined to become the oldest and best known Catholic institution for the education of girls in the United States. The power of God frequently makes use of unimportant means to achieve a great end: this idea is beautifully expressed in a poem written by one of the convent's most accomplished teachers for the little white and gold diary that was sent early in the year to each of the graduates. It was designed as a dainty souvenir and *avant courier* of the coming celebration.

June 24, 1799.

A snowy dove dropped into Earth's glad heart
A tiny seed;
The blue sky smiled; and many a sunny dart
Shot down with speed.
Clouds came and swept above it, and it grew
With deepening root;
Fair branches rose;—the tempests round it flew,
And then fell mute.
The choiring boughs their fruits have scattered far
To every zone;
Its perfume floats above the farthest star
Around God's throne.

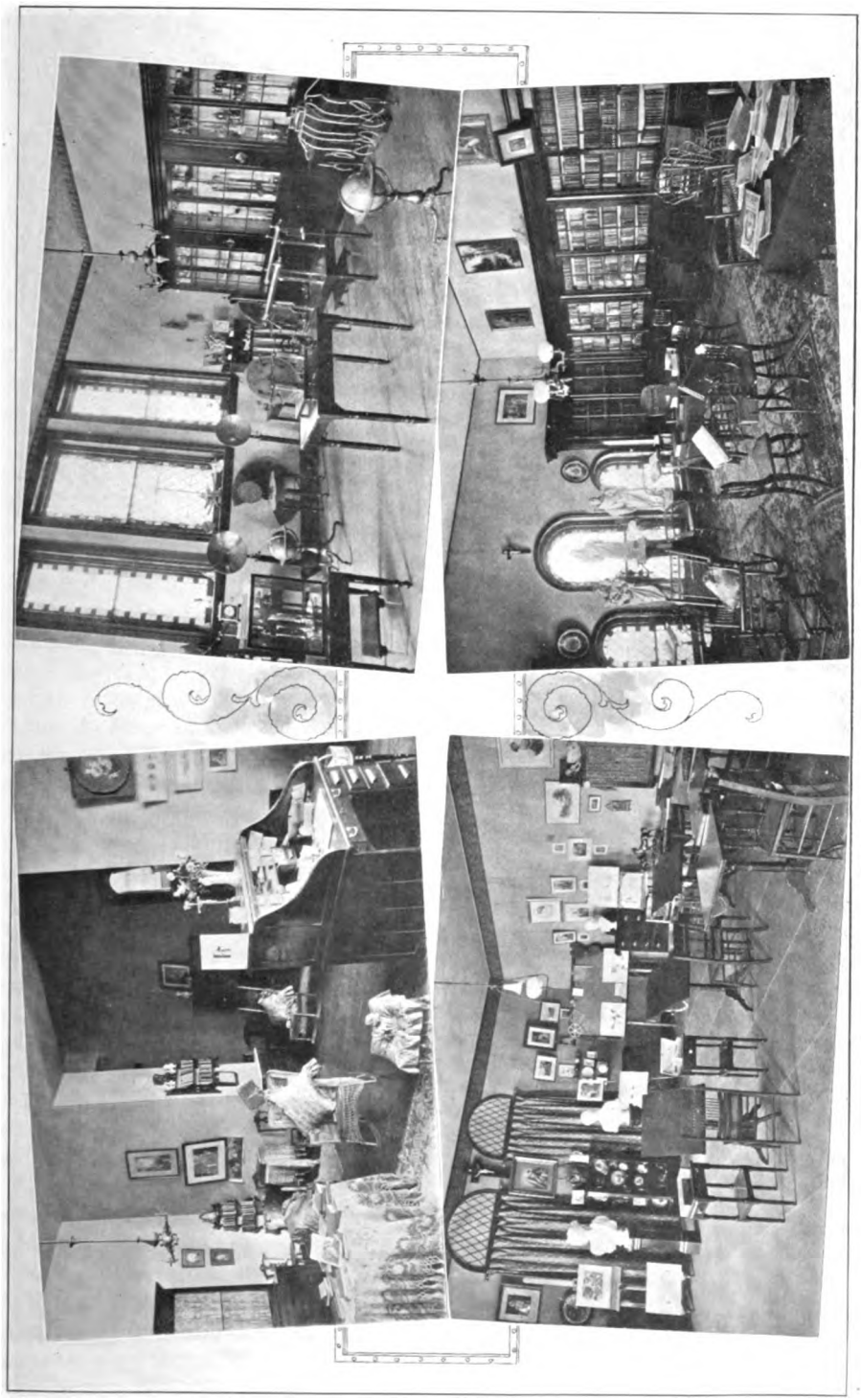
It is said, and with probable truth, that had it not been for Georgetown Convent, Catholicity in the early part of the century would have become entirely extinct in the counties of Maryland, and if this is true of that grand old State, the cradle of the Church in the New World, must it not have applied with even greater force to many States of the South and West? A circumstance that has always been worthy of note is the great number of non-Catholics who lovingly point to Georgetown as their Alma Mater. Its proximity to the Nation's Capital may have something to do with this for, regardless of creed, many of our Senators and Representatives send thither their daughters to be educated, and their example is followed by a large number of Protestant parents who are unprejudiced enough to realize that a convent is the best possible retreat for the development of a young girl's mind and heart. And so from the time that Harriet Lane went forth from its cloistered walls to dazzle our English cousins as *grande dame* of her uncle's establishment when Buchanan was Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and later on to assume so gracefully the role of mistress of the White House during that same uncle's Presidential term, there has been no assembly of American women in which a Georgetown girl has not held an honored and honorable position.

But we are wandering far from the historical part of our subject. For a time the Sisters had no distinctive rules and regulations, and were known simply as the "Pious Ladies," a rather comprehensive title, but in 1816 they were formally incorporated into the Visitation Order, receiving Papal authorization from Pius VII.

The zealous Father Neale, who in the meantime had been elevated to the rank of archbishop, continued to show the loving interest of a father in the infant community that had sprung up under his care, and in the chapel vault of the academy as we know it to-day (very different from the unpretentious, vine-clad house that sheltered Mother Teresa Lalor) his tomb is still held in loving veneration, while his name is enrolled among those heroes of the Church "who were not born to die."

With the dawn of 1899 there was much speculation among the convent's alumnæ as to the manner in which their Alma Mater would celebrate her hundredth anniversary. That it would be fittingly done no one who knew the remarkable ability and executive power of Mother Fidelis and the sweet and graceful management of Sister Loyola

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could for a moment doubt, and yet the result far surpassed our most sanguine expectations. Early in April an end was put to conjecture by the invitations that were sent to the old pupils, now scattered literally over the face of the earth. These invitations were touchingly worded, and were marvels of the engraver's art. With each one a programme of the centennial exercises was enclosed. The deluge of letters of acceptance that began to pour in proved beyond question the loyalty of the ex-scholars, while each note of regret expressed a sincerity not usually evinced in these polite necessities of social usage. Many of the girls—for girls they were on this occasion, the ravages of time being temporarily overlooked—came on several days in advance, and while Washington was yet gay with the decorations of the Peace Jubilee, while patriotic bunting still swathed each monument and American flags gave a gala air to the most unassuming buildings, ere the sere and withered garlands of the late jubilation had been consigned to the mortifying oblivion of the street-sweeper's cart, a fresh relay of guests invaded our Capital—women this time, maids, wives and widows, some with the dew of youth sparkling on their sweet faces, others with the happy smile of motherhood playing about their lips, others, alas! in sombre garbs of mourning, their eyes misty with unshed tears, but all happy at the prospect of the joyful reunion that lay before them. Theirs was to be a *Peace Jubilee* with all political satire left out, a jubilee such as He who came on earth to preach a new gospel of peace and love must have rejoiced to see.

On the afternoon of May 29, all had assembled, and at least five hundred women were gathered in the spacious academy halls, thronging the broad stairways, crowding the Odeon, dazzling us with their beauty, deafening us—I must admit it—with their noise, for however low, sweet and well-bred a woman's voice may be, when half a thousand of them get together, a sound as of the rushing of many waters is apt to ensue. And remember that at least half of this merry throng had not seen each other since the day that they said good-bye on the convent steps thirty, forty, and in some cases fifty years before. It was a time for laughter, an occasion for tears.

The afternoon of the first day was given over to the annual commencement exercises. The large music hall or Odeon, was magnificently decorated in white and yellow, the papal colors. Its walls were adorned with white and gold cloth relieved by ferns and palm leaves, and festooned with great ropes of evergreens, while the stage, banked in palms and waving ferns, was a bower of beauty and a fitting background for the lovely faces and charming toilets of the sweet girl graduates.



VAULT UNDER THE CHAPEL.

Above the stage hung the convent's coat-of-arms in immortelles. It represented the Sacred Heart, surmounted by a cross and encircled by a crown of thorns. It was of heroic size and bore the following

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RECREATION GROUNDS.

inscription: "Georgetown Visitation Convent," with the suggestive numerals "1799-1899," and the emblematic letters "V. J."

On either side of this huge medallion were draped the stars and stripes, and never did our brave old flag flaunt its glorious colors over a prouder scene. The foreground of the hall was also decorated with the national colors and throughout the entire building the red, white and blue mingled with the white and yellow. Upon the stage were seated His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mgr. Martinelli, the Papal Delegate; Rev. John D. Whitney, President of Georgetown University; Rev. Dr. Stafford, and many others well known among the clergy of this country. President McKinley, owing to unavoidable business, could not attend. At the conclusion of the exercises the Cardinal made a pleasing address to the graduates, the final march was sounded, and the happy girls were free; but they showed little disposition to leave the scene of their triumphs, and many remained until after the Centennial Celebration was over.

The staid old clock, a time-honored—and when I use this adjective I do so without any intent to pun--institution at the convent, had surely never frowned upon a more festive throng than that which passed and repassed before its serious, reproving face. No thought of the fleeting hours had they; time is for slaves and they were free! The gorgeous palms in the hall lent to its demure walls a fashionable, worldly appearance; the stairways were festooned with garlands of laurel, and there were flowers everywhere; the lilies of May and the roses of June; the sound of laughter and the carol of birds; no suggestion of sorrow was there except now and then a black gown among the handsomely dressed women. Even the little chapel was in festival array, and under the

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artistic touch of Sister Sebastian, the altar and sanctuary blossomed into extraordinary beauty.

Beyond the monastery grating the nuns, unmoved by all the bustle and excitement around them, chanted their office and followed their customary devotions, the only unchanged hearts amid this busy and unstable world.

Tuesday morning the Centennial Exercises began with a grand Pontifical High Mass at Trinity Church, in Georgetown; thither the Alumnæ trooped in a long line, two abreast, led by Father Scanlan. He was followed by acolytes; then came the out-sisters of the Order, then the students, and lastly the old scholars wearing white satin badges and specially designed souvenir pins. They were grouped without regard to age or class, and about one thousand women were present.

Seldom has a more impressive ceremony been witnessed in this country. The Cardinal, robed in the full vestments of his high office, celebrated the Mass. Around him were Mgrs. Martinelli, Stephan, Sbaretti, and Conaty, arrayed in their purple robes, and in the sanctuary, which was ablaze with candles and fragrant with flowers, were prelates whose names are known and revered throughout the Catholic world. The music was specially prepared and was superb, every number being magnificently rendered. The dim light streamed through stained-glass windows, and as the procession entered the church, the organ, with orchestra accompaniment, pealed forth the solemn strain of the Priests' March from "Athalie." Rt. Rev. Mgr. Conaty preached an eloquent sermon on the usefulness, nobility and grandeur of the cloistered life, dwelling in particular upon the glorious work that had been wrought by the convent whose centenary we were about to commemorate. At the conclusion of the services the procession, in broken ranks, returned to the Academy, where an informal reception took place.

"What is your name now?" was the embarrassing question most frequently asked, with such inquiries as "Are you married?" "How many children have you?" "Only two? Why I have five!" (This in a tone of unmistakable superiority.)

The clergy were entertained in the Academy, the table being handsomely decorated with scarlet peonies, crimson roses and trailing asparagus ferns. A delightful banquet was served by Rauscher, who also had in charge the Alumnæ luncheon. This was served in a large pavilion erected for the purpose on the Academy lawn. It was a clever idea and perfectly carried out. Six long tables, each accommodating about seventy-five guests, were garlanded with flowers and ferns and equipped with all the accessories that go towards making a tempting feast. The ladies, of whom the great majority wore exquisite gowns, formed a brilliant patch of color on the cool, green sward. In the background was the old, vine-covered trellis and the sweet little grotto of "Our Lady of Lourdes," and adjoining the scene of revelry, separated only by a modest iron fence, lay the monastery garden, serene and unchanged, with its box-bordered walks and silent crosses.

The places at table were regulated by the decades in which each girl had left the convent. When the directress called out 1830, a single voice responded, that of Mrs. Beverly Kennon, the oldest living graduate. She was greeted with a chorus of cheers. Those women who had left school years ago came forward unhesitatingly, but between the seventies and eighties a spirit of shyness began to manifest itself, and many fair dames who should have gone down earlier remained to mingle with the ranks of '80 and '85.

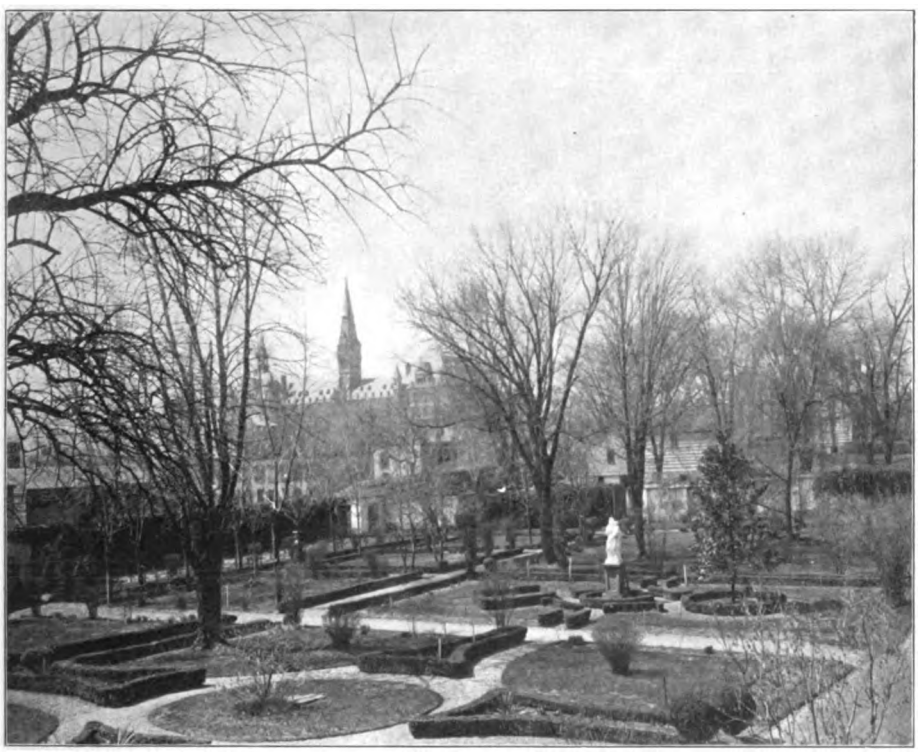
While the luncheon was in progress Father Scanlan came forward and read aloud a cablegram received from His Holiness, the Pope.

At four o'clock a reception to the Alumnæ took place, after which the

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tired but happy women departed their several ways, to meet again Wednesday morning. On this, the closing day of the Centennial, a tone of sadness crept into the proceedings, a sombre thread ran through the warp and woof of memory and the programme began with a Requiem Mass at nine in the morning for the convent's unforgotten dead. Mgr. Martinelli was celebrant. Instead of the radiant flowers and myriad lights was read at the opening of the World's Fair. The chorus, accompanied by harps and piano, then sang "Annie Laurie" as arranged by Dudley Buck. Its rendition was greeted with appreciative cheers, and as the last note died away the Rev. Doctor Stafford mounted the stage to address the audience.

Never was this eloquent orator in happier vein and his words were listened to in breathless silence. The subject of his



CONVENT GARDEN (GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY IN THE DISTANCE).

of yestermorn, the altar and sanctuary were draped in black, joy gave place to mourning, and the service throughout was impressive in the extreme. At noon there was a formal reunion of the Alumnæ in the Odeon.

The gem of the programme was Miss Harriet Monroe's ode; it was read by an old class-mate, Mrs. Ella Withorne Harvey, the gifted author being too ill to appear. Miss Monroe, it will be remembered, wrote the Columbian Ode which discourse, which it is to be regretted that space does not permit us to quote entire, was a comparison of the two forms of education—the ideal and the real. He spoke of how the world strove only for the goods of this life, inculcating a gospel of practicality to the exclusion of all loftier aims; how the people of our century like the ancients of old, bowed down in worship before the wooden god of utilitarianism. But those women who had received and profited by a convent

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education must always dwell upon a higher plane with religion's pure teachings for their solace and guide. A more beautiful tribute to womanhood has rarely been paid than that which fell from Dr. Stafford's lips, and no alumna of Georgetown was there but must have felt her heart throb with the hope of realizing in her own life the ideals he so eloquently portrayed. In conclusion he asked for Georgetown Convent the richest blessings of the future.

After lunch, which was again served in the pavilion, the Alumnæ met to reorganize and perfect their association.

This business being satisfactorily concluded, the ladies wandered at will among the unforgotten and well-loved scenes of their girlhood's days. The privilege of going to the "Farm" was granted to all. To many it partook of the nature of a pilgrimage, for here changes have crept in, and the hoary old oaks now murmur a requiem over a quiet spot where sleep those nuns who have passed away within the last ten years. No history of Georgetown Convent would be complete without mention of Sister Jane Frances Ripley, Sister Loretto King, and dear old Sister Genevieve White, three grand characters whose influence is still felt, and whose memory does not fade with the passing years. To the older girls who had known and loved them, their absence struck the one chord of sorrow in the gay and joyous symphony of reunion.

The grand finale of the Centenary celebration was reserved for Wednesday night, when an allegorical play written by Sister Mary Paulina and entitled "Alma Mater," was presented by the students of the Senior classes. In spite of the intense heat the hall was crowded, and those who came felt amply repaid, for the play was a perfect success from beginning to end. The elocutionary training of the participants made the beauty of the lines even more marked. Stage settings from the Columbia Theatre, colored lights, and appropriate costumes, added their quota to the superb effect of the whole, and when the curtain fell upon the final tableau, Sister Paulina, who had been critic and stage-manager as well as author, was made, much against



ST. JOSEPH'S WALK—SODALITY CHAPEL—LOURDES GROTTO.

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her will, to come forward and receive the enthusiastic congratulations of the assembled company. It was a triumph for all who took part.

To those who assisted in the celebration it was an event which will never be forgotten, a signal light in the darkness that must overshadow many lives.

BLANDINE OF BETHARRAM.

By J. M. Cave.

(Continued.)

BLANDINE is once more on the sunny hill-side. She has been gathering sweet flowers for the convent chapel. She has her apron full of bright blossoms, and is descending with light steps, and a heart almost as light. They tell her that Dame Margaret is out of danger, and her heart is full of gratitude to God and our Lady. Sister Noella has even whispered to her in confidence, "She will soon let Father St. Etienne speak to her of her soul. Pray for that, my child, pray for that."

As Blandine makes her way downward to the chapel she is accosted by a young pilgrim, a pleasant faced gentleman, who is evidently at Betharram for the first time.

"Are you of the pilgrimage, my little girl?" he asks.

"O no, sir, I am of Betharram; Blandine of Betharram."

"Oh indeed, are you quite sure?"

Blandine was too innocent to remark the amused tone of the speaker's voice; she answered simply, "O yes sir, quite sure."

"And not Germaine of Pibrach, or Genéviève of Nanterre?"

"O no indeed, sir! I am only Blandine—of Betharram," she added, as if this were an indispensable adjunct.

The gentleman smiled in spite of himself, and the smile was so pleasant, the stranger's countenance so agreeable, that Blandine smiled back, and was going on her way when the gentleman spoke again.

"Well, perhaps Blandine of Betharram could give me the information I seek, as well as Germaine of Pibrach, were she here."

Blandine did not understand the bantering tone, but she waited modestly and patiently for explanation.

"Is this the chapel of Louis XVI., the expiatory chapel, do you know?"

"Yes sir, this is the chapel visitors stop longest at."

The gentleman looked at his watch. "It is ten o'clock. Do you know Father St. Etienne?"

"Yes sir."

"He was to have met me here at this hour. I am in haste. Where is the Father to be found about this time?"

"Perhaps in the chapel, sir, or at the residence. I can go and ask."

"I have asked at both places. Some one suggested that I might find him here."

"I think I can find him, sir. He may be at the Villa with Sister Superior and the sick lady. You can see the house from here, sir. Just between the trees, there!"

"Ah, I see. Is there a shorter road in that direction?"

"Just this broad path is the nearest, sir. I am going there, I live there—I can easily show you, sir."

"Well, very well! If you are going there it will be easy for you, and easier for me if you will take a message for me. Can you remember a message, Blandine?"

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"O, yes, sir, certainly."

"Can you walk fast?"

"I can run, sir."

"So much the better. Time presses. Will you tell the good Father that John is on his way to the train. He will find me at the station."

Now it struck Blandine as something rather bold to speak of such an elegant gentleman by his Christian name alone. She hesitated, and glanced up at the stranger timidly.

"Must I say, just,"—she stopped embarrassed. "Just what?"

"Just your first name, sir?"

The gentleman laughed freely this time. "Just John you mean? Why not? Are you afraid of forgetting it? You know plenty of Johns. I am sure."

"O yes, sir, plenty."

The gentleman laughed heartily. "For example, who are they, your list of my namesakes?" They were descending the hill together, walking briskly. "Come, your Johns?"

Blandine understood that the questioner was just in fun now, but it was such good natured fun that she smiled and tried to name all the Johns she could recall. "I know St. John, who loved our dear Lord, and St. John the Baptist, and St. John in the Hospice at Lourdes."

"What is his other name?"

"St. John of God, the saint who loved sick people," said Blandine, reverently.

"Ah, very good! and who else?"

"St. John at the Parish Church of Lourdes."

"Has *he* any other name?"

"They call him the peace lover," said the child, "sometimes people go to his chapel to make friends again."

"The peace lover, do they? Well, that *is* a good name! I approve of your list of Johns. But let me see how speedily you can bear my message, for if I miss my train, it will be a question of war and not of peace.

"If you must have a handle to my name tell the Father that Cross John is waiting for him."

Blandine looked up brightly. "O, St. John of the Cross," she exclaimed. "He was St. Teresa's saint. Sister Superior told us about him the other day. I will hurry, sir." She was starting off, when she felt the stranger trying to slip something into her hand—she eluded him, and was out of hearing in a moment.

"What a lovely child!" thought the young man, "so simple and so modest. Just like a wild bird," he added, seeing her lightly speeding, flower laden, down the green slope. He found Father St. Etienne waiting for him at the foot of the hill. Blandine had done her errand well.

"Ah, it is you, cousin," said Father St. Etienne, as he hurried up the path. "I met your messenger, who told me that 'Monsieur St. John of the Cross,' was in haste to see me."

"Did she? I was not imitating that silent saint just now. The little girl amused me vastly by her brightness and simplicity. Do you know I shall ask you more of her some day. She recalls some one I know, or knew. Who is she?" Father St. Etienne shook his head. "One of the orphans of the convent yonder; the grey nuns. I know no more."

"Give her this. I tried to slip it into her hand but she vanished the instant I made the attempt." The gentlemen passed on their way to the station, while Blandine deposited her flowers in the sacristy and hastened back to the villa. Hearing the voice of Sister Noella, speaking with the sick lady, she quietly withdrew to the farthest corner of the outer room.

"Dear Sister Christmas," Margaret is saying to the nun, "you are very good. Yet, rather let me sink into the depths of my own wretchedness, misery and nothingness. Strike me still lower, for I see myself, and surely there can be no other abyss as deep and dark."

"To sink into the depths of our nothingness is well, dear Margaret, Father Faber tells us to do this, but also

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to remember while sinking, to have Jesus with us. To love Jesus while sinking, and keep our eyes fixed upon Him. Try to forget yourself. Here, take this. It is something tangible, something to rivet your thoughts upon. The one thing in which man can and *must* glory." She placed a crucifix in the ever restless hand.

"Does the doctor give any hope?" asked Margaret after a long sigh, and a pause, in which, though she did not reject the sacred symbol, neither did she venerate or clasp it. It lay in her hand neither accepted nor rejected.

"He says the fever is well over, and all must depend upon your nurse as to your health. You must get stronger before seeking special treatment for your sight."

"Does he say nothing positive—nothing encouraging?"

"He is not a specialist, you are aware, dear Margaret, and therefore could not pronounce any opinion. There is no specialist nearer than Bordeaux. Get strong speedily, then we will leave nothing undone for our good benefactress, be assured."

"Your poor benefactress! How will she ever repay the debts contracted during this long illness?"

"She paid them in advance, remember that, dear friend, and in all the years to come, remember that we still consider ourselves your debtors."

"How good you are, dear Sister Christmas. And yet it is your voice, and not your words, though they are sweet and precious, that strikes a chord in my memory at this moment, as on that dreadful night, that black night, that has no day." Margaret covered her face with her hands for a few minutes, but recovered herself and went on. "It was as if a voice spoke to me from another world in tones that I had heard in my youth. Fever and anguish made me forget it—it comes again to-day—speak, Sister, I would fain hear it once more."

Sister Noella knelt beside the couch. O, if she only dared to speak! But the pallid face warned her that the least emotion might undo the labor of long nights and anxious days. So, choking back the feelings that were striving for the mastery, even in her strong spirit, she said in a low and unnatural voice, "Let us say the Lord's prayer together."

"It escapes me now," said Margaret. She did not guess that the voice was purposely changed to deceive her ear. Sister Noella could not bear to arouse memories, however sweet, lest the feeble frame should be shaken beyond its power of endurance. But in her clear eyes there shone a light that looked like hope, a light that, perhaps, is the reflection of a star shining in the distance.

Days passed into weeks. Strength returned very slowly to Margaret. For a while the hope lingered in her breast, that with strength would come some gleam of light. But no, all remained dark, and melancholy began to take a strong hold upon her. "What was she to do?" she asked herself. In spite of the reiterated assurance that the community would ever remain her debtors, she felt her poverty keenly. Little or nothing in her purse. The house and grounds tacitly given to the grey nuns. Tacitly meant to her solemnly, for she would not retract or break her word, even to herself. What had been given had been given, and could never again be hers. She was, therefore, a beggar. What then remained? In the long night hours and the hours of daylight that were dark as night to her, she pondered over the question. Still, she deferred to make peace with God, though she admitted to herself that only in that peace could she ever be happy. Her conscience, slowly awakening and asserting itself, ever urged her in one direction, and had she only been capable of finding her own way, whither it pointed, she would e'er this, she fancied, have been kneeling at the altar of her dreams; the altar she had adorned in her childhood, when she was as good and innocent as Blandine. Only

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before that altar could she ever review the past and sound her soul to its depths. Elsewhere she must shrink from the task, avoid it by every possible means. O there she would be thankful to kneel in the dust, like the veriest beggar, and rejoice in her abasement. But not here ! Not in this room whose walls were hateful to her, not in the midst of pilgrims coming and going, not in a throng *anywhere*, but in some far off lonely spot, where she might forget.

And here Margaret did not guess that she was still cherishing the bane of her life, self-will, in craving forgetfulness. It is true the forgetfulness she now asks, is forgetfulness of the present. The past she is ready to lay down at the foot of the altar. She does not yet judge of that rightly. What she has been so long trying to stifle in the glamors of fiction, she will yet see was the noblest, the best, the only true part of her life thus far. But her vision is clearing insomuch as, now, with blind eyes, she can scan those years and wonder how she could have been so foolish as to exchange their memories for phantoms and visions, the brain-sick and unwholesome fancies of perverted mind—of men and women whose God-given intellects were willfully consecrated to Satan, whose glory was in their shame, whose harvest would be a crop of lost souls. She shuddered as she recollected the book over whose pages she had wasted the last flicker of her fading sight. It made her sick, almost unto faintness, to recall its title. O hideous and nauseous object ! Can it be lying there still, beside the lamp whose light illuminated its blasphemies, when *her eyes were veiled* to God's light? And if it be ! She cannot flee from it, neither can she rise and destroy it. She was altogether helpless. "Sister !" she called.

The voice of Blandine answers: "Sister will come soon. She hoped Madame would sleep till her return. I am sorry I made that noise, to awaken Madame."

"I did not hear any noise, child."

"I let my beads fall, Madame."

"I did not hear a sound, dear. Come here, quite near to me, my child, quite close, so !"

Blandine's face flushed with pleasure for a moment, then paled with sorrow—to see the dear lady hold out her hands and grope, that they might touch her.

"Dear little Blandine, I hear that you have been doing wonderful things for me —climbing the steep hill of Calvary, kneeling long hours in prayer, even making a pilgrimage to Lourdes. Dear child, I am so sorry I can never show you how grateful I am for all this."

"O dear lady," began Blandine, and then sobs shook her little frame, and she wept as if her young heart would break. "My child ! my dear little Blandine ! why do you weep so ! Is it for me? O you hurt me, dear. Come, put your head here, quite close !" Margaret drew the young head to her breast, and kissed the weeping eyes and stroked the soft hair caressingly. "Tell me, now, why do you weep thus?"

"O, because—because I wanted our dear Lady of Betharram to give Madame back her eyes. To let her see just like before, to make Madame all well."

"God knows best, dear Blandine. There are better things than sight."

"But Madame is so sad ! Madame wants her eyes so much ! Sister Superior says Madame cannot be happy without her eyes. And I am so sorry—so—"

"Do not be grieved any more, dear, I will try to be happy or resigned, and you will pray for me, and the prayers will help me to be resigned even if I cannot see."

"You can always see God and our Lady just the same," said Blandine. "I see them better when I shut my eyes. And then—"

"Then what, dear Blandine."

"If I might be always your little maid, I mean to be a real Blandine some day, you know. I could wait on Madame and

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"MUST I SAY JUST—JUST YOUR FIRST NAME, SIR?"

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help," she was going to say lead her about, but dared not.

"The thought is very sweet, dear child, to have you always for my little companion. Not as maid, no, but just to see for me, to be eyes to me; to lead me by the hand, when I can venture out. Would that please you, Blandine?"

"O," said the child, with a sigh that was more expressive than any words. "I would be the happiest child in the world."

Margaret was touched deeply. "Tell me why you would be happy to be my little girl, Blandine."

"Because you always speak to me like my own dear Mamma who has gone to heaven, and I—"

"Well, dear, tell me all."

"I want my Mamma so much, O Mamma! Mamma!"

Margaret could only gather the loving little one close to her heart. O if only she were not poor, not a beggar and had the power to make Blandine legally her own!

"It surely is the work of Divine Providence and a miracle in my eyes," said Sister Noella, to Pére St. Etienne, "to have sent that child here, to arouse in her an interest in life, outside herself. She is actually forgetting her affliction, while listening to her."

"Who is this child, Sister? She seems to be a great favorite of yours."

"And not mine alone The entire community, not to say all Betharram and beyond, love her. She is one of the little band so suddenly orphaned by the epidemic that ravaged these parts, a few years ago. Her mother it appears was a lady. Of her father I have not inquired. The child is under the protection of the civil authorities for the present, or, until they choose to name a guardian for her, since nothing is known of her kindred."

"Can you not keep her with the others?"

"We would be glad to do so. But the city fathers limit the number of our inmates according to their good pleasure. Already we have a few more than the warrant admits. But we hold the balance of power for the present, having as deputy a good Catholic, and a practical Catholic as mayor. Besides that, the shadow of the Basilica of Lourdes, and the concourse of pilgrims hitherward make others, who would be aggressive, less so in view of the material advantages to be gained."

"I have not been here long enough to learn the intricacies of police supervision. I see they find frequent excuses to interfere in matters spiritual."

"With or without an excuse they do that," said the nun.

"But this child, of whom we were speaking, by what name do you call her?"

"She is called 'Blandine,' though that is not her real name. She wished to join our little class of Blandines. You are aware that the Blandines form a most respectable confraternity. They are trained to become honest, faithful pious, servants. Above all they resolve to remain steadfast to their profession—to be *real Blandines*, before the world, to wear the white cap on Sundays and holidays, in public as well as in private, and to make it respected. They promise to eschew modern headgear, and the useless vanities that are fast impoverishing even our most secluded hamlets. Alas, if Lourdes has brought pious pilgrims to our Pyrénéen shrines, it has also brought modes and fashions that are turning the heads of the younger generation. The love of dress and finery is ruining our peasantry. The poorest farm servants begin to despise the kerchief and the cap, in spite of the labors of our zealous clergy."

"I have heard of this, it is very sad!" said the priest.

"And your congregation of Blandines, is it numerous?"

"Our congregation is yet young. But we have a goodly number of aspirants, some twenty or more. Little Blandine is their angel. She is so attractive, so sweet in disposition, and so remarkably

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pious for a child of her age that she unconsciously excites emulation. Then, her exceeding love for our Lady of Betharram earned for her the name she now considers her own, Blandine of Betharram."

"Do you know her real name?"

"We know nothing positive, so much was destroyed in destroying the traces of fever, that the contents of her mother's apartments could not be recovered, though the authorities sought for documents that might give them some clue to the child's parentage. Were they consumed or stolen, is still the question. The child was called by a Russian name, a diminutive of Alexandra, by her mother."

"If I ask further about your Blandine it is because my cousin, who passed her on his way to Jerusalem, remarked her. She recalled some one in whom he is greatly interested. But he was too pressed for time to make further inquiries. I will see you again in reference to this matter."

"And if we could interest you, personally, in our Blandines and novices, dear Reverend Father, it would indeed be a great advantage to us. Without hoping to rival Toulouse, with its splendid and prosperous congregation so flourishing as to own a fine property, a home for its members when out of employment or ill, a regular Board of Directresses of their own members, under the personal supervision of the Vicar General of the Diocese who presides at all their deliberations, gives them retreats, instructions according to the season, and is indeed the virtual head of the good work, we would wish to do the best possible for these homeless children. Most of them are without kindred, as well as without means, and have no great aptitude for learning. They grow up to labor on their little farms. It would be dreadful to see them dispersed, and sent to towns, ignorant and uninstructed. If we can fit them for trustworthy positions by making them worthy of the name of St. Blandine, we shall not have labored in vain. It seems to be the great want of the present day, the lack of capable and devout household servants."

"I will do what I can, Sister. I promise you not to forget your Blandines or your novices. How is your charge, the blind lady, getting on?"

"As I was saying, Father, this child Blandine is taking her out of herself. I hope e'er long you will lead another penitent to the Heart of our dear Lord."

"It will be your conquest, Sister."

"It will be the child's, rather."

"So that the soul is gained, it matters little who may be the instrument," said Father St. Etienne.

There came a day when Margaret was strong enough to sit up in her bed, then to be placed in a low couch near a sunny window. Now she can walk up and down the room leaning on the arm of Sister Noella. Blandine is hovering about her at this moment, trying to anticipate her slightest wish.

"What should I do without you, dear child?" Margaret asks, as the little one deftly arranges cushions, footstools and wraps.

It was worth seeing, the look of pleasure that illuminated the sweet young face. Sister Noella, who has just entered sees it and is well content.

"If your Blandine would like a little holiday, and I am sure she deserves it, I can give you the *rare* pleasure of my society for an hour or so," says the nun.

"It *is* a rare pleasure, however oft repeated," says Margaret. Blandine was not glad to be relieved, but she was docile and prepared to obey.

"It will do her good, she is too closely confined with me." Blandine shakes her head in earnest protest, but forbears to speak.

"She loves her work," says the Sister, who notices the gentle shake of the head; "she loves it and will thrive on it. But now there is a little pilgrimage below, at the chapel door. Our children are to join it in making the Way of the

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Cross, and Blandine's voice will help in the responses. Her place must not be vacant."

"And she will say something for me on the road, I am sure," says the blind woman.

To be thought worthy of this charge is great happiness for little Blandine.

There was silence in the apartment for some minutes after the echo of the child's footsteps had died away. Sister Noella judged by the expression of Margaret's face that she was preparing to speak. While Margaret was trying to find words in which to begin a conversation that would be painful, but which should be no longer deferred, she owed it to Sister Noella, and felt her debt too keenly not to be eager to lighten it at almost any cost. To begin was not easy, to hesitate longer, impossible.

"Dear Sister Christmas!

"At last!" exclaimed the grey nun in joyful tones. "At last I hear the dear familiar name once more, and in a tone that cheers my heart. O, let it, indeed, be Sister Christmas, and Christmas, indeed, joy with us, that is, gladness. Christ with us!"

Margaret's head drooped a little. "He is surely with you always!"

"Yes, and with you, too, else why am I here? Was it not He who sent me? I am His servant, however unworthy, and would I be here if it were not His gracious will? But forgive me, dear! I am too quick, and you are not yet strong. Forgive me. Hearing the blessed name of Christmas, I forgot myself."

"How patient you are with me! Again, there is in your voice that tone that brings back my youth. I was going to speak of that." Her voice trembled in spite of her resolve. Sister Noella placed one of her hands on the hand that was trying to steady itself by stroking the folds of the black gown, Margaret placed her other hand over it, and continued with more courage, "I must tell you what I wish you could know without any words of mine. Something about the blind stranger."

"Friend," said the listener, "friend, and not stranger, friend and very dear! If it pains you to speak, let us wait."

"It will give pain, but the longer deferred the greater will be that pain."

"As you will, dear friend, but remember, I only wish to hear what you wish to tell me."

"I will be brief," said Margaret. "I know your time is very precious. From the age of five my childhood was passed in the safe shelter of a convent. My mother, whom I never saw afterwards, and whom I only remember for the sacredness of the name, left me there and followed my father to a distant colony, Australia or New Zealand. The nuns gave me the best education they could impart. My mother, I was told, left sufficient for my board and tuition till I should reach the age of eighteen. She hoped I would have a vocation and never leave the convent. The Superior was given full power over my future. She was a relation or connection of my mother's I believe. I would have learned the whole history of my family on reaching the age of eighteen. Something happened to prevent it, as you will see. One thing only, I was told from the beginning. I had no fortune to expect and must learn all I could, for learning would be all my wealth. I did my best. I loved the convent, the sisters, the pupils, and my work. Above all I loved the one who stood to me in the character of a mother, as well I might. I loved all these more as the years rolled on. I was a child of the house, a real nun in everything but the garb, and almost in that. As I grew older it seemed as if nothing was wanting to my happiness, but the right to wear the habit of a daughter of St. Francis. To renounce the world I had never seen cost me not a thought. To vow myself to the service of God forever, was my only ambition.

"The Mother Superior was about to yield to my desire, the decision lay

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wholly with her, even a whole year before the time stipulated. There was no one to dispute my choice, and I was eager to make my profession. In an hour all was changed. Suddenly with hardly a minute for escape, the whole place was enveloped in flames, a night of storm and terror, the wind sweeping through the burning buildings as if at mad play with the roaring fire. What a scene of ruin and desolation was made in a few short hours. O it was sad to see the beautiful grounds strewn with the wreck of furniture, a useless mass of fragments charred and water-soaked. Though no lives were lost that night, much suffering was caused, as you can readily imagine.

"Well, the religious were sheltered by the clergy, and nearest Catholic families, the pupils taken to different hospitable houses. I and a few others, were removed to the home of a noble family, some distance from the town. I did what was permitted me to help in saving the little children, and some of our sick—and sustained some slight burns and a sprained foot.

"The mistress of that house, a very stately lady indeed, was kind to us all, but especially to me it seemed. No doubt because I was the only injured one of the party confided to her care.

"The house and grounds seemed to me marvellously beautiful. I was only seventeen, and had never seen anything fairer than our beautiful convent lawns and gardens. Here were statues, and fountains, and flowers. Such flowers, and vines, towering palms, curious shrubs—ferns of immense size. It was like an earthly paradise. I soon learned that 'Dacre Hall' and Park was one of the show places of that part of the countr After some days they carried me into the great drawing-room among the other guests. My foot was still lame, I could not stand or walk. The brilliant throng blinded and dazzled me. I wanted to fly from it. It had no attraction for me. It filled me with fear. Some dreadful presentiment made me wish to fly from it, to resist its attractions—its beauty. For all was beautiful there. I did my best to shut out the sound of music, and song, and pleasant talk. It was so new and strange to me, all the wonders of such a house, such a way of life.

"But I was forced to take part in the conversation, to answer questions, and there were plenty of questioners, ladies and gentlemen, all so kind and affable, yet far too fine for my ideas. One only in all the company attracted me by quiet and unobtrusive attentions. He spoke seldom directly to me, but often replied for me, or turned away a question that



"DOES THE DOCTOR GIVE ANY HOPE?" ASKED MARGARET.

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puzzled me. I felt that he was helping me, though I hardly ever looked at him. This gentleman was the owner, the heir of the great estate. I hardly knew how it came about that he began to take notice of me, to speak to me kindly, gently, to insist upon helping me when I began to walk. Others were kind, he was more; he protected me at every step. Among the guests were several young gentlemen who liked to tease and amuse themselves by joking and merriment, but it was so new and strange to me to be in society at all that they disconcerted me, and this only increased the general merriment. But it was all full of good humor and kindness, I well remember; *I only* was ignorant and dull. O the past was worse than the present for its blindness! The heir of that great house declared he loved me. He asked me to become his wife. He said he had never before spoken of love to any woman, had never thought of marriage, but since he had seen me he knew he could never be happy unless I consented to become his wife. He seemed to me so noble and so honest, so simple and straightforward, above all so true, that I believed every word he spoke. Still I did not consent; how could I? He was a noble gentleman, owner of a lordly estate, I only a poor convent-bred girl, ignorant of the world and its ways. He urged his independence, his right to choose for himself. He would not accept any plea I could offer. At length I pleaded that I could not take a step in life without consulting our Mother Superior. I could not say I did not love him, and he took advantage of this to swear that I should be his wife in spite of all the world. He spoke of his sister, who was expected to arrive from her convent, said how she would appreciate me. He longed for her presence, that he might say before her what he could not say before his stepmother, who was, he said, only a guest by courtesy at the Hall, her dower house being in the great city. But she had made it her home, appeared to love him and his sister as she loved her own son. This son, her only child, I did not see. He was away at college. Sister, I weary you?"

"O no, no! go on, go on!"

"Well, the day was fixed for our departure for the convent, which had been partially restored. I had the utmost difficulty to resist binding myself by a promise to become his wife, but I did. I could not forget our Mother Superior's goodness to me. The respect I owed her, as well as my love for her, would not allow me to take my fate into my own hands. My lonely condition, lack of fortune and friends, he only made light of. They made me only the dearer, he declared, but he was too noble not to respect my wish to do nothing without the knowledge and consent of my good Mother Superior. But he asked me if before parting I would authorize him to come and ask for my hand, if his stepmother would herself ask for my consent. Although the very thought of such a thing was terrible to my imagination, I yielded to his prayers. Oh, my God! can I ever forget how he looked as he left me, to seek an interview with her? He seemed so confident, so radiant, so certain that all was happily ended. His joy frightened me. He was to go that day to meet his sister at a railroad station ten miles off. He would be absent till evening. His look, as he left me, is still engraven on my heart. That was my last happy day on earth, Sister Noella, though I was far from thinking it at that hour. Had you known him you would not wonder that he made me love him in spite of myself, he was so good, so manly, so honorable in word and deed. His deference for women was the first thing that struck me and commanded my respect. No one could help admiring his personal beauty, for he was remarkably fine-looking, yet utterly unconscious of it. Well, the day passed; all its hours were filled with pleasant talk or music, of which there

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were many amateur performers among the guests. I had to take my part in all this, for I was almost as well as ever. The day ended. I had retired. I was dreaming a happy dream, perhaps of him, when I was aroused by the touch of a hand and a light shining full on me. His stepmother stood over me. I sat up quickly, no thought of fear in my heart. She had been very kind to me, but she looked stern now, and presently she spoke, abruptly, bluntly, mercilessly.

"'I have to ask you a question, Miss Dunroby, only one, and let your answer be, "yes" or "no."'

"Her tone shocked me into wakefulness, while almost petrifying me with fear.

"'Would you marry Mr. Dacre, *if you knew that you were not his first love?*'

"'Not his first love,' I repeated mechanically.

"'Do not repeat my words, but answer, "yes," or "no."'

"She waited for an answer, while through my brain rushed the words he had so solemnly spoken: '*That never* had he thought of love or marriage, or spoken a word of love to any woman before he met me. That I was his first, and would be his last, his only love.'

"I would have pleaded this, but her gaze froze the words on my lips.

"'I am waiting, and in haste,' said the stern lady. She who had been all kindness till then, now stood looking haughtily down upon me, as if I were some abject creature.

"'No, I would not' She seemed to force these words from me, though she did not speak again, till I had pronounced them. Then she held a paper toward me, saying, 'Sign this!—no! rather write it yourself!'

"'What is it,' I asked.

"'Just what you have answered to. I suppose you can be as good as your word, if you did almost succeed in entrapping the heir of Dacre.'

"I made no reply, but traced the words she held before me—'go back to your first love.'

"She went away then."

There was a long pause. The nun's face was hidden in her hands, but Margaret heard the sobs she could not restrain and forgot her own sorrow to try to calm her.

"I forgot that you cannot see," said Sister Noella. "I am glad you cannc see at this moment." Margaret did not understand her words, but continued after a little while.

"Before the house was astir next morning I was outside the park gates. I was ashamed to return to the convent, and would not risk any one seeking me there. I felt myself disgraced forever. The words 'entrapped the heir of Dacre,' were like a brand, burning my flesh.

"What was I to do? There seemed no way but this; to fly, to hide myself from the dreadful world that had laid its clutches upon me, even in that proud house. *I must fly*, lose myself, work for my bread, since no one would doubt the words of that great lady, and take my part. And yet it was not that, so much as the pain at being deceived, in the one I had thought so true, so true!

"But to fly! How was I to accomplish that, alone and unaided? All I knew of life outside the convent walls, apart from that house, was, that governesses found work readily in London. I knew the address of the Home to which some of our pupils had gone to live, while waiting for employment. More than once I had aided the Sister bookkeeper as amanuensis in forwarding letters and parcels, and writing to them words of advice at her dictation.

"I had barely enough money for my fare and lodging, for a few days, and this by chance, a little sum given me by Mother Superior each month and hoarded for convent adornment, happened to be in my pocket, when I left my room the night of the conflagration.

"But I set forth, thus ill-equipped, and took the first train that left the nearest station. At the first way station, I descended and entered another. This

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changing trains two or three times, I felt sure would be my safeguard in my flight. The next morning, exhausted indeed, I found myself in London.

"A little food, a cup of coffee at the station, braced me for the work of finding the 'Governesses' Home.' I had to ask more than one policeman, and walk many miles before I reached it, it seemed to me.

"But not to weary you, I will pass over that day. I reached the house, and had not yet given any explanation of my coming, nor had been asked for credentials, when a very elegant lady entered the room, where I had been waiting for the return of the Directress, who had been called out unexpectedly on urgent business, they told me. The delay was all in my favor. The elegant lady was Mrs. Moore. She looked sharply at me several times, as she walked up and down the room. I deemed her proud and cold, but something in her attracted me. She caught me looking at her, and smiled, and spoke to me. She was courteous, full of tact, and *savoir faire*. She knew what I wanted without giving me the pain of explanation.

"'I want a companion,' she said. 'I have just run over from France to find one. A good reader—your voice is good; a musician—you know music. Some one without encumbrances—you are alone, you say, and free. Some one to start without delay. Does that suit you?'

"'Perfectly, Madame?'

"'And the conditions?'

"'Your own terms, Madame. Anything,—nothing.'

She smiled, and said something very pleasing. In a few hours we were ready to leave London. And no name had been registered at the Home. My prayers had indeed speedily mounted to heaven, it seemed to me then. Without recommendation, without credentials, without wardrobe, save what was contained in a hand satchel, Madame Moore accepted me as companion. And without question, which was more precious than all else at that hour. My heart would have broken, had I been forced to speak of myself then. Perhaps she divined it. But she was thoughtful from first to last in that respect.

"Thus ended my former life, abruptly, sadly, and thus began the life you know of—the wasted years, that you have seen gliding into eternity, the darkness that is only the just punishment for them. And now, a few words to make clear to you, dear Sister, our manner of life here, and I have done. As you must know already, Madame Moore bought this place for its beauty. The scenery enchanted her. She had solitude when she desired it, and at any moment could look upon, or mingle with the world. She regarded what passed here merely as a pageant. She looked upon the pilgrimages as upon a play in the theatre. They interested her for their exterior effects. She did not care for spiritual things or subjects. To her mind the pilgrimages were simply picnics, and she judged the serious countenances in the throng, those faces that attracted her eye by their gravity of expression, as the *least happy* and most likely the *worst specimens* of the human race. She often declared her belief that she had been born without a soul, certainly without the faculty of understanding religion. The philosophy of Voltaire, the philosophy of this world, that is, she understood and put into practice. But the philosophy of Christianity was a dead letter to her. The world, she maintained, had been created for Cæsar, and heaven for God. If supernatural beings or Saints visited it sometimes, they were just the chosen few, and imitations of them made hypocrites, hypochondriacs and maniacs, if not demons. As the heavens would not come down to her, and she could not mount on imaginary wings, she was content to take the good she could get out of all that came in her way, and to use that natural wit she possessed in avoiding unpleasant sensations. As I could not refute arguments of this kind, though I felt their hollowness,

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I had to be silent, acquiesce, if I could, in all cases show the utmost deference for her age, and her extreme kindness to me.

"It is true my sudden deception, made it easy for me to believe evil of all the world. While Mrs. Moore lived I fancied myself her slave, bought and paid for, since she had taken me so trustfully in a desperate hour. My allegiance to her never faltered, although in the beginning I believed I never could, of my own free will or choice read, or still less admire, the works she delighted in, and yet after her death I became their willing captive. Her admiration for certain authors, her worship of others, shocked and disgusted me; yet when freedom of choice was mine, I had not moral courage sufficient to break through the routine of past years. Strange contradictions! awful obtuseness! to what a depth had I fallen! I saw her die. *I let her die*, without making an effort to arouse her soul. It is true she had strictly forbidden me to allow priest or minister to approach her, should I know or believe her death imminent, therefore I conceived it to be my duty to be loyal to her wishes, even then.

"Had I done so, I am convinced, even now, that the attempt would only have thrown her into a violent rage, even at the moment of dissolution. But I made no effort, on the contrary, I acquiesced in all her suggestions and did not take up arms for her soul, as I would have done for the least of her worldly possessions or interests had they been in danger. I was, therefore, a party to her unchristian death."

"Had she ever been a Christian?"

"She declared she never had, or if so, she had forgotten it. There must have been painful souvenirs in her life, but she was self-contented, reticent to a remarkable degree, in everything relating to herself. She was kind and generous; for these two qualities I appreciated her, loved her and was as faithful and forbearing as it is in my stubborn nature to be."

"She loved you. She told me so more than once. She assured me that you were as the kindest of daughters to her, and expressed deep concern that she could not make such provision for your future, before her death, as she wished. She had only a life interest in her income, unless she were to outlive some one, in which case she could control a large fortune."

"You surprise me She never alluded to such matters with me. Had she done so, I would have set her mind at rest on the subject. I am happier, poor as I am, save in being powerless to remunerate devotion as I would wish. But I have gone aside from my subject. However, it ends here, since you know what my life has been at Betharram. It is a painful record, but you, Sister Christmas, who know how ill-deserving I am of the least of God's mercies, will obtain, by your good prayers a gift for me, that will more than counterbalance loss of sight. You know I mean the gift of faith."

Sister Christmas was gazing intently upon the face now so soft and pensive of the blind woman. Words she longed to say trembled on her lips. But she hesitated, asking herself whether it would not be safer to defer them till some future time. Still, the look of resignation, and the submissive tone of Margaret's last words encouraged her to make the attempt.

"Faith will come, dear, if you only ask for it. Have you asked for it?"

"I need it. I am unworthy. I have gone thus far."

"Are you not tired. Shall I not now leave you to rest?"

"O, I am strong to-day, Sister, and especially now that confession has relieved my tired heart."

The nun smiled, well content. "In that case you will allow me, your Sister Christmas, you know, to review a little the story you have just confided to me, and forgive me if I tell it as I heard it, from one near and very dear to me."

"My story! You heard my story?"

"It is partly yours, dear friend. But

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you have no need to tremble. What I heard I will repeat even more briefly, though more truly, than your modesty would suffer you to do "

Margaret's face was a study at that moment. Leaning eagerly forward, with parted lips, her great dark eyes wide open, almost breathless from surprise, she was hearing more than the mere words of the speaker. She was listening again to the voice whose tones had stirred her pulses long ago, for now the grey nun is unconsciously speaking in a full, clear voice, her natural voice, sonorous, harmonious and full of the feeling imparted by her subject, while the listener heard and heard not, and saw again the form that bade her so tender a farewell on that last happy morning of her life.

(*To be continued.*)

RECOLLECTIONS OF OLD ST. INIGO'S.

By J. Edwin Cord.

THE State House ordered to be built by the General Assembly of Maryland in 1639, was occupied for the first time just ten years later. The cost of the building and a jail was three hundred and thirty thousand pounds of tobacco, and it was he most imposing building in the new country at that day. It was in the shape of a Maltese cross, forty-five by fifty feet in size, the walls being nineteen to twenty-eight inches thick, the bricks being vitriolized on the outside, which rendered them almost as hard as granite. For several years there were no chimneys to the edifice because of an excited contention over the question of allowing cooking to be carried on in the building for the convenience of members of the Assembly and others, in accord with a strange custom of the times. After the abandonment of St. Mary's as the capital of the province, the old State House was used as a court house and a place of worship by the Episcopalians of the vicinity. A few years later, the King of England made a grant of the property, and in 1720 the General Assembly gave a title to it, the public lot, containing about three acres, to the rector and vestry of William and Mary parish, in fee simple. This was a manifest piece of injustice wrought upon all those outside of the Established Church, who had contributed their means and labor to the erection of the State House for the general use of all. But there was now a Church of State in a colony settled for the express purpose of affording an abode of peace and rest for the persecuted of all lands and creeds, and they who conceived and carried into execution this noble scheme, were in a few years dispossessed of their government, and were the only religious body of citizens, if the word is not a misnomer, who were not allowed to exercise their religion in public, teach school, vote and hold office. They were duly taxed for the support of the establishment, and as a slang phrase would express it, had "a hard road to travel." I have been told, or read somewhere, that St. Ignatius prayed often and fervently, that his followers should have abundance of persecution, and it would seem that his prayer was granted, for they had a bountiful portion of it, as well as their co-religionists of Maryland. But the seizing of the State House and grounds by the powers of the home government and the local rulers on this side, and giving them to one particular sect, was a mere nothing to the vandalism which prompted the vestry of William and Mary Parish to tear down this grand structure in 1829, because it needed a new roof, and was not sufficiently church-like to harmonize with their tastes. It

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seems preposterous at this day that such Goths should have presumed to have any taste, beyond that of the long-eared quadrupeds that fed and brayed in the adjacent fields.

The project of destruction was bitterly opposed by some of the vestry, notably by Dr. C. M. Jones, the most enlightened member of that body, whose feelings of state pride and the eternal fitness of things were so terribly outraged, that he withdrew from the board of vestrymen, and never more took part in the business affairs of the parish. I knew him well, and it may be that he was the first man I ever saw, for he officiated at my entry into the world, as he did at the birth of my first-born, twenty-three years later. He owned a part of Cornwallys' Cross Manor, and I visited the old colonial house a few days ago, now owned by a granddaughter, the wife of the genial and accomplished Mr. Charles Grason. Heat and cold and the tempests of two hundred and sixty years have made no visible impression on the old English brick walls of Cornwallys, and they give amplest promise of affording comfortable housing and home for enlightened men and women for at least another quarter of a century.

In spite of all protest and opposition, the minister in charge of William and Mary Parish had with him a majority of the vestry, and the last vestige of Leonard Calvert's city was razed to the ground. Contemporary writers say it was a revolting sight to behold the great walls demolished and witness the breaking in pieces of large numbers of fine old brick, which time and the almost petrified mortar had so firmly cemented together, that they suffered demolition rather than be separated. I can't help thinking of the old Latin aphorism, "*quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat!*" The perpetrators of this act, scarcely excelled in atrocity by Goth or Hun, deserved perpetual banishment, if not a punishment still more severe. Far rather would every lover of the good old State, no matter what his religious conviction, have seen an appropriation of public funds sufficient to build half a dozen churches, than have witnessed the destruction of the State House. And after all the desecration had been performed, the new church erected, an unsightly affair from the start, a few Winters' frosts caused bricks that had not been on the outside of walls before to crumble, conveying the idea to the observer that even an inanimate specimen of masonry could be afflicted by leprosy, sent as punishment for sin against God and man. While it is true, the building had never been consecrated to the worship of the Most High, it was sacred to liberty, and the only visible monument at the Bethlehem of religious freedom, from whence the inestimable blessing radiated to every State in this the model government of the world.

The writer once asked the late Dr. John M. Browne, an educated Episcopal gentleman, a boy of about eleven years of age when the desecration took place of the "Old State House," how and why it was done. His answer was "they had an old Scotch parson here at the time who had no veneration or respect for American antiquities, and wishing a more modern church, unfortunately persuaded the vestry to vote for the tearing down of the structure." It is but justice to the Doctor, to say, that he seemed to be heartily ashamed of the vandalism, as all other good and loyal sons of the State were, of all or none of the religious denominations, and it must be distinctly understood, that I have written as I have, not from a Catholic standpoint, but as a native Marylander, proud of many of the State's traditions, ashamed of others, not the least among the latter, the historical fact that she alone cast her electoral vote for the Know-nothing candidate, Millard Fillmore, when he aspired to succeed himself as President of the United States. It seemed to be a very unkind fling of fate that the only one of

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the old States that was settled by Catholics, should alone cast its electoral vote for the representative of a persecuting party.

Not many years ago, just preceding a celebration of the Maryland pilgrims at the site of the old city of St. Mary's, a very persistent effort was made through the press, to fan up a public sentiment, looking to the erection of a new church. The following is a sample, which I quote from the Baltimore *Sun*. "The design is to build again on the old foundation, using in the work all the old material that could be preserved, and making the building as nearly as possible, in the likeness of the Old State House." The effort did not materialize, and the quite clever scheme to utilize public sentiment, was an utter abortion, as it should have been. Suppose, after many years had elapsed since a certain very foolish man killed the goose that laid such bright golden eggs, his descendants were anxious to procure another such bird, and with this view, sought material aid from far and near, would it be strange, if they met with little sympathy and small success? There was much incubation on what was thought to be very fertile public sentiment, but the result proved that egg thought to be so full of embryonic church material, was utterly sterile. The old landmark is gone, and while no living person is responsible for its destruction, and therefore is not to be censured, the inexorable law that visits the consequences of our ancestors' sins upon us, has had its application in the case before us, as it is having in thousands of others, as very many know to their regret. Yes, the last vestige of Leonard Calvert's city is gone and many have thought and said doubtless, "*male parta, male dilabuntur.*" A few years ago, the State did belated justice to Calvert, and erected a very neat monument to his memory, near the site of the old State House, and the spot where stood the famous old mulberry tree. At the same time, it caused the foundation of the State House to be perpetuated by planting granite posts, that future generations may do reverence to the birthplace of true freedom.

At this, the closing of the 19th century, thanks to kind heaven, there is little so called religious rancor and hatred in this fair section of the country, first called Augusta Caroline—the name given by the Colonists to a thirty miles stretch of land, purchased from the Yocomocos. To him who was born nearly three quarters of a century ago the change for the better is most palpable, due in part, no doubt, to the ameliorating influence of time, and let us hope, to a better understanding of the fact, that there is no religion where there is no charity. When great convulsions in nature take place, a volcanic outbreak, for instance, those nearest the scene feel most intensely the heat emanating from it, and those who have been nearest to the din and strife and bloodshed evolved from the fierce conflict of dogmatic differences, must naturally feel more keenly than those removed by a long lapse of time. As night follows day, just as unerringly does the intensity of heat become modified by distance from its source. Well do I remember, that about forty-seven years ago, a near neighbor and Episcopal friend of mine, lost his first born child, a beautiful girl, some three years of age. His grief and that of his very clever wife, was, naturally, very poignant, and not many weeks after the little one was laid to rest in the Episcopal graveyard the spot of its interment was marked by a stone, surmounted by the symbol of salvation, a cross. Some of the old conservative members of the congregation were decidedly shocked at this innovation, and talked of having the objectionable emblem removed, as it was too typical of Romanism! It was then, a "fond" thing—an abomination, but now may be seen anywhere, if any phase of Christianity prevails. And why this aversion to the cross, and why should an honest, consistent Protestant ever have despised it? I can think of but one explanation. In great revolutions, political

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or religious, the prevailing idea with the party separating from the original is, to get as far from that original as possible, and hence, when Luther, Henry VIII. and other seceders from the old Church had set up for themselves, they ignored the cross and crucifix, because they were venerated by the old parent Church. This was feeling, not good sense, and it is pleasant to see around us evidences that the staunchest of Protestants can and do respect the cross upon which was shed the precious blood of salvation, by which all may be saved if they so will.

But why write of these things, for he who runs can see them and read of them and feel, as it were, the great mollification wrought by the healing currents of time and the gentle touch of blessed charity. If my gentle reader will bear with me, I will cite an instance, to illustrate the generous feeling existing in this old mother county, and the material of which some of our Protestant neighbors are composed. About a decade ago, the Cardinal was on a regular confirmation tour through the southern peninsula of Maryland, and when he was due at our little Church of St. George's (the name was my selection) Father Pye Neale being pastor, I attended the confirmation services, and after all was over, many of the congregation crowded into the sacristy, as the custom is here, and very soon Father Pye, all excitement, handed me over the heads and shoulders of several people, a letter for me to read. It was from Capt. George Thomas, inviting the Cardinal and his retinue to take tea with him that evening. While looking over the letter, I heard the eminent prelate say to the good pastor: "Please convey to Mr. Thomas my thanks and regrets, and say that my arrangements have all been mapped out, so that I do not see how I can possibly accept his kind invitation." Then the matter seemed to be settled, but when the gentlemen who were invited to lunch with the Cardinal were all seated at the table, one of them expressed his great regret to his Eminence that he would be unable to visit the gallant ex-Confederate Captain, saying that he was an Episcopalian gentleman of fine manners, enlarged views and finely educated, the owner of an elegant and historic estate, Mattapani—a particular and valued friend of his, and last but not least, was entirely sincere in his expressed desire to entertain him, and would be sorely disappointed if any circumstance prevented. His Eminence listened attentively, and after a few moments reflection, asked Father Neale to think of some scheme, if possible, that would enable him to call upon Captain Thomas. There was another church to be visited that day, St. Nicholas, which was about one mile from Mattapani, and the land upon which it stands was donated for the purpose by Nicholas Sewall, former owner of Mattapani, and a descendant of the widow Sewall, who became the wife of the third Lord Baltimore. Confirmation being finished there in the afternoon, instead of driving directly to St. Inigo's, about nine miles, the Cardinal and his attendants went to the residence of Captain Thomas, where they were most hospitably received by him and his accomplished wife, the lady being the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman and the mother of one. After tea, the party was driven to Old St. Inigo's, in the shades of a delightful evening in May, all pleased with the little break in the programme.

The next day, Sunday, the writer being anxious to hear Mass and see all he could of the great American Churchman—to him the most interesting figure in the vast world now living, crossed the St. Mary's River, two miles, walked another mile, and was present in time for Mass and Confirmation at St. Inigo's. When all was finished, the Cardinal sought the sacristy and his easy chair for rest, and, like many others, I gravitated towards the great central attraction, but scarcely succeeded in getting beyond the door. A non-Catholic married lady and

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relative of Captain Thomas, was talking very earnestly to his Eminence, and when she was through, made an effort to thread her way out of the crowd, and of necessity, had to pass very near to me. I said to her, "I have been trying to catch your attention for some time, but like all the rest of the world, you can't recognize an ordinary man when there is a great one about." She protested, and charged me with doing her injustice, but seemed so pleased with her late experience that I ventured to ask if she did not find his Eminence a fine talker and a very nice gentleman. Her response was: "Nice? gracious, yes! too nice, Mr. C., not to be some woman's husband." This was intended for a *ne plus ultra* compliment, but all the words in Webster's unabridged could not give anyone an idea of the comicality of the thing as it struck me! I wish my readers to be assured that I am not perpetrating a joke upon them, for the incident as mentioned, to speak as old Tom Benton would put it, is "bottomed" on a solid fact, and the fact is just as solid, that the lady in question is a very charming, entertaining one.

At the risk of wearying some of my readers who do not know Captain Thomas as I do, I can't refrain from mentioning the fact, that three years after he threw open his doors to entertain the Catholic primate, he duplicated his generous conduct towards Bishop Curtis, who was confirming in the Southern tier of counties, and he also partook of his ample hospitality. Some years previous to this, the bishop had visited Mattapani as an Episcopal clergyman, and with the average man, his change of faith would have been an eternal bar to his being received there again as a guest, but not so with a man of Captain Thomas' mental caliber and moral force. I am reminded here to mention an incident that occurred when I was a denizen of Baltimore some twenty years ago. I had a valued Episcopal friend who was a native of the eastern shore of the State, and one day we were speaking of Bishop Curtis. My friend said to me: "Mr. C., I have little patience with him, for after we educated, ordained and employed him to preach in some of our best churches, he abandoned us and went over to the Church of Rome." I always feel sorry for a man who has a complaint—a real one, but in this case my sympathies were not disturbed, and I answered my companion in this fashion: "My friend, what would you have had the man do when his convictions led him from the Church of his youth to another? Would you, could you have wished him to play hypocrite and preach what he believed to be false doctrine, or would you have preferred that he should come forth and proclaim to the world the change that had come over his convictions?" This ended the grievance so far as audible expressions went, for no honest man could have selected any other course than the one the bishop pursued. I told this to the good, genial bishop last Summer, when sailing with him after dinner from St. Inigo's to St. George's Island, when a class of twenty was waiting to be confirmed. *Mens agitat molem*, and he nodded his well-filled head approvingly at my defence of him, then groaned distinctly several times, whether at the thought of men's obtuseness who could not see, or their obstinacy which would not permit them to take a proper view of his course, I could not determine. But the fact is, the good bishop groaned.

I am supposed to be writing up recollections of St. Inigo's, and this would be a favorable opportunity to give my readers a verbatim account of the robbery of the old house in October, 1814, by a party from an English ship. It is probable that the narrative was written by a Brother Mobley or Moberly, as there was a member of the Order there about that time, who bore one of the names mentioned. While the account is somewhat lengthy, it is far more interesting than any I could write, for when a man illustrates

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upon paper his exact experiences, it is very much on the order of a faithful photograph of what he saw, heard, felt and thought. There is no hearsay about it, but you get it direct, as it were, from the observer's own lips. If one's father should undertake to tell him how his grandfather looked—his style, expression and general appearance, he could have nothing like so satisfactory an idea of his ancestor, as if he had a faithful picture of him before his eyes. To a Catholic, there are some parts of the narrative that are very touching and solemn, while there are many others that are well calculated to amuse and draw a laugh instead of a sigh or tear. The writer knows well every spot of ground or water mentioned, and if others can read it with a moiety of the pleasure its perusal afforded him, they will be amply compensated for their time and labor.

"In October, 1814, Captain Moses Tarleton had left Georgetown, D. C., in a small schooner with some articles for our house, among which was my trunk containing nearly all my clothes. On the 18th of October, seeing no enemy in sight, he sailed out of Smith's Creek (into which he had gone to hide himself) in order to ascend the St. Mary's River. The British sloop *Saracen*, Captain Alexander Dixie, had that morning sailed from the mouth of the Patuxent River for the Tangier Islands, and, spying the schooner, gave chase. The schooner lost sight of the *Saracen* by turning into the mouth of the St. Mary's River, and secreted herself in Dary Cove (now Chapel Cove) near St. Inigo's Church. Towards the close of the evening I espied a barge turning Fort Point, and steering direct for the house. (They had just been to the house of one of our tenants, and took several articles. The wife pleaded poverty, her daughter wept, and the officer, being softened into pity, ordered the men to restore everything, promising them that they might do what they pleased at the 'Big House.' She begged him not to make such promises, observing that there was a church in the house, and that the inmates were good people, etc. He replied: 'Then, Madam, you are too poor and they are too good, so that, at that rate, we are to get nothing; but, Madam, we must live.' He then ordered his men to row him to the 'Big House.') I entreated Father Rantzan to go with me and meet them at the landing. He refused, and continued saying his office, observing that he feared nothing from the British. I then went by myself, with a view of conciliating them as far as I could. Not knowing but they might rob my person, I first secured my watch and all the money of the house under a decayed sill of the storehouse. In about ten minutes from the time that I first saw them they were grounded on the flats. I hailed them from the garden bank (then south of the house, but long since washed away) and informed them that they could not run their barge ashore at that place, and directed them to row around to the landing. They seemed to pay no attention to what I said, and that circumstance, I thought, was a bad omen. Several jumped into the water with drawn swords, some waited to carry the officers ashore, while others ran through the water to the garden bank. The first that approached, and who seemed to be the most eager for plunder, they called 'Johnny.' I saluted him in a friendly manner. He took no notice of the salute, except to snarl as a dog, and without uttering a word. I then thought the only shadow of hope left was to address the first officer. He was quickly landed on the bank from the shoulders of a robust seaman. Here I called up all my powers of address and used all the politeness which I thought proper for the occasion. He paid no attention to me, nor did he return my salute. Then, viewing me with a stern countenance, he said: 'Sir, I have come with the avowed purpose to burn down this house.' I answered, 'I am very sorry for that, sir.' Then he

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replied: 'Yes. sir, the war has taken a turn; your men have lately treated ours ill on the Canada line, have wantonly burned Newark in Canada, opposite Fort Niagara, have commenced burning there and elsewhere; besides I am informed that the priests here have been active in exciting the militia to fire on our men along shore.' I rejoined: 'Sir, the war having taken a turn is a circumstance for which we are not and cannot be held accountable, and as for the rest, I give you my word of honor, sir, that you have been misinformed. We are religious men, and have nothing to do with war. We have never raised a finger, pro or con, and, theretore, can't be held responsible for what has passed or what may take place in future.' 'Then,' said he, 'we will not burn the house, but let us go.' At this, several of the men ran ahead of us to the house. I saw they were intent on plunder, and, therefore, begged the officer to protect the reverend gentleman's room, and not to allow any disrespectful behavior to him. He promised that he would take care of those points, and asked me to introduce him. I did so, and while he was speaking with Father Rantzan I heard a great noise in the chapel, which was then in the northeastern room on the first floor. I ran to the spot, and behold! the ciborium containing the Blessed Sacrament, the chalice, vestments, sacred linens and pictures were taken away. I ran back to the officer and begged him to interfere. I observed to him that what we held most sacred, the Blessed Sacrament of the altar, had been taken—entreated him to return them—promised he would. We ran to the barge, and as we were going, 'There, sir.' said I, 'they are now handing the chalice to a bargeman. Do have it returned.' He promised he would, and because they knew we saw it, they gave it up. I then entreated him to restore the ciborium. "Why," he said, "what sort of a thing is it?" I described it, for he had not seen it. The men declared they had it not, and I declared they had taken it away. Seeing I could not prevail, I ran to the house and exclaimed: 'O Father Rantzan! they have taken the Blessed Sacrament away; do for God's sake come and beg for it.' He did so but in vain. The officer told his men, 'that all the things should be thrown on the shore again, if they did not restore the ciborium.' They still protested they had it not, and I protested they had taken it. Meanwhile, the officers had some of the vestments and two beds returned. I insisted on the ciborium's being returned, but to no purpose. The sailors insisted they had seen no such thing, and told the officer my intention was to detain them longer, in order that the militia might come and fire on them. Night coming on, the officer pretended to be alarmed, and ordered a sailor to take him off to the barge. A subaltern officer having no one to take him off, remained behind, stripping himself to wade. I observed to him, 'Do, sir, consider what a crime it is to rob a church?' 'Don't talk to me,' he said, 'about robbing churches; I count this nothing. I have seen many a church robbed in Spain.' The first lieutenant being then in the barge, I begged him again to restore the things. He turned a deaf ear to me, and all being ready, ordered his men to row off. The sun was setting. They took about ten minutes to complete this sacrilegious task. Good Father Rantzan told me after they had gone, that he was almost out of himself with fright and that he never expected such an attack. Durthis affair, a big negro (one of their refugees), about six feet high, passed my elbow on his way to the barge with my boots in one hand and my trunk of clothes (which had been landed about an hour) in the other! While the lieutenant and myself were engaged in the chapel and at the barge, the above mentioned subaltern took the opportunity to rob Father Rantzan of his watch and silver candlesticks that screwed together

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in form of a box, the silver spoons and his best clothing. I made an estimate of our losses (though it was impossible to make a correct one), and found that the amount was not less than one thousand and eight hundred dollars, supposing the articles to be new. At that time, every thing was bought at a great price; the cloth, making, etc., of the coat which I then wore (common good cloth) cost fifty dollars in the cheap city of New York. They took as follows, viz., the sacred vessels, which I had already mentioned, besides the silver pixes, lined with gold, containing the Blessed Sacrament, and which were in the ciborium. Those things which Father Rantzan lost, four beds and furniture, window and bed curtains, my trunk, an alarm clock, a chest of medicine (which had just been landed) eleven and a half pairs of shoes, new, a quantity of codfish, dishes, plates and knives, forks, spoons, water piggins and many other articles of inferior note. The next day I remarked to Father Rantzan, that what the officer had said might be true, that the war might have taken an unfortunate turn, and that if this was the case, I thought it would be prudent to move away the most valuable articles to a place of safety. He rejected the proposal and said: 'That nothing that was under his control should be touched.' I made up my mind on the subject, and thought myself bound to secure all that I could, and to prepare for the worst. I took two wagon loads of things that were under my care and deposited them in a ruined hut, in a forest about five miles distant, placing there a family of faithful servants to guard them. I moved thither the cattle, hogs and salted provisions. The hogs were fattened there. I soon repaired the hut and finished another which had been begun, some years before. All things were now secure and everything arranged to go on pretty well again.

"A few days after this attack Commodore Berry anchored off St. George's Island, went ashore on St. George's hundred (mainland) and took away corn, cattle, etc., from the inhabitants. He then sent ashore for Mr. Joseph Coad and James Tee, with orders for them to be carried to him on his seventy-four, that he might pay them the ordinary just price of the property taken. On their way to the seventy-four, they complained of the late treatment they had met with, in being deprived of their property. The officer remarked that they had no cause of complaint, 'for we are the most honorable enemy you ever had to deal with, as we have taken nothing from you yet that we have not paid for.' 'Yes,' answered Tee, 'very honorable indeed! You robbed the priests a few days ago; that's very honorable indeed!' The officer hearing this heavy charge, asked Mr. Coad if there was any foundation for it. Mr. Coad answered in the affirmative and related the history of the robbing, so far as he was acquainted with it. When on board of the *Dragon*, seventy-four ship, the Commodore addressed Tee and asked him what he thought of the late visit which he had paid him. Tee (who was a facetious kind of a fellow, and I knew some of his descendants when tenants on St. Inigo's Manor some fifty years ago), replied that he knew not what to think of it; that he supposed when one had his hand in a lion's mouth, he ought to take it out as easily as possible. The Commodore then asked Tee if he thought he had his hand in the lion's mouth. Tee answered, 'No, sir, I do not, but I consider my whole carcass to be in the *Dragon's* belly.' Upon hearing this the Commodore wheeled upon his heel and went down in his cabin. Mr. Coad informed the Commodore of our late misfortune. The Commodore expressed his high displeasure, and dispatched a letter to Tangier Islands, ordering Captain Alexander Dixie to sail immediately to St. George's Island and restore every article. On the thirtieth of November, as I went to the 'quarters' at the dawn of day, I saw something like a

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small sail stretching over towards the house. I soon discovered it to be a flag of truce ; my heart leaped for joy—I ran for the house, nay, I rather flew. When I arrived there they were in the act of throwing the beds upon the garden bank in front of the south front of the house. The same officer that robbed us met me and requested me to walk with him into the garden. He then began to express his extreme regret that he ever saw the house. The rising tears made him pause for a moment. Then in broken accents he exclaimed, 'O why did I ever come to this house? In doing so I was truly unfortunate! I call God down to witness that I am innocent of this crime. You know, sir, how much I endeavored at your request to command my men, but they would not obey. O, how extremely I regret my ever having come to this house! I, sir, am to be broken for this affair ; in a few days I expect to be sent to England.' With respect to his innocence, I knew from various sources that he was speaking in the sincerity of a hypocritical heart, but believing as I did, that he might suffer severely for his misconduct, I sincerely pitied him and was tempted to weep because I saw him weep. We then walked into the house, where many articles had already been deposited from the barge. He presented the ciborium, at the sight of which I cannot describe my feelings ; the office of a priest was to be done, but the priest was away from home. I unhesitatingly received the sacred treasure, turned my back on the officer, fell upon my knees and adored the Author of Life, who, I suppose was present there. After placing it in the tabernacle (which had been restored on the day of the attack) I returned to the officer, who observed, 'that though an enemy from necessity, and not bound to generous acts, he was still desirous to prove me the generosity of a British officer.' He then laid on the table $113 to pay damages, and told me that his name was William Hancock, his residence Lower Clapton, England ; that if I should ever want anything from England to write to him, and he would always be glad to serve me. I thanked him and so we parted.

"Hancock was afterward deprived of his command of first lieutenant, and put on board a vessel of inferior grade. I was informed, I think by Mr. Coad, that if Commodore Berry had been the principal commander in the Bay, he would have hung this officer without ceremony. But Commodore Berry had a superior in the Chesapeake, and that circumstance saved the robber's neck." (Cockburn.)

Good and grand old Father Carberry used to say that God would bless the offspring of Joseph Coad for his help in having the sacred vessels restored, and that it has been done in the past there can exist no rational doubt—that the prophecy may be extended in its operation to time unlimited, I trust the good prayers of its saintly author may be often and earnestly directed.

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The Triumph of the Papacy.

General Intention for August, 1899.

Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

On the twenty-ninth day of August, 1799, the venerable Pontiff Pius VI., who had occupied the Chair of Peter during the troublesome times from 1775 to 1799, died a prisoner in exile, in his eighty-fourth year, at Valence, in France, whither he had been taken by order of the French Directory. Though a prisoner of state, he had been notified to go to Dijon at his own expense, but paralysis of the lower part of his body made the execution of this order impossible. Before receiving the Holy Viaticum, he uttered the following prayer before the Blessed Sacrament:

"My Lord Jesus Christ! Behold here in Thy presence Thy own Vicar, the Pastor of the Catholic Fold, an exile, a captive, and dying most willingly for his flock. In this extremity, I ask of Thee two favors, and I ask for them from Thee as from my Father and my Master. The first is that Thou wouldst accord to all my enemies, and to each one of them in particular, Thy full forgiveness. The second is that Thou wouldst restore to Rome the Chair of Peter and the pontifical throne; that Thou wouldst restore peace to Europe; and that, above all, Thou wouldst restore to France, which is so dear to me, and which has deserved so well of the Church, Thy holy religion in all its fulness."

This prayer, so worthy of a Vicar of Christ, is still, with slight modification, a timely one as we approach the centenary of the death of Giovanni Angelo de Braschi, the two hundreth and fifty-second occupant of the Throne of the Fisherman Since his death six sovereign Pontiffs have occupied that throne, all of them the object and, to some extent, the victims of the revolutionary spirit which has prevailed in Europe during the past century, and two of them, Pius IX. and Leo XIII., gloriously reigning, actually prisoners as he was for devotion to the rights of the Church. Christ deigned to hear the prayer of His Vicar, and in the person of Pius VII. He quickly restored to Rome the Chair of Peter and the pontifical throne, at a moment when the tools of the Directory were boasting that they had crushed the power of the Pope, and had even abolished it forever. It is proper then that we should repeat the touching prayer of the dying Pius VI. on behalf of the Papacy, and of every Christian nation as well as France, reanimating our confidence by the sublime spectacle of the present august prisoner of more than twenty years in the Vatican, and by the vitality which our holy religion is showing in France and in every civilized country.

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Before Pius VI., no Pope from St. Peter's time had reigned for nearly twenty-five years, and few had experienced a more continuous series of troubles than he. Succeeding to the Pontifical throne after Clement XIV., he needed the greatest activity and courage to attempt to remedy the disorders which that Pontiff had been unable to repress. Not content with reforming abuses, he strove diligently to improve both morally and materially, the States subject to his temporal power. The improvement of the port of Ancona, the restoration of the Appian Way, the draining of the Campagna and of the Pontine Marshes, the erection of the Sacristy of St. Peter's and of the Vatican Museum, and the reparation and embellishment of a great number of the Roman monuments, are works that bear testimony to his enterprise and indicate what great things he would have done to beautify the Eternal City had not his energies been preoccupied in combating heresy, repressing schism, and contending with the revolutionary principles and forces which prevailed in lower Europe at the close of the last century.

As early as 1780, five years after Pius VI. had become Pope, he was called upon to resist the Jansenistic Emperor of Germany, Joseph II., who under the influence of Dutch Jansenists, pretended to institute ecclesiastical reforms which were really subversive of all religious authority. Without declaring himself Supreme Head of the Church in his Empire, Joseph II. arrogated to himself the right to convoke a national council; to forbid the promulgation of any decree which he might deem inopportune or injurious to his power; to hear the appeals of ecclesiastics whose misdoings had brought them under censure or penalties imposed by their proper superiors; to establish or remove diriment impediments to matrimony; to prescribe changes and additions to the ritual and liturgy, and to determine and control the studies of candidates for the priesthood. To check the evils consequent on this assumption of ecclesiastical power, the Pope deemed it advisable to go to the Emperor, who received him with politeness, without, however, desisting from his ecclesiastical reforms. For six long years the Pontiff had to endure the usurpations of the Sacristan Emperor, as he was termed, who grew more and more meddlesome and exacting until in 1788, his subjects in the Belgian provinces revolted against him, and he was forced to appeal against them to the very papal authority which he had endeavored to limit, undermine and destroy.

The triumph of Pius VI. over Joseph II. was but a prelude to a still greater one which he achieved over the Grand Duke of Tuscany, brother of Joseph II., and the Jansenistic synod of Pistoia, convened by the Duke, at the suggestion of the Bishop of Pistoia and Prato, Scipio Ricci. Like all the Jansenists of his time, Ricci knew how to subsidize the press for the propagation of his heretical opinions and practices. Like them he was always ready with such specious pretexts as the needs of the age, the spirit of the times, and the necessity of accommodating Catholic belief and practice to the taste of heretics and unbelievers and of magnifying the duty of adhesion and subservience to the state. He advised the Duke Leopold to circulate catechisms in order to spread his views among the people; he himself issued pastorals against devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, made light of indulgences, abolished the use of "privileged altars," tried to introduce the vernacular into the liturgy, and sought to put convents under the influence of confessors who would propagate Jansenism. Finally, in the true spirit of Jansenism, Ricci was in conduct and speech obsequious enough to the Roman Pontiff to throw himself at the feet of Pius VII. protesting that he had never held the doctrines condemned by his predecessor in the Bull *Auctorem Fidei*, according to the sense in which they were condemned; and that he had always been ready to correct any of his

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sayings which might give occasion of misinterpretation—this in spite of his unsatisfactory expression of submission in 1799, and of sentiments in some of his letters written after his protestations to Pius VII., which show that he still remained a Jansenist and looked for the day when his views would find admission.

The machinations of Ricci were formidable chiefly because he was supported by secular power, and aided by a number of proselytes who hoped to prosper by his personal influence, and by able expounders of Jansenism brought together from different European countries in which the sect still flourished. His errors called for condemnation, not so much because they were new or presented in an original way, but rather because they had been selected from the works of heretics like Wycliffe, Luther, Baius, Jansenius and Quesnel, and afforded the Pope a favorable opportunity for comprising them in a syllabus of errors, which would serve to keep clergy and faithful alike from being tainted by them. They were condemned by the famous Bull *Auctorem Fidei*, issued August 28, 1794, eight years after the so-called synod of Pistoia had been convened by the Duke of Tuscany to make a last solemn manifestation in behalf of Jansenism.

In this Bull Pius VI. has left us a noble proof of his loyalty to the faith, and of his zeal for strict Catholic tradition and usage. It may be said to have given the death blow to Jansenism as a religious sect, and forced its advocates to appear in their true light as the Liberalists and Secularists of our own time. Unfortunately it could not prevent the political consequences, particularly in France, where the revolution was largely due to the influence of Jansenistic principles among the French clergy during the previous two centuries. It was this revolution which saddened the declining years of the august Pius VI., and ended at length in making him a prisoner and exile at the time of his death. He was forced to witness the confiscation of the goods of the Church in France, the bloody death of his most devoted bishops and priests, the defection of a great number of priests who gave assent to the irreligious measures of the Republic by taking the oath of the Civil Constitution, and the abominable spectacle of traitorous priests intruding on sees left vacant by the death or exile of lawful and loyal occupants. . The fearless Pontiff condemned the intruders in the Bull *Caritas*, which cost him first his papal possessions in French territory, and soon after his temporal power and liberty. Rome was taken; the Roman States were organized as a Republic; the Pontiff was led away captive, and the powers of the earth looked on complacently as the minions of the French conqueror boasted they had abolished the Papal power forever. Dying an exile in the midst of his enemies, the saintly Vicar of Christ still raised his voice in confidence, and uttered the prayer we have given above, knowing Him in whom he trusted, and well rewarded for his confidence by the triumph of the Papacy in the person of his successor, Pius VII.

With the same confidence the present Vicar of Christ calls on us to raise our voices in prayer for a triumph as signal and as complete as was that of the Papacy one hundred years ago. With reason he can make this prayer, whose own long tenure of the Papal office has been one series of triumphs; and with reason he can summon us to prayer, since it is one of our perpetual motives for thanksgiving that he has been spared to us so long and so marvellously in the vigor of mind and body which has enabled him to labor so vigilantly and strenuously for the maintenance of strict Catholic doctrine and practice. Prisoner though he is, his achievements have obtained for him so much influence that some misguided minds affect to think he is really all the more powerful because he is stripped of his temporal authority and possessions. It is strange how men

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who value as they do every human and worldly advantage, can pretend to think that one who could use every good thing in the world to the best purpose, should be content to be deprived of what is lawfully his, because forsooth he has so much influence without it: as though he could not have more still if blessed with the temporal means that rightfully belong to him, or, better, to the Church, whose faithful steward he is. They forget that in seeking to regain his temporal power, the Pope is not seeking what is his own but what is Jesus Christ's, that he has more at heart the reparation of a sacrilegious injustice, than the satisfaction of any personal ambition ; and that he can properly consider the admiration shown him as insincere until such time as men restore him what is his, or at least protest against the injury done to the Holy See in his person.

In union, therefore, with our venerable Pontiff we must pray for the triumph of the Papacy, for a world-wide respect for its authority, for the speedy restoration of its temporal power and possessions, and for a sincere submission to the various enactments of the one who has been chosen to rule the Church of God. There is much reverence for Leo XIII., not only among Catholics, but among those who do not believe at all, or, at least, as we do; but with many, even with some Catholics, this reverence may be the tribute of fear more than of love; his authority is so supreme and his influence so great, that they feel these must be reckoned with for the favor of his opinion or influence. Some, too, affect to regard his authority as divine in its origin and most beneficent in its exercise, but their submission is more in word than in deed, and they never fail to attribute to natural causes decisions or decrees that are opposed to their own way of thinking.

The triumph of the Papacy means, therefore, that justice be done by the restoration of the Pope's temporal possessions and authority, and that true obedience be paid to his decrees. When the world and the Church unite together to do him justice and offer him the courtesy of obedience, then only will his triumph be complete; for then only will he be able truly as the Supreme Pontiff and High Priest to offer to Christ what belongs to Him and what he has been appointed to obtain and keep for Him; then only will men be moved to see in him the Vicar of Christ, to whom as King belong the Gentiles for an inheritance and the utmost limits of the earth for a possession; and then, too, from his beneficent administration of the goods of the world which are rightfully his, and from his benevolent rule over the wills of the faithful, will all men derive the blessing of knowing better what Christ His Master is, and the impulse to acknowledge and serve Him as their King.

REMEMBERING THAT WE ARE DUST.

By H. F. Huntington.

"I APPEAL to the honorable body of the law, Mr. Kemble. I cannot have those common people at my very doors. I have offered the man the full value of his little strip of land and he refused to part with it; therefore I must eject him forcibly."

"What does he say about it?"

Monsieur Flandrau shrugged his shoulders in contemptuous indifference to his neighbor's views; but Mr. Kemble, being an officer of the law, demanded explicit answer.

"He says that the land and house was deeded him by his wife's father. His wife, who is an invalid, fancies that

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she cannot exist elsewhere—they are very poor people who cannot afford fancies. The little hut is a blemish to my premises and cannot be endured. What can you do for me, Mr. Kemble?"

"I am sorry to say—nothing. If the man's title is sound he has the law on his side."

"You mean to tell me that I cannot obtain justice?" Monsieur Flandrau asked incredulously.

"Justice, certainly. In this case you will be the loser. American law protects her citizens in the face of all circumstance."

Monsieur St. Hilliare Flandrau made his adieu coldly, determined if necessary to push his claims to the utmost limit of the law. It appeared to him a flagrant injustice that he should be compelled to suffer inconvenience because a common mechanic refused to sell his tiny plot of land and the hovel adjoining his elegant grounds on the avenue. It was a mere strip of ground, too small for building purposes, but it cut off a bit of his otherwise impeccable garden. The little brown frame house faced the side street, but one window commanded a view of the park facing the Flandrau mansion, and it was because of this view that Mr. Benson would not sell the coveted land, for it was the only glimpse of paradise that entered into his wife's lonely life.

St. Hilliare Flandrau alighted at the garden gate and walked slowly about his grounds, but turn where he would that little brown house marred his pleasure, though the green vines covered all but the roof and chimneys. He saw the pale face at the window and felt a throb of manly compassion for the lonely prisoner, but the sight of the two children playing side by side on the slope of his lawn revived the realization of his wrongs. They were near of an age, but one bore the unmistakable insignia of wealth in his costly dress and his beautiful, delicate face and hands; the other lad was of the fine, sturdy type, bespeaking healthy, natural childhood, with round, rosy face and stout, brown hands, already blessed by many a service for his sick mother. Flandrau saw nothing but the immeasurable gulf of social discrepancy between a child of the people and the scion of a noble house.

"Adrien," he called sharply, "come."

The lad gave his comrade a parting smile and ran to meet his father joyfully.

"I will ask you not to play with that boy, my son," he said seriously. "Remember the Flandraus have always been gentlemen."

"But I like him better than any boy I know," the child insisted naively.

"Perhaps he will some day be your servant," the father went on quietly. "The Flandraus do not make associates of their servants. When you are older you will understand these things: meantime you must trust your father's judgment."

But Adrien forgot his father's injunction. When Nannette was not watching he used to run down to the little flower-garden behind the boxwood hedge and talk to Rob, whose cheery, pleasant little ways had quite won his heart. One day Adrien went into the house to talk to the lady whose pale, gentle face he saw daily at the window; he was so deeply impressed by the contrast of the poor furnishings to the accustomed elegance of his father's house that he inadvertently let his visit be known to his parents. Mr. Flandrau immediately repeated his offer to Mr. Benson and was again rejected; when he understood that neither money nor influence could accomplish his object he took measures to ensure his son against future association with a child of low degree by erecting a wall between the two houses which completely shut off communication. In the survey of measurements it was accidently discovered that Mr. Benson's claim had been overreached by the width of two feet, which gave Mr. Flandrau ample ground for the masonry.

So a great wall went up between the grounds and Mr. Benson found himself

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poorer by many feet of land and the loss of the park view for which he had sacrificed the much needed money; but there was no gainsaying his neighbor's rights. So he planted morning glory vines against the bleak, gray walls where the little garden plot flourished and they grew very fair and blossomed into wondrous beauty till they overran the wall, only to be flung back by the surly gardener.

The Flandrau mansion was well nigh palatial and the grounds about it like a king's pleasure gardens, but all its beauty and blossom did not satisfy the owner; he saw the roof of the little brown house above the stately wall and chafed at the refusal of that strip of land where he would have erected a pavilion or perhaps a fountain. He brooded over his grievance till he grew to hate bitterly the man whose rights had thwarted his desires. He was a very proud man, accustomed to unquestioned obedience; he had not been able to overcome the impression of his early training which measured men's worth by their fortunes; therefore he could not be expected to judge clearly between man and man

The weather grew very warm and Madame Flandrau's illness kept the family in the city somewhat later than usual; but at length her improved condition warranted preparation for a trip abroad. Mr. Flandrau was returning from the packet office one evening in June when he caught sight of John Benson on his way home from his day's work. He carried his coat and lunch basket on one arm and mopped his heated face repeatedly; and Mr. Flandrau noticed his grimy, work-worn hands with deep disgust and ordered his groom to fall back that he might not breathe the same air. The green shade of the avenue tempted the workman to linger on his way and Flandrau stopped to avoid an encounter at his gate which the other man would presently pass, when his attention was attracted by a cry of fear. A group of schoolboys loitering at the park gates broke into a run with a wild shout of, "Mad dog! Mad dog!" just as a big dog dashed around the corner open-mouthed and wide eyed. The avenue was instantly cleared of people—yet not quite, for a golden head twinkled in and out between the canopied walks as Adrien raced after his hoop unconscious of approaching danger.

Benson stopped short for one bewildered instant and made as if to run for his life, but instead he threw down his coat and dashed into the very face of death. Flandrau saw the golden head tossed upward and the next instant the man had swung himself aloof by the overhanging branches.

"Steady, Adrien," he cried, so loudly that Flandrau heard and tried to cry out in agony of fear. "Hold hard, my boy, while I climb——"

He put all his splendid strength to test in lifting himself and the boy out of harm's way while the poor maddened brute tore at his swinging feet.

Frandrau flung himself out of the carriage, but his knees sank under him and he fell dazed and stricken with deadly fear; when he raised himself a great shout went up and he saw a blue-coated officer stand beside the quivering body of the dog, and John Benson close by holding his son's hand.

Adrien ran to meet his father and closed his arms about his neck as he bent to receive him. He took a few steps toward John Benson, whose face was, if possible, paler than his own, for the sudden encounter with death had shaken his strong nerves. Flandrau tried to speak, but though his lips moved, no sound came from them, and Benson turned quietly and walked homeward.

The shadows of evening had deepened into dusk when Adrien's childish knock brought John Benson to the door of the little brown house, but it was not too dark to see the face of his oppressor, who stood mutely waiting the summon to enter. But Madame went past him impetuously and caught his toilworn hands in

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her little jewelled clasp with the warmth of unspeakable gratitude.

"I have no words to thank you," she said brokenly, "I would give everything I possess to shield my son from harm, and you have saved his life. This, in return for our hard treatment of you!"

A rift of light from the hall fell upon Flandrau's pale face, and he stepped forward and put out his hand.

"I bow myself in the dust before you," he said humbly. "All that I have is as dross beside what you have this day given me. I beg your forgiveness."

There were few words between them, but those words neither will ever forget, for they touched the lives of both men deeply. Flandrau had learned the lesson of human brotherhood in that agonizing hour when he saw his son in the track of death; the other man learned that no heart is so hard but that God can mould it to fit His gracious will in the twinkling of an eye.

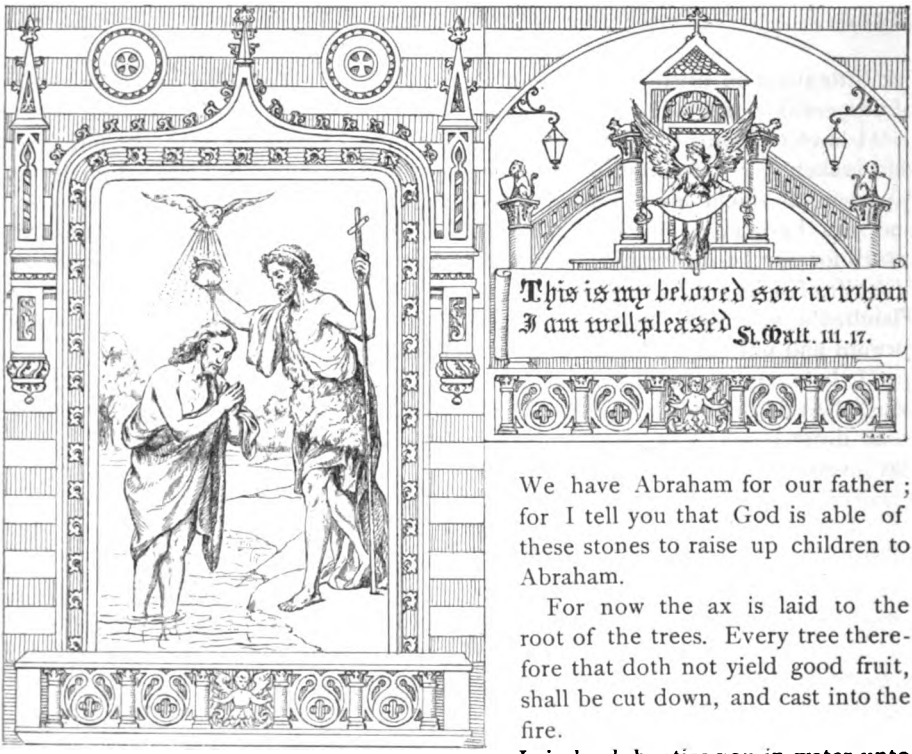
The great wall is down now and a rose-bordered path leads from the mansion to the little brown house.

THE SINGERS.

By E. B. Esler.

HOW do the poets grow?
Must their full hearts be broken to pour out
Upon the feet of Nature spikenard sweet,—
Ah! bitter sweet,—a spring perpetual
Of gracious sympathy and plenteous love,
From out the crevice of their sorrowing?
Must all the ringing melodies of joy,
Be but the throbbing echo and refrain
Of sighs from pain unspoken through long years,
Within the bosoms of these choristers?
Yes! but that One who puts within the throats
Of the sweet fluting nightingale his notes,
And dowers with psalms of praise the piping thrush,
So that the morning hours are musical,
Made for His glory all the singing hearts,
And to the poets gives their harmony.

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THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

And in those days cometh John, the Baptist, preaching in the desert of Judea,

And saying: Do penance: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

For this is he that was spoken of by Isaias, the prophet, saying: A voice of one crying in the desert: Prepare ye the way of the Lord: Make straight His paths.

And the same John had his garment of camel's hair, and a leather girdle about his loins: and his meat was locusts and wild honey.

Then went out to him Jerusalem and all Judea, and all the country about Jordan;

And were baptized by him in the Jordan confessing their sins.

And seeing many of the Pharisees and Sadducees coming to his baptism, he said to them: Ye brood of vipers, who hath showed you to flee from the wrath to come?

Bring forth therefore fruit worthy of penance.

And think not to say within yourselves: We have Abraham for our father; for I tell you that God is able of these stones to raise up children to Abraham.

For now the ax is laid to the root of the trees. Every tree therefore that doth not yield good fruit, shall be cut down, and cast into the fire.

I, indeed, baptize you in water unto penance; but He that shall come after me, is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: He shall baptize you in the Holy Ghost and fire.

Whose fan is in His hand: and He will thoroughly cleanse His floor: and gather His wheat into the barn, but the chaff He will burn with unquenchable fire.

Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to the Jordan, unto John, to be baptized by him.

But John stayed Him, saying: I ought to be baptized by Thee, and comest Thou to me?

And Jesus answering, said to him: Suffer it to be so now; for so it becometh us to fulfill all justice. Then he suffered Him.

And Jesus being baptized, forthwith came out of the water; and lo, the heavens were opened to him; and he saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove, and coming upon Him.

And behold a voice from heaven saying: This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

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EDITORIAL.

HEROINES OF THE CLOISTER.

Thirty-one of the forty-seven women decorated by the French government are Sisters of various religious congregations.

OUT OF THEIR SPHERE.

It is a point of official etiquette that no army or navy officer take upon himself the duties or functions that belong to a brother officer. Since chaplains rank as officers in both army and navy, we look to them to protest against the assumption of their duties by such men as General Henry and Admiral Philip, excellent in their proper capacities, but sorry failures in their efforts to organize a religion or preach a sermon.

PERSONAL VIEWS SIMPLY.

The rapidity with which one of the daily newspapers in close touch with the present administration sought to make capital out of the Fourth of July after-dinner address of His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, might almost lead one to think that its managers had inspired his sentiments, or at least known beforehand all he was going to say. Those who follow the Cardinal's utterances on religious and political topics, know that he does not take his views secondhand, either from statesmen or editors, and those who read his words on this latest occasion will wonder why the newspaper in question attached so much importance to them, and strove to create the impression that he was inspired to utter them by higher ecclesiastical authorities. They are simply repetitions of what he has been saying the past few months about the conversion of another country adapted to a new audience representing a people which is seeking to do in Asia what England has already begun in Africa.

FOR LACK OF FUNDS.

According to the *Churchman* of July 1, "the past year should have been one of instant occupation of strategic points, [in Cuba and Porto Rico] with the purchase of suitable properties, the organization of congregations, and the beginnings of Christian instruction all over the islands. With deep regret, we must feel that this need has not been met." This failure it blames on the fact that the Foreign Missionary Society had not $1,000,000 at its disposal, and that the wealthy Protestant Episcopalians and others have not poured out freely of their substance for these new demands. It is too bad, truly, that a great opportunity has been thus far lost! A year ago the various sects were all so sanguine, and they were going to make so much out of our new colonies; but the money has not come in, and what else could draw for missionary labors in such uninviting fields candidates who may not work for salaries, but who never work without them?

THE PROTESTANT CRITERION.

To Catholic ears how weak, though well-mannered, sounds the plea made lately by Rev. Braddin Hamilton to a

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Protestant congregation at Newport, as reported in the *New York Herald:*

"Therefore, we ask you, as a favor toward the Church, to refuse to recognize divorce in your good society. We do not like to advise anyone to be cruel, but in this case duty makes it a necessity. If you have a friend or relative who has so erred, simply say to him or her, 'I am very sorry, but for the sake of respect of my home, for the sake of the general effect on the community, for the sake of morality and the Church, I cannot treat you as I did before!' Now, if you will take such a stand, you will do such a kindness to the Church and such a favor to the community in general, that God in His mercy will not fail to grant you a reward." The church of Mr. Hamilton is on its knees before good society; it dare not cry out with the power of the voice of the Lord: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder;" it dare not say plainly with Christ, in St. Mark's Gospel: "Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery against her. And if the wife shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery." How different the arraignment of divorce lately contributed to the press by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons! How different the tone of every Catholic priest on the question of divorce! The true Church of Christ does not deem it cruel to cut off from her children a divorced man or woman; rather she deems it cruel to her children to let them be contaminated by such perverted creatures, and she therefore excommunicates them, and justifies herself by appealing to her Master's words and her children's consciences, not to the poor, changeable criterion of public opinion or form in good society.

A STRANGE EXAGGERATION.

It is not true that there is a tendency to give prominence to "the first Friday" over great feasts of the Church. If it is true that in some few places the Ascension, Pentecost and Trinity Sunday are apparently unrecognized; if the feasts of the Apostles are no longer observed according to their liturgical rank, and if the patrons of churches are often entirely neglected by the laity, is it the fault of the laity or of the clergy? Or, to speak more fairly, is it, all things considered, the fault of either? Again, if it is true that in some places the clergy complain that Sunday is less strictly kept than it used to be; or that for slight reasons people fail to attend Mass, and think nothing of spending the whole day in diversions, if it happens to be inconvenient to go to church, can we truly say that such people are very pious in their way, or in any way? "Some of them," said the editor of a Catholic weekly lately, and two others in our own country have repeated his words, "have been known to go to Holy Communion on the first Friday, to miss Mass the following Sunday, and then to hurry off to confession on Monday evening to begin a series of Communions in honor of St. Anthony of Padua." How many of them! Could any of the editors in question reckon ten of them? And if here and there in the Catholic world some weak soul had so lost "the sense of proportion" as to miss Mass on Sunday, without, as we suppose, sufficient reason, why not go to confession Monday evening, or Sunday for that matter, and begin the beautiful devotion of Communion in honor of St. Anthony? Have the editors alluded to ever tried this devotion? What are they doing in behalf of devotion to the Holy Ghost, which they complain is so sadly neglected? Have they ever tried devotion to the Holy Infant of Prague, or studied its effects upon children, or on those who have become like little children in the simplicity with which they take up whatever attracts them to the kingdom of God and its saintly inhabitants? Let us have our devotions, no matter what outsiders or unbelievers may think of us. We need them, they

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cannot be too numerous nor varied for the variety of people to practise them, and many a heart is starving for lack of them. Witness the feverish avidity with which the best instructed converts adopt and cultivate them. Those who are simple enough to try them never talk against them. By all means let us have all the devotions that the Church sanctions; let each one practise all that help him, and let all respect the devotions which others practise even if they themselves cannot practise them.

MORE ABOUT AMERICANISM.

In a style which smacks of the bombast of "Innominato," Dr. William Barry seeks to add to the confusion with which some people have tried to explain the word Americanism since the promulgation of the Pope's Letter condemning what some have improperly called by this name. Addressing the American people, whom he seems to distinguish from their Catholic fellow-citizens, in an article entitled "Americanism, True and False," in the July number of the *North American Review*, he has the misfortune at the outset to bid for American favor by representing the controversy lately settled by the Encyclical Letter *Testem Benevolentiæ* as a struggle between Democracy on the one [i. e. our own] hand, and Imperialism on the other. We call it his misfortune, since just at this moment we seem to be drifting fast from Democracy to Imperialism, so that "Americans" cannot fully sympathize with his plea.

Dr. Barry should know a great deal about this controversy, since he is a strong partisan of the men who have occasioned it, and he was the first to recommend in an exhaustive article in the *Dublin Review*, the "Life of Father Hecker," which was a few years ago adopted as a basis or source of the errors comprised under the name "Americanism," and lately condemned by the Pope. It is strange that he can say the story is a very long one, since it dates back only to the time when "Americanism" was discovered as "a new idea in the Life of Father Hecker," and that was at the Fribourg Congress two years ago. Up to that time but few animadversions had been made upon the "Life of Father Hecker," or upon the prefaces or introduction written for it, whether in the English or French versions, for up to that time the advocates of Americanism, as lately condemned by the Holy See, had not made any concerted attempt to propound their views, nor had they as yet employed the Life in question as a source of texts or of arguments for their political or religious tenets.

No one thought of antagonizing a system which few knew, simply because it had not as yet been actively or widely propagated. No sooner was an attempt made to advertise it and urge it upon other countries, as well as America, no sooner was it presented in a tangible shape by identifying it with the views set forth in the Life of Father Hecker, than sound Catholic theologians took alarm, and began at once to examine and reject the many erroneous propositions classed together under a name which, properly interpreted, means as our Holy Father intimates, our national endowments, our political condition and the laws and customs by which we are governed. Active as the attack on the "new idea" was, the Holy Father was slow to condemn it before it had been thoroughly examined by most competent parties, and not until he had received the opinions of the bishops of the United States. When at length he issued his letter of condemnation he made it as thorough as it is final. Henceforth the advocates of the Americanism condemned by the Holy See may secretly act upon the errors they had chosen to express by that term, or they may apply the name to new views, true or false, but they dare not propagate openly the doctrines so clearly condemned. They have too often committed themselves by expressions of loyalty to the Holy See, and all Catholics, as well as the slight portion of the American

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world that takes any interest in the matter, will be quick to detect and deplore any inconsistency on the part of men who are assumed to be lights and leaders of thought, such as it is in our days.

In giving the history of this controversy the author of "Americanism, True and False" takes all the freedom of the novelist in mixing fact with fancy, and in construing or coloring his sketch of events to suit his purpose. His essay is not the work of the sober and painstaking reviewer we used to follow in the pages of the *Dublin Review*. Like many another publicist he has suffered himself to be captivated and captured by men who cannot conceive an idea without fancying it is altogether new. Rarely have we read a more biassed, not to say, misleading essay than his "Americanism, True and False." Apparently he knows the whole truth, at least what he writes on page 44 would lead one to judge so; but he has the trick of "Innominato," of playing juggler with capitalized abstract terms, and by this he can always mystify and sometimes delude his reader; his novel-writing has given him a habit of appealing to what he considers to be our popular prejudices, and hence his insinuations that Spanish influences are back of the Pope's condemnation: as if our differences with Spain had not on the whole made us esteem the Spaniard. It is to be regretted that the Pope's beautiful letter has not been received in some quarters with the simplicity of true obedience, that so many seem bent on prolonging the controversy which it decided, and that appeals like the one now in question are made to readers little interested in the whole affair with the effect of filling with confusion minds which might have received some light on the matter from the Holy Father's plain words. Since he has spoken, there is no further need of defining Americanism true or false, and there is no advantage to be gained by striving to account for his decision by imputing to the men who were engaged on either side of the controversy motives of personal ambition or of mutual animosity, as if his decision, occasioned though it was, by the strife of men who may have been acting from purely natural motives, was not the result of his most deliberate and impartial examination of the questions involved, and on his part the expression of good will with which he embraces even the erring in the spirit of "apostolic charity which has inspired all our letters."

SAINT FRANCIS.

By H. G. Smith.

SAINT FRANCIS, my own saint, from the far height
Of old Perugia, looking to thy shrine,
In the fair distance, o'er the gleaming line
Of waiting hills that wear a nimbus bright
Of evening glory on their brow, the light
Of all the heavens, in that life of thine
Reflected seems on earth. New joy is mine,
To muse upon thee in the very sight
Of these same hills that knew thee, where thy feet,
Thy wounded feet, walked slowly, as thy soul,
Pondering high things, forgot all earthly things,
Forgot the creatures wild, that, calling sweet
From branch and thicket, glad of love's control,
For love's sake, rested near with quiet wings.

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The Rev. Dr. Luke Rivington, who died recently in London, began life as a clergyman of the Church of England. He joined the Anglican Order of the Cowley Fathers and was sent first to Africa and then to India, which country he traversed from end to end. He was received into the Catholic Church in Rome, became a priest and devoted the remainder of his life to the work of writing in defence of the true religion. His converts were many. In recognition of his services in the cause of truth the Holy Father made him a Doctor of Divinity. He died peacefully after a few days' illness, leaving behind the record of a noble life, the last part of which was spent in retirement, poverty and devoted labor.

The Pope has granted a plenary indulgence to all the faithful in France and her colonies who once a year in the parish church before the Blessed Sacrament recite the public act of homage in which the royalty of Jesus Christ is confessed, His sovereign rights over the individual, the family and society are acknowledged and a fervent prayer is offered that France as a nation may soon come to acknowledge them.

A recent number of the *Independent* contains an article on the Samoan question by Lloyd Osbourne, a stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson and for a time American Vice-Consul at Samoa. His long residence in these islands makes him thoroughly acquainted with the state of affairs there. "The Samoans," he says, "are without doubt the finest race of half civilized people in the world. Light bronze in color, of magnificent physique, manly, chivalrous, polite, and intelligent, they have compelled the admiration of every traveller, nor does a long residence among them dim the impression first made." He calls attention to the fact that they are Christians. The majority are Protestants, though the Catholics count among their numbers some of the greatest chiefs, among others Mataafa, whom he calls the Samoan Washington. He reviews the events that have led up to the present troubles, relating how, on the death of the late king, Mataafa was chosen to succeed him by almost the entire population, and how Mr. Chambers, the American Chief Justice, "debarred Mataafa by a quibble, in spite of his own written words to Mr. H. J. Moors, yielding to the importunities and sectarian intolerance of his friends, the Protestant missionaries."

We quote the concluding portion of the article in full:

"A provisional government was organized, which, pending a reference of the whole matter to the Powers, was recognized by the English, American and German consular representatives. Then Admiral Kautz arrived in the *Philadelphia*, a would-be Dewey, who precipitately cancelled the existing *modus vivendi*. This great man devoted two entire days to a consideration of the problem; with Mr. Chambers on one hand and the British Consul on the other, he did not hesitate how to act. Mataafa must be put in the wrong, and that quickly, otherwise (in view of the German Consul-General Rose's assurance about the pro-

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tocols), the Powers would be certain to maintain him as king. Kautz thereupon ordered Mataafa to leave Merlinuu, the seat of government, and installed Tanu in his place. Of course it was not long before hostilities began again between the two parties, and Kautz, well satisfied, immediately shelled the Mataafa people wherever they could be found. His generalship was on a par with his humanity; he contrived to get us badly beaten at the battle of Vailele, and has blundered away precious American lives. His only successful achievement has been the bombardment of villages full of women and children. So savagely has Admiral Kautz pursued this self-imposed task that one might think him avenging some terrible wrong. And yet what is the truth? He is killing Samoans because an overwhelming majority of them 'chose their king according to the laws and customs of Samoa,'—*a clause let it be remembered, especially insisted upon by the United States at the Berlin convention of 1889!* That Mataafa has a majority who can doubt, when we hear the baffled American and British commanders calling loudly for reinforcements?

"Admiral Kautz and Mr. William L. Chambers—on the heads of these two the guilt must be. The former will doubtless be retired by the navy department, if not actually dismissed from the service. But what court is to punish Mr. Chambers?''

Blessed de la Salle, the Founder of the Congregation of Christian Brothers, will soon be ranked among the canonized saints of the Church.

The *Tablet* devotes an entire supplement to the discussion of plans for the interior decoration of the new Westminster Cathedral. It gives an illustration of the building showing the monks' choir, the four domes over the sanctuary and nave and the lofty campanile or bell-tower.

In a letter to the Archbishop of Bourges, dated May 25, 1899, the Holy Father regrets that from certain acts recently emanating from the Holy See some persons wrongly took occasion to declare publicly that he had modified his views with respect to the conduct of the Catholics of France in matters political and social. These documents, he says, are on matters of dogma or of Christian discipline, and have nothing to do with the prescriptions laid down for the guidance of French Catholics in the letter of 1892, and in the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*. Nothing has been changed, says His Holiness, and they who think otherwise do an injury to the Holy See.

The above letter is supplemented by another addressed to Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, which is as follows:

My Lord Cardinal:—After the numerous evidences of good will which we have given to France during our pontificate, it was particularly agreeable to learn that French Catholics were more closely united in the National Catholic Congress of Paris in 1897, for the purpose of working together for the good of religion and of their country.

But the result has not fully answered to the general expectation. Accordingly, in answer to the wishes of a great number of French Catholics and without going into the manifold causes of the present state of affairs, we wish to draw your attention to the beneficent influence exercised by Catholic *œuvres* and associations.

All these, whilst preserving their freedom of action in their respective spheres, ought to lend a hand to work in common accord for that in which all good citizens are deeply concerned—the supreme welfare of the French fatherland. As we have said time after time, it is the duty of all Catholics to strive to obtain this national welfare for their country and none are better able to do it than they.

Let them therefore, place themselves

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resolutely upon the ground of the existing institutions which France has set up, and on that platform work for the common good of religion and of the country with that spirit of unanimity and concord with which every good Catholic ought to be animated.

Such has ever been the *rôle* of the true sons of the most Christian nation, and such, we are well assured, will be their mission in the future.

It is in this hope that, calling down upon you the blessings of heaven, we lovingly impart to you and the clergy and faithful of your diocese, the apostolical benediction.

LEO XIII., POPE.

The triduum in honor of the Sacred Heart was celebrated with great solemnity in all the churches of Rome. The highest dignities of the Church, Cardinals, Patriarchs and Bishops vied with one another in officiating at the ceremonies. On the first day the Pope said Mass in the Pauline chapel. He was attended by detachments of the Noble and Swiss guards and many officers of the court, as also by Cardinals Rampolla and Mocenni.

The congregation consisted of about 200 persons from different countries. Several South American bishops were present. Above the altar, brightly illuminated, was a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart. In reciting the divine praises after the Mass, the Pope repeated three times: "Blessed be the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus." He then knelt on a prie-dieu during a Mass of Thanksgiving celebrated by his private chaplain and during the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Litany of the Sacred Heart, was sung by a choir of Augustinians. The same ceremonies were repeated on the second day. On the third day the Pope, in a clear, loud voice, which, however, could not hide the emotion he felt, read in Italian the Act of Consecration. Then followed the Litany and Benediction.

In Paris all the churches were crowded. In the great Cathedral of Notre Dame there was a long procession of men bearing lighted tapers and singing hymns. Cardinal Richard, the Archbishop of Paris, came last, carrying the Blessed Sacrament. Twice the procession stopped and twice the venerable prelate raised the Sacred Host to bless the vast assemblage. When the Blessed Sacrament had been replaced on the altar, Cardinal Richard, kneeling before it, read aloud the solemn Act of Consecration, while the congregation repeated it after him, word for word. Still more solemn was the ceremony at Montmartre on June 18.

In the Council of Latin-American bishops lately convened in Rome, several decrees were passed, but they will not be made public till they receive the Papal sanction. On June 10, 11 and 12 the sessions were opened by the solemn recitation of the Litany of the Sacred Heart.

In the beginning of last April, there was published in China a decree of far reaching importance for the Catholic Church. In order to give our readers a clear idea of the document, which is somewhat lengthy, we cannot do better than reproduce the brief but accurate account of it, sent by Mgr. Favier to friends in Paris. This prelate, so well qualified by his position at Pekin to judge of the value of the decree, sums it up as follows.

By this decree, their Imperial Majesties, of *their own accord*, sanction the Catholic Religion and its worship, acknowledge its actual spread throughout the Empire, and in order to protect it the more effectually promulgate the present edict consisting of five articles.

The bishops are recognized as of equal rank and dignity with Viceroys and Governors of provinces; the missionaries are also honored in proportion to their

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rank. Both bishops and missionary priests are authorized to settle all religious matters *amicably* with the civil authorities. The Sovereign Pontiff is designated as the Emperor of Religion (Kiao-Hoang).

The French Protectorate is recognized with all its privileges. The Minister of France alone is empowered to act *officially;* and bishops must have recourse to him, when they cannot settle matters amicably with the authorities, or when *official* sanction is required for any enactment, or again when necessary to secure the execution of a measure, the details of which may demand State assistance.

In a word, while the Protectorate remains intact, the bishops now possess a rank and power never before enjoyed by them.

The able Minister of France at Pekin, M. Pichon, fully cognizant of the advantages which will accrue to France and religion in consequence of this decree, at once approved it and forwarded copies of it to the bishops.

Mgr. Favier concludes his account as follows: We can hardly number the new converts any longer. Whole districts desire to embrace our holy religion. The battle between St. Michael and Lucifer is on; it cannot last long, and it appears as though the conversion of China were near at hand. *Hæc dies quam fecit Dominus; exultemus et lætemur in ea.*

The total number of Protestants of every denomination in China in 1898 was: 54 societies, 527 ministers, 519 preachers, 675 married women, 724 unmarried ladies, 136 male and 56 female doctors, 2,461 European or American employes, 5,071 Chinese employes, 470 stations with 1,969 annexes, 80,682 followers, 1,766 day schools, with 30,046 pupils, and 105 colleges, with 4,285 pupils.

Military service fails to harm the secular clergy in France. The iniquitous law of 1889 that made it obligatory on all clergymen to serve their term in the army, created a sensation at first, but it soon lost most of its terrors, even in the eyes of the churchmen. In 1889, 4,790 young men took orders. The next four years a slight fall was seen in the number of vocations and in 1894 only 3,311 ordinations took place. But in 1895 a revival began and vocations to the priesthood went on increasing ever since. There were 3,505 ordinations in '95, 3,949 in '96, 4,219 in '97, 4,289 in '98, and 4,681 in 1899. In conclusion, France has at present 55,436 secular priests.

The Eighth Annual Session of the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, N. Y., opened on July 9. The closing date is August 25. The programme offered by the prospectus is varied and interesting. An additional feature of this year's session is the prominence given to athletic sports and out door games by the organization of a Recreation Committee under the presidency of Mr. James E. Sullivan. The erection of several new cottages will contribute to an increase in the pleasure of social life at Cliff Haven.

Sisters Institutes are to be held this year at St. Paul, Minnesota, and Cleveland, Ohio. The opening address at the St. Paul Institute will be delivered by Archbishop Ireland, and among the lecturers are Rev. T. J. Gibbons and W. H. Sheran, Professor Hartigan, and Mrs B. Ellen Burke. The exercises of the Cleveland meeting are to be conducted by Mrs. Baird and Miss Martin.

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DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

June, 1899.

June is always the most active month for the Directors of an Association whose special work it is to cultivate and spread devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The month we are now reviewing was particularly active, because the promise of an Encyclical from the Holy Father on the consecration of mankind to the Sacred Heart, naturally made pastors and people prepare for the feast by novenas and triduums and other special services. Foreign periodicals tell of splendid ceremonies in the great churches of Europe, notable in Rome, in Vienna, where the Emperor took chief part, in Paris and London; and in all these places discourses were given by eminent dignitaries of the Church on the Encyclical of the Pope, since they had the advantage of receiving it in good time. Although it did not reach this country until the Feast of the Sacred Heart, too late for our bishops to act upon it, the assurance that it was coming led many to repeat the Act of Consecration issued twenty-five years ago, and we are glad to observe that all our Local Directors had their ceremonies of consecration according to the suggestions made in the *League Director* for June. It may be that, since we could not have our Act of Consecration on the day appointed by the Holy Father, he may yet assign another day on which we can all unite with him in this solemn tribute to Christ our King, and the suggestion that Blessed Margaret Mary's day, October 17, be chosen for this ceremony is an excellent one, as, besides being a very proper feast for such a service, it comes at a time when due preparation can be made for it, and all are at home to take part in it.

Extent and Growth.

Forty-five new Local Centres were aggregated to our Association during the past month, and fully 5300 new Promoters received their Diplomas in May and June. This only shows that our work is still extending, and that old and new parishes are continually taking it up. These figures do not show the number of parishes in which our Apostleship has been reorganized, nor do they indicate how the work keeps growing wherever it has once been well established, and bringing forth fruit in devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to His Blessed Mother, in the frequentation of the Sacraments and in the spirit of affection and zeal which the services of the Promoters foster among all the members.

League Sermons.

In the Encyclical Letter of our Holy Father on the Consecration of Mankind to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which we published in the July MESSENGER, and in the revised Litanies of the Sacred Heart, which appeared first in our May number, and again, with music, in the issue for June, our Directors will find innumerable topics for setting forth the true character of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and we recommend to them a study of the same as suggested by the article on the Litany given in this issue. The Act of Consecration is a development of our motto: Thy Kingdom Come!

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To Promoters.

We must thank the Promoters heartily for the zeal with which they have labored during the month of June. Every report thus far received from the Local Centres pays a tribute to their devotion and self-sacrifice in behalf of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. More than all others they must feel consoled by the beautiful words of the Sovereign Pontiff on the prerogatives of Jesus Christ and on the efficacy of devotion to His Adorable Heart. More than all others, too, they should feel moved to join in his prayer that all may submit to His rule.

We recommend to our Promoters to study and recite daily the newly revised form of the Litany of the Sacred Heart and the Act of Consecration lately issued by the Holy Father, to circulate these prayers among their Associates, and to conceive a renewed zeal for spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart according to the spirit and statutes of our Apostleship. Now that the Holy Father has, by his letter, decreed what he terms "the crowning perfection of all the honors that people have been accustomed to pay to the Sacred Heart," we should ask our Lord confidently to crown very soon with the aureola of sanctity His servant, Margaret Mary, who did so much to propagate His favorite devotion. But one more miracle is needed to attest the power of her intercession, and our prayers can help to obtain it, and, what is important, the proper proof of it.

The Apostleship at Home and Abroad.

New York Cathedral Centre.— "The Cathedral presented an imposing spectacle on the night of the Feast of the Sacred Heart, when Archbishop Corrigan, prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament, which had been exposed throughout the entire day, recited solemnly and impressively the act consecrating himself and his people to the Sacred Heart, the congregation, which filled every available seat in the immense edifice, responding with a volume of sound that reverberated through the long aisles. The celebration throughout the entire day was dignified and solemn; throngs of people received Holy Communion at the early Mass, and a large congregation assembled for the Solemn Mass at nine o'clock. This Mass was said at the Sacred Heart Altar, which was beautifully and richly decorated in honor of the event. The Archbishop presided at this service and gave a great deal of edification to the faithful thereby. As the sanctuary of the Sacred Heart Altar is restricted, His Grace humbly seated himself in the open space at the foot of the pulpit. The music of the Mass was very impressive, the Kyrie and Gloria were from the famous Mass of the Sacred Heart, composed by Ignatius Mitterer for the official consecration of the Tyrol to the Sacred Heart, some three or four years ago, and was heard for the first time here on this occasion, and gave evidence of great power and beauty of expression. Another feature of the service was the singing of an original 'O Salutaris,' composed for this Mass by Mr. Ungerer, the choirmaster of the Cathedral. The Main Altar on which the Blessed Sacrament was exposed for veneration from six o'clock in the morning, enshrined in the magnificent Ostensorium, the gift of the League, was gorgeous with a profusion of flowers and lights tastefully arranged and making a very effective picture. Large bands of adorers kept watch before the Blessed Sacrament, hour by hour, from ten in the morning until seven at night. At four o'clock in the afternoon the Holy Hour was recited publicly by the Director of the League. A select musical program was given by the Misses Kieckhofer, accompanied on the organ

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by Professor Pecher; the entire congregation joined in singing two hymns during the service, and the effect was remarkable; this was especially noticeable in the singing of the 'Holy God.' The Director of the League read the concluding prayers of the novena, and preached a brief sermon on the nature and importance of the Act of Consecration which they were about to make. After the recital of the Act the Archbishop solemnly intoned the *Te Deum*, which was sung alternately by the Chancel Choir and the large choir of the Cathedral. The services concluded with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by the Archbishop."

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION CENTRE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The subjoined "Order of Exercises" will give us some idea of the character and extent of the preparations for the great Act of Consecration and the observance of the Feast of the Sacred Heart. We need not add that all the services were well attended; at the closing exercises in particular there was not a vacant spot in the church, the aisles and entrance even being packed to their utmost capacity. The number of those who received Holy Communion in the morning was very large.

ORDER OF EXERCISES:

NOVENA BEGINS WEDNESDAY, MAY THE 31ST, BENEDICTION EVERY EVENING AT 7:30.

PREPARATORY TRIDUUM.

Tuesday, June the 6th, at 7:30 P. M. Sermon: Devotion to the Sacred Heart. Its Origin and History—Very Rev. H. C. Semple, S. J.

Wednesday, June the 7th, at 7:30 P. M. Sermon: The Sacred Heart Model of our lives—Rev. B. Maguire, S. J.

Thursday, June the 8th, at 7:30 P. M. Sermon: The Sacred Heart and the Age —Rev. D. P. Lawton, S. J.

Confessions will be heard during the entire day.

Friday, June 9th, Feast of the Sacred Heart: Masses at 5; 5:30; 6:30 and 7 o'clock. At 6:30 A. M. Mass for the League. General Communion for the members of the League of the Sacred Heart.

At 7:30 P. M. Solemn Consecration to the Sacred Heart. Sermon: The Sacred Heart and the Blessed Sacrament —Rev. A. Biever, S. J. Distribution of Badges to the congregation. His Excellency, Most Rev. P. L. Chapelle, D. D., will officiate at the evening service.

ST. ALOYSIUS CENTRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Solemn consecration to the Sacred Heart. In accordance with the wishes of His Holiness, Leo XIII., the people were earnestly exhorted to prepare by a solemn novena for the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. There was a sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament every night of the novena, together with the public recitation of the Litany of the Sacred Heart, recently approved of by the Sovereign Pontiff. The people showed great eagerness in responding to the wishes of the Pope. In spite of the intensely warm weather, the thermometer registered ninety-eight degrees in the shade, the attendance every night, but especially on the three nights immediately preceding the feast, was remarkable. Every one was anxious to have a copy of the new Litany. On the feast of the Sacred Heart itself, besides the solemn consecration we had also the usual reception of Promoters.

The new Promoters numbered forty: of whom eighteen were men. This is the largest number of men Promoters ever received at one time in our Centre.

The hymns recently learned, "Hear the Heart of Jesus Pleading," and "Hark, the Sound of the Fight," were sung with rousing effect by the whole congregation.

ST. PATRICK'S CENTRE, ROXBURY, MASS.—"A double triduum, one to the children, and another to the grown

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people, prepared young and old of this flourishing Centre to worthily celebrate the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and to consecrate themselves unreservedly to its service. On the eve of the Feast seven fathers were kept busy hearing confessions, and the large number of Communions of Reparation the next morning must have gone far towards offering our Divine Lord a recompense of love for the insults He receives in the Blessed Sacrament. All the services were well attended, especially the closing exercises on the evening of the 9th, when even the aisles were crowded. An appropriate sermon was preached, and the Act of Consecration read during Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by Benediction, but the feature of the evening's exercises which will be longest remembered was the unveiling of a beautiful life-size statue of the Sacred Heart Pleading. Nothing could have been more devotional and striking than the ceremonies surrounding this act. At a given signal, the doors of both sacristies were thrown open, and from either side slowly and modestly moved forward the procession formed by some forty school girls. They were dressed in flowing white Grecian robes with wreaths of carnations and other bright flowers encircling each forehead, while a lily, emblem of purity, was held in each clasped hand. As the two lines met before the main altar, they were led down the middle aisle by the tiny maiden who was to unveil the statue. As they moved up the aisle again, singing the hymn "The Vision of the Wounds," three girls attired as angels took up their positions near the sanctuary rail. Around these as centres the other children now formed three groups. As the string was pulled which released the drapery hiding the new statue from view, all the children bent foward, with outstretched hands, in an attitude of supplication, so natural, that it made the sweet strains of the "What could my Jesus do more" seem a spontaneous outburst of fervent piety, rather than a ceremony which had cost the Sisters of Charity in charge of the parochial school many hours of diligent labor. The hymn finished, two of the angels stepped forward to lay their tribute of flowers at the feet of their Master, and then the procession slowly returned to the seats reserved for the children in the body of the church. Altogether, this year's Feast of the Sacred Heart was a memorable one in St. Patrick's Centre, and the large numbers who came to kneel in prayer before the statue at the end of the service lead us to believe that their Act of Consecration came from the heart and will make its influence felt in their daily life."

ST. MARY'S, ELK CO., PA.—"The Feast of the Sacred Heart was celebrated here with all possible solemnity. The pastor of the Sacred Heart Church commenced a short retreat for his congregation on Monday evening, closing with Papal and Sacramental Benediction on Thursday. On Friday he had High Mass at nine o'clock, and in the evening at 7:30 the Act of Consecration and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. At St. Mary's Church, we had sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. Wednesday, and Thursday and Friday, and on Wednesday and Thursday morning High Mass in presence of the Blessed Sacrament. On the Feast itself, Solemn High Mass, and in the evening a sermon, Litany of the Sacred Heart, Act of Consecration, the Pope's blessing, and Solemn Benediction. About eight hundred received Holy Communion. During these days the statue of the Sacred Heart was profusely decorated with flowers, and at each service about one hundred candles, the offerings of the faithful, were kept burning before it.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CENTRE, ST. LOUIS, MO.—"Our novena preparatory to the Feast of the Sacred Heart opened Thursday, June 1. Every morning

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there were devotions for the congregation, and in the evening special exercises, for Promoters exclusively. These last were very largely attended, as a number of Promoters from every League Centre in the city eagerly availed themselves of the invitation of our Rev. Director. The instructions were divided into two parts: the first part consisting of a series of instructions on the organization of the League, and the duties of its Promoters was given by our Rev. Director, Father H. Bronsgeest, S.J.; and the second part, consisting of doctrinal instructions on the devotion to the Sacred Heart, was given by Rev. H. Calmer, S.J. Our zeal and energy were aroused by these instructions, so thorough, lucid, and practical. During the intervals between the instructions and the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament our League choir rendered appropriate selections.

"On the Feast of the Sacred Heart the Promoters received Holy Communion in a body, and during the day made their hours of adoration. At 8 P.M. all assembled for the renewal of the act of consecration. This beautiful ceremony was graciously presided over by our Most Rev. Archbishop Kain."

ST. MARY'S CENTRE, INDEPENDENCE, MO.—"We endeavored to celebrate the Feast of the Sacred Heart in a fitting manner, and I think our efforts were crowned with success. We had a triduum before the Feast, and on the day of the Feast Masses at six o'clock, and at eight, during which the choir sang appropriate hymns. After eight o'clock Mass a number of new members were received. Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament was from 9 A. M. to 7.30 P. M., concluding the day's devotion with Benediction and Consecration of the congregation to the Sacred Heart, according to the decree of our Holy Father, Leo XIII. The altars, or rather the entire sanctuary was beautifully decorated with palms, flowering plants, and cut flowers, and with innumerable lighted candles made a perfect blaze of glory. There were about one hundred and fifty communicants, and a good attendance all day, although the weather was very unfavorable."

DESMET, IDAHO.—"Please send a Diploma of Aggregation to Rev. H. A. Post, S. J., Slickapoo P. O., Nez-Perces Co., Idaho. I promised him to ask you to send it, as he intends establishing the Apostleship there. I am happy to give you the news that on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, which we celebrated with all solemnity, we succeeded in enrolling in the League nearly all the Indian tribe known as Calispels. Our actual number of Associates at Desmet is 581. Besides the Nez-Perces, mentioned above, I will try to start another Centre in Genesee, where a new and zealous pastor has just been appointed."

ST. ROSE'S CENTRE, RACINE, WIS.—"Although our congregation is not a large one the devotion to the Sacred Heart has gained a strong foothold here. This fact was proven by the large attendance during the triduum commenced on the Tuesday evening preceding the Feast of the Sacred Heart as a preparation for a proper celebration thereof, and by the further fact that on the morning of the Feast over one hundred received Holy Communion. Mass was celebrated at 6 and at 8 A. M., the latter being a High Mass. On the evening of the Feast the church was crowded by the parishioners, all desirous of showing their love and devotion to the Sacred Heart. The Promoters attended in a body. The evening services opened with the singing of a Sacred Heart hymn by the choir, followed by an instructive sermon on the devotion itself by Rev. Father Johnson, Director of the League at this place. A beautiful banner of the Sacred Heart was then blessed, after which a procession composed of twenty or more altar boys and the Promoters, one of whom assisted by four little girls in white, carrying the

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banner and followed by Rev. Father Johnson carrying the Blessed Sacrament, marched through the church. The most impressive part of the services then took place,—the consecration of the entire parish and the families thereof to the Sacred Heart,—the responses being made by the Promoters for the families. During the services 200 badges of the Sacred Heart were distributed among the congregation, and many new members were received. The services concluded with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the singing of the *Te Deum* by the congregation."

VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA, ST. VINCENT FERRER'S CENTRE.—Although a Centre of the Apostleship of Prayer has only existed for a comparatively short time here, it has already made rapid progress through the zealous efforts of the Rev. Local Director, Father W. Reginald Thompson, O.P., aided by his efficient Secretary, Mr. Frank McGinley. The regular monthly meeting of Promoters for May was attended by twenty Promoters who handed in detailed reports of their work, showing an increase of thirty-two Associates during the past month, and a total membership of 510. A beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart has been recently presented the Centre. It is to be placed on a handsomely designed pedestal, and the blessing of the statue will form a leading feature of the solemn services to be held on the Feast of the Sacred Heart. A marked increase in the number of communions, especially on First Fridays, furnishes sufficient evidence of the good already effected by the establishment of the Apostleship in the parish. The children's choir by their devotional singing of hymns to the Sacred Heart have added not a little to the attractiveness of the First Friday exercises.

NORTH ADAMS, MASS., ST. FRANCIS CENTRE.—"Our Centre is flourishing. We have about 2,700 Associates, and expect to have 300 more soon. About 2,000 make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament on First Fridays."

———, PA.—"It pleases me very much to let you know that our League is steadily growing. The meetings are well attended, as are also the exercises of the Holy Hour on Friday evenings. I was sick last Winter, and was forbidden by the doctor to leave the house on account of the inclement weather. This prohibition particularly grieved me as the next day was the last of the month, and I had not yet distributed my Leaflets. So I prayed very hard for good weather, and, thanks to the Sacred Heart, my prayer was heard. I visited all the members of my Band, and awoke the next morning feeling as well as ever. I don't think that there is a single one of our Associates who has not some special favor for which to return thanks, and I sincerely trust that the General Intention for June and the Holy Father's Decree will be the means of enrolling all Catholics in the League."

PETOSKEY, MICH.—From April 23 to 30, a retreat was conducted in the Franciscan Church of St. Francis Xavier in this city. The attendance was very good. Sermons were preached in English and German each day of the exercises, and 300 approached the Holy Table. On the last evening of the retreat a beautiful life size statue of the Sacred Heart was blessed and unveiled by the Rev. Local Director, Father Columban, O. F. M. This ceremony was preceded by a sermon on the excellence of Devotion to the Sacred Heart, by Rev. Father Bruno, O. F. M., and followed by a renewal of the consecration of the whole parish to this Divine Heart. It is proposed to bless in the near future a statue of St. Francis Xavier, dear to the people of this Centre by a double title, that of patron of the parish, and chief patron of the Apostleship of Prayer.

From Various Centres.—Immaculate Conception, Boston, Mass.—"The Feast was well celebrated, and many a heart

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was rejoiced and bettered."——St. Joseph's, Kingston, N. Y.—"Our Feast of the Sacred Heart was a wonderful success this year, and the number of Communions almost as large as at Easter."——The Gesu, Milwaukee, Wis.—"It may interest you to know that twenty-three new Promoters received their Crosses and Diplomas on the Feast of the Sacred Heart in our Centre."——Church of the Sacred Heart, Chestertown, Md.—"The League here is growing in favor, and is doing much to increase the spirit of faith among our people. We have been established but a year, and yet results are already visible."

From a Letter of Father Suarez to Father Sancho, of Madrid.

COTTABATTO, OCTOBER 13, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER SANCHO, P. C.

To-day being the time for the steamer *Castellano*—a merchant ship that serves as a gunboat—I will write to you the serious things that are happening here. As the steamer stops here but a few hours, there is no time to lose.

On the 7th of this month, the Sacred Heart delivered all the Spaniards, Chinese and the others from a conspiracy concocted by the native soldiers of this town. Some time ago a company of infantry belonging to the sixty-eighth, which is guarding the town, got up a conspiracy to kill all the inhabitants. The leaders having called all the soldiers one by one to the barracks, engaged and instructed them for the purpose. They bound all the company and some of the policemen under great secrecy. The appointed day was the 7th at seven o'clock A. M., the time of the change of guard.

But it happened in God's providence that General Rios sent the *Castellano* here to bring back the artillerymen of this post and of all the stations along the river. The *Castellano* arrived on the 5th day of this month, and as she went up to La Carriedo, Piguit, etc., it was impossible for her to leave this port the night of the 6th, so she delayed starting till the next morning at half-past five. The traitors were congratulating themselves, but for some reason or other, the *Castellano* could not leave till after nine. Seeing that, the leaders of the company met in the barracks and said, "What shall we do? Shall we kill the Spaniards to-day? or, since the artillerymen are now here, shall we leave them until next Sunday at the time of Mass?" This conversation was overheard by a European soldier, who understood the Tagalo language; he immediately reported it to the Governor. Two days after, all the conspirators were imprisoned; and as it was also discovered that some of the engineers were in the plot, they were disarmed. The official inquiry began immediately and proceeded without interruption and about one hundred and thirty-five peasants, infantry and police were found to be implicated in the conspiracy.

Their plan was the following: First to kill all the Catholics, then to have the same day a big dinner served by the richer Chinese, and at the desserts to assassinate those very Chinese, and the rest of the inhabitants, and to plunder everything. Then to pull out the eyes of the Indian commander to present them as a trophy in Cavite.

I attribute this protection of heaven over us to the Sacred Heart. Many people in Cottabatto receive holy Communion every first Friday and there are Communions of reparation almost every day.

OBITUARY.

Sister Mary Francis Dolan, Buffalo, N. Y.; Lizzie Sirring, St. Louis' Centre, Caledonia, Wis.; Master Joseph Dailey, La Salle Centre, Toledo, Ohio; Peter P. Moynihan, St. Anselm's College Centre, Manchester, N. H.; Mary Scullion, St. Mary's Centre, Norfolk, Va.; Margaret O'Leary, a Promoter of thirty-two years standing at St. Ignatius' Centre, San Francisco, Cal.; Rev. John Veale, St. Patrick's Centre, Memphis, Tenn; Kate Griffin, St. John's Centre, Oswego, N. Y.

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IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 1,860,899.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (1. Thes., v. 18.)

Special Thanksgivings.—VAN WERT, OHIO.—"We wish to return thanks for the return to their religious duties and reconciliation with the Church of two persons who had been absent from the Sacraments for many years, and had been married before Protestant ministers. Both cases had been recommended to the prayers of the Apostleship of Prayer."

"We have the charge of three important institutions. One of these was on the point of being closed for want of means. We prayed and got others to pray, not forgetting to recommend the matter among the monthly intentions of the League of the Sacred Heart. On the eve of the feast of the Sacred Heart, assistance came unexpectedly, just in the nick of time. That institution is now more prosperous than ever. Another of our institutions was in danger. The Rt. Rev. Bishop wished it to be closed. It remained only to arrange how this was to be done. We had prayed as in the other case; we added, as a last resort, a triduum in honor of the Blessed Bernardino Realini. At the conclusion of it, the bishop changed his mind, and made an arrangement which put all on an excellent footing. The most serious difficulty remained. The central institution was financially ruined. We prayed to St. Joseph, the souls in Purgatory, and the Sacred Heart. I promised to publish the favor in your MESSENGER if we escaped the danger. We have done so, when no human help seemed nigh. We are not yet out of all danger, and we ask for further prayer, but we are full of hope of final and signal success."

"It is with profound thanksgiving I ask to have published in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART the return of a young woman to her religious duties after years of neglect, also her cure from drink. Fashionable company caused this second breaking of the law of God. We promised to publish our thanksgiving and do so with grateful hearts. We have had the prayers of the League for years, and we thank the dear Lord for His great mercy to this young woman."

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—"A young lady was sick with stomach trouble, and had been confined seven months to her bed. One physician pronounced the disease cancer, another, who disagreed with him, still thought it would be a long time before her cure would be effected. The girl's father confessor recommended her to pray the Sacred Heart. She and her sister joined the Apostleship of Prayer, to which their intention was commended. In a few months she was pronounced perfectly cured.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—"A Promoter was visiting a family where a young man, a non-Catholic, was seriously ill. The malady had been brought on by excessive dissipation, and although he was so reduced as not to be able to leave his bed, his principal cause of anxiety was lest he should lose his sight, which was growing poorer from day to day, till at length the physicians pronounced the case altogether hopeless. At this juncture the Promoter bethought herself of the many favors obtained through the Badge, and so she asked the young man if he would wear one. He willingly consented to do this, and even to make the Morning Offering daily. The Badge was placed in the bandage about his eyes. In a short time the improvement that took place astonished the physi-

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cians. He has promised to continue the Morning Offering, and as he puts it himself, is afraid that he may eventually become a Catholic. I recommend his conversion to the prayers of the Associates."

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—About a month ago a young lady, who had been suffering for a long time from serious spinal trouble, was recommended to the prayers of the League and publication promised if she was cured. She is now perfectly well, and returns fervent thanks to the Sacred Heart.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—"A young man was so badly burned by a gasolene explosion, that the doctors thought that both hands would have to be amputated. His mother asked our community to make a novena to our Lady of Good Counsel. He has fully recovered the use of his hands, and not even a scar remains."

CHICAGO, ILL.—"We desire to fulfil a promise and return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of our two daughters, aged six and two years, from an attack of scarlet fever. The eldest contracted the disease before we were aware of its character, and when the doctor was called, he reported an additional complication in the form of diphtheria. We at once appealed to the Sacred Heart. At the doctor's second visit the following day, he was agreeably surprised at the change for the better, which he said, was remarkable. He however stated that the younger child would certainly take the disease. We again appealed to the Sacred Heart, and hung a Promoter's Cross and a Jogues Medal around the child's neck, begging Father Jogues' intercession in averting the threatened danger. The sickness came in a slight form but shortly after disappeared. Both children are now as well as ever. This is the second time a request to Father Jogues has been granted to our family in case of sickness."

MT. CARMEL, PA.—"With great pleasure I send you word of two favors through the Sacred Heart. On the very day that our Centre received its Diploma of Aggregation, I was conducting evening service when I was suddenly called out of the church to two persons in a very critical condition. One had had his skull fractured while working in the mines, and was unconscious at the time of my arrival; the other was so weak that she fainted while making her confession. On my return to the church I found my people still there. I resumed the interrupted devotions, recommending the congregation to pray very earnestly for the two sick persons during the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Next morning I was aroused at five o'clock to go to the man whom I had found unconscious the day before. He was in full possession of his senses, made his confession and received Holy Communion, and is at present writing quite well. The other person was out of bed the next day, and is now able to attend to her household duties.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—"Kindly publish the following in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. A Promoter has a friend who for nine years did not practise her religion. Several months ago she induced her to join the League and to make not only the Morning Offering, but also to say the prayers of the second degree. For a while no change was perceptible; in fact the case seemed quite hopeless, for she would allow no one to speak to her in regard to her soul, and the mere mention of the sacraments sufficed to throw her into a passion. However, our Lord was working in her heart, and soon she felt strongly urged to change her life. This she resolved she would not do, and so struggled against the inspiration with all her strength. She gave herself up completely to distractions and amusements, hoping thereby to stifle the voice of conscience, but to no purpose! Presently, all the light seemed to go out of her life. Every-

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thing lost its charm, her old pleasures palled on her, and nothing could expel the one absorbing thought that possessed and made her miserable. In this frame of mind she took to solitude, and to violent, angry grieving, but still she was obdurate and would not give in. The grace, however, was not withdrawn, and although vigorously resisted for some time, yet it conquered in the end. Worn out by suffering, and seeing no prospect of peace save in a return to duty she determined to resist no longer. But a great combat was yet to come. Once in the church the whole revolt rose up afresh in her heart and to confession she could not—would not go. She came back the next day, and the next, and so on for a week, but always with the same lamentable result. At length she made an heroic effort and came off victorious. Since then she has been a weekly communicant She told her friend the whole story and assured her that her peace, and joy, and gratitude are beyond words."

WASHINGTON, D. C.—"I wish to return most fervent thanks to the Sacred Heart for my complete cure.

A year ago, a dangerous operation was performed, and I was so ill the doctors despaired of my life. Masses and prayers were offered up for my recovery and publication in the MESSENGER promised. My life was spared but health was not restored to me, and a second and dangerous operation was deemed necessary at the end of a year of suffering. Since this last, contrary to the expectations of the best surgeons, I have been enjoying perfect health. I feel that my cure is an answer to the many novenas made the Sacred Heart during the interval which elapsed between the two operations. Just before the second, I promised publication of the whole case. I now fulfil this promise with a grateful heart, thanking our Lord for the great blessing of health."

Spiritual Favors.—The return of seven to the practice of their religious duties after years of neglect; a successful mission; a reconciliation between enemies; the conversion to the faith of an infidel; the grace of receiving the last Sacraments; making of Easter duties after five years' neglect of it; conversion of the father of a family addicted to drink.

Temporal Favors.—Relief in serious throat trouble; success of a young physician; pecuniary compensation for injuries received through a fall; cure of a boy suffering from an abscess on one of his eyes; recovery of a sick father; recovery from a very severe attack of gout; success during the past term in studies; aiding in a literary undertaking; success of an operation on a child's eye; the removal of a grave financial difficulty; restoration to the use of reason after three years of insanity; recovery from blood-poisoning; the success of a class; finding of a package containing money; recovery of a child from a severe attack of membraneous croup; happy issue of a dangerous operation; convalescence from typhoid fever; employment for two; successful examinations for two; money to meet a bill.

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THE·READER·

The Rev. P. H. Casey, S.J., Professor of Dogmatic Theology in Woodstock College, has published a reply to *A History of Auricular Confession and Indulgences in the Latin Church*, by Henry Charles Lea, LL.D. "Though Mr. Lea is not to be ranked among the historians of Auricular Confession," says Father Casey, "but among its most prominent antagonists, still he is not one of those ignorant declaimers who rail against Confession as if the very word conjured up some unpleasant memories of their own misdoings. Mr. Lea is a man of varied learning, and displays at times a knowledge of Catholic Theology that is rarely found in a layman outside the Catholic Church. He is, moreover, a man of much reading and extensive research; and his three octavo volumes are a monument, if not to his honesty, at least to his toil. In them he has gathered together everything that has been considered as telling against Confession and Indulgences since the time that St. Peter censured Simon Magus and referred him to God for forgiveness. The author's array of references at the foot of every page invests his work with an appearance of scholarship that has passed with many as a convincing proof of his reliability. Indeed, his collection of references looks like a direct challenge to his opponents. It is precisely here that we find the chief cause for complaint. For it is principally by means of references and quotations that Mr. Lea has succeeded in some quarters in passing himself off as a historian. His references, besides, are remarkably accurate, considering their multitude; and as far as titles and numbers are concerned, they call for little censure. This of itself has deceived many. But the question is, what have we behind the references, titles and numbers? This is what we are going to investigate." Father Casey examines line by line ten pages of the work, as a specimen of the whole. He shows how in his quotations from the early Christian writers, Mr. Lea suppresses here, adds a word or two of his own there, takes silence as an argument in his own favor, and when the testimony is perfectly clear against him, as in the case of St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, St. Chrysostom, he accuses the Saint of inconsistency, vagueness, or temporary excitement. This is what Mr. Lea calls "history."

* * *

"Magazines and Reviews have multiplied to an enormous extent," says the Rev. W. J. Madden in his new book entitled *The Reaction from Agnostic Science*. "They are not what they used to be. They have no particular views, no principles, take no sides, and represent no party. They open their pages impartially to error and to truth alike. They are open debating ground, from which no subject is excluded, where nothing is sacred any longer, nothing exempt from the most searching and adventurous criticism." This absence of clear ideas and fixed principles is one of the greatest dangers of the times, and thus the world is drifting it knows not whither, with the uneasy presentiment that it is drifting into an abyss. It is of the greatest importance, then, that our young men, especially when their education or position destines them to exercise considerable influence over their fellows, should

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begin life with an accurate knowledge of those fundamental principles which form the basis of society, in other words, should have made a thorough course of ethics. All anxious inquirers into these matters will find valuable aid in the lectures delivered at the Law School of Georgetown University by Rev. René I. Holaind, S.J., Professor of Ethics and Sociology at Woodstock College, and Lecturer on Natural and Canon Law at Georgetown University. These lectures are now published under the title of *Natural Law and Legal Practice.* The topics treated include Teleology, Human Acts, Freedom of the Will, Justice, the Individual, the Family, the State, Property, Taxation, Combinations of Capital and Labor Organizations.

A strange criticism of this work has appeared in a Catholic magazine. The critic undertakes to "correct" Father Holaind, and after much legal verbiage, he comes to "a very interesting and instructive episode from Father Holaind's work, which will serve to point our meaning in a way possibly calculated to surprise him."

We think the critic's remarks will surprise not only Father Holaind but every other Catholic who reads them. Father Holaind has quoted, for the sake of an example, the famous contract between Antonio and Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*, where the merchant agrees to forfeit a pound of his flesh to the Jew in case he fails to pay back the borrowed money at the stipulated time. Let us hear the critic. "On this our author proceeds with his dissection of the 'contract.' It is contrary to natural law: Because nobody has the right to cut off a pound of his fair flesh, hence nobody can give that right to another. The mistake in this criticism is that the learned author forgets there is such a thing as municipal law. Portia, whom he sneers at as a woman preferring to annul the contract by a quibble, does not lose sight of the force of municipal law, which is binding until it is repealed."

If this means anything, it means that the law of the State is above the law of nature. Now the law of nature is the law of God, imprinted on our conscience by the Author of our being. It is, says St. Thomas Aquinas, "a participation of the eternal law mirrored in a created intellect." It is the law which forbids murder, adultery, theft, lying, intemperance. Human laws are the product of human intelligence and free will. The Church holds them in the highest respect so long as they do not conflict with the divine law. But as human intelligence is fallible and man's free will may elect to do what is wrong it sometimes happens that the laws of the State do conflict with the laws of God. In such cases God's rights must prevail and we must say with the apostles: "If it be just in the sight of God to hear you rather than God, judge ye."

Even the positive laws of the Church herself must yield to the law of nature. For instance, the Church forbids me to eat meat on Friday, but if I am dying of starvation and can get no food but meat, I am not only allowed, but obliged to eat it because the ecclesiastical law commanding me to do penance must yield to the law of nature commanding me to preserve my life. Any municipal law which is contrary to the law of nature is not only not binding "until it is repealed," but is null and void from the beginning.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS,

New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

Our Monthly Devotions. By Very Rev. Dean Albert A. Lings. Pages 635. 16mo. Cloth. $1.25.

St. Ignatius of Loyola. By Henri Joly. Translated by Mildred Partridge With a preface by George Tyrrell, S. J. Pages, 262. 8vo Cloth.

The Inner Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton. With notes of Retreat and Diary. Pages, 399. 8vo. Cloth.

FR. PUSTET & CO.,

New York and Cincinnati.

Notes on the Catholic Name. By Telesphor Austin, Catholic priest. Pages 90. 16mo. Cloth.

JOHN JOSEPH McVEY,

Philadelphia, Pa.

An Essay Contributing to a Philosophy of Literature. By Brother Azarias. Pages 277. 8vo Cloth, $1.00.

Notes on a History of Auricular Confession. By Rev. P. H. Casey, S.J. Pages 118. 16mo. Paper, 25 cents. Cloth, 50 cents.

B. HERDER,

St. Louis, Mo.

The Reaction from Agnostic Science. By Rev. W. J. Madden. Pages 206. 8vo. Cloth, 75 cents.

THE BURLINGTON PUBLISHING COMPANY,

Burlington, Wis.

Christian Persecutions. By Asa H. Craig. Pages 503. 8vo. Cloth, $2.50.

THE LITTLE COMPANY OF MARY,

Chicago, America.

Saturday. Little Handbook of Our Lady. Pages 54. 32mo. Cloth.

WILLIAM H. YOUNG & COMPANY,

New York.

The Old Patroon, and Other Plays. By George Stanislaus Connell. Pages 103. 16mo. Cloth.

THE GAELIC SCHOOL,

Boston.

Key to the Study of Gaelic, with Exercises and Vocabularies. By John O'Daly. Part I. Orthography. Pages, 80. 8vo. Paper, 50 cents.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, June 1 to 30, 1899.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Boise City	Slickpoo, Idaho	St. Joseph's Mission	June 21
Boston	Boston, Mass	Holy Trinity Church	June 9
"	East Pepperell, Mass.	St. Joseph's "	June 15
"	Lynn, Mass	St. Mary's "	June 30
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. Peter's "	June 6
"	Roslyn, N. Y	St. Mary's "	June 26
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y	O. L. Perpetual Help "	June 22
Burlington	Essex Junction, Vt.	Holy Family "	June 7
*Chicago	Lemont, Ill.	St. Alphonsus' "	June 12
Davenport	Shenandoah, Iowa	St. Mary's "	June 20
Dubuque	Dubuque, Iowa	St. Columbkille's "	June 21
Duluth	Cloquet, Minn.	O. L. of Sacred Heart "	June 28
Fort Wayne	Alexandria, Ind	St. Mary's "	June 9
Galveston	Beaumont, Texas	St. Louis' "	June 2
Harrisburg	Gettysburg, Pa.	St. Francis Xavier's "	June 9
"	Mt. Carmel, Pa.	St. John Baptist's. "	June 6
"	" "	Holy Cross "	June 22
"	Shamokin, Pa.	Assumption "	June 21
"	" "	St. Michael's "	June 22
Hartford	Hartford, Conn.	Immaculate Conception "	June 8
Indian Territory	St. Mary's, Okla	St. Mary's "	June 19
La Crosse	La Crosse, Wis	St. Ann's Orphan Asylum	June 12
" "	" "	St. Francis' Hospital	June 12
" "	" "	St. Michael's Orphan Asylum	June 12
" "	" "	St. Rose de Viterbo's Convent	June 12
" "	River Falls, Wis.	St. Bridget's Church	June 3
*Lincoln	Roseland, Neb	Assumption B. V. M "	June 9
Milwaukee	Brookfield, Wis.	St. Dominic's "	June 3
"	Clayman, Wis	Assumption "	June 28
"	Juneau, Wis.	Immaculate Conception "	June 28
"	Monroe, Wis	St. Victor's "	June 19
Natchez	Columbus, Miss.	Annunciation "	June 26
New York	Blackwell's Island, N. Y.	Penitentiary and Hospital	June 20
"	Washingtonville, N. Y.	St. Mary's Church	June 6
Peoria	La Salle Ill.	St. Hyacinth's "	June 28
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa	St. Gabriel's "	June 16
"	Sharon Hill, Pa.	Holy Spirit "	June 20
Pittsburg	Pittsburg, Pa.	St. Philomena's. "	June 9
"	Charleroi, Pa.	St Jerome's "	June 10
Providence	New Bedford, Mass.	St. Kilian's "	June 6
"	North Easton, Mass	Immaculate Conception "	June 8
Scranton	Montrose, Pa	Holy Name of Mary "	June 19
Sioux Falls	Flandreau, S. Dak	SS. Simon and Jude's "	June 28
Springfield	Worcester, Mass	Holy Name of Jesus "	June 25
Tucson	Tucson, Ariz	St. Augustine's. Cathedral	June 7
Winona	Good Thunder, Minn.	St Joseph's Church	June 12
"	Mapleton, Minn	St. Teresa's "	June 12

Aggregations, 47: churches, 41; institutions, 4; mission, 1; convent, 1. *German-speaking Centre.

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PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of June, 1899, from the 1st to the 30th (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Albany	Albany, N. Y.	St. Ann's . . . Church	6
"	" "	Immaculate Conception . . Cathedral	10
"	" "	Our Lady Help of Christians . . Church	27
"	Glens Falls, N.Y	St. Mary's . . . Convent	7
Alton	Springfield, Ill	St. Agnes' . . . Church	1
"	" "	St. Joseph's . . . "	11
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md	St. Ignatius' . . . "	1
"	" "	Notre Dame . . . Convent	2
"	Newport, Md.	St. Mary's . . . Church	1
"	Woodstock, Md.	Sacred Heart. . . . College	15
Boston	Boston, Mass.	St. Francis de Sales . . . Church	2
"	" "	Immaculate Conception . . . "	14
"	" "	St. Joseph's . . . "	1
"	" "	St. Patrick's . . . "	4
"	" "	SS. Peter and Paul's . . . "	6
"	" "	St. Peter's . . . "	26
"	Canton, Mass.	St. John's . . . "	2
"	Concord, Mass	St. Bernard's . . . "	1
"	Haverhill, Mass.	St. James' . . . "	10
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. Francis Xavier . . . "	4
"	" "	St. James' . . . "	11
"	" "	St. John's. . . . "	3
"	" "	St. John's . . . College	11
"	" "	St. Mary Star of the Sea . . . Church	6
"	" "	Mercy . . . Convent	2
"	" "	St. Patrick's . . . Church	12
"	" "	SS. Peter and Paul's . . . "	6
"	Flushing, N. Y	Transfiguration . . . "	6
"	Huntington, N. Y.	St. Michael's. . . . "	1
Brownsville	Refugio, Tex	St. Patrick's . . . "	4
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	Our Lady of Refuge . . . "	2
"	" "	Holy Angels' . . . "	20
"	" "	Holy Name . . . "	1
"	" "	St. Peter's . . . "	6
"	Medina, N. Y.	St. Mary's. . . . "	8
"	Olean, N. Y.	Mercy . . . Convent	1
Burlington	Middlebury, Vt	Assumption . . . Church	12
"	Swanton, Vt.	St. Ann's . . . School	5
Charleston	Columbia, S. C	Ursuline . . . Convent	1
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Charles' . . . Church	15
"	" "	Holy Rosary . . . "	3
"	" "	Our Lady of Lourdes . . . "	10
"	" "	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel . . . "	1
"	" "	Sacred Heart . . . "	50
"	" "	Sacred Heart. . . . Convent	10
Cincinnati	Camp Washington, O	Sacred Heart . . . Church	4
"	Cincinnati, O.	St. Patrick's . . . "	7
"	" "	Good Shepherd. . . . Convent	9
"	" "	St. Peter's . . . Cathedral	7
Cleveland	Canton, O.	St. John's. . . . Church	6
"	Toledo, O.	La Salle . . . Study	19
Columbus	Bridgeport, O.	St. Anthony's . . . Church	0
"	Columbus, O	Holy Family . . . "	16
Davenport	Council Bluffs, Iowa	St. Francis Xavier's . . . "	18
"	Washington, Iowa	St. James . . . "	2
Denver	Denver, Col.	Immaculate Conception . . Pro-Cathedral	18
Dubuque	Carroll, Iowa.	St. Joseph's . . . Church	1
"	Dubuque, Iowa	St. Columbkill's . . . "	15
"	Livermore, Iowa	Sacred Heart. . . . "	12
Erie	Mercer, Pa	All Saint's . . . "	16
Fort Wayne	Elwood, Ind	St. Joseph's . . . "	10
"	Huntington, Ind	St. Mary's . . . "	25
Galveston	Houston, Texas	Sacred Heart . . . "	6
Harrisburg	Centralia, Pa	St. Ignatius' . . . "	4
"	Harrisburg, Pa	St. Patrick's. . . . Pro-Cathedral	1
Hartford	Danbury, Conn.	St. Peter's . . . Church	6
"	Hartford, Conn.	St. Joseph's. . . . Cathedral	6
"	New Haven, Conn	St. Patrick's . . . Church	25
"	Thompsonville, Conn.	St. Patrick's . . . "	4
"	Willimantic, Conn	St. Joseph's . . . "	30
Helena	Helena, Mont.	Sacred Heart . . . Cathedral	6
Indianapolis	Brazil, Ind	Annunciation . . . Church	3
"	Indianapolis, Ind.	St. John's . . . "	3
"	St. Mary's, Ind	St. Mary's of the Woods . . . Convent	4
Indian Territory	Sacred Heart, Okla.	Sacred Heart . . . Church	4
Kansas City	Marshall, Mo	St. Peter's . . . "	7
La Crosse	Superior, Wis.	St. Francis Xavier . . . "	1
Leavenworth	Hartford, Kans.	St. Mary's . . . "	2
"	Paola, Kans	Holy Trinity . . . "	6
Louisville	Minta, Ky	St John's . . . "	6
"	St. Joseph, Ky	St. Alphonsus' . . . "	3
Manchester	Claremont, N. H	St. Mary's . . . "	5
"	Lancaster, N. H	All Saints' . . . "	9
"	Rochester, N. H	St. Mary's . . . "	3
Milwaukee	Columbus, Wis	St. Jerome's . . . "	2
"	Milwaukee, Wis	Immaculate Conception . . . "	9
"	" "	St. Matthews . . . "	12

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Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		No.
Mobile	Mobile, Ala.	Immaculate Conception	Cathedral	6
Monterey and Los Angeles	Los Angeles, Cal	St. Vibiana's	"	3
Newark	Elizabeth, N. J	St. Patrick's	Church	2
"	Jersey City, N. J.	St. Lucy's	"	13
"	" " "	St. Peter's	"	10
"	Newark, N. J.	St. James'	"	28
"	Paterson, N. J.	St. Agnes'	"	10
New Orleans	St. Gabriel, La	St. Gabriel's	"	2
"	Washington, La	Immaculate Conception	"	6
New York	Millbrook, N. Y	St. Joseph's	"	6
"	Monticello, N. Y	St. Peter's	"	6
"	Newburgh, N. Y	St. Mary's	"	8
"	New York, N. Y	Assumption	"	3
"	" "	St. Augustine's	"	2
"	" "	St. Catherine of Genoa	"	1
"	" "	St. Catherine of Sienna	"	18
"	" "	St. Charles Borromeo's	"	9
"	" "	St. Elizabeth's	"	1
"	" "	Epiphany	"	5
"	" "	St. Francis de Sales	"	15
"	" "	St. Gabriel's	"	7
"	" "	Holy Cross	"	67
"	" "	Holy Rosary	"	5
"	" "	St. Ignatius Loyola's	"	5
"	" "	Immaculate Conception	"	10
"	" "	St. John's	College	21
"	" "	St. Joseph's	Church	6
"	" "	St. Michael's	"	2
"	" "	St. Monica's	"	21
"	" "	Mt. St. Vincent	Academy	6
"	" "	Our Lady of Good Counsel	Church	2
"	" "	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel	"	7
"	" "	Our Lady of Scapular Mt. Carmel	"	6
"	" "	St. Paul the Apostle	"	10
"	" "	St. Paul's	"	2
"	" "	St. Stephen's	"	6
"	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	St. Mary's	"	2
"	Verplanck, N. Y	St. Patrick's	"	1
"	Yonkers, N. Y	Immaculate Conception	"	2
Oregon City	Astoria, Oreg.	Holy Names'	Convent	3
"	Pendleton, Oreg	St. Mary's	Church	1
Peoria	Eagle, Ill.	Annunciation	"	5
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa	St. Charles'	"	6
"	" "	St. Elizabeth's	"	10
"	" "	Epiphany	"	44
"	" "	St. John the Baptist's	"	8
"	" "	St. Malachy's	"	10
"	" "	Our Lady of Mercy	"	12
"	" "	SS. Peter and Paul's	Cathedral	7
"	" "	St. Peter's	Church	14
"	" "	St. Vincent's	Seminary	1
Pittsburg	Crafton, Pa.	St. Philip's	Church	2
"	Pittsburgh, Pa	St. John the Baptist's	"	24
"	" "	St. Paul's	Cathedral	1
Providence	Fall River, Mass	St. Mary's	Church	26
"	North Attleboro, Mass	St. Mary's	"	50
"	Pawtucket, R. I	Immaculate Conception	"	4
St. Joseph	Brunswick, Mo	St. Boniface's	"	4
"	Indian Grove, Mo	St. Raphael's	"	4
St. Louis	Florissant, Mo	St. Ferdinand's	"	1
"	St. Louis, Mo	St. Alphonsus'	"	9
"	" "	St. Columbkille's	"	2
"	" "	Holy Angels'	"	6
"	" "	Immaculate Conception	"	6
"	" "	St. John's	"	4
"	" "	St. Louis	University	7
"	" "	Sacred Heart	Academy	6
St. Paul	Appleton, Minn	St. John's	Church	1
"	St. Paul, Minn	St. Patrick's	"	20
San Francisco	Los Gatos, Cal	Immaculate Conception	"	2
"	Rio Vista, Cal.	St. Joseph's	"	6
"	Santa Clara, Cal.	St. Clare's	"	1
Savannah	Savannah, Ga.	St. John the Baptist's	Cathedral	2
Scranton	Dunmore, Pa.	St. Mary of Mt. Carmel	Church	8
"	Pittston, Pa.	St. Mary's	"	50
"	Scranton, Pa	St. Peter's	Cathedral	12
"	Wilkesbarre, Pa.	Holy Saviour	Church	20
Springfield	Gilbertville, Mass.	St. Aloysius'	"	4
"	Holyoke, Mass	St. Jerome's	"	9
"	Lee, Mass.	St. Joseph's	Convent	4
"	Lenox, Mass	St. Ann's	Church	4
Syracuse	Syracuse, N. Y	St. Lucy's	"	10
"	Utica, N. Y	St. Joseph's	"	6
"	" "	St. Patrick's	"	6
Vancouver	Spokane, Wash.	Our Lady of Lourdes	"	2

Total Number of Receptions, 172. Total Number of Diplomas issued, 1,514.

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CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, AUGUST, 1899.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **The Triumph of the Papacy.**

1	*T.*	St. Peter's Chains.—Seven Machabees, MM	Liberty of spirit.	1,860,899 for thanksgivings.
2	*W.*	St. Alphonsus, Bp C.D.F. (C.SS.R., 1748).	Discretion.	244,953 for those in affliction.
3	*Th.*	Finding of St. Stephen's Body (415).—H.H.	Reverence for relics.	107,279 for the sick, infirm.
4	*F.*	**First Friday.**—St. Dominic, C.F. (O.P., 1221).—1st D., A.C., Pr.	Rosary.	144,109 for dead associates.
5	*S.*	Our Lady of the Snow (366).	Trust in Mary.	42,483 for Local Centres.
6	**S.**	**11th after Pentecost.**—Transfiguration of our Lord.	Fervor in Prayer.	52,462 for Directors.
7	*M.*	St. Cajetan, C.F. (Theatines, 1547).—St. Donatus, Bp.M. (362).	Meekness.	142,161 for Promoters.
8	*T.*	St. Cyriacus and Comp., MM. (303).—B. Peter Faber, S.J. (1546).	Obedience.	557,633 for the departed.
9	*W.*	Vigil.—St. Romanus, M. (Soldier, 258).	Courage.	225,281 for perseverance.
10	*Th.*	St. Lawrence, M. (Deacon, 259).—H.H.	Cheerfulness.	242,925 for young people.
11	*F.*	SS. Tiburtius and Susanna, MM. (286-.95).	Generosity.	98,500 for 1st Communions.
12	*S.*	St. Clare, V.F. (Poor Clares, 1257).	Poverty of Spirit.	120,890 for parents.
13	**S.**	**12th after Pentecost.**—St. John Berchmans, C.(S.J., Patron of Altar Boys, 1621).	Order.	380,402 for families.
14	*M.*	Vigil.—St. Eusebius, C. (298).	Affability.	114,399 for reconciliations.
15	*T.*	**Assumption B.V.M.**—A.I., A.C.	Benevolence.	6,571,021 for work, means.
16	*W.*	St. Hyacinth, C. (O.P., 1257).—St. Roch, C. (1327).	Watchfulness.	4,449,526 for the clergy.
17	*Th.*	Octave of St. Lawrence.—SS. Liberatus and Comp. MM (483).—H.H.	Bearing the Cross.	570,233 for religious.
18	*F.*	St. Helen, W. (Roman Empress, 328).	Spiritual pilgrimages.	109,044 seminarists, novices.
19	*S.*	St. Louis, Bp C. (O.F.M., 1297).	Gentleness.	1,952,633 for vocations.
20	**S.**	**13th after Pentecost.**—St. Joachim, Father B.V.M.—C.R.	Justice.	107,035 for parishes.
21	*M.*	St. Jane Frances de Chantal, W.F. (Visitation Nuns, 1641.—Pr.	Calmness.	112,643 for schools.
22	*T.*	Octave of the Assumption.—SS. Timothy and Comp., MM. (180).	Equanimity.	88,334 for superiors.
23	*W.*	Vigil.—St. Philip Benizi (Servite, 1285).	Frankness	85,613 missions, retreats.
24	*Th.*	St. Bartholomew, Ap. (71).—H.H., A.I	Guilelessness.	74,354 for societies, works.
25	*F.*	St. Louis, K.C. (France, 1270).	Graciousness.	11,419,715 for conversions.
26	*S.*	St. Bernard Ap.C.D. (1153).	Sincerity.	1,732,338 for sinners.
27	**S.**	**14th after Pentecost.**—Pure Heart of Mary.—2d D.	Christian affection.	258,510 for the intemperate.
28	*M.*	St. Augustine, Bp.C.D. (430).	Moderation.	5,396,495 for spiritual favors.
29	*T.*	Beheading of St. John the Baptist.—St. Sabina, M. (126).	Resoluteness.	4,684,356 for temporal favors.
30	*W.*	St. Rose of Lima, V. (O.S.D., 1617).	Mortification.	772,490 for special, various.
31	*Th.*	St. Raymond Nonnatus, C. (1240).—H.H.	Good will.	For *Messenger* readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship*. (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C.R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.—*Holy Hour*); A.I., B.I.—*Apostolic, Bridgettine Indulgence*; A.S.—*Apostleship of Study*.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Acts of Charity	27,526,272	11.	Masses heard	307,289
2.	Beads	455,803	12.	Mortifications	937,018
3.	Way of the Cross	90,937	13.	Works of Mercy	745,711
4.	Holy Communions	105,236	14.	Works of Zeal	2,672,933
5.	Spiritual Communions	953,995	15.	Prayers	6,362,151
6.	Examens of Conscience	507,507	16.	Kindly Conversation	2,099,072
7.	Hours of Labor	871,452	17.	Sufferings, Afflictions	586,779
8.	Hours of Silence	273,295	18.	Self-conquest	449,636
9.	Pious Reading	227,071	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	419,859
10.	Masses read	15,915	20.	Various Good Works	8,522,847
		Total,	54,137,668.		

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXIV. SEPTEMBER, 1899. No. 9.

WITH ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA IN ROME.

By P. J. C.

PILGRIMS who visit the Eternal City out of a spirit of devotion, take but a secondary interest in the monuments of antiquity, the treasures of art and literature, the records of history, the works of architecture, which are such an attraction to others—they look for something grander and nobler than art can supply: they ask like St. Francis Borgia to be shown the homes, the haunts, the scenes of martyrdom, and the last resting-places of the Saints. They look upon Rome as the city of the Saints, empurpled by the blood of martyrs, and care only to see the spots over which the faith, the piety, the heroic endurance of the Saints have shed a halo of supernatural glory and beauty. To such pilgrims the following notes may be of service as an introduction to the sanctuaries and places in and near Rome associated with the name and memory of St. Ignatius of Loyola.

I.

FIRST VISIT TO ROME. 1523.

The Saint's first visit to Rome was on his way as a pilgrim from Manresa to Palestine in 1523. He arrived on Palm Sunday, procured a pilgrim's license from the reigning Pontiff, Pope Adrian VI., and after visiting the churches of the Stations and other holy places, and receiving the Pope's blessing, set out for Venice on foot.

(Ribadeneira: "Vita di St. Ignazio," l. i. c. 10, p. 45. Mariani, l. i. c. 9, p. 52. Stewart Rose: "St. Ignatius and his First Companions," c. 5, p. 78.)

His stay lasted only about ten days, and it is not known where he lodged, probably at the Spanish hospital of *San Giacomo* in Piazza Navona.

Many persons in Rome strove to dissuade him from his purpose of going to Jerusalem, representing to him the risks and hardships of such a journey; but nothing could shake his resolution. They prevailed on him with extreme difficulty on leaving to accept at least an alms of seven or eight *scudi* (gold crowns), to pay his passage from Venice to Syria; but scarcely had he left the city than he repented of his apparent want of confidence in Divine Providence, and gave the money to the first poor person he met. (Mariani: l. i. c. 9, p. 52.)

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II.

SECOND VISIT TO ROME. 1537—VISION AT LA STORTA.

Fourteen years later the Saint came again to Rome, bringing with him two of his companions, Blessed Peter Faber and Father James Lainez. The rest were engaged in missionary work in the cities of Northern Italy.

About nine miles from Rome is a little



VISION IN THE CHAPEL AT LA STORTA.
(From painting by Enrico Bottoni.)

hamlet called *La Storta*, anciently the last station on the route to Rome from the North. A wayside chapel, still preserved, stood at the entrance of the village, and there St. Ignatius entered to pray. Suddenly, being rapt in spirit, amid dazzling light he saw a vision of the Eternal Father, who turning to His Divine Son laden with the cross, recommended to Him Ignatius and his companions. Our Blessed Lord having accepted them as His consecrated servants, still bearing His cross turned to Ignatius and said with great tenderness: "*Ego vobis Romæ propitius ero.*" "I will be propitious to you in Rome." The Saint rose from his prayer full of joy and consolation, yet unable to penetrate the meaning of the vision.

On leaving the chapel he said to Faber and Lainez: "I know not what God reserves for us in Rome; perhaps His will is that we should die martyrs on the cross. . . . . But, whatever happens, of this I am certain, that our Divine Lord will be propitious and favorable to us." And he proceeded to relate the vision he had just seen. (*Acta Sanctorum* 31 Jul. §26, p. 460. Mariani l. ii. c. 8, p. 155. Ribadeneira ii. c. 11, p. 125.)

The little chapel of La Storta is frequently resorted to by pilgrims from Rome. Over the entrance is the following inscription, quoted by the Bollandists, § 26:

D. O. M.

In hoc sacello Deus Pater S. Ignatio Romam petenti ad Societatem Iesu instituendam anno MDXXXVII apparuit, ipsum ejusque socios Christo Filio crucem bajulanti benigne commendans; qui sereno vultu Ignatium intuens his verbis affatus est: "Ego vobis Romæ propitius ero." Thyrsus Gonzalez, Præpositus Generalis Societatis, sacello refecto et ornato, Parenti p. (posuit) anno MDCC.

III.

FIRST RESIDENCE IN ROME.—THE HOUSE ON THE PINCIO.—1538.

The Saint and his two companions entered Rome in October or November, 1537. They were graciously received by Pope Paul III., who readily accepted their offers of service, and appointed Faber to lecture on Holy Scripture and Lainez on Scholastic Theology in the Roman University of the Sapienza. Ignatius devoted himself to works of zeal among the people, catechizing, instructing and giving "Spiritual Exercises."

In Lent, 1538, they were living in a small house in a vineyard on the Pincio,

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not far from the church of Trinita dei Monti.(1) The proprietor was Quirino Garzonio, whom Fr. Ribadeneira describes as "*un gentiluomo onorato e divoto*," (2) and who gave them the use of the house out of charity. (3) Garzonio was the first benefactor of the infant society in Rome, and a little later he rendered great service by defending St. Ignatius when slanderous accusations against him and his companions were brought to Cardinal De Cupis, head of the Sacred College, who was a kinsman of Garzonio. (Mariani, l. ii. c. 10, p. 163.)

Fuller information on this and the other houses in Rome, where St. Ignatius lived, may be found in Padre Tacchi Venturi's "*Le case abitate da S. Ignazio in Roma.*"

Ignatius, as has been observed, occupied himself chiefly in giving the Spiritual Exercises, and many persons of distinction made the exercises under his direction, among them being Cardinal *Gaspar Contarini*, who became a devoted friend of the Saint, and said of him, "This is just the man I have always sought." He made Ignatius his spiritual director, and helped largely to procure him a favorable reception at the Papal Court. He spoke of him to Dr.



CHAPEL AT LA STORTA, NINE MILES FROM ROME.
Scene of the Saint's remarkable vision.

Pedro Ortiz, representative of the Emperor Charles V., once the enemy of the Saint of Paris; and Ortiz, moved by the Cardinal's words, expressed also a wish to make the Spiritual Exercises under St. Ignatius' direction. They went together, for the purpose, to the Abbey of *Monte Cassino* and spent more than a month in that secluded retreat. (Mariani, l. ii. c. 9, p. 157.)

IV.

MONTE CASSINO. MARCH, 1538.

Dr. Ortiz went through the Exercises

(1) It was probably on the slope of the Pincio, overlooking the Piazza di Spagna, near where the present steps are. (P. Tacchi Venturi, "Case abitate da S. Ignazio in Roma.")

(2) Vita di S. Ignazio, l. ii. c. 13.

(3) "Propter Dei amorem," says Fr. Polanco. Monum Hist. S. J. I. p. 64.

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with the greatest fervor for a whole month, and even asked to be admitted into the Society; but Ignatius dissuaded him because of his age, and of his duties as representative of the Emperor Charles V. in the matter of the divorce sued for by Henry VIII. from Catherine of Aragon. At *Monte Cassino* Ignatius was lodged in the Novitiate of *Albaneta*, now a ruin; but the unroofed refectory remains and is still shown by the monks as the place frequented by St. Ignatius. (Stewart Rose, p. 239.) The Saint is said to have given each of the monks at Monte Cassino a copy of the little book, *Imitation of Christ.*

While hearing mass at Monte Cassino Ignatius learned the happy death of Fr. Hozes, his latest companion, who sank a victim to his zeal at Padua. (Ribadeneira, Vita di S. Ignazio, l. ii. c. 12, p. 129. Mariani, ibid. p. 158.) On the return journey to Rome the Saint fell in with the youth, Francesco Strada, already disappointed with the world, and induced him to enter a service where there were no disappointments. (Mariani, p. 158.)

V.

SECOND RESIDENCE IN ROME. 1538.

About Easter, 1835, the other companions of the Saint, viz.: St. Francis Xavier, Alphonsus Salmeron, Simon Rodriguez, Nicholas Bobadilla, John Codurius, Paschasius Broët and Claud Le Jay, were summoned to Rome to advise concerning the plan of life they should adopt, and to assist with their united counsel in drawing up the Institute. The house on the Pincio being too small for their number, they moved to a larger one in the heart of the city, the site of which, says Orlandini, is unknown, though it is supposed by some to have been in the *regione dei Monti.* Their stay in this second house lasted only a few months. (P. Simon Rodriguez, comment. de orig. et progressu Soc. Jesu, p. 63.) Here Ignatius proceeded to submit to his assembled companions his thoughts concerning the erection of the company into a religious order. The fulfilment of their first purpose of going to Palestine was rendered impossible by the continuance of the war between Venice and the Turks, but vast fields for apostolic enterprise opened under their eyes in Italy and Europe generally. God seemed to be inviting them to stem the advancing tide of heresy and irreligion, to devote themselves to the conversion and reformation of souls, and to the spread of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

An account of their deliberations, in particular on the vow of Obedience, may be read in any life of the Saint v. g. Ribadeneira l. ii. c. 13; Mariani l. ii. c. 11, p. 171; or Stewart Rose c. 5.

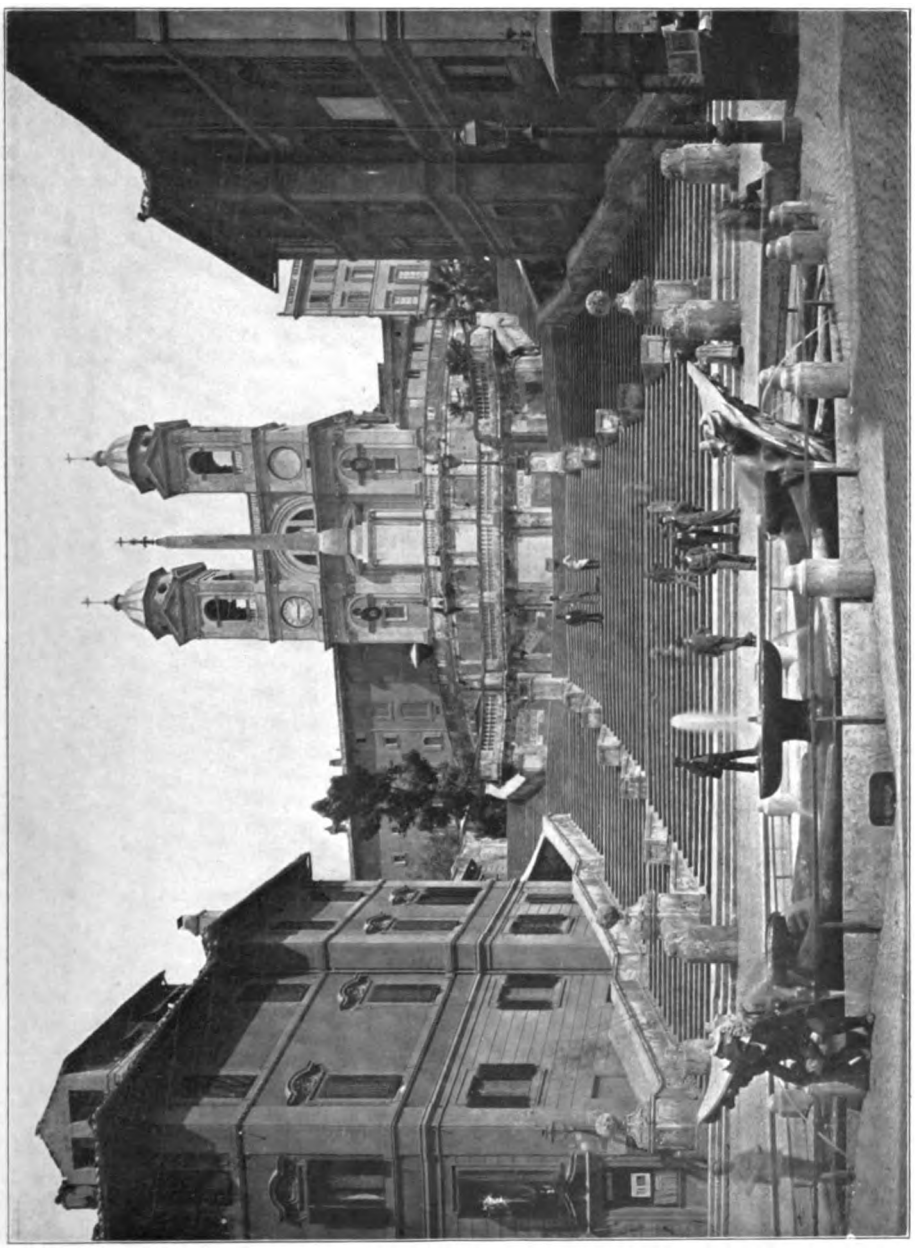
VI.

CHURCH OF ST. MARIA IN MONSERRATO, ROME. 1538—1539.

In May, 1538, Pope Paul III. went to Nice to try to reconcile Charles V. and Francis I. Cardinal Carafa was left as Legate at Rome, and he gave Ignatius and his companions extensive facilities to preach and hear confessions. This was the favor they had long been praying for. They at once began to preach in the different churches of the city, the two professors at the University, Peter Faber and James Lainez, taking their turn in preaching with the others. St. Francis Xavier and Blessed P. Faber gave courses of sermons in the church of *San Lorenzo in Damaso*, Fr. Salmeron in that of *Sa. Lucia in Gonfalone*, Fr. Lainez at *San Salvatore in Lauro*, Fr. Le Jay at *San Luigi dei Francesi*, Fr. Rodriguez at *Sant Angelo in Pescheria*, and Fr. Bobadilla at *SS. Celso e Guiliano ai Banchi.* Ribadeneira l. ii. c. 13. He omits, however, St. Francis Xavier. (1) St. Ignatius preached at the Spanish church, *Santa Maria in Monserrato*, and in a letter to Doña Isabel Roser, he says:

(1) A statue of the Saint and an inscription in the above church are a memorial of his sermons there. Mariani l. ii. c. 9, p. 159, speaks of St. Francis Xavier's sermons in that church.

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CHURCH OF "TRINITA DEI MONTI," ROME.
Near this church was the first residence of St. Ignatius and his companions in Rome.

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"All the others preached in Italian, I only in Spanish." He adds that they had much larger audiences than they expected, for sermons in Rome were unusual out of Lent and Advent; again after the devotions of Lent, men were little inclined to listen to another course of sermons; and being foreigners, the Fathers lacked the graces and elegance of style, so much cultivated at the period. Yet the fruit of their labors was marvelous. The Sacraments, long neglected, were again frequented; the clergy, stimulated by the example of the new preachers, roused themselves to fresh zeal; sermons and instructions became more frequent; the churches were better attended, and the whole aspect of the city seemed changed.

Ignatius' sermons at Santa Maria in Monserrato attracted crowds of the faithful; the language was simple, but the fervor and unction that accompanied it, made it penetrate every heart, and none of the Fathers reaped such a harvest of souls as he. Even the greatest scholars of Rome came to listen to him, and felt that a Saint was addressing them. Dr. Ortiz boasted that he never missed one of Ignatius' sermons at Santa Maria in Monserrato.

The Saint's instructions in this same church will be mentioned further on.

VII.

THIRD RESIDENCE IN ROME, NEAR THE TORRE DEL MELANGOLO.

1538.

In the Autumn of 1538, they again moved to a much larger house, close to the *Torre del Melangolo* in the Piazza Margana.

Father Simon Rodriguez (comment de orig. et prog. soc. p. 66), says the house was tenantless because it was reported to be haunted. Possibly for this reason St. Ignatius may have got it at a reduced rent.

St. Francis Xavier mentions the *Torre del Melangolo* in his letters from India; and the letters of Blessed Peter Faber from Germany between December 1539, and February 1541, were addressed: "*Apresso la torre del Melangolo en casa di M. Ant. Fravpane* (1) *in Rome.*"

In the Winter of 1538-39, a great famine desolated Rome, and St. Ignatius with his companions collected some three hundred or four hundred poor persons daily in this house. (Ribad l. ii. c. 15, p. 143.) The alms of charitable persons enabled them to purchase food and clothing, and it is stated that about three thousand persons received assistance from the Fathers during this period of distress.

The deliberations and discussions on the Institute were here continued and brought to a successful end on June 24, 1539. It was left to Ignatius to draw up the Formula or outline of the Institute to be presented to the Pope.

The important events of the confirmation of the Institute, the election of St. Ignatius as General, the solemn profession at St. Paul's to be related further on, took place while they were still living near the Torre del Melangolo.

On March 16, 1540, St. Francis Xavier bade farewell to St. Ignatius and his companions at this same house, when called to his glorious apostleship in India. See No. XI.

VIII.

PERSECUTION IN ROME. INTERVIEW WITH THE POPE AT FRASCATI.

Soon after Easter, 1538, a terrible storm arose that threatened to wreck the Society at its very start. The Saint writing on December 19, 1538, says: "For eight months, we have gone through the most violent opposition and persecution we have ever endured in our life." Briefly, the circumstances were these: A certain Fra Agostino of the Order of the Augustinians, a man gifted with marvelous eloquence but infected with Lutheran errors, began in the absence of the Pope from Rome, disguisedly and

(1) Frangipane.

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TORRO DEL MELANGOLO, PIAZZA MARGANA, ROME.
Near this tower was the third residence of St. Ignatius and his companions in Rome.

in veiled language to introduce these errors into his sermons. Fathers Lainez and Salmeron quickly detected the danger and thought it their duty to call on the friar and gently remonstrate with him ; but he, irritated by their warning, drove them from him as malicious and ignorant persons. As he continued to preach false doctrine, the Fathers had no resource but to refute his dangerous views publicly in their sermons. Thereupon the friar attacked St. Ignatius and his companions furiously from the pulpit. He called the Saint "a wolf disguised as a shepherd, who had committed frightful ravages in several of the first Universities of Europe . . . under the mask of sanctity, a man convicted of heresy at Salamanca, Paris and Venice, who had escaped death only by flight."

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As the accusation would have been disastrous to the Society if left unanswered, the Saint went to Monsignor Conversini, Bishop of Bertinoro, the Governor of Rome in the Pope's absence, to ask for an immediate trial. This was granted, the accusations were promptly refuted, and Fra Agostino, with two accomplices, was compelled to retract, but no formal sentence was given. The Saint, knowing how difficult it is to destroy a falsehood, once it has been spread among the people, pressed for a formal judgment and sentence. As Agostino had been supported in his calumnies by two or three persons of wealth and high standing, the Legate (Cardinal Carafa), and the Governor of Rome (Monsignor Conversini), were reluctant to proceed to an explicit condemnation of the offenders, and thought Ignatius ought to be satisfied with the public retraction offered by his accusers. The Saint, however, still pressed for a formal sentence.

After the Pope's return from Nice, he sought an interview with him at Frascati, and begged for the justice refused him by Conversini. The trial was recommenced, the Saint's innocence triumphantly vindicated, and a verdict pronounced that silenced his accusers forever. (Ribadeneira l. ii. c. 14, p. 136–139. Mariani l. ii. c. 10, p. 161–169.)

Fra Agostino came to a sad end He fled to Geneva, laid aside the religious habit, publicly attacked the Church, and finally perished in Spain at the hands of the Inquisition.

IX.

SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE, THE SAINTS' FIRST MASS, DECEMBER 25, 1538.

St. Ignatius had been ordained priest at Venice, with six of his companions, by the Bishop of Arba, Vincenzo Nigusanti, on June 24, 1537.(1) He spent eighteen months preparing for his first Mass, during which time he had been severely tried by a storm of calumny at Venice, and a second one more violent still in Rome. These troubles were now happily over. Our Lord had been favorable to him in Rome, and full of holy joy and consolation, he prepared to offer up for the first time the adorable sacrifice of the altar. His devotion to our Blessed Lady prompted him to choose her chief sanctuary in Rome for this great event. In the basilica of *Santa Maria Maggiore* in the chapel of the *Presepio* or "*sacred crib*," transported by Sixtus V. from its original position adjoining the basilica to its present place below the altar of the Blessed Sacrament in the *Cappella Sistina*.(2) Behind the altar of this chapel was preserved the relic of the *sacred manger*, where our infant Lord was laid at Bethlehem. It consists of five boards of the manger enclosed in a magnificent reliquary, six feet high, adorned with bas-reliefs and statuettes in silver. At this altar of the Nativity the Saint chose to offer his first Mass, as if to make up for his inability to visit the real Bethlehem and "there offer for the first time the Body of his Love on the very spot where He came amongst us." (Genelli)

In a letter to his brother Martin dated February 15, 1539, he wrote: "I went at Christmas to Santa Maria Maggiore, and said there, with the help and grace of God, my first Mass, in the chapel which contains the crib where the infant Jesus was laid."(3)

N. B. A sketch of this *Chapel of the Crib*, as it was in St. Ignatius' time, will be found in Stewart Rose's "St. Ignatius Loyola and the Early Jesuits." P. 259.

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(1) Acta Sanct. 31 Jul. § 24. n. 249. p. 456.

(2) The chapel, the work of Innocent III. and Honorius III. was moved bodily by Fontana, at Sixtus V.'s order to its present place under the altar of the Blessed Sacrament.

(3) The letter to his brother was never received, as Martin had died two months before, though Ignatius did not know it.

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X.

CHURCH OF ARA COELI.

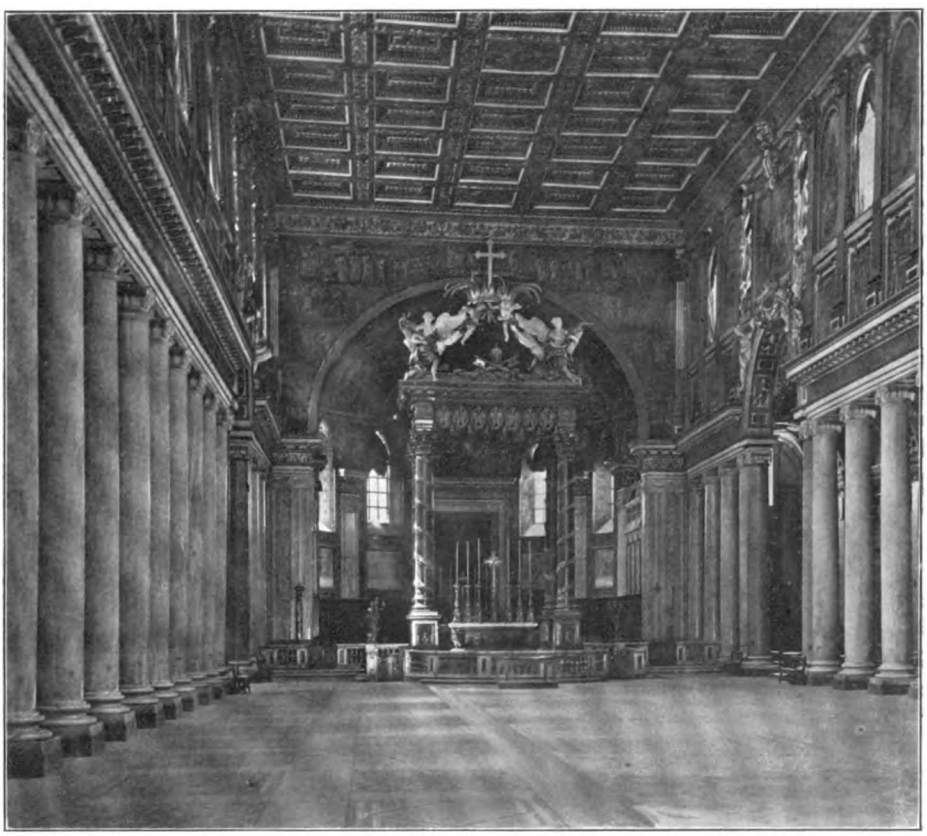
ST. IGNATIUS PREDICTS THE VOCATION OF ST. FRANCIS BORGIA.

The following incident is related by Stewart Rose. (Life of St. Ignatius, etc. p. 258.)

When Ignatius had not been long in Rome a young man came there whom he had known at Barcelona — Miguel Arrovira, much in favor at the court of Prince Philip. Ignatius had one day said to him, not in answer to anything told in confidence, but guessing his thoughts: "You intend to marry! Alas! how you will repent it. What trials await you!" and this happened as the Saint had predicted.

At Rome Miguel met Ignatius coming from Ara Coeli, and showed him a letter from Francis Borgia, then Governor at Catalonia, whose wife Leonora was still alive.

"You will one day," said Ignatius, "see the man who wrote that letter a member of the Company of Jesus and its head." And this prophecy too, Arrovira saw fulfilled.



BASILICA OF ST. MARY MAJOR, ROME.

The nave here represented was built in A.D. 432. The large arch on the right leads to the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament and to the altar of the "Sacred Crib," where St. Ignatius said his first Mass. (1)

XI.

TIVOLI.

THE INSTITUTE VERBALLY APPROVED BY PAUL III. ON SEPTEMBER 3, 1539.

It was stated above (No. VII.) that the deliberations on the Institute by the

(1) The coffered ceiling was gilt with the first gold brought by Columbus from America, and presented to Alexander VI. by Ferdinand and Isabella.

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first Fathers of the Society were brought to a successful end on June 24, 1539.

A unanimous decision was arrived at in favor of the addition of a third vow of Obedience to the vows they had already taken at Montmartre of Poverty and Chastity ; and a document was drawn up and signed by all the companions on April 15, 1539, which pledged them all to enter the Society as soon as it was approved by the Pope.

On May 4, the fourth vow, now taken by the professor, to go on any mission on which the Pope shall send them in any part of the world, was decided on.

It was then left to Ignatius to draw up the *Formula of the Institute* or the whole plan of life, on which they had been deliberating, and to submit it to the Pope.

The Saint wrote out the substance of their resolutions in five chapters and gave the manuscript to Cardinal Contarini, who presented it to the Pope. His Holiness received it graciously, and handed it for consideration to the Master of the Sacred Palace, Tommaso Badia, a Dominican. Badia kept it two months, then returned it to the Pope with great commendations. The Pope was then in his castle at Tivoli. When he had heard the papers presented by Ignatius read to him, he exclaimed "*Digitus Dei est hic*," "The finger of God is here."

On the 3d of September, 1539, Cardinal Contarini communicated to St. Ignatius the good news that His Holiness was well pleased with the Formula of the Institute presented to him, which he designed to approve and confirm. (Stewart Rose, ibid. p. 263. Ribad. l. ii. c. 17, p. 149. Mariani l. ii. c. ii. p. 175.)

Cardinal Contarini's letter will be found in *Acta Sanctorum*, 31. Jul. §29. n. 301. p. 457.

FIRST NOVICES OF THE SOCIETY 1540.

Though the Society was not yet formally approved, it counted in the year 1539 about a dozen novices in the house near the Torre del Melangolo. Such was their fervor that Maffei says they seemed like a community of angels.

One of these was *Don Pietro Codacio*, who will be referred to further on ; another was the boy *Pedro Ribadeneira*, who afterwards wrote the life of the Saint, about whose vocation see the interesting account in Mariani, Vita di S. Ignazio, l. ii. c. 4. p. 209 ; Stewart Rose, Life of S. Ignatius c. 5. pp. 268–269.

Pedro entered the Society in September, 1540, nine days before the Papal Bull formally approving the Society was issued.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER LEAVES FOR INDIA. 1540.

He received the order on March 15, 1540, and the next day he started for Portugal with Pedro Mascarenhas, the Portuguese ambassador.

The touching scene of his farewell to St. Ignatius and the First Fathers should be read in Ribadeneira, l. ii. c. 16, p. 146. St. Ignatius' last words to him on the threshold of the house near Torre del Melangolo were, "*Ite, omnia incendite et inflammate.*" "Go set the world on fire and in flame." Father Simon Rodriguez, also destined for India, but retained by King John III. in Portugal,(1) had left Rome about a month previously.

XII.

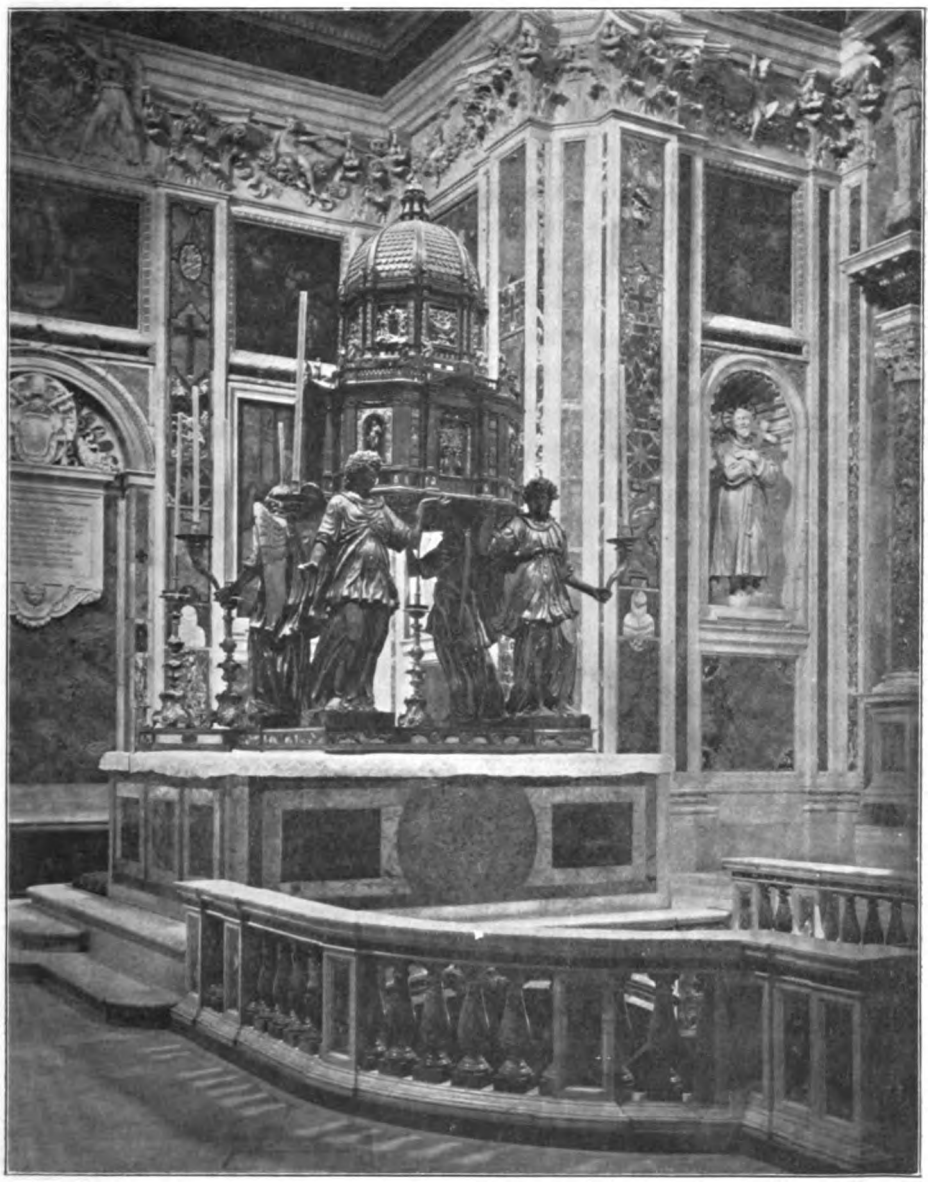
PALAZZO DI VENEZIA.—CHURCH OF SAN MARCO.—FORMAL APPROVAL OF THE SOCIETY BY THE BULL "REGIMINI MILITANTIS ECCLESIÆ. SEPTEMBER 17, 1540.

A heavy trial, more painful even than the calumnies of Fra Agostino, afflicted St. Ignatius and the First Fathers for nearly a year after the verbal approbation of the Society in September, 1539.

The Pope had appointed a committee of three cardinals to examine the "Constitutions." One of these was Cardinal *Guidiccioni*, a man of great weight from

(1) He was naturally acceptable to the King, as he was a Portuguese of noble birth.

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ALTAR OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, BASILICA OF ST. MARY MAJOR, ROME.
In the "confessio" or arched space beneath this altar is the altar of the "Sacred Crib," where St. Ignatius said his first Mass.

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his extraordinary virtue and learning, who objected to the approval of any new religious order, and was strongly of opinion that all existing religious orders ought to be reduced to four. His violent opposition made the Pope hesitate to give his formal approval, and for a time it was feared that the question of the Society was going to be set aside altogether.

St. Ignatius and his companions met the Cardinal's opposition by prayer. The Saint promised several thousand Masses in thanksgiving if this trying obstacle were removed. Suddenly, miraculously it would appear, the Cardinal, who had hitherto refused even to read the papers on the Institute, sent for them, examined them carefully, and gave them his unqualified approval. This wonderful change had its effect on the Pope, Paul III., who soon after signed the Bull *Regimini Militantis Ecclesiæ* on the feast of SS. Cosmas and Damian, September 27, 1540.

The Pope was staying at the time at the *Palazzo di Venezia*, and the bull is signed *Apud Sm. Marcum*, the church attached to the Palazzo.

The joy of the Fathers was unbounded. Hundreds of Masses were offered up for Cardinal Guidiccioni. St. Francis Xavier heard the good news before sailing for India, and on March 17, 1541, he wrote from Lisbon: "The number of Masses that we have celebrated for Cardinal Guidiccioni amounts to two hundred and fifty, from the time of our leaving Rome to the present day. May God our Lord grant us grace to offer the rest in India. (Coleridge. Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier i. p. 98.)

XIII.

CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA STRADA. DON PIETRO CODACIO. 1540.

A rich prelate of the Papal Court, named *Don Pietro Codacio*, had entered the Society in 1539, being the first Italian to do so. He had been Maestro di Camera to two Popes, was much esteemed by Pope Paul III. and had prospects of being raised to the Cardinalate, when suddenly he forsook everything to become a poor religious. (Mariani, l. v. c. 5, p. 371.) On November 18, 1540, while he was still a novice (therefore before his renunciation), the Pope bestowed on him the benefice of the parochial church of *Santa Maria della Strada*. Possibly the Pope did this at his request, intending really through him to give the church to the Society. (*P. Tacchi Venturi.* "Le case abitate da S. Ignazio in Roma.")

The Society began to use the church in November, 1540, and St. Ignatius conceived a very tender devotion to the picture of *Our Lady della Strada* (1) there venerated.

(See MESSENGER of SACRED HEART, April, 1896, p. 269.)

Fr. Pietro Codacio obtained the Pope's leave to hand over the church to the Society, and the transfer was made by a special Bull dated June 24, 1541. (2)

Fr. Codacio was greatly esteemed by St. Ignatius and accorded the honors of a founder. So strong was his love for the Society that St. Ignatius used to say of him: "Blows even would not drive him out of it." (Menology S. J. Dec. 7.) Several letters of. St. Francis Xavier are addressed to Father Codacio.

The alterations made in the Church of Santa Maria della Strada, and its final destruction to make way for the present Church of the Gesu will be referred to further on.

XIV.

ST. IGNATIUS ELECTED GENERAL, APRIL 1841. SAN PIETRO IN MONTORIO.

The Papal Bull constituting the Society a religious order was not formally promulgated till the Spring of 1541. Hither-

(1) Mariani says that our Blessed Lady thus received the Society into her house from its very birth.

(2) The church was in the most frequented and important part of the city, the very place St. Ignatius had set his heart on.

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to the Society had been without a General, it now became necessary to elect one. The history of the election of St. Ignatius, and of his repugnance and even refusal to accept the office till compelled by his confessor, may be read in any life of the Saint.

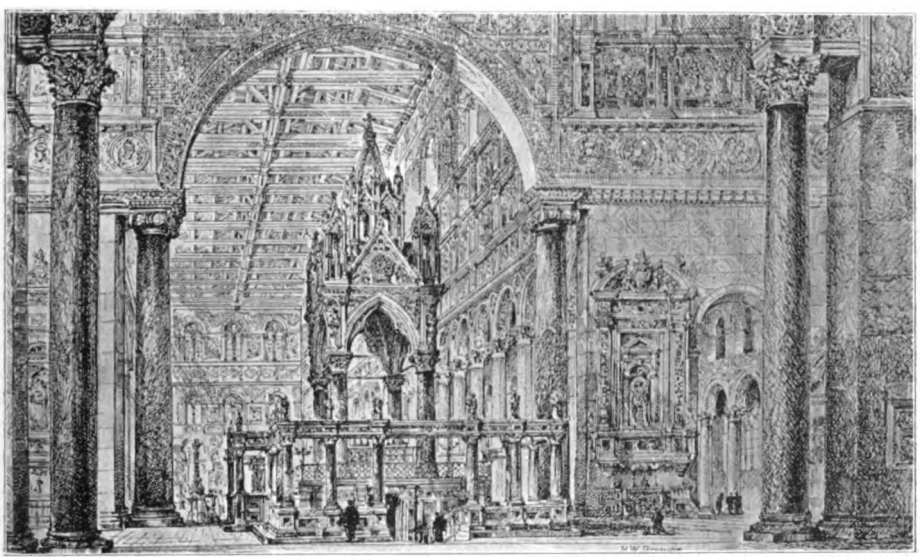
It will suffice here to mention one or two incidents. *St. Francis Xavier* had left his vote in writing signed with his name. He declared that he thought it right in his conscience, that their old and true father, Master Ignatius, who had brought them together with so much labor, should be their Superior.

"He will know best how to preserve us, guide us, and urge us on to better things, because he thoroughly understands each one of us."

St. Ignatius, though unanimously elected, declared he could not accept the office. He pleaded his faults, sins and deficiencies, and begged them to spend three days in prayer and then proceed to a fresh election.

He was again unanimously elected, but still remonstrated and refused. Fr. Lainez arose and said: "Father, yield to the will of God, for if you do not, the Company may dissolve itself, for I am resolved to recognize no other head than the one God has chosen." (Mariani l. iii. c. 1. p. 195.)

St. Ignatius agreed to submit the decision to his confessor, Fra Teodosio, a Franciscan, of the convent of *San Pietro in Montorio*. To him after spending three days in prayer, he made a general confession, using every means to prove his unworthiness and unfitness for the office. Fra Teodosio, however, declared in a written opinion, opened and read before the first Fathers, that Ignatius was obliged to submit to the desires of his companions and to accept the office imposed on him. The Saint returned home from San Pietro in Montorio on April 9, and reluctantly entered on the office of General on April 13, 1541.



INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S OUTSIDE THE WALLS, LOOKING TOWARD THE NAVE AS IN THE TIME OF ST. IGNATIUS.

At the altar on the left of the high altar, St. Ignatius and his Companions made their solemn vows.

While staying at the convent of *San Pietro in Montorio*, he cured a young Franciscan lay brother, named Mattei, who was suddenly possessed by an evil spirit and suffering horribly. (Mariani l. iii. c. 1. p. 196.)

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XV.

SOLEMN PROFESSION AT ST. PAUL'S OUTSIDE THE WALLS, FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1541.

April the 15th, the second day after St. Ignatius had entered on the duties of General, was fixed for the solemn *Profession* or the taking of their religious vows. Besides Ignatius, only five of the first Fathers were at Rome at the time, viz.: Frs. Codurius, Le Jay, Broët, Lainez and Salmeron.

The basilica of St. Paul outside the walls was selected for the profession as most conducive to recollection, being remote from the city and little frequented. They first made the visit to the other six churches, and must have started at three or four o'clock in the morning to reach St. Paul's by eight or nine A. M. The novices seem to have accompanied them, for Fr. Ribadeneira, who describes the event, says he was present. (l. iii, c. 1, p. 157.)

On reaching St. Paul's, St. Ignatius said Mass at the altar of Our Lady, which was on the Gospel side of the high altar, the opposite side to the miraculous crucifix that spoke to St. Bridget. This altar was enclosed by a grill of iron, and in it the Blessed Sacrament was reserved. In the life of St. Ignatius, by Stewart Rose, is a beautiful sketch of the interior of St. Paul's restored, by H. W. Brewer, showing the spot where the profession took place.

Before communicating, the Saint turned towards his five companions kneeling round the altar, and, holding in one hand the Sacred Body of our Lord, and in the other the form of his vows, he read it aloud and received the Blessed Sacrament.

The other Fathers, each in turn, then recited their vows, handing the written forms to Ignatius, and received Holy Communion. After Mass and thanksgiving, they visited the seven privileged altars of the basilica, and, returning to the high altar, they all embraced the Saint, kissing his hand with great reverence, shedding tears of joy.

(Ribadeneira l. iii. c. 1, p. 156. Stewart Rose, c. 5, p. 279.)

St. Francis Xavier had set sail from Lisbon on April 7, the Thursday in Passion week, while the election was actually proceeding, and his vote for Ignatius was counting with the rest.

On April 15, while the solemn profession was taking place at St. Paul's outside the walls, he was already some distance on his way to the remote lands he was to conquer to Jesus Christ; but his heart and thoughts were with his brethren in Rome. He tells them in his letter, that he is perpetually looking on them with the eyes of the mind, and that he has their images stamped on his heart. (Coleridge, Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier I. p. 180.)

XVI.

FOURTH RESIDENCE: OPPOSITE THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY DELLA STRADA, 1541 TO 1544.

The transfer of this church to the society referred to above made it necessary to leave the Torre del Melangolo and rent some house as near as possible to the church. None could be found but an old, rickety tenement, belonging to Camillo Estalli, with wretched accommodations, having but one advantage, that of being opposite the church (P. Ribadeneira l. iii. c. 1. p. 153.) This the Saint engaged for thirty scudi a year, about February, 1541. The community at the time consisted of St. Ignatius, Frs. Salmeron and Codurius and about a dozen novices, two of these being Fr. Pietro Codacio and the boy, Pedro Ribadeneira. Many other novices were studying in Paris. They seem to have left the house near the Torre del Melangolo in February, 1541. The address on Blessed Peter Faber's letter of March 12, 1541, is: "Frontero a S^{a} Maria de la Estrada, appresso Santo Marco."

Their stay in this fourth residence lasted till September, 1544, and Fr.

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Ribadeneira says the house was destroyed when the modern residence of the Gesu was built.

XVII

DEATH OF FR. JOHN CODURIUS, AUGUST 29, 1541. VISION ON PONTE SISTO.

A few months after the profession at St. Paul's,(1) Fr. John Codurius was attacked with a dangerous illness. Ignatius went to offer up the Holy Sacrifice for him at San Pietro in Montorio, and passing the Ponte Sisto, he suddenly lifted his eyes to heaven and said to his companion, Fr. John Baptist Viola, "Let us return, Codurius has just died." The Father had expired at that moment. Ignatius never explained what he had seen, but his disciples believed that he beheld the very vision which he himself described as granted to a pious person in a letter to Faber soon after—Codurius, surrounded by a blaze of light, accompanied by angels, ascending into heaven. (Mariani l. iii. c. 2. p. 202. Fr. Ribad. l. iii. c. 1. p. 158. Stewart Rose c. 6. p. 279.)

Fr. John was born and ordained on St. John Baptist's Day, and died on the day of his martyrdom, at the same age as the Baptist. He was esteemed by the other Fathers as a man of consummate virtue.

(1) Fr. Ribadeneira, who was present, says that on returning from St. Paul's, Fr. Codurius seemed to be beside himself with joy; his heart was on fire, and he walked before the others as though carried along by the Holy Spirit.

XVIII.

FIFTH AND FINAL RESIDENCE. SANTA MARIA DELLA STRADA. 1544.

Adjoining the church of *Our Lady della Strada* was a small house with garden left to the Society by F. Pietro Codacio. This building St. Ignatius began to enlarge in 1543, partly on ground bought with alms given to the Saint and to Fr. Codacio, partly on the site of the old church of *S. Andrea delle boteghe oscure* given by the Pope to the Society for the purpose of erecting a suitable residence there. (Bull of Paul III. dated 3 Aug. 1543 in MS. Rom. Hist Dom. Prof. n. 7.)

St. Francis Xavier in a letter from Lisbon, March 18, 1541, speaks of the alms the King of Portugal intends sending for the building of this house (Coleridge, Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier I. p. 95.)

In September, 1544, the building was sufficiently advanced to be at least partially occupied, and the Saint and his community then took possession of this, the *first Professed House* of the Society, the first house it could call its own. Its general character may be gathered from the rooms of the Saint, which are still reverentially preserved. Here the great founder of the Society of Jesus spent the last twelve years of his life, from November, 1544, to July 31, 1556.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE CATHOLIC INDUSTRIAL VILLAGE OF SHANGHAI.

SHANGHAI, April 20, 1899.

DEAR REV. FATHER:

Grave reasons seemed to recommend not troubling you further upon the subject of the Christian Cotton Mill, of Shanghai, which is for the future to be independent of the American Trading Company. But a graceful little letter with an alms sent me from Illinois, and the instances of Rev. Fr. Hornsby, S. J., as well as certain happy changes in the celebration of divine service, determine me to write you these few lines, sending at the same time a photograph which will perhaps be agreeable to your readers. It is the photograph of the Chinese manager and his family.

In the first place, we have reason to be very thankful to Divine Providence and to the Holy Family, patrons of the mill, for in the midst of the commercial failures of last year, this work, just begun and greatly tried, as is ever the case with the works of God, has succeeded in holding its own against the many obstacles arising within and without. The price of cotton yarn went down to incredible figures, which, according to human foresight, would have inevitably brought on the immediate closing down of the mill, and that would have meant total ruin for the Christian village of the hands. The most part of the good people live from day to day, and have nothing laid by for a famine.

The mill, then, has held up without very great difficulty. Night work was stopped for a few weeks only, and since Christmas all has been running with new life and satisfactory success, orders coming in large and numerous. At the time of writing it is unanimously averred that the yarn of the International Cotton Mill is the best of Shanghai, and really very good. The shareholders, perhaps, might desire larger profits, but at such a critical time as that we are passing through in China, with the closest competition existing between the cotton mills of India, Japan and China, industrial crises, ups and downs must be expected, and victory will be assured only after a prolonged struggle. May God protect our poor Christians and assure them their daily bread, and may their work be ever more and more satisfactory to directors and shareholders.

I said above that the divine service is progressing. Your readers will perhaps remember the grief of the chaplain of the mill upon seeing himself even with his two Masses on Sunday, in the constant impossibility of accommodating his fifteen hundred Christians in a little chapel hardly large enough for three hundred. Henceforth it will not be so. The church of the mill is not, indeed, on the eve of its erection, but what is really worthy of remark: just the other day Mr. Jones, the general manager, upon my return from a pilgrimage made to a neighboring church dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes, of whom I had begged with all possible fervor the desired favor for our Christians of the mill, Mr. Jones, I say, offered without further introduction to rent for us of a neighboring firm an immense warehouse, called "go-down" in the English of the far East, situated near the mill, and capable of containing two thousand persons. When I went to see it with Mr. Jones, it was with some difficulty that I repressed the painful impression made upon me by this construction, as little church-like as could be imagined; an immense rectangle, without ceiling, with nothing in the windows but shutters and iron bars, and to cap its unfitness, two rows of ugly pillars running the length of the rectangle near the centre,

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and so preventing the altar from occupying its natural position.

However, my thoughts reverted at once to the great advantage of having all the Christians together for divine service, and I went immediately to lay the case before the Rev. Father Superior of the mission. He advised me to accept the offer, with the conditions that the structure be put into a state of relative decency and reserved for divine worship. Mr. Jones willingly accepted these conditions, and gave orders at once to white-wash the walls, repair the roof and inclose the grounds. That was Thursday of Easter week. The next morning I hastened to the mission workshops, and procured a rather large altar, which I was fortunate enough to get upon a canal boat almost immediately. Saturday it was placed against one of the side walls of the *go-down*, and a large oil painting of the Sacred Heart, which I had in reserve, covered the wall above.

It remained to see how the congregation would take the warehouse church, without window frames, without benches, nothing but a floor, and an altar all bare but for a fine crucifix and six candlesticks. I got the happy thought of borrowing from the mill cushions of a novel kind,—reed matting sacks in which the cotton and yarn are shipped. Placed with some show of order in semicircular rows, these cushions were taken very naturally, and Sunday morning I had the great consolation of seeing the *go-down* filled almost instantaneously for the first Mass, which had been announced with some misgivings. I made the policemen count those present, and they gave me the figures of eight hundred and forty women and more than three hundred men, school children and babies not counted. I could not resist the impulse of thanksgiving, so I intoned the *Te Deum* with all my soul, and some of the young men who know a little music sang it with me, accompanied by a diminutive harmonium.

You will easily understand what was my satisfaction upon turning around after the Gospel, to look upon all my flock together, which I had not been able to do from the opening of the mill. I have said all my flock, but the expression is inexact, for every Saturday evening or Sunday morning a large number return home to enjoy a few hours of family life, to see their children or their parents, or to procure provisions for the following week, others are so worn out by the work all Saturday night that they dispense themselves from Mass in the morning; and it must be avowed that the fault is not enormous, for most of them find the night work much harder than work by day.

I exhorted all my flock to join me in giving thanks to the Blessed Virgin for the spacious *go-down* procured for them by the manager. I fixed the hour of the Mass—henceforth but one Mass—for 7 o'clock, and I ended by recalling the fervor of the early Christians in the catacombs, at a time when the Infant Church had less than *go-downs* for the celebration of the holy mysteries, and yet how many hundreds and thousands preferred to shed their blood rather than deny their religion or turn aside from their duty!

That was Low Sunday. The second Sunday after Easter, I found in my *go-down* chapel a larger attendance than the week preceding. During the month of Mary I shall endeavor to remain at the mill, say Mass there every day and try to get all my flock to confession. Let us hope there will be no backsliders, and that every day will see a large and devout attendance, in the morning after the night work for the Holy Sacrifice, and again in the evening after the work of the day for the exercises of the month of Mary, the fervor and devotion of the good Christians making up for the poverty of the chapel and the simplicity of the ceremonies.

Let me end with a little story which may perhaps interest some of your young readers. Last Christmas-eve, when work

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at the mill had stopped, and I was seated in my confessional, unable, alas! to satisfy the large number seeking absolution, there came among the others a little orphan girl of fifteen or sixteen years of age. She explained briefly and clearly that she had been baptized, but that in her infancy after her parents' death, she had been betrothed (understand sold), into a pagan family. She worked and lived at the mill with the little Christian girls, and wished to be like them, to marry a Christian and live in a Christian family. She came to the father, knowing that he alone would be able to help her in such a difficult matter. It is, indeed, well known that affairs of betrothals in China are of the most thorny. I was easily moved to compassion for the poor child making me her first confession, and I was already thinking of giving her at midnight her Jesus of the First Communion. Alas! her ignorance was discouraging; there were three Gods she said, and of the Incarnation she had no idea. I told her then to come back on the morrow, promising to do what I could for her. She kept the appointment, and I advised her to go to the central school in the country, to learn her catechism and make her First Communion. She accepted at once, and her departure was fixed for the next day. Poor child, she had not to waste time packing her trunk, for she had *nothing*, absolutely nothing—but her good will.

But the devil was on the watch to snatch from us this poor soul. I confided her to a Christian woman of trust, and two days later she made her way by wheelbarrow to the school, four or five leagues in the interior. Assured of her future, for the few months at least that she would be under my charge, and happy to replace in a way the little orphan's father and mother, I began at once to think of how I might break her first betrothal, and introduce her into a good family, where she might be happy for the rest of her days, when suddenly she reappeared before me at the mill. She had run away from the school, and had found her way back to the mill, by winding and intricate foot-paths which she had not traversed but once. The devil had taken her by fright, and by disgust for the school after a single night; the other little girls perhaps had looked down upon her or deceived her. However it was, they brought her to me in tears, silent, and ashamed of her escapade. I was discouraged, too, as may be easily understood, for though I had had but an interview with little *Sai-pao* (Third Treasure,) I felt a real interest in her and wished to save her soul at any price.

She had confidence in me, but when away she did not know what might happen to her, and she wished to remain near enough to be under my protection. Her fault at bottom had not been so grave, and was made up for by her good dispositions. It is moreover no easy matter to deal with little Chinese girls, so easily do they take fright or offence. I then proposed to her the school of the European Sisters, Helpers of the Holy Souls, at Zi-kawei, who would treat her kindly, on the condition that she would show herself of exemplary conduct, humble, obedient and submissive. She agreed timidly but without constraint. The good Sisters easily won the heart of the poor little creature. They gave her an almost entirely new outfit, and a few days later I saw her all smiling in the parlor. Easter morning she made her First Communion, and on Low Sunday she was back at the mill, where she is earning her wages, committed to the care of a "number one" (Chinese mistress of the women and girls employed) in the carding-room. There remains now the difficult part of the matter, to induce her brother, an apostate from the faith and rather far from Shanghai, to break her first betrothal, which he may be led to do by a few dollars of compensation, and then to marry her into a Christian family. Dear reader, pray for little *Sai-pao*.

A. PIERRE, S.J.

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BLANDINE OF BETHARRAM.

By J. M. Cave.

(*Continued.*)

"THE night of the destruction of the convent," said Sister Noella, "a band of young girls came to Dacre Hall. Among them, *chief among them*, a beautiful young maiden, the pet and pride of the nuns and pupils alike, the well beloved of all who had the happiness to know her. All the house was astir on her account. Doctors summoned from far, a specialist from London in great haste even, for the young girl had been grievously wounded by risking her life over and over again to save the little children and the sick. Only when every human creature had been borne from the smoking ruins was it known that she had fallen, exhausted and injured. Judge how she was received, tended, watched over, not only by the family of Dacre, but by their neighbors for miles around. How tenderly her burns were dressed, how carefully her broken ankle was set, and when she could be carried into the drawing-room among the guests, many of whom had come from afar to see her and to thank her for saving their little ones, how they gathered around her and paid her just homage. And when she could limp on her crutches, how eagerly everyone rushed forward to meet her. Why, they would gladly have borne her on their shoulders or carried her in their arms for her courage, her beauty, and, above all, for her modesty and timidity that had captivated all hearts. She was just like a sensitive plant, shrinking away from everyone who approached her.

"One heart she took captive from the first day, and the same day she made an unsuspected enemy for herself. The captive was the heir of Dacre, the enemy his stepmother. As you said just now, this lady loved him and his sister, but she loved her own son far better, and for his sake was ambitious, and eager to force the heir of Dacre into holy orders. He was so truly pious and so docile at first, that, had he been left to follow his own natural inclinations, it is possible that he would have given his life to God in religion. But the constant pressure, the unwise insistance, above all, the haste made by his stepmother in urging the matter, made him cautious. Under so much entreaty and solicitude on her part, he began to doubt his own feelings, to have scruples. His judgment was blinded, perhaps, in mercy to her.

"He met you. Then he knew he had done well in renouncing his fancied vocation. He lost his heart to the young convent girl. She was hard to win a look or smile from (I quote his own words), but he had so much in his favor, was so manly in deed, in word, so handsome and above all so true," The nun paused. Margaret sighed heavily, but did not speak—"that he touched her heart in spite of herself, in spite of her reserve. Then came the treachery. When his stepmother learned from his own lips, that he had asked you to become his wife, and that he was resolved to have his own way, she had recourse to an act of subtlety worse than direct falsehood. She made you believe he had had an earthly love, that you were not his first choice, that some other woman had stirred his heart and received his vows. You, Margaret, have just made clear the way in which two lives were wrecked."

"How know you this," cried Margaret, "and how comes it that you speak with his voice?" She reached out her

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hands, her face lifted to heaven with a look of intense anguish,—waiting eagerly for the explanation.

"Try to be calm, Margaret! For my sake, try to be calm!"

"Who are you?" cried Margaret. "Surely it cannot be! and yet,—that voice. Katharine Dacre!"

The grey nun folded her arms around the trembling form, she let her tears fall unrestrained upon the pale face, she kissed the sightless eyes over and over again. "Surely you will let me call you sister now? I am indeed Katharine Dacre."

After a long silence Margaret asked: "How is it that I did not see you that evening?"

"The train was late. I was exhausted. They only suffered me to look down upon the guests from the balcony that overlooks the ballroom. My brother Antony led me there, and bade me point out to him the fairest lady in the hall. Then I saw you, Margaret, for the first time. You were all in white, fair as a lily. I singled you out at once, and Antony put his arms around me, and whispered, 'She will one day be your sister.' A few hours later you were betrayed. Antony had a stormy interview with our stepmother as soon as I retired. When he was free to seek you in the ball room, you had retired for the night. The next morning, you can well believe, was like the day of doom to him, and to me also, for we have ever been as one, in mind and heart."

"I thought Madame Dacre so very different."

"So did we all. We were very young when she came to be mistress of our home, too young to remember our dear mother; and she was indeed very kind to us then and through our early youth. It was only when an ever-growing ambition for her own son warped her judgment, and finally seared her heart, that she felt or at least showed less affection for us."

"And was her son a party to his mother's ambitious plans?"

"Oh, no! Thank God, no! quite the reverse. As the plots and plans of selfish hearts often turn against their authors in the very objects and aims they most covet, so with Madame Dacre. The son she so ardently desired to see settled brilliantly in the world as heir of Dacre, and for whom she was ready to sacrifice the rightful owner, was to her intense chagrin, endowed with a true vocation. He became a priest, and is now a missionary, while Antony"—the speaker paused. Margaret was trembling violently—"while Antony remained true to his first love, dear sister, and is still seeking her, waiting for her, at the old hall where they first met. But, here comes Blandine!"

Blandine came tripping lightly along the hall. Her presence at this moment was a happy diversion, for Margaret's heart was full to overflowing.

Blandine's eyes were sparkling with animation; she was evidently impatient to impart some great news.

"Well," demanded Sister Noella, "what of the procession, and the pilgrimage? Was it a success?"

"O!" exclaimed the little one in a voice of rapture, "Oh! so beautiful! And such prayers! And a poor paralyzed man threw down his crutches, and walked in the procession; every one could see the tears rolling down his cheeks. And a lame sister was cured, and everyone was so happy for her, she looked so glad!"

"And was the singing good?"

"Oh, such singing! Everyone sang, and the *Magnificat* was just like at Lourdes, and the Benediction hymns, too!"

"So you waited for Benediction? Who bestowed it?"

"Our own dear Bishop of Tarbes, and he looked so kind, and spoke so pleasantly to us—to the children, I mean, and gave us his blessing more than once. I gave my Benediction for——" the speaker glanced at Margaret, and her joyous look fell. She

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was disappointed, just if she had expected *that Benediction* to bring back the gift of sight to her dear lady. But Sister Noella looked so happy that she forgot her praise and responded with a loving smile to the Sister's next words.

"That was well, dear, and I am sure Madame Margaret felt its sweetness this very hour. Is it not so, dear friend?"

"O, yes, indeed! I felt and feel it, God is very good! Come here, Blandine." She folded the child tenderly to her heart and kissed her fondly, while she whispered, "Be faithful, my dear child; be faithful, that you may gain a crown of life for yourself, and help me to regain what I have lost. Not my sight, dear Blandine, but something far more precious! You understand, do you not?"

"O, yes; dear lady! and I will try, hard," was the earnest reply of the little creature, as she withdrew to her lessons.

"And now, dear Sister, at last I may call you by that name, dear, may I not?"

"Unworthy! unworthy," still protested poor Margaret. But the nun took no notice of the protest. "Now, that my dear sister is so much better and stronger for our conference, is she not curious to know when and how I first guessed her identity? For you know I only saw you once, for a few brief moments, and in the midst of a throng. First, let me say, however, that you attracted and interested me from the very beginning. Never seeing you unveiled, how could I guess that the plain, black gown hid from me the white-robed convent girl? Then when we made nearer acquaintance, the first impression had given away to other interests. I thought of you only as the relative of Madame Moore. It was in that feverish hour when you threw off the bed-covering and a letter fell from the folds of your night-robe, that I made the discovery. I read the clear, bold letters of the address without premeditation. They stared me in the face, large, clear. That letter I put carefully away, dear Margaret, till you shall choose to ask for it."

Margaret was sorely troubled now. She had somehow concluded, in her own mind, that Antony had found her; that the letter must be from him. Not that she fancied for an instant that he could be still seeking her for any other motive but a sense of high Christian duty, and the desire to right a cruel wrong. Now she realized her mistake. Had the letter been from him Sister Noella, so frank and confiding by nature, would have said so; the handwriting would have told her the fact. Who then could her unknown correspondent be?

"There is no one on earth to write to me," she said sadly, after a little reflection. "There must be some mistake. Please read or examine the letter, Sister Christmas, it cannot be for me, I think."

Sister Noella drew forth the heavy folds of paper from their secure covering. Soon a joyful exclamation broke the silence. "O Margaret! Margaret! Ah, how wonderful are the ways of Providence! Here in my hand lies the fulfilment of your friend's words: 'After my death it will come to her!' Yes, here it is!"

"What is it, Sister? What of good can come to me?"

"O, faithless, doubting Margaret! Fortune has come to you; good fortune! wealth! Do you understand, my dear? O, I am glad! glad!"

"Wealth, Sister! ah, can it be! wealth! then I can keep Blandine?"

"Dear, unselfish heart," thought the nun, as she gazed upon the calm face, and the sightless eyes lifted to heaven. Not one selfish thought, even at this moment. "Yes, you can keep Blandine; shall I send her to you, or read the letter?"

"Read enough to satisfy yourself, dear Sister, to make sure there is no mistake; then, if you will, let the child come to me. Do not tell me any details, dear friend."

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"You may surely have your way about the child," said Sister Noella. "Money, and very much, is yours, now."

"Keep the papers, dear. Let Blandine come."

When the echo of the nun's footsteps had died away, Margaret sank on her knees and stretched out her arms. "Oh, God!" she moaned, "come to me, Thyself! Come to me, not with riches; not with happiness, and not even with sight! Come to me with pardon. Blindness shall be as light to me with Thee. Come to me, my Saviour, my light, my life! Come to Thy blind prodigal. Since she cannot find her way to Thee, come Thou to her!"

"Dear little Blandine, it seems to me that you love the poor blind woman?"

"O very, very much, dear lady!"

"Art thou very sure, dear little one?"

"Very, very sure, dear lady. Very sure!"

"Enough to be my child, my own little child? Enough to call me by a better name than that of 'dear lady?'"

Blandine did not understand. She was silent. If Margaret could have read the expression of that sweet face, there would have been no need of further questions. But she was patient. She had a mother's instincts.

Seeing the look of patient waiting, the tender, longing look on the kind face, seeing the poor sightless eyes, the child took courage to speak out her thoughts.

"Then can I tell you, dear lady? It is as if you knew what I was thinking in my heart for such a long time."

"And of what has Blandine been thinking so long?"

"Blandine was wishing so much—so much, to be your little girl, your own little girl, to work for you, to wait on you, to stay here with you, and to take you up to the Calvary—when you are strong, I mean. And to ask our Lady to give back your dear eyes. To ask her on the very tomb of Father Garicoïts, where the dead child was restored to life."

"And then, Blandine, after that?"

"O, after that, to be always with you, dear lady. That was in my thoughts before you could not see any more."

"How so, dear?"

"Because, when Sister Superior sent me to you with messages—when you let me do little things for you, you spoke so gently, so—like my own dear mother," and again at the thought of that dear mother little Blandine broke down and sobbed, sobs of such deep pain for one of her tender years, that Margaret was constrained to gather her again close to her breast, as that mother might have done, and kiss away the blinding tears.

When that sorrowful little heart had been soothed, Margaret asked the same question: "Can Blandine love the poor blind lady well enough to call her by that dear name that makes her weep? To call her mother, and let her be her mother, really and truly, in the place of that dear one, now in heaven?"

"It is as if God wished me to have a new dear mother, just like her," whispered Blandine, nestling to the heart that craved her affection so earnestly, "and this is God's beautiful day for little Blandine," she murmured softly.

Presently she fell asleep in Margaret's arms. What would not blind Margaret have given at that moment, to see the sleeping face. She remembered its lovely features, the large soft, dark eyes, the sweet innocent smiling mouth, and the grave look that so readily replaced the smile. She remembered the face. But she longed with intense longing, to catch the expression it wore for her. Not that she could doubt but what the little child was sincere and true and loving—but one sees the heart through its windows, and the pure heart of Blandine was what she craved. But she was resigned.

She even said to herself: "It is well, it is even better so. Since, not to see her is to have a little cross. It is better so. It is a proof that I may hope to be near Him, since He deigns to give me even this little portion of His load to carry."

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She placed the sleeping child upon her own couch, pondering over her last words: "This is God's beautiful day for little Blandine." "May it indeed be God's beautiful day for thee and me," was Margaret's prayer. "Beautiful it surely is and will be, since He gives me the sure hope of calling this little lamb my own, and the means of providing for her."

Yes, truly! a wonderful and beautiful day for Margaret and her adopted child. It is sunrise with them now. Between this glad sunrise and the glorious sunset we foresee for them there will inevitably be some clouds, for, as our own dear Longfellow truly says, "Into each life some rain must fall. Some days must be dark and dreary."

The reason why Sister Noella goes smiling about her work to-day has nothing to do with Margaret's letter That letter, at Margaret's earnest request, has been put away. She has even begged Sister Christmas not to speak of it more, either to her, or any one, until—well, without further explanation the nun understands that Margaret desires something more precious than this world can give, before letting her mind be invaded by any change of fortune, however brilliant. She is more than satisfied with the first fruits of her good fortune. It has given her Blandine, an innocent child, to love and care for. One who can lead her up the Calvary of Betharram, and thence up that other Calvary, that leads straight to heaven's gate.

Yet the grey nun smiles and smiles, although the wonderful letter with its five great red seals has nothing to do with her happy thoughts. If she remembers it she rather frowns, for it is more a subject of regret than rejoicing at this moment. Not that the rich heritage is a subject of regret, but that it has come too soon, thinks Sister Christmas, who is expecting a little pilgrimage of her own. She has alluded to this pilgrimage several times, without exciting Margaret's interest or curiosity, and she resents that just a little, in a charitable way, of course. "It is a very little pilgrimage," she says, "only a family group—some friends who have long wished to pay a visit to the ancient chapel and well of Betharram, and the new grotto and fountain of Lourdes. They will expect to see very saintly folk at these holy shrines, for how could aught else abide in the shadow of such sanctuaries." And having said this, partly to Blandine and partly to herself, she is ready almost to bite her tongue for vexation and shame lest Margaret, the sensitive, should apply them to herself, and remember the years she has passed in indifference and insensibility, close to the chapel and Calvary itself.

But Margaret has not heard a word. She is meditating too intently to notice passing remarks. She is reviewing the past, so bright and then so dark. She is looking at the present; it is dark yet bright too, with a great hope. As to the future she says to herself—"I leave that to the grace of God. Yes, I leave the past to His mercy, the present to His love, the future to His grace." And thus leaving all in the Hands that can alone hold all she finds what the world with all its power and glory and splendor cannot afford. She finds peace of heart.

And now, strange thing! Sister Noella has become busy and intrusive, a most unnatural thing in any religious, but most of all in one so discreet, so well poised, so dignified. She is hovering about Margaret, restless, excited, arranging her hair, her gown, her shawl.

"I want some of your repose to day, Sister Margaret, feel how my pulse beats!"

"True! and yet you are not feverish!"

"May I sit here awhile, in Blandine's place, and talk off the ebullition that is getting the better of me?"

"By all means! Do sit here, near me, so!"

"Since we are cosily alone once more, I may as well speak of some things we did not touch upon the other day. For example, I did not tell you, did I,

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dear, that our step-mother still rules at Dacre?"

"No, does she?" Margaret's voice was quite calm, not to say indifferent.

"Yes, she does. But she is greatly changed. Her son, O we love him as our own brother! has brought this about by his holiness, his zeal for God. It was he who brought her to confess her share in your departure, and to sue for Antony's pardon. She is truly penitent, I can assure you, and nothing in this world would give her greater happiness than to undo the wrong she caused, at any cost. She blames herself, and with justice, for poor Antony's lonely life. Can you ever forgive her?"

"I! forgive her!" cried Margaret. "Why, from the bottom of my heart! I am too great a sinner to cast the very smallest pebble at any one. And what, after all, was her fault, compared with my years of sin? She acted hastily, blinded by her love for her son, while I, slowly, deliberately, robbed God of all His rights over me!"

"Then you really do forgive her?"

"There is little, if anything at all, to forgive! She may have had a presentiment of the evil there was in me, or the good God may have suffered her little fault to mar my youth, to save others from the consequences of my evil nature."

"No!" cried the nun, indignantly; "no, Margaret, you are wrong! Humility and patience are admirable virtues, both; but you are wrong! Her deliberate fault, for it was that, wrecked two lives, separated two hearts for long years. Drove you, alone, alone, Margaret, into the great world. Without wishing to palliate the misuse you made of those years, I must say you are innocent in comparison with Madame Dacre. In spite of all your unprofitable days and nights, you are innocent in comparison. There was falsehood, dishonesty, double-dealing, in her act."

"There was no truth, and no honesty nor uprightness to God in my years of exile."

"Granted, but you were a child. She, a middle-aged woman."

"Dear Sister Christmas, let us speak no more of this. I could not blame her if I would. My own sins take from me all power to blame others."

"You are too good, Sister Margaret. You really must become a little spiteful or revengeful, else there will be no merit in Dame Dacre's repentance. You must try to be spiteful and revengeful for a little while, at least, to keep her humble, or she'll rule you as she ruled us all."

"It is little likely that we shall ever meet in this world," said Margaret, quietly, "and I wish her only good."

"It is the improbable that always happens, my angelic sister, my pearl of Marguerites, and so I warn you."

But Margaret was unmoved still. She failed to catch the full force of the speaker's words. She could not see the eloquent, expectant face of Sister Noella, nor the sparkling eyes and sweet-smiling mouth of Blandine. Not even when, on a certain day, light footsteps flew along the hall, and Blandine, almost out of breath with haste, suddenly announced "the English Pilgrims," did she suspect the imminent nearness of what they had been trying to prepare her for, by transparent allusions, by open appeals and suggestions. Neither hints, allusions, nor suggestions had succeeded in conveying to her inner senses the great fact that the past and present were now bridged over, were one. Margaret could not bridge over her past so readily; she could not realize that the long "good-bye" was about to melt into that better word, that blessed word, "welcome! welcome!"

And now, strange thing! that calm, grey nun is not at all calm! Yet, who shall blame her? She sees! She realizes by the sense of sight, that her long years of waiting are bridged over, for there before her stands the being she holds dearest on earth. She sees him, that brother so tenderly loved, so ar-

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dently longed for. He stands silent, for that sister, so dear, is facing him, her finger on her lips. They embrace in silence. Then both turn from their own happiness to look upon the object of their thoughts. Their happiness has never known a cloud, save that of separation, but there, ah yes! there is a heart to be healed! a heart too early tried. God grant that reparation come not too late!

Margaret feels that something unusual is passing around her, that there is silence for her sake. She turns her face towards the door, whence come the muffled sounds. It is a most beautiful face still, and never has it looked nobler or finer than at this moment. Suffering has purified it, resignation softened it, hope in God illuminated it.

Emotion has given it a slight flush at this moment, and expectancy makes it eloquent even without the mute eloquence of the great dark sightless orbs.

Who shall tell what passes through Antony Dacre's heart as he beholds that face! The face he last saw in all the beauty of its sweet seventeen years of innocent artless life! the face so modest and fair! There was no cloud on her brow then, no presentiment in her heart, to tell of the coming sorrow, nothing but love and trust. And now she cannot see his face to read therein the story that might console her without words, for all her weary years. The story that is but the fulfilment of his first vows to her! she was his first, his only love.

He reaches out his arms to her, he will, he must take her to his heart, be the consequences what they may! "Listen Margaret!" cries the nun. "Did I not tell you that it is the unexpected that always happens! always! It has come true! Remember your words, dear Margaret! They have come! You forgive all! You know I expected them, my own English Pilgrims, your own English Pilgrims! it is for you they have come! For you, Margaret!"

Margaret makes a step forward. "Who has come?" she falters.

Two strong arms receive her, or she would have fallen full length. She divined all. When the question had hardly fallen from her lips, the whole truth broke upon her mind. To Sister Noella's "they have come" followed sobs of joy. They, the English Pilgrims, had indeed come for her.

"Margaret!" "Antony!" The swoon is over. She is herself once more. The past and present are one.

E'er long a group gathers around one figure. Margaret is indeed holding a grand court to-day. It was a moment never to be forgotten by Sister Noella at least, when that stately silver haired lady stood before the blind woman. One look at the sweet forgiving face, one sight of the hands stretched out to greet her, and the aged dame would have cast herself at the feet of her whose life she had blighted. But Margaret caught her hands, and held them fast, and implored her to forget the past, even as she herself forgot it.

But Dame Dacre would not be thus easily consoled. "Never," she protested. "never shall I feel myself absolved by God, nor forgiven by myself, till I see you, Margaret, installed in the place he has kept vacant for you these fifteen years!"

"Hush!" said Margaret, "speak not thus, I beg you! You forget that I am blind, and no longer young."

"To him and to me, my dear, you will never be anything but young and beautiful! Indeed, you are fit to be a queen to-day," cried the old lady with sincere admiration, as she gazed upon Margaret. "Who could believe that those orbs do not behold my tears," she cried, as she clasped her to her heart and kissed the dark eyes over and over again. "No, no," she added, after an effort to compose herself, "no! I shall try to live, weak as I am, and fatigued by this long journey; I shall try to live, my dear, till I see you installed in your rightful place,

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the place I have too long usurped. Your rightful place," she repeated, looking at Antony, who thanked her with his eyes. "But here is one who will help me to plead! Francis, my son, you come most opportunely; I need your help."

If his looks belied not, Father Francis Dacre was well disposed to take his mother's part. He came forward as his mother named him. Margaret sank upon her knees and bowed her head low. Father Francis laid his consecrated hands upon the head bowed so humbly, and helped her to rise, as kindly and gently as Antony could have done, saying, in a voice very like Antony's own, "That will be a joyful day for us all, and one we have been praying for these many years."

Margaret was weeping. Her heart was indeed overflowing with gratitude. Gratitude was the only feeling she could disentangle from the tumult of her thoughts. "How good they are! How kind they are! How pleasant their voices and their words!" And now, as in her early years, her heart went up to heaven. At last she realized that from heaven alone can come such blessings as were now falling upon her. "God is good!" is all she could say. "You are all too good—too kind!"

Blandine, who had been pulling discreetly at Sister Noella's gown for some minutes, now softly whispered, in a half audible tone, "The Angelus," and that moment the Angelus Bell rang out. It was one of Blandine's duties to warn the Sister Superior five minutes before the hour, that she might have time to join the Community if possible. But for five minutes her signals were unheeded to-day. When the last rather strong pull aroused the Sister's attention she spoke: "The Angelus will sound in five minutes." "It is sounding," said Father Francis, "and it is most opportune. Let this be our first act of family worship." They all knelt and joined in the beautiful prayers of the Angelical Salutation. For Margaret it was the first time in many years, and the familiar, yet long neglected words, subdued her spirit completely; made her feel, and desire to feel, once more like a child at the feet of its mother.

"I did try to make you hear in time, dear Superior," said Blandine, when all had arisen from their knees, "and I did pull your robe for five minutes."

"I know you did, dear child. But my thoughts were elsewhere." Sister Noella drew her toward Margaret, and very soon Blandine was encircled by the little group.

"Yes," said Margaret, in answer to a whispered question by Antony, "thanks to heaven, and dear Sister Christmas this Pyrenéen blossom is now my own. It remains only for me to prepare a suitable ground for the sweet flower."

Which of the two faces, that of Margaret or her adopted child, wore the sweetest expression at that moment, it would be hard to say.

"They are evidently worthy of each other," was the thought of Father Francis.

And now mother and daughter, as we may henceforth call Margaret and Blandine, are alone together. The travelers have gone to kneel at the altar of our Lady of Betharram. In such a moment, to arrive at such a halting place in life's journey, was an immense grace. To find here, under the shadow of such wings, the long lost one was immense joy. A joy, it is true, that was constantly checked and subdued by Margaret's self-accusing spirit. How often, in the course of their meeting, had she not referred to the subject uppermost in her mind. Naturally self-reticent to an extraordinary degree, on this point she could not keep silent. "Her lost," "her ill-spent," "her wasted years," was the sharp pain that would force the cry from her lips. True, indeed, they had been all she declared them, but nothing was so bad that sincere repentance could not obliterate it, even to the faintest trace. She was free, she had not bound herself by other ties, good or bad.

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"She is free," was the one thought uppermost in the heart of Antony Dacre. To him she was still beautiful, and more touchingly beautiful in her helplessness, than in the flush and pride of her youth. He longed for the right to shield her from the world, to atone to her, by a life of tenderest devotion, for all the past, and to make her forget, if possible, her present helplessness. And he was not alone in the wish for atonement and reparation. The hearts of all his people were in unison with his own on this point. The humility of the wronged woman was intensifying this wish tenfold. Her "*mea-culpa*," pronounced in tones of sublime self-forgetfulness and humility, made her dear, beyond words, to each one of these Christian hearts.

Although Margaret, in all sincerity, persists in this plea, accusing herself, excusing others, insisting with a noble sense of uprightness in striving loyally to make others see what was unworthy in her, lays before them the fatal weakness that permitted her, a convent-bred girl, to minister to, and pamper, the depraved tastes of a woman of the world, and that woman a stranger, without moral claims on her devotion; how, even after the real or apparent influence of this stranger had set her free, she continued to defy God's laws, and to shut her heart to His voice. Over and over again, at every attempt to draw from her a promise to become his wife, would Antony meet with the same plea: "No, Antony! my wasted years must make me forever unworthy of so noble a destiny." He pleaded in vain. Sister Noella pleaded in vain, though she strove with all her power to make Margaret see her faults and sins in their true light, the Christian light; that is, the light the Master taught her to judge by. To all their pleading the answer was: "I am unworthy. It would be a crime for me to link my life with any one, much less one so noble and so true."

Father Francis was deeply impressed by this heroic self-abasement. "But it must be overcome," he said to himself. "I cannot see my brother go back to his solitude, and my mother to her self-accusations, while I go far away to do the Lord's work." When he found a favorable moment, and he soon found one, he spoke of his hopes, his desires to follow in the footsteps of his patron, "the Moses of that Land of Promise," to whom it had been given only to die within sight of its shores. The harvest was still great there, the laborers few. He longed to join his missionary brothers in China or Japan—and he was pleading with her for the permission to do this with a free heart. "If," said he, "my mother and brother must return without you, Margaret, to Dacre Hall, I must give up my career as missionary. Since it was for my sake Antony was wronged, I cannot abandon him again to solitude."

"Remember my sins," pleaded Margaret. "You are a minister of Christ! Surely you would not wish to see your noble brother wedded to one so faithless, and now so helpless! So evidently suffering the just punishment of her infidelity to God!"

"I am not seeking to condone your sins, Margaret. I see them. They are grievous. But I judge them in the light of their cause, their intention, and your inexperience. As I see them, they were the consequences of weakness, helplessness and ignorance of the world, in the first place. Fear as a spur, urged you on. Flying from what must have appeared to you as the vilest deceit, without friends, or money, or moral support, it naturally seemed to you the greatest of good fortune to find protection at the sole cost of your freedom. Forgetting you had any use for freedom, you gave it gladly for the material things nature demanded—for shelter, home, friendship. That you repaid all that you received, is evident, since you gained the good will, even the affection, of her you served. The unhappy woman who passed seventy odd years of life without God, owes it to you, that

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she died with *one* good feeling in her heart, and that the feeling of gratitude. Mrs. Moore died grateful to you. Is not that a great solace to your mind?"

Margaret shook her head. She was not convinced.

"That your fear of the world was magnified ten-fold when you found yourself alone in it," continued Father Francis, "is most natural. Without friends or occupation, you naturally shrank from the first step into the dread unknown. Oh, if you had had ever so little knowledge of the world, before burying yourself here in books and thoughts that have unsettled many a strong mind, then, indeed, I would hesitate before urging you to become my brother's companion for life, a daughter to my dear mother. But you were—you are still, Margaret, a child. Years do not count at all in your case!"

"They are lost for my soul!"

"Not so! It is far from the eleventh hour with you. How long have you been here?"

"Fifteen years!"

"And you were barely seventeen when you left England! You are younger even than this sum of years. You have yet, please God, a large margin left in which to work."

"You forget my blindness."

"I forget nothing. Your blindness, though you can hardly realize it, is an immense blessing—"

"A blessing!"

"I was going to add, 'for my mother.' It has made her realize more than anything else could the necessity of repentance and reparation."

"Not for my sake; O, not for me!"

"I will not insist upon that, since it troubles you. We will only say, 'for her sake.' She has had regret, deep and sincere, but hardly such as would satisfy heaven. Since seeing you she is greatly changed. I only now begin to know the real goodness of her nature. You see you are our benefactress already, and it is thanks to your misfortune, which you insist was sent you as a punishment."

"Oh, if any good could come of it for others!"

"For others and for yourself. Only be brave and patient, as I see it is your nature to be."

"How good you are!" she exclaimed, reaching out her hands. The missionary took them in his own, saying solemnly, 'Margaret, if there is any good in me, I owe it to the example and the teaching of my brother. He made me what I am. My prayer for you and for him is, that you will not reject his suit. In your decision lies our happiness, both individually and as a family. Therefore, reflect for his sake.'"

"You forget one thing, perhaps."

"What is that, Margaret?"

She wanted to tell him of her loss of faith. How she had turned from religion, because those who deceived her bore the reputation of eminent piety. Piety and deceit meant henceforth to her mind one and the same thing. She wanted to tell him how she had forced herself to forget the upright life of the inmates of the convent, their devotion to all that was good, their self-abnegation. If thoughts of their truth forced themselves upon her mind she would say, "I was a child; I thought only of decorating altars, believing the Lord dwelt within the tabernacle. But if they, the learned, the rich, the great, believe this, and they say they do, how can they be false? O, it is not to be believed! Since I know that they are false, I will not believe!" And she kept on choking back, year after year, the ever-recurring desire for the gift of the altar. Choked it back, smothered the heart that was hungry for the Bread of God, and went on feeding on husks of vile books, that poisoned the true life within her.

She wanted to tell the priest something like this. He stood patiently waiting, while she, her face buried in her hands, was thinking bitterly over them. But she could only find words to say:

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"You forget my lost faith."

"But that has come back of its own accord! Are you not pining for its fruits?"

This she could not deny.

"And it depends upon yourself. Upon one word of your own, my child. You have only to say 'come,' and the Lord will come and take possession of his own."

Margaret looked up. Her lips trembled. There was the timid expression of a child on her face, as, clasping her two hands, she murmured in pleading tones, "Will *you* ask Him, Father?"

"*Will I ask Him*, Margaret? Nay, I will thank you all my life for the privilege of escorting Him hither!"

O, what a light shone upon Margaret's face as she heard these words! How they stirred her heart!

"How shall I prepare for His coming?" she asked meekly.

"One good act of sorrow for the past will gain His heart, fear not!"

"Am I the same creature?" Margaret asked herself. "Am *I* the solitary woman who used to take her lonely walks by the cave of Betharram? The sad woman who used to lean idly over the parapet of its old bridge, watching the ever-changing reflection of the vines in the limpid depths? Is it indeed *I*, who used to wait for the hours to pass me by, taking no note of them, never leaving a mark upon them? Only waiting for the finger of death to stop the mechanism that kept my pulses beating? Waiting, waiting, till, not the finger of death, but another finger, almost as dreadful, closed my eyes, shut me away from the fair world I closed my senses to, as if it had no claims upon me!

"And will all this be forgiven for one act of contrition? I must believe the priest of God!" Ready for every sacrifice, for the renunciation of all the blessings they tell her are awaiting her good pleasure, affection, love, wealth, friendship, devotion, all that may be hers now, which seems easier to Margaret, acceptance or rejection?

Surely renunciation is easiest because it is the hardest. Yes, she is for renunciation. It is in proportion, almost, with her debt, she says. For she knows the value of true hearts and true friendships now.

"Put the question in another way," says Sister Noella. "Ask yourself whether it is not better to sweeten other lives than to keep on mortifying your own? Better to comfort my brother, who will never be happy without you, to console our mother, who will never feel herself forgiven while you refuse him, to comfort Father Francis by letting him depart to sacrifice his life for the Master he so loves."

Sister Noella had been the first to consider Margaret's lonely life. The very first to take an interest in the stranger who, from her advent, made no more of Betharram, its churches or healing waters, than if they had been some fashionable spa, some quieter Luchon or Brighton or Saratoga. She had been the first to pity the woman, still young and beautiful, who was leading such an unnatural life, here, at the very doors of the House of God, letting her soul perish within sight of the sanctuary. And it was Sister Noella who first prayed for her there, first drew upon her the pitying eyes of the Mother of the Lord, our Lady of Betharram. It was not strange, therefore, that to Sister Noella would Margaret first begin to yield up her own will, or in other and more exact words, to look upon herself with less abhorrence, with something like mercy. To regard, at Sister Noella's words and pleadings, her past as a shade less criminal than it had appeared to her since her conscience had been aroused.

"It is marvellous," said Sister Noella to Father Francis, "and perhaps miraculous would be the right word, that her mind did not give way under the pressure of sorrow and remorse, when her conscience first began to reveal to her the mistakes of her life. The strain upon her physical powers brought her nigh to

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death, but God, in his mercy, spared her reason."

"God alone spared her reason, my dear sister, but I am equally certain, from what she tells me, that your devotion, your nursing, and your prayers were the instruments He made use of. And in this I see even greater cause for gratitude on our part. We, our family that is, were the cause of her sufferings. Is it not a proof of His mercy to us that any of ours should have the privilege of bestowing balm or consolation for them?"

"Yes, indeed, brother! I did not think of this. But we must not overlook another factor in Margaret's happy recovery."

"I know whom you mean--the child, Blandine. Indeed, I foresee great things for that little girl. She appears to be wonderfully endowed; to have an unconscious instinct of things, quite beyond her years."

"She is as innocent as a bird; as sweet as a flower; a child of prayer. Prayer seems to be her breath, her spirit. She is unconsciously praying and aspiring heavenward all the time, and this accounts for her influence over her companions. I never knew a child so perfectly unconscious of self."

"I hope she will continue to be Margaret's good angel."

"There is little doubt of that. She calls her 'Mamma' now, and if prayer can obtain the blessing of sight for her, it is Blandine's prayers that will draw down that miracle."

Sunshine upon the Hill of Betharram! Sunshine flooding the apartment where Margaret Dunroby is seated this glorious morning, attired all in spotless white. Near her is a little altar, adorned with sweet flowers that fill the air with fragrance. The blind woman is not conscious of flowers or fragrance, or anything else that appeals to the outward senses. She is waiting for a visitor, and no less a visitor than the King Himself—the King of Kings. Therefore had she asked that they bring forth the white robe, that she may appear less shocking in His presence. Margaret has indeed striven hard to prepare the house of her heart for His coming. Laying down all that was not of, or for, or from Him, everything that could not be laid at the foot of His throne, everything not acceptable and fair in His sight, she is waiting for Him. Stripped entirely of self—her will laid down, her pride humbled, her ambition now all for His glory, her life from this day forth to be governed and directed by His will, His holy laws. Surely He will not despise such an offering, nor reject a heart so contrite!

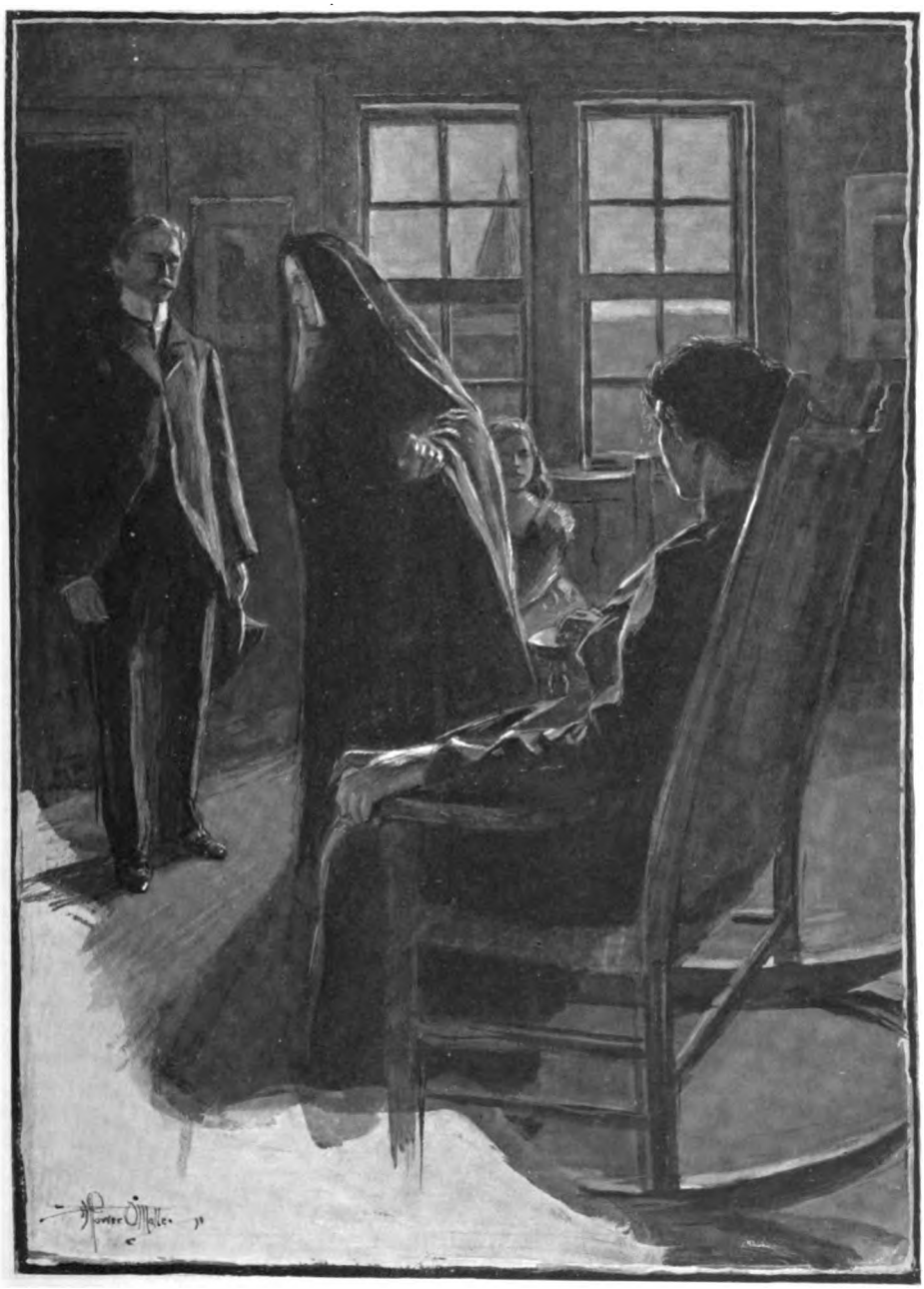
While she sits there waiting, Margaret is meditating, her spirit, retrospecting, unrolls the scroll of wasted years. The severest judge that ever weighed with pitiless eyes, the crimes unfolded to him for judgment, could not judge her with less mercy than she judges herself.

While waiting for the Good Shepherd who so willingly laid down His life for wandering sheep like herself, she is thinking: "My eyes that should have looked up to Heaven, and on the Tabernacle wherein He dwells, have rested only on vain and blighting words! words that must have blighted many a promising career. My feet, that should have borne me on paths that lead to church doors, or to poor homes, where suffering, like a priceless pearl, lies hidden from those who need it most, and which can only be discovered by the good Samaritan entering within those doors, have lagged and idled. Now the blind eyes cannot see to guide me, whither the pearl, the priceless blessing, awaited me; the feet are clogged; idleness unblessed is their doom. O how sweet now appears the slightest labor, how desirable the meanest work done for the love of Jesus!

"But all things are possible with God. Were it not so, would I now be waiting, and listening for His coming? Oh, can it indeed be possible that He will come to me? To me!"

(To be continued)

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MARGARET FEELS THAT SOMETHING UNUSUAL IS PASSING AROUND HER, THAT THERE IS SILENCE FOR HER SAKE.

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MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL.

Pioneer Sister of Mercy in California.

"A woman," answered Percivale, "a nun,
And one no further off in blood from me
Than sister; and if ever holy maid
With knees of adoration wore the stone,
A holy maid." — *Tennyson.*

IN the first week of August, 1898, the three or four principal newspapers of San Francisco, even in the midst of the excitement of the Cuban War, devoted long columns for several days to minute accounts of the illness and death, and then the life of the Superior of the Sisters of Mercy in that city, of which she was perhaps the oldest inhabitant or at least the earliest of surviving residents. These secular journalists did not allow a career of great public utility and great private holiness to come to an end unnoticed; but those for whom Mother Baptist Russell was more than a remarkable woman have thought that some fuller and more permanent record should be made of her works and her virtues. As a beginning, the present sketch is attempted; and it will be offered to a magazine published in that mighty country to which forty-four out of her sixty-nine years were devoted.

Katherine Russell was the third child of Arthur, son of Charles Russell of Killough, and Margaret, daughter of Matthew Mullan of Belfast. Killough is a small seaport and fishing station in the north of County Down, five miles south-east of St. Patrick's grave at Downpatrick. In that good barony of Lecale the Russells had planted themselves in the thirteenth century, and they are there still. At the change of religion under Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn these Celtic Normans did not change, but kept the Faith through all the penal days. There is at present at Killough a chalice with this inscription: "Presented by George Russell and his wife, Mary Taaffe, to the church of Rathmolin, 1640." This George Russell was a member of the Catholic Confederation of Killkenny and was killed in the battle of Tircroghan, fighting of course on the Irish side.

Arthur Russell's children, however, were not born at Killough, for he had meanwhile migrated from the north to the south of County Down. He himself was born at Killough on the 9th of July, 1785. There were not many openings for Catholic lads in those days, and Arthur Russell joined the merchant service, persevering long enough to become captain of a ship of his own, trading chiefly with Norway. But before his marriage (January 17, 1825) — perhaps with a view to it, modifying the old sophism *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* — he had given up the sea and purchased the Southwark brewery at Newry. (1)

Newry was at that time a rival to Belfast. Though it has since been left far behind by the northern capital, it was then perhaps more than its equal in commercial advantages; and it had certainly a greater number of Catholic inhabitants and of priests. A few years earlier, the year that Arthur Russell's younger brother Charles (who was afterwards to be the President of Maynooth) was born — 1812 — the Rev. Wm. Crolly, afterwards Primate, had charge of Belfast parish, thirty miles long, with only one curate and one small chapel in a mean back-lane of Belfast, capable of holding only about one hundred and fifty

(1) In John Rocque's map in 1760 the present Queen Street is called "Ballybot, otherwise Southwark."

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worshippers. The priests and churches within that district may now be counted by the hundred. Newry on the other hand was then and always the residence of the Bishop of Dromore, whose Cathedral, however, was only what is now called affectionately "The Old Chapel"— the first stone of the present beautiful church of St. Patrick being laid in the very year of the marriage just referred to — the year of the jubilee to which Leo XIII. has alluded so touchingly in announcing the Jubilee for the end of the century. (1)

Many years later, whenever a certain junior member of that Newry household heard the bell of the Protestant church booming across the Glanrye through the hush of the Sunday noon, he felt it as a sort of symbol of Protestant ascendancy, never dreaming that it would be drowned as it is now by the magnificent peal of the Catholic Cathedral that makes itself heard at Bessbrook three miles away.

Newry is very beautifully situated in the valley (or, as it is called locally, the Low Ground) through which the Glanrye, more generally known as the Newry river, after a short winding course flows into Carlingford Bay— in that valley and on the hills that rise on either side. In this frontier town of the North, as Newry is fond of calling itself, Katherine Russell, the subject of this sketch, was born on the 18th of April, 1829. The long fight for Catholic Emancipation had just been won by the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill on the fifth of that very month; and, when the baby was brought to her mother, she cried over her, calling her her first free-born child. Two sisters had preceded her, Mary and Elizabeth; and her immediate successor in the nursery (to the disgust of the eldest sister who complained that there was already enough of them)(1) was another sister, Sarah, who was followed by two brothers. Of these last the elder was to be afterwards well-known as Sir Charles Russell, Glad-



MOTHER MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL, ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

(1) Father Felix McLaughlin, P.P., Donoughmore near Newry, who was born in 1825, tells me that year was called "The Year of the Short Corn" and that the Protestants laid the blame of the bad harvest upon the jubilee. The Corn was so short that it could not be reaped, but was pulled like flax.

(1) There is something pathetic in the grave authority for this not very important statement. Dr. Russell, towards the end of his theological studies and not yet a priest or professor, wrote at the time in a letter that has chanced to survive all these years: "I fully agree with poor little Mary that there were quite enough of them."

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stone's last Attorney-General in England — the first Catholic to hold that position since the Reformation. It is unnecessary to add, even on the other side of the Atlantic, that he is now Lord Russell of Killowen, Chief Justice of England.

The name that we have just mentioned will perhaps justify us in giving some particulars more minute than a sketch like this might seem to call for. For instance, in the innumerable biographical notices that have been furnished of Mother Baptist's eldest brother by various magazines and newspapers, he is sometimes called a native of County Down and sometimes of County Armagh. Newry is the chief town of the former county, which at this point is separated from the County Armagh by the river Glanrye. Mr. Arthur Russell's house stood (and stands) on the Armagh side of the river. The new Local Government Act has just made this district for the first time a part of County Down : so that it is only now that the present writer has a legal claim to the title he has usurped all his lifetime — he is now at last a County Down man.

It may be recorded also that the welcome "son and heir" was the first of the children born in the roomy, substantial house which Arthur Russell built for himself and which is still as fresh and hale as it was seventy years ago. It is now No. 50 Queen Street. He built also the two adjoining houses, pulling down the smaller house, in the gardens behind, which he had previously occupied and in which Katherine Russell and her three sisters were born.



IN THE LARGEST OF THESE THREE HOUSES THE CHILDREN OF ARTHUR AND MARGARET RUSSELL WERE BORN.

For the sake of a very interesting name that is mixed up with the reminiscence, we may mention that one of Mr. Russell's tenants, the occupant of the middle house of the three, was Captain Verner, brother of Sir William Verner, Bart., then a strong pillar of the Orange party; and that at the same time the chief Newry attorney, Sam Frazer, had a clever young apprentice called John Mitchel, son of a Unitarian minister in the town. The Mitchels lived not far away in Dromalane, which is a continuation of Queen Street to the country—in the same house to which, by an extraordinary combination of circumstances, the author of *The Jail Journal* was, after many vicissitudes and twenty-seven years of imprisonment and exile, to return at last to die, March 20, 1875.(1)

Not his death, however, but his marriage connects John Mitchel with the birthplace of Mother Baptist Russell;

(1) This house, in which by another curious chance, honest John Martin also died a week after his friend, was afterward enlarged and beautified as the home of an eminently useful and worthy citizen of Newry, Thomas D'Arcy Hoey, whose brother, John Cashel Hoey, was Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's coadjutor and then successor as editor of *The Nation*, and afterward Dr. W. G. Ward's literary editor of *The Dublin Review*.

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for her next-door neighbor, Jane Verner, a schoolgirl of seventeen summers, in 1837, married against her father's will young Mitchel, who was barely of age and still in his apprenticeship. Thank God, several of their children became Catholics, with the full consent of their gifted father, who had always high principles and generous sentiments. He was a staunch defender of the Pope. Judge O'Hagan, who was at this time a boy in Newry also, told me that Mitchel had often implied that he would become a Catholic if he could but pray.

Like this remarkable man who stole his youthful bride almost from the home that we have described, Kate Russell, the little girl whom John Mitchel must have often met in his walks in that direction, was destined also to make her way to the United States, through less stirring vicissitudes, however. and not *via* Kilmainham and Tasmania. She was a sensible, healthy child, not unpleasantly precocious, but very bright and good. "The child is father to the man," is, perhaps, more fully verified when the sex is changed. At an unusually early age Kate was presented for the sacrament of Confirmation to the new Bishop, Dr. Michael Blake. Though then at the beginning only of his episcopal career of twenty-seven years, he was already very old and venerable looking, and he was always exact and somewhat austere; but the youthful candidate, nothing daunted, complained only of the easiness of the test to which she was subjected by him, and begged of his Lordship to propose some of the harder questions further on in the Catechism. She had still to wait some years before she was allowed to make her First Communion, which she received in the Old Chapel of Killowen in the year 1841, on the same day that the oldest of her brothers was confirmed. Dr. Blake reserved to himself the sacred and consoling duty of administering both these sacraments to the lambs of his flock. The notes that I am here following state that that was the only year that the "old Bishop," as he was already called twenty years before his death, came to Killowen for this purpose; all the other years the Killowen boys and girls had to make their way to Rostrevor.

But our narrative has not reached its Killowen stage. Between Katherine Russell's Confirmation in Newry and her First Communion in Killowen many things occurred. Her father's health gave way; the brewery was leased to the firm of Carroll & D'Arcy; and it was decided to seek a warmer climate in France, where the two elder girls would have special advantages for their education. These plans were upset by the sudden illness of the eldest, Mary. She died of fever in her thirteenth year, on the 28th day of June, 1838, the day of Queen Victoria's coronation. The town was illuminated that night, and, as the house which the little corpse sanctified was in darkness, two young men stood outside to explain the cause to any loyal passerby who might be scandalized.



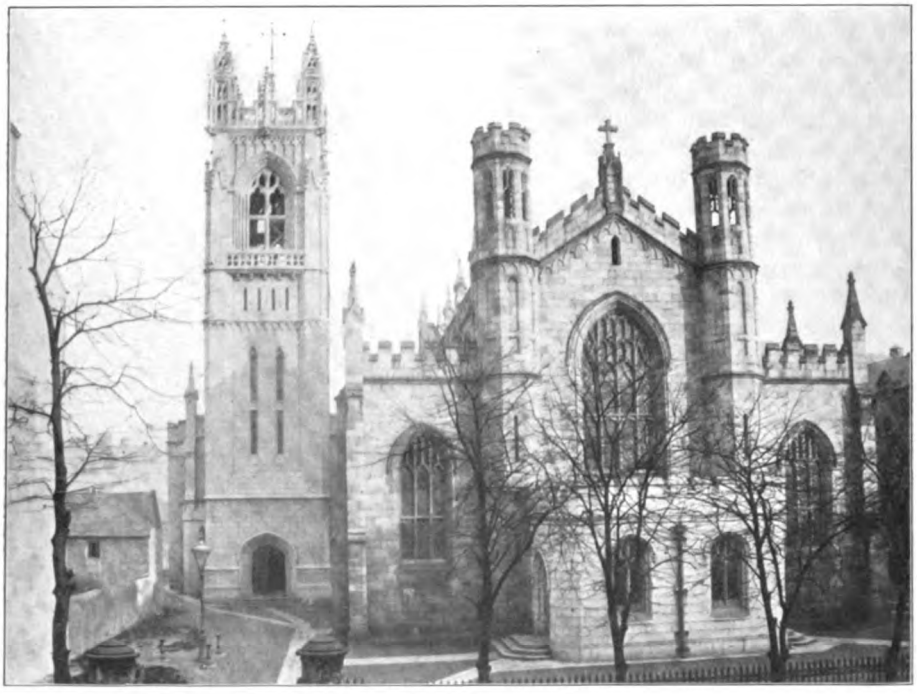
SEAFIELD, KILLOWEN.

This sorrow altered all the arrange-

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ments, and the thought of going to France was given up.

While endeavoring to procure a small farm that might furnish some occupation and interest to the gentle paterfamilias, the family pitched their tent for some months at Rostrevor in a quaint old "bow-window" house which disappeared long ago, the site being at present occupied by the Presbyterian church, on your right, as, coming from Warrenpoint, you approach the rising ground on which



THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, NEWRY.

Rostrevor stands. That was the roof that sheltered the young folk in whom we are interested on "The Night of the Big Wind," as the people still call the terrific storm that raged over Ireland and England on the 6th of January, 1839. This hurricane prostrated giants by the hundred all round leafy Rostrevor; and trees that had been the victims of its fury afforded delightful rides on their huge branches to a set of merry children for months afterwards, when early in the new year they finally settled down at Seafield in Killowen.

But it seems that there are at least four Killowens in Ireland — in Cork, in Wexford, in Derry, and in Down. This last is of course the Killowen of Killowens, some ten miles to the east of Newry and separated from Rostrevor by a mile of delightful roadway; there the trees of Rostrevor Wood arch over your head and the waters of Carlingford Bay sparkle down below you, almost within a stone's throw. About two miles further on, removed from the high road to Kilkeel and Newcastle by two or three fields, and with another couple of fields between it and the beach stands the snug dwelling that was to be Katherine Russell's home during nearly all the remaining years of what she called her life in the world.

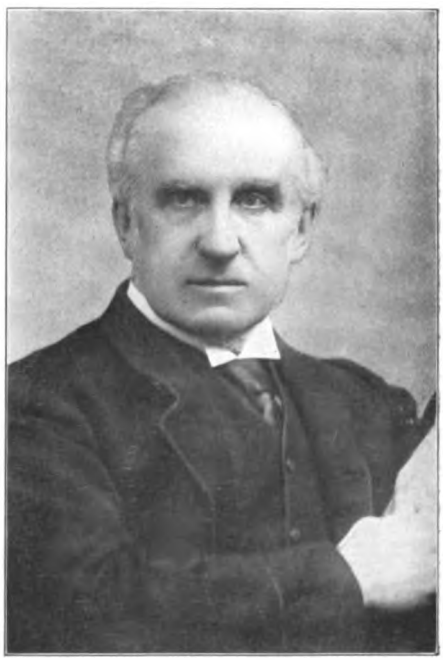
Not that Killowen was by any means a discovery reserved for the year that began with the Big Wind. For many years be-

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fore, as soon as the hot months began, the Newry children had made their way eagerly to their simple seaside home in that Summer haunt of their predilection—generally Nelly Crilly's roomy, substantial cottage that faces you at that corner where the road divides into two—the upper road toiling up Gilmore's Hill, long and steep; the lower road keeping to the level ground nearer to the sea, round by Killowen Point. They were therefore, used to the Killowen air during many long sunny Summers before they came to live there Winter and Summer.

Seafield, with its compact little territory of sixteen acres stretching down to the shore, was an old-fashioned, comfortable house lying in the shelter of a short range of the Monone Mountains, between Slieve Ban and Croagh Shee, and looking over the Lough to the old historic town of Carlingford, which, with its King John's Castle, was distinctly visible from the door across some two miles of waves. A wing was added for its new inmates, and a pleasant porch, which has since disappeared, along with the gravelled sweep in front, the careful raking of which was one of the Saturday evening sounds in preparation for the holy silence of a rural Sunday.

The old chapel, which was never known by the name of any patron saint, was within a short half-hour's walk, and for some years to come it was, Summer after Summer, the scene of Confirmation or First Communion of one or other of the younger members of the household, beginning, as we have before said, with her for whose sake these old times and places are recalled. Some twenty years later it was the scene of the Yelverton marriage, which became the subject of one of the *causes celebres* of the century. There was one great bond of union between these newcomers and the people of the place. They were all Catholics—not more than one or two Protestant families in the whole half-parish. A great many years after, the youngest of the Seafield family, in the pulpit of the Rostrevor church, drawing, as he confessed, upon his memory rather than on his fancy, described a species of poverty which is blessed by God. This was (he said) "the poverty which does not condemn to idleness and despair, and crime, but only to unceasing labor and many privations endured with resignation—the poverty that is able and willing to accept that condition which for fallen man is not a curse so much as a punishment, nay, almost a blessing: 'In the sweat



LORD RUSSELL, OF KILLOWEN, CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread'—out in the fields, under God's sunshine and God's rain, and in the simple homesteads, where constant, cheerful toil, where honest Christian pride, where the attachments of race and home are powerful allies with religion and all her sacramental and unsacramental graces in enabling so many to practise great virtues, almost without knowing them to be virtues—where half a parish is but as one family, all taking an interest in each other's fortunes, all taking shame in each other's faults, and thus making

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human respect (so often an incentive to evil) the check of passion and the safeguard of all good—where enmities and scandals are as utterly unknown as crime, —where the unvarying round of duties discharged day by day, year after year, hardly leaving space for the simplest pleasures, makes of the blessed Sunday a true and a doubly welcome day of rest —where the salutary ordinances of the Church are observed with filial docility, the plain homelike chapel crowded every Sunday, and then on the great Feasts, so many gathered round the Communion-rails, though all this does not imply merely a few minutes' walk to a street hard by, but often a journey of many toilsome miles, down and up steep mountain roads in all weathers—where in these ways and a thousand others the pure strong faith of Irish Catholic hearts avows itself and points toward heaven, and cools the Summer's heat, and makes the wintry blast less keen and the burden of life so much easier to bear: this is not wealth, this is not abject poverty, but I think that in the eyes of the angels this is not the least enviable of human lots; and this is, or at least used to be, Killowen."

During the whole period of this wholesome and happy life in Killowen, the children were in the care of a lady of great worth and ability, Miss Margaret O'Connor. She was always treated, as she well deserved, with the most absolute respect and confidence, which I have since frequently contrasted with the "only a governess" of poetry, and also too often of the prose of real life.



HIGH ALTAR OF THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, NEWRY.

The most advanced of her pupils was the second eldest of the bright little band. A very strictly disciplined band it was, but as healthy and happy as possible—with a wholesome monotony of work and play varied by no more exciting events than week day walks or Sunday drives or occasionally a climb to the top of one of the mountains above us, or a row (not a sail) to Carlingford or Greenore, or the yearly fair at Greencastle (long since abolished). The Californian Sister of Mercy will hereafter look back to these scenes with

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wistful affection. Allusions to Killowen memories occur in her letters thirty and forty years later. Writing in 1892, she asks about the old woman who took care of the chapel: "Is Sally Bradley gone to her heavenly home? Will you ever forget the holly and ivy about the altar in Killowen from Christmas to March? Poor old soul, she was good and simple."

In 1844 the two eldest girls were placed in a school in Belfast; but in May, 1845, they were summoned home to the death-bed of their father, who died on the 29th of that month. May he rest in peace.

Here I will follow the recollections of one of the orphans — if that sad name could be given to children who were still to enjoy for twenty years more the care of the wisest and best of mothers.

"Lonely and sad Seafield was to us all that Summer, the dear father's loss felt daily more and more. It was the year when the potato blight first appeared, and the gloomy prognostications of famine were only too truly realized in the succeeding three years. The blighted fields seemed withering away under the curse of God; and the misery, desolation and death all over the land are matters of sad history. As regarded us, it was resolved that we should dispose of Seafield and take up house again in Newry. This we did in December, 1845. A new and very happy life began for us in the dear old place. First, our earliest friends, the Jennings family, welcomed us and were so kind. That first Christmas, which otherwise would have been a lonely one in our half-settled house, was spent in that hospitable home, and I never forgot the picture of comfort, peace and genial kindness the Christmas dinner table presented. Similar happy social evenings came often, and were a new pleasure to us after our secluded life in Killowen.

"It was not in social pleasures, however, that our happiness lay, but in the riches of religious enjoyment that opened up to us: the morning Mass, the weekly Confession which we were soon allowed by our holy confessor, and Holy Communion each week and oftener after a time. The Sunday filled with devotions —several Masses, sermons, Benedictions, teaching catechism and Vespers—made that day truly the Lord's day for us from beginning to end. And through the week the daily visit to our Lord in the always open church was a happiness not known before.

"It is now that dear Kate comes in more prominently than she has done in my recollections up to this. She was at home the comfort and resource of every one in the house. Always cheerful and equal in temper, kind, self-forgetful, thoughtful for others, helpful, untiring in her round of house duties; all loved her and looked to her in their pains and pleasures, and she had a heart for all. She was a comfortable little housekeeper, a good mender of torn garments, and she got employment especially at the stocking-basket." [After mentioning sundry branches of a girl's education in which she excelled, the writer goes on:] "These were all given up, as she thought she would never need them in after life; for she had made up her mind to be a nun in an Order which served the poor only. She entered with all her heart into the religious advantages our new life presented, and joined to it earnest self-sacrificing service of the poor. Those were the dreadful famine-years, and cholera followed the famine. Our dear mother was ever foremost in works of charity, and, when a Ladies' Society was established for the clothing and relief of the poor, she was chosen president, while Kate was an untiring and most zealous member. Between visiting the sick and poor in their wretched homes, and collecting from door to door the weekly subscriptions of those who were a little better off, and also preparing her share of the clothing which was distributed to the poor,

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Kate's whole time was devoted at this terrible crisis to what was to be the work of her life."

I should say that it was these charitable labors that gained for her the grace of a religious vocation, if I did not believe that she was already in her heart a Sister of Mercy. Early in the year 1848, the last of her teens, she manifested her desire and begged for her mother's permission to consecrate herself to God in the religious state.

She was not, however, the first of her mother's children to choose such a vocation. Before the point that we have reached, as far back as the year 1834, an event had occurred of some importance in this little chronicle: not the birth of the chronicler—which was chiefly important for himself—but the departure from the fireside circle of the first nun of the family. Mrs. Russell, or as we should rather call her in this context, Margaret Mullan—was born October 13, 1791, and at a very early age married a Belfast merchant, Mr. John Hamill, who was taken from her suddenly before her thirtieth year, leaving her with three sons and three daughters, for whom, however, young as he was, he had made prudent provision. One daughter died in childhood, and one son on the verge of manhood. Of the two remaining sisters, Margaret Hamill married Peter McEvoy Gartlan, a man of exceptional ability, as may be inferred from the fact that, though practising his profession as solicitor in Dundalk and not in Dublin, he was one of three chosen to conduct the defence of "O'Connell and Others" in the famous State Trials of 1844. The brilliant articles on the subject in *the Dublin Review*, with vivid portraits of the men engaged in that mighty legal tournament, were from his pen. We may mention here, out of due season, that two of Mrs. Gartlan's children became Sisters of Mercy in the very beautiful and flourishing Convent of Tipperary. James Hamill, the eldest brother, tried his fortune in South America; but, though a man of good ability and blameless life, he had not much worldly success. Arthur Hamill, Q. C., was County Court Judge for Roscommon and Sligo at the time of his death, July 20, 1886. It will hereafter be necessary to quote letters of Mother Baptist, showing her affection and admiration for this excellent man; but reference has been made to him at this point, because his other sister was, as we have said, the first nun of the household.

Up to the epoch of Catholic Emancipation — which did not by any means earn in all its fulness Curran's magnificent burst about the Genius of *Universal* Emancipation — there were very few convents in Ireland. Two or three communities indeed had managed to keep up a stealthy existence in Dublin, Galway, and Drogheda, through all the penal times. The Presentation Nuns are only a century old; and the name of their foundress was so familiar to the young people of whom there is now question as to suggest to one of them a rather obvious anagram for "Nano Nagle" — *on an Angel.* It was not these, however, nor the still more recent Institutes of Irish Sisters of Charity or Sisters of Mercy that were the first to penetrate into the Black North. The Newry Convent of Poor Clares was founded in 1830 from the Dublin Convent of the Order at Harold's Cross. Before that time the most northern Convent was the Sienna Convent of Dominicanesses at Drogheda; and it was still many a year before the Sisters of Mercy ventured to Belfast and Derry. At present they are doing their blessed work in every town, large and small, of the North, as well as of the South, East and West.

When the Sisters of St. Clare made their home beside the Presbyterian Church where John Mitchel's father then officiated, and which, now disused, guards the grave where he himself is buried with his father and mother — Anne Hamill was only fourteen. She

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had to wait four years before joining them ; but early in 1834 she left her happy home one morning, crossed the town, climbed the steep ascent beyond (called most truthfully High Street,) and entered the convent gate which she never passed through again. As Sister Mary Bernard, she lived sixty peaceful years in joyous simplicity and innocence till her death, May 23, 1894, in her 78th year.

The second nun of the family, she whose story we are telling, was only seven years old when the youthful Maynooth professor, Charles William Russell, preached what was probably his first public sermon at the profession of Sister Mary Bernard Hamill, in 1836. She had to wait for what at that age seems the long period of ten years before she could set about determining her vocation ; and, when she was old enough to make it a practical question, she did not feel drawn to the only convent with which she was personally acquainted. One who has a right to know conjectures that Gerald Griffin's musical and fervent lines about the Sister of Charity, that she was fond of repeating, had some share in making her at first desire to be enrolled among the Daughters of Mary Aikenhead, whom she then knew rather as Daughters of Vincent de Paul, the saint of her predilection. Her mother's wishes, however, and the counsels of the old Bishop, Dr. Blake, made her finally seek admission into the Institute of Mercy, founded by Mother Macaulay.

THE CHOICE OF MARGARET MARY.

By H. M.

'TWAS the season of fair flowers,
Twas the season of sweet odors,
When the earth 'neath vernal showers
Weaves her raiment many-colored;
When the leaves and buds in blossom,
Swing on all the twigs and branches;
When the birds to song are wakened
In the meadowland and woodland;
When the tempered heat of springtime,
When the bursting life of springtime,
Lifts and draws the soul to heaven;
'Twas the childhood of the May month,
Mary's month of all the fairest,
When beneath a glowing sunset
In a garden ivy-girdled,
Walked a maid in contemplation,
Walked and mused with thoughts in heaven,
Walked and dreamed sweet Margaret Mary.

Round the convent grounds she wandered,
Thinking of her spouse, the loved one,
With His sad Heart thorn-encircled,
With His sad Heart cross-surmounted,
With His riven Heart a-flaming
With a God's love for His creatures,

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For His loveless, heedless creatures.
Grieving with Him in His sorrow,
With her whole soul filled with longing
Love-cold hearts to flame enkindle,
Thus walked Margaret in the twilight,
Till she came where hid 'mid roses
Stood the Virgin, maid and mother,
Stood the statue of His mother,
There she knelt and prayed our Lady
To speed on the Kingdom's coming.

Suddenly there rose before her,
Rose a vision fair and faultless,
Rose a figure come from heaven
Shining with celestial glory.
'Twas the Christ, her spouse, her loved one
Come from out the bliss of heaven.
Yet, tho' clad in robes of glory
Brighter than the noonday brightness,
Tho' the riven Heart and nail-prints
Rained a light of dazzling splendor,
'Twas His eyes, love depths unfathomed,
Sad and filled with light of longing,
Moved the heart of Margaret Mary,
As her soul new rapture thrilling
Lower still she sank adoring.
One quick glance she cast, and bowing
Waited till those lips immortal
Should make known why to her lowly
Had the Lord of all descended.

Then to her spake Christ full sadly :
" Maiden, I have loved men dearly,
Died to save them, won them Heaven,
Yet unmindful of My loving—
Loving but the gifts I give them,
They but slight and wound the giver.
Wilt thou love Me no gifts giving?
Wilt thou grieve with Me sore-grieving? "

Sad to death to hear Him grieving,
Margaret, tear-dimmed eyes upraising,
To the sad eyes of her Saviour,
Looked a love more true, more tender,
Than her tongue could ever utter.
Then she saw to her extended
Both His hands two crowns outholding,
One of fairest roses fashioned,
One of thorns, all sharply pointed ;
Such He held them out before her,
Smiled, and sweetly thus addressed her :

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"Maiden, choose and take a garland.
One will be to thee a token
Of a life with earthly pleasures,
Ever full to overflowing.
One betokens naught but sorrow,
Such as once on earth I suffered."

Margaret neither paused nor pondered,
But with hands by love made eager,
Clasped and chose the one all thorny;
Chose the one that promised sorrow
Such as her dear Master suffered.

Then within the eyes of Jesus
Sadness softened, melted, vanished,
And a light, past telling tender,
Filled them, as in benediction
On sweet Margaret's thorn-crowned forehead
Lay the nail-pierced hand of Jesus.
Margaret felt the light that softened
In the eyes of her dear Master,
And her soul was rapt to Heaven.

Long she knelt in contemplation,
Feasting on this taste of Heaven;
Long the Master's voice of music
Filled her soul with untold sweetness;
Long the singing of the angels
Down came ringing on the breezes,
Till beyond the blue of Heaven,
'Mid the dwellings of the blessed,
They were lost to mortal hearing,
Yet in fancy they kept ringing
In the ears of Margaret Mary,
As in silence, deep and holy,
To her convent cell she wended.

Months passed on and many summers
Bloomed and faded since that evening,
Still sweet Margaret, ever faithful,
Wore the crown her Saviour gave her,
Wore with patience all enduring,
The thorn crown her Saviour gave her.
Till He called her home to Heaven;
Called and crowned her with the roses,
That will mark her His forever;
Mark her as His spouse forever.

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ST. NICHOLAS OF TOLENTINO, A. D., 1306.

By G. P. Curtis.

IN the little town of St. Angelo, near Ferino in the marches of Ancona, was born about the year 1245 a child whose life and antecedents might entitle him to be called the Samuel of the Middle Ages. Born of very humble lineage, St. Nicholas of Tolentino was the only child of his parents' old age. His mother, a virtuous and holy woman, had long prayed for a son. She finally undertook a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Nicholas of Bari, promising our Lord that she would dedicate her child, should she have one, to His service. Her prayer was granted, and when later her son was born, he received in baptism the name of the Saint whose intercession his mother had invoked.

Doubtless, the tender and pious mother of St. Nicholas of Tolentino kept the example of Anna in her heart, for we find her from the time of his birth instructing her son in all wise and good counsel. He seems to have been a child who was born naturally good, and with a love for holy things. Probably the little Nicholas played about the streets of St. Angelo like other children, but he seems even as a child to have had many traits not commonly found in one so young. Chief among them was a wonderful gift of sympathy for poverty and suffering. It is related of him that he would bring very poor people home to his mother's roof, and divide with them the food intended for himself. Nor does it appear that his parents checked this trait, though they were themselves very poor.

St. Nicholas had great modesty and cheerfulness, joined to a lively imagination and strong judgment. His greatest happiness seems to have been prayer and study, and the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. As a child he formed the habit of fasting three times a week, on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, and when he grew up he added Monday and retained the custom to the end of his life. His parents, although so poor, did everything in their power to educate him. While he was yet a young student he was given a canonry in the Church of our Saviour at St. Angelo, and shortly after, a sermon preached in the church by an Augustinian Father on the vanity of earthly things, determined St. Nicholas to renounce the world and enter the Order of the Augustinians. He made his vows in the Church of the Order at Tolentino, a small town in the Papal State. His profession as a religious was made before he had completed the eighteenth year of his age.

The rest of his life was passed in different convents of the Order at Racanati, Macerata and other cities. At Cingole, he was ordained priest by the Bishop of Osimo. The last thirty years of his life were spent in Tolentino in the exercise of a most blameless and devoted ministry; preaching, visiting the sick, working for the salvation of souls, giving all his time and all his powers to the service of God.

His labors were blessed with abundant fruit, the poor worshipped him, the rich loved and respected him. Rich and poor alike benefited by his holy influence, and it is related that it was counted the greatest honor to assist at his Mass, so wonderfully was he moved with the divine fire when celebrating and communicating.

He died a peaceful death on the tenth of September, 1306, and was buried in the church of his convent at Tolentino, where his tomb has ever since been held in veneration.

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Pope Eugenius IV. canonized him in 1446. St. Nicholas is better known in his native Italy than out of it. A street in Rome is named in his honor. While not so well known as many other Saints of the Church, his life is a striking example, as was that of the Prophet Samuel, of how much a holy mother may do to influence the mind and character of her child, especially if it is a son whom she has offered from infancy to the glory and service of God, and whose future abundantly shows the fruit of her prayers and tears and faith.

ANNECY—ITS SAINTS AND ITS SHRINES.

By D. S. Beni.

(*Continued.*)

THE Community having increased in number, the little Gallery House was sold, and on October 30, 1612, the swarm found a new hive in the centre of the city. No sooner was the house sold, than the Sisters regretted it, and made efforts to repurchase it. In 1634 Mother de Chantal founded the Second Monastery of Annecy, quite near the Gallery House, with the hope of recovering that sacred spot, but this was not effected until 1654, seventeen years after the death of the Holy Foundress, when Mgr. Charles Auguste de Sales, nephew and second successor of the great Bishop of Geneva, conducted the Sisters thither, through a covered bridge, from the Second Monastery. Mother Fichet, now eighty years of age, was the only one of the first Mothers that survived, and she went through the house on her knees kissing the ground hallowed by the footsteps of the Holy Founders. She had devoted her life to study and preserve the spirit of the Rule with the traditions she had learned from the two great Saints, and in her retentive memory she had gathered up the good grain to make the family bread of the Visitation. She was the echo of the early days, and until her death she was always ready to recount the praises of the first companions of her religious life.

The Sisters retained possession of the Gallery House until they were dispersed by the Revolution in 1793. At the close of the Revolution when the Sisters of the Visitation returned to Annecy, they made heroic efforts to recover the Gallery House and their former monastery, but without success. Mother Vallette urged the matter so persistently that the Bishop said to her, rather decidedly: "Mother, it is impossible for the Community to live in that place," to which the indomitable religious replied: "Monseigneur, if we cannot live there, we will at least know how to die there." The Second Monastery of Annecy is now occupied by the Sisters of St. Joseph, who guard the Gallery House as a precious relic. It is a small quaint looking house, with antique casement windows, and ceilings so low that they may almost be touched with the hand. The iron grate, that St. de Chantal placed there, may still be seen in the time-worn door, which is unchanged, except that these words of the Holy Foundress have been inscribed upon it: "Behold the place of our delight; here at last we find the repose of the children of God." In Saint de Chantal's chamber, over the fireplace is a stone shield upon which seven crosses are engraved, which Mgr. Charles Auguste de Sales said, represented the first seven Mothers of the Congregation. "They were living crosses; they bore upon their own persons Jesus Christ dead and crucified."

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Over the altar in the chapel, hangs a picture representing the arms of the Visitation, the Divine Heart of Jesus pierced by two arrows, encircled with a crown of thorns, the whole surrounded by a halo of light, which recalls the prophetic letter written by Saint Francis de Sales when the little congregation was in its infancy, a foreshadowing of the manifestations of the Sacred Heart of Jesus to Blessed Margaret Mary. On each side of the altar are portraits of the Holy Founders, and there is also a fine picture on wood, representing St. Francis de Sales with Sisters Favre and de Bréchard making a vow to obtain the cure of Mother de Chantal, who was at the point of death. The chapel is sometimes piously ornamented by the Sisters of Saint Joseph, with drapery of white linen decorated with sprays of field flowers, in memory of the day when Mother de Chantal, Mother Favre and Mother de Bréchard made their vows in that same little chapel, where the great Saint Francis de Sales so often celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

The new convent, which was built by the Sisters of the Visitation in 1614, was called the Holy Source. The Duke de Nemours gave the Sisters a large square of ground very near their monastery; it was an island irrigated by the waters of the lake, and that the Sisters might have free use of the water, he allowed arcades to be built over the canals where they entered and left the enclosure. These arcades were kept locked, and were only opened by order of the Sisters, and all persons were forbidden to approach this spot under the severest penalties.

The Sisters had a wash-house built at the lower end of their enclosure on the lake, from which the water was pumped into a large basin or tub. One night a good lay Sister had remained up and was engaged in pumping in the necessary supply of water for the next day's wash, when at midnight a man came up from the lake and forced himself into the laundry. The poor Sister was entirely alone, a long garden separated her from the monastery, and flight was impossible. Commending herself to God and the holy angels, she said courageously: "My friend, you have come here to steal." "That is true," said the intruder, "and if you will help me to find the treasures, I will take you out with me. I am sure you are tired of this hard work. Come, show me the plunder." "To do that I must go to the monastery for the keys ——" "And I will go with you," said the thief. So together they walked through the long garden and entered the cellar of the convent, where, with admirable hospitality, the Sister offered her guest a bottle of wine and some bread, telling him to refresh himself while she procured the keys, and that she would rejoin him at that place in a few minutes. True to her word, she reappeared with a large bunch of keys and conducted him to the sacristy, where together they fixed up various packages and parcels of valuables. "Now show me the way out," said the thief, "and come with me." The Sister unlocked the sacristy turn, and out stepped two policemen, who handcuffed the miserable man and led him off to pay the penalty of his offense. In going for the keys, the Sister had informed the Superior, who gave the signal to the Out-Sisters and the police were at once notified.

The Duke de Nemours also made other donations to the monastery, in return for which a Foundation of Masses was established for the family of Nemours, for whom the Office of the Dead was said annually on the 3d of November. During the Revolution the Sisters were driven out and the monastery confiscated, and although they tried to recover it after the Revolution, their efforts were fruitless. The old monastery is now the residence of the Curé of Saint Maurice, and the cloisters are used for stables. The large piece of ground given by the

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RUE ROYAL, CHURCH AND MONASTERY OF THE VISITATION.

Duke de Nemours, no longer an island, is now *le Jardin des Plantes*, containing the Hotel de Ville, Mayor's Office, and other municipal offices. The church adjoining this monastery was built by Mother de Blonay. There the holy body of St. Francis de Sales reposed until the time of the Revolution, and there many miracles were wrought. On several occasions when it was necessary to open the tomb, at the time of the Beatification and Canonization, it was done with great secrecy, but it was miraculously made known throughout the city by the sweet perfume exhaled from his virginal body, and once this perfume spread for some leagues and attracted many persons from Rumilly, who came directly to the church.

Before the canonization, the body of the holy Bishop of Geneva was buried quietly, so that no devotion should be paid to it during the process of the Cause, but the Saint's hat was suspended by a cord from the ceiling as is sometimes done to mark the tomb of a bishop. A miracle was always preceded by the turning of this hat, which described a circle more or less wide, according to the importance of the miracle. When the first movement of the hat was perceived, the bell of the monastery was rung, the Sisters went immediately to the choir, while the whole city cried aloud: "The miracle bell, the bell rings for a miracle." Then all thronged to the church and joined in the prayers, and when the miracle was announced a triumphant *Te Deum* was intoned, which sometimes continued for several hours. Mother de Chaugy deposed that in a period of thirty years, thirty-seven dead persons had been raised to life through the intercession of the holy Bishop, and the number of lesser miracles was beyond computation. The following miracle is well authenticated, and is related in the words of Sister de la Tour, sacristan of the monastery:

"A poor woman was asking alms at the church door, when her little boy left her side to recover an apple which had rolled down the steps. As he stooped down, a man who was unloading lumber, accidentally let a plank fall on the child's head, breaking the skull, scattering pieces of bone and brain on the pavement. The mother did not perceive the accident, but as soon as she was told of it, she threw herself on her knees and cried out: 'O great Saint Francis de Sales, take pity on my child.' Then turning to the drayman she said: 'My friend, do not distress yourself. Saint Francis de Sales will give him back to me. He was dedicated to the Saint, he was baptized by the Saint's name and the Saint will raise him to life.' While saying these words she gathered up the pieces of the child's head and put them into her apron with his dead body. I was in the choir when she came in followed by a hundred persons, or more. She said to the portress, as she opened her apron: 'This is my son who has been crushed, give me some relics of the Saint.' I handed her a little statue of the Blessed Virgin, made from the dust

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of the flesh of Our Holy Founder. She put it inside the skull and threw herself on her knees near the chapel of the Holy Innocents, where the sacred body lies. The hat began to turn with great violence, and the bell was rung as the Community entered the choir. The townspeople came running in, shouting: 'Our great Saint is going to work a miracle.' The shutter of our grille was drawn back and our Mother imposed silence, and all the people cast themselves on the ground. The mother of the child knelt perfectly motionless for about a quarter of an hour, when the little boy cried out from the apron: 'Mother, *where is my apple?*' The mother took him in her arms and caressed him quietly, saying: 'My child, you are *truly* the child of St. Francis de Sales.' That little boy is now a priest." The hat of the Saint is still preserved by the Missionaries of St. Francis de Sales in the Chapel of Allinges near Thonon. The Church which witnessed so many miracles has recently been refitted and saved from profanation. It had been used as a kind of tenement house, which sheltered eighteen families. A bakery and a blacksmith shop occupied the lower floor of this glorious sanctuary, which had been honored by the Saint in life and in death.

It was in the First Monastery of the Visitation that the Saint concluded the Conferences or Spiritual Entertainments which he had began in *La Galleric*. They were given informally with the Sisters gathered around him, or seated at his feet, and while he broke to them the bread of the divine word, they carefully gathered up the crumbs which have furnished spiritual food for innumerable souls throughout the Christian world. In these Conferences "the comparisons and metaphors are borrowed from all that is sweetest and purest in nature; the Lake of Annecy reflecting in its crystal waters the splendor of the starry heavens, the master pilot bringing back his boat to the shore, the child reposing on his mother's bosom, or else chasing butterflies and playing on the verdant moss, the habits of the bees and the doves, pave the way for practical and sometimes sublime teachings."

What could be more beautiful than the spiritual lesson drawn from the little nest of the halcyon, of which the Saint writes to Saint de Chantal? "I was considering the other day, what some authors say of the halcyons, little birds which build in the midst of the waters. They make their nests quite round and so well pressed, that the sea-water cannot penetrate; only above, there is a small hole through which they can respire, and the air which is taken through it, serves as a counter-weight, and so balances these little barques that they never overturn. O my daughter! how I wish that our hearts could be like that, well pressed, well lined on all sides, so that if the storms and tempests of the world should attack them, they might not penetrate; and that there should be but one opening on the side of heaven, to breathe and aspire to our Saviour. O how I love these little birds that are surrounded by water, and live only on air, which hide themselves in the ocean and see only heaven. And what pleases me most is, that the anchor is cast above and not below, to strengthen them against the waves. O my sister, my daughter, may the sweet Jesus render us such, that the strengthening of our hopes may be always from above and in Paradise."

The bees, *nature's nuns*, give continual lessons, but as Cardinal Wiseman says, "His bees are not those of Huber, or our gardens, they are intelligent and moral little beings, and the saint's heart loves them, because they, like it, are ever full of honey, or busy making it, always redolent of it, and overflowing with it. . . . And his dove is no more the dove of our cotes than the other is the bee of our hives. It is an ideal bird, that thinks and reflects and reasons, and is guided by the sweetest laws of disinterested love." In one of

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the letters of the Saint to a religious, he makes this original comparison: "Bees love their hives, which are, as it were, their convents; I said to you once that they were like nature's nuns in the animal creation," and in another place he compares his religious to nightingales in a cage, to sing unceasingly the praises of God, by whose hand they are fed and nourished.

On the narrowest part of the Lake of Annecy may be seen the Castle of Duingt connected with the land by a drawbridge. This castle was a portion of the patrimony of St. Francis de Sales. During the Reign of Terror, the Sisters made an attempt to remove the precious bodies of their Holy Founders to this place for safety. On the night of the 26th of March 1793, by permission of the Vicar General, the holy bodies were taken from their shrines and reverently placed between two mattresses and laid in a boat which awaited them at the foot of the enclosure. Four of the older Sisters were appointed to accompany the relics. They set out immediately while the full moon reflected on the lake looked almost like mid-day. The waters were tranquil, and they reached Duingt without difficulty, where the rest of the community hoped to meet them on the morrow. But treason prevented the success of their project. The municipal authorities entered the Convent Church, removed the coverings from the shrines, and missing the bodies, they declared the religious guilty of high treason; they then seized all the valuables in the church and monastery, and ordered the community to depart as soon as possible. Three hundred mounted grenadiers accompanied them to Duingt, and took possession of the holy bodies, which they carried back in triumph to Annecy, where they were for a short time deposited in the Church of the Visitation. Then the municipal authorities ordered the shrines, stripped of their ornaments, to be removed to the Cathedral. Early on the day appointed for the removal, the news was announced to the whole city by the discharge of cannon, and at ten o'clock in the morning, the Constitutional Bishop with the municipal authorities took possession of the holy relics. The officers carried them on their shoulders, and the poor people uttered cries of joy while accompanying this sad procession to the Cathedral, where the body of St. Francis de Sales was placed on the main altar.



ARCADES, RUE DE L'ISLE.

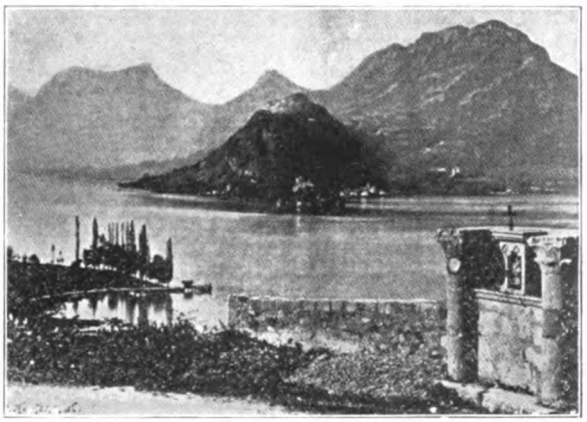
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and that of St. de Chantal in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin.

Dating from this unhappy hour, the dispersion of the community was inevitable, as the Castle of Duingt was confiscated Some of the Sisters fled to the monastery of Fribourg, others took refuge in Italy, or in their own families, sharing among them their whole fortune of one thousand and four hundred livres. In the beginning of the year 1794, four courageous inhabitants of Annecy fearing that their beloved relics would share the fate of St. Claude and St. Genevieve, determined to remove them from the cathedral to deposit them in a safe place. They took from the vaults of the Sisters of St. Clare, two skeletons, which they substituted for the precious remains of St Francis de Sales and St. de Chantal. Entering the cathedral at midnight they executed their pious theft with success, and fled by the canal to a house not far distant, where the holy bodies were deposited between two floors, hidden from all eyes, where they remained until after the Revolution. In 1804, the bodies were identified by the Bishop of Chambery and Geneva, and in 1806, the body of St. Francis de Sales was removed to the cathedral and that of St. de Chantal to St. Maurice. There they reposed until the restoration of the First Monastery of the Visitation, when they were again confided to the care of their devoted daughters, who, unable to recover their former monastery, built the present one on the Rue Royale. The church and one wing of the present monastery were built by Marie Christine, Queen of Sardinia, who also gave an endowment to the monastery. Under the direction of Mgr. de Thiollaz, Bishop of Annecy, assisted by many bishops and hundreds of ecclesiastics of different ranks, the translation of the relics of St. Francis de Sales took place on the 21st of August, 1826, in the presence of the King, Charles Felix, his Queen, Marie Christine, and an immense concourse of people. They were placed in the rear of the main altar, in the shrine where they now rest, and on the 23d of August, 1826, the same solemn procession and ceremonies were repeated, when the relics of St. de Chantal were also translated to the Church of the Visitation and placed in the chapel to the right of the main altar, adjoining the Sisters' choir.

The 21st of August, the Feast of St. de Chantal, is a double feast, which is announced at noon on the day previous by the prolonged pealing of all the bells of the city; this is repeated again at sunset, and at sunrise on the following day. Every year the pious people of Savoy celebrate the anniversary of the translation of the relics by leaving their mountains to come to venerate their glorious patron, to kneel before his shrine and beg his benediction. This Feast is always followed by a grand Novena; two sermons a day are preached by distinguished pulpit orators, twelve priests hear Confessions from four A. M. to one P. M., and the Communions are counted by thousands, for all wish to gain the Plenary Indulgence attached to the Novena and the feast. Processions come from all the neighboring parishes, each on the day appointed for it; the Curé says Mass at the shrine of the Holy Bishop, and then consecrates to him his parish and his people. A solemn Requiem Mass is celebrated annually in this church for Queen Marie Christine, who besides the endowment gave royal gifts to the sanctuary. Two chasubles wrought in silk tapestry are still used on feasts of the Church. *Le chasuble du Roi* and *le chasuble de la Reine* were both worked by Marie Christine, but as the King was pleased to put some stitches in the former, he received the credit for the whole vestment, hence its name. These good sovereigns were greatly loved in Savoy, where the King always dispensed with his body-guard, as he said his Savoyards were his best body-guards. They were true friends to the First Monastery of the Visitation where their memory is gratefully and piously preserved.

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TALLOIRES, WHARF AND RUINS OF A CHAPEL.

The people of Savoy always speak of St. Francis de Sales as *Notre Saint*, and with an enthusiastic pride which shows that if they love him as their Saint, they love him not less because he was their countryman—a Savoyard! The 29th of January, the Feast of the Saint is a gala day in Annecy. The bishops, canons, priests in full canonicals, and seminarians, walk processionally from the Cathedral to the Church of the Visitation while hundreds of voices unite in the beautiful hymn of St Francis de Sales with fine effect, for they throw into it both heart and soul. This hymn *Quis sacros vultu* is so beautiful that we will be pardoned for giving a free translation in connection with the Feast.

Ah! who is that this cometh up
From valleys deep and low;
His heart aflame with sacred fire,
And countenance aglow?
His golden chariot flies apace,
Beyond the brightest star;
A thousand virtues in his train,
Proclaim his praise afar.

Rejoice, oh earth! thy Bishop 'tis,
With form Salesian clad,
Who makes angelic choirs exult,
And heaven's court most glad.
Shall we not join them in their hymns,
And heart and soul rejoice,
That he hath found above the stars,
A seraph's throne and voice?

Yet for his children still he lives,
For lo! he lingers near
Immortal in the words of life
That speak in accents clear.
A master in the art divine,
Disciples still he trains;
And leads them by a "Hidden Way,"
To mount where now he reigns.

Olympus' heights may all attain,
With ease, who keep this "Way,"
But should'st thou scorning, turn aside,
Thou'lt surely go astray.
The love unveil'd in his chaste books,
Sends forth a fiery dart;
Swift-wing'd with sweet delicious pain,
To pierce the loving heart.

The reader there with unsoil'd lips
May drink of God's pure love,
And longing still, may draw yet more,
Remaining His chaste dove.
The meditating mind there tastes
The bliss that fills the saints,
And melting in ecstatic flames,
The soul in rapture faints.

Oh! may our leader in "Thy Way,"
Draw us by love yet more
And make us run, nor stumbling, fear,
When he hath gone before.
So shall his children find true peace,
And ever faithful be
United to their Father here,
And for Eternity.

The highest praise be to our God
The Father first who reigns,
An equal honor to the Son,
Who naught of earth disdains,
And to the Spirit—bond between,—
Who maketh them but one,
The source, beginning, fruit and end
Of love on earth begun.

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On the Sunday within the Octave of the Feast, another solemn celebration takes place in the Cathedral, which for twenty years echoed the glorious teachings of the great Saint, and Doctor of the Church.

Everything that is in the slightest way connected with the memory of *Notre Saint* is shown to the visitor with genuine pride and affection. The people are familiar with incidents in his life, which they have learned by family traditions, and which they impart to others, spontaneously. The house which once served as his episcopal residence, is now occupied by the Canons of the Cathedral.

On the hill side, in sight of the Lake of Annecy, rises the little town of Talloires, with its houses of many hues. The Abbey of Talloires was reformed and its fervor revived by St. Francis de Sales, who went there frequently to visit his confessor, the Abbot M. de Coïx, whom he had miraculously cured of a pestilential fever. The monks were dispersed during the Revolution and the abbey converted into a hotel, where the chapter room may still be seen, with its fine painting of the twelve Apostles, except that of the Beloved Disciple, which, it is said, was stolen by a tourist. Above Talloires, the church and belfry of St. Germain stand out in bold relief against the azure sky, and not far distant is the cave or grotto in the rocks, where St. Germain, a monk of Talloires, lived for several years in solitude, by permission of his superiors. The sublime scenery around this cave attracted St. Francis de Sales, who resolved to resign his see to his brother, Mgr. Jean François, and to retire there to write a treatise on the "Love of the Neighbor," as a companion to his admirable treatise on the "Love of God," for he was accustomed to say, that in that elevated spot, so near heaven, the thoughts would come to him as abundantly as the snowflakes, which fall thick and fast on the mountain. It was to this he alluded in one of his letters to the Abbot. He wrote, "When we are in our Retreat, we will serve God with breviary, rosary and pen. O who will give me the wings of a dove to fly away to this sacred rest, and to breathe a little under the shadow of the cross! There shall I await the moment of my change: *Expectabo donec veniat immutatio mea.*"

The magnificent old Castle de Menthon on the Lake of Annecy is pointed out as the birthplace of Saint Bernard, and the chamber of the Saint is now used as an oratory. He was born in 923, and although he was attracted to the religious state, his parents, from worldly considerations, had arranged for him an alliance with the beautiful Marguerite de Miolans. To escape this union, the Saint on the eve of his marriage filed away the iron bars from the window of his room, where the broken bars are still seen, and fled to the valley of Aosti, where he became a priest. He founded on the summit of the Alps the two Hospices of St. Bernard which are known throughout the world for their charity and the number of lives that have been saved by the monks in that land of perpetual snow. The Chateau de Menthon is still in possession of the family of St. Bernard, who is greatly loved throughout Savoy, and pilgrimages are annually made to the spot where he was born.

Near Annecy is the Castle de Thorens, which is situated in a picturesque valley watered by the Fillière. Quite near it are the ruins of another castle, which also belonged to the family of St. Francis de Sales, and in it the Saint was born. This castle was burned in 1630 by the order of Marshal de Chatillon. A rustic chapel overshadowed by a gigantic linden tree, a cotemporary of the Saint, alone marks the spot where he first saw the light of day. In this castle lived the little bride of twelve years, Marie-Aimée the Baroness de Thorens, the daughter of Saint de Chantal, and wife of Bernard de Sales, the brother of the holy Bishop. In 1617 the Baron de Thorens died in camp, and Marie-Aimée, that beautiful and

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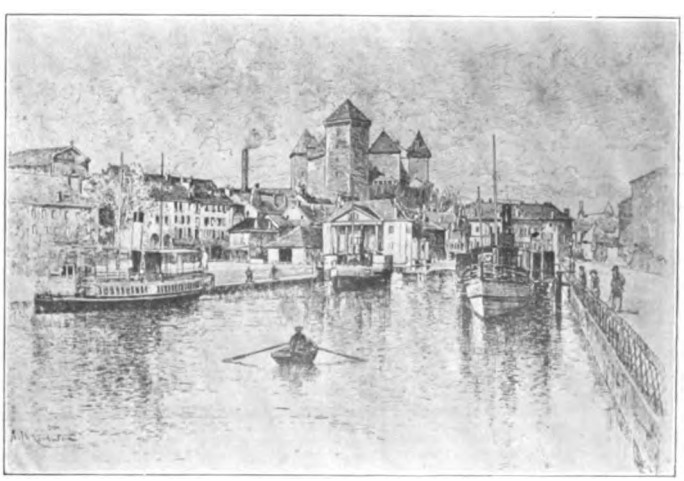
desolate dove, retired as was her wont, to her good mother, in the monastery of the Visitation, where she died on the 7th of September of the same year, after having made her vows as a religious of the Visitation. We read the record of her death in the *Convent Book* of the Monastery of the Visitation of Annecy, written by the hand of St. Francis de Sales, and traces of his tears are still visible on the pages.

"Marie-Aimée de Rabutin, daughter of our Mother, and widow of Bernard de Sales, Baron of the same place and of Thorens, after having frequently expressed the desire to be received into the Congregation here established, was suddenly taken ill in this house. After she had made her confession and received sacramental absolution, with unparalleled resignation, rare meekness, and deep humility, her mind being extremely tranquil, in a sweet, distinct and clear voice, she asked for the habit of the Visitation, which was granted her on account of the great devotion she had manifested, and having received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, she begged to be allowed to make the vows. This request also being granted, she made them with unequalled courage, and expired three hours after, having until her last breath constantly repeated very gently and devoutly the words, 'Live Jesus!' She was admitted to the habit and profession by her bishop, the brother of her late husband, and by her mother, the Superioress of the Congregation, and by all the Sisters, who were present at her pious and lovely death, September 6, 1617. On that day at eight o'clock in the evening, she fell into her mortal illness. At nine she received the habit; at ten she was professed; and between one and two in the morning on the seventh day of the said month, the eve of the Nativity of our Lady, she passed to a better life, leaving behind her a rare example of devotion and incomparable spiritual consolation to those who, otherwise afflicted at her departure, saw and admired the pious circumstances attending it.

"François, Bishop of Geneva, who administered to her the Sacraments of Penance, Holy Eucharist, and Extreme Unction, and received the vows of this amiable deceased Sister, whose age was nineteen years, two months and six days.

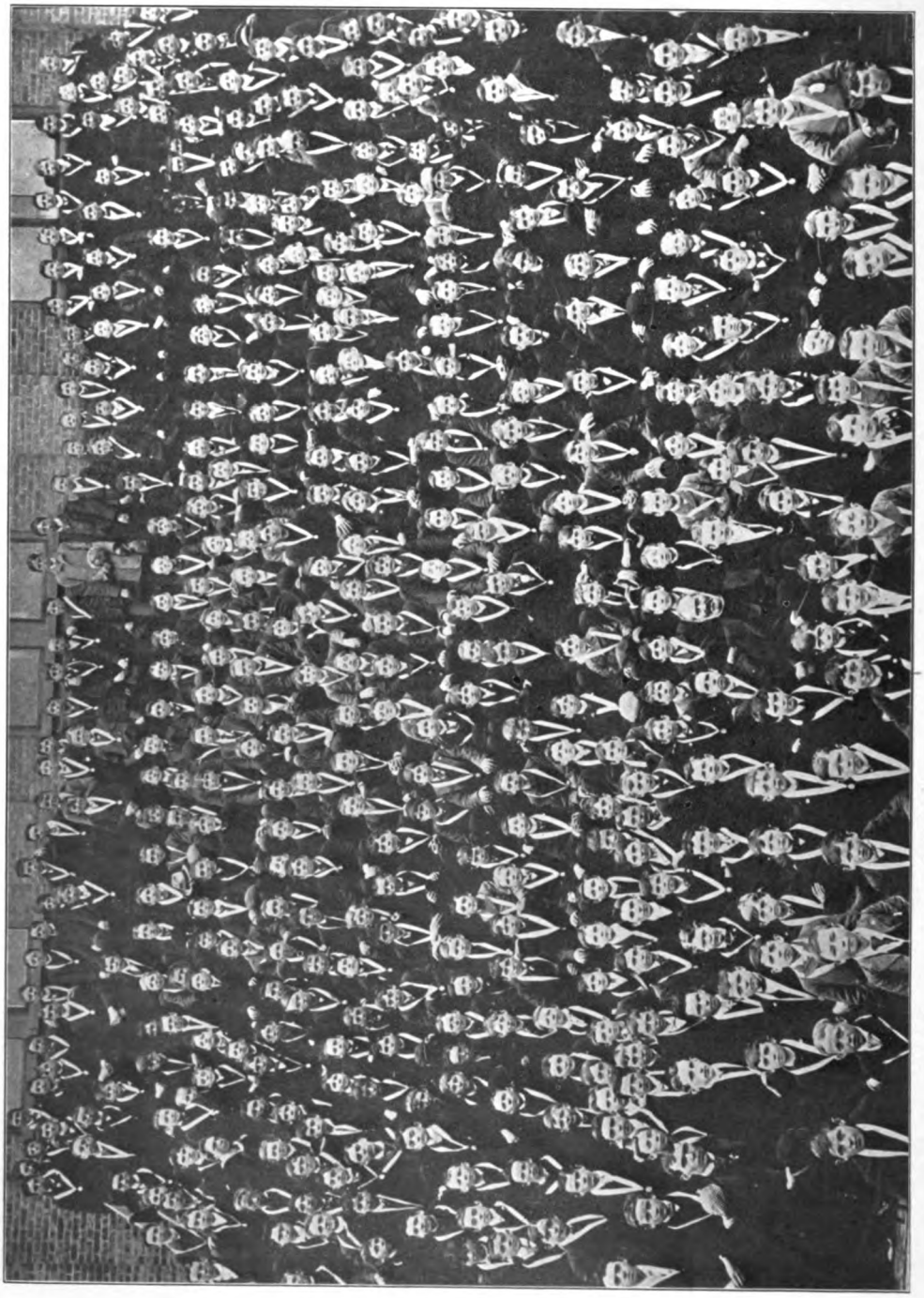
"Sister Jeanne Françoise Fremyot."

It was from the Castle de Thorens-Sales, that Saint Francis sent to Mother de Chantal his beautiful reflections upon the little birds in a letter which has been so often quoted. He wrote: "There had been a heavy snow, and the courtyard was covered with a good foot of snow. John came in and swept a small space clear of snow and threw down corn there for the pigeons to eat, who all came together into that refectory to take their refection, with an admirable peace and decorum; and I watched them with interest. You would not believe what edification these little creatures gave me," etc.



CASTLE OF ANNECY

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A FLOURISHING WORK FOR CITY BOYS.

THE many faces in our illustration prove that the boys' sodality, established under the patronage of St. Aloysius, St. Joseph's Church, Troy, N. Y., is very extensively patronized by the youth of that town. The members—mostly working boys, all of them in their teens—are enrolled in the Apostleship of Prayer; carry beads and scapulars; receive Holy Communion monthly; pledge themselves to total abstinence till twenty-one, and gather weekly for short religious services consisting of an abbreviated office, congregational singing and instruction, with benediction frequently at the close.

Of course, somewhat on the principle of *mens sana in corpore sano*, an organization so active spiritually enjoys equal and preliminary development on its secular side. The director, Rev. G. E. Quin, S.J., closely studies boys' legitimate likings, with consequent application of attractions and methods sure to "take." His following is multiplied not only by the irresistible charms of baseball, skates, athletics, torch-light parades, etc., but also in virtue of sundry congenial expedients adding interest to the departments of government and sanctification.

A feature of the sodality is its cross encircled, bright red button. This very conspicuous symbol of lively faith is met everywhere—in schools, factories, stores and streets—giving the town at large an appearance of juvenile and almost aggressive Catholicism. On occasions, the badge leads to muscular polemics not contemplated by the sodality management. "Do Protestant lads ever demand the meaning of your button?" was the question once put to a newsboy member.

"Yep," answered the youngster, "sometimes dey wanter know."

"And then what do you say on the Catholic side?" continued the inquirer. "Oh" replied our juvenile controversialist, with a careless toss of the head, "I jis' haul off an soak 'em."

Owing to great recruiting power, the organization is catholic, even locally, and enrolls, not only young America and his chum, young Irish America, but also lads who by parentage are French, German, Italian and Polish. Furthermore, reaching the classes usually alienated from pious societies, it absorbs juvenile "toughs" almost as easily as lads of better spiritual circumstances.

In fact, applications for membership which seem limited only by excessive distance of residence have been so numerous as to establish something quite unusual in boys' societies, a waiting list made up of youngsters patiently expecting turn to enter the sodality proper. This supplementary roll carries fully one hundred and fifty names, and feeds a body of sodalists more than three hundred strong. Of this total, reaching practically five hundred, nearly four hundred are gathered in the group herewith presented.

To those familiar with the all-important "boy question," the most interesting feature of this work is its director's somewhat startling contention flatly contradicting common opinion that *method alone* will gather and control juveniles without the slightest support from gifts of "personal magnetism" so generally attributed to successful workers in the apostolate.

Indeed, Father Quin frankly declares that, far from exerting any special personal drawing influence over young people, he is *badly handicapped* by "insurmountable stiffness and awkwardness" in all dealings with them, unless of distinctively religious character, and asserts positively that his own expedients, or others equally efficacious, backed only by a lit-

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tle common sense and perseverance, will bring the best of results to any friend of boys by whom such methods may be applied.

This experienced worker's view affords ample food for thought. Is it possible for an individual to be at once and with regard to the same youthful element, consciously repellant and unconsciously attractive? If not, the above experience gives very encouraging testimony that simply by sustained methodical endeavor, many, who owing to lack of special winsome natural gifts are now resigned to inactivity, can easily organize flourishing societies for city boys. Such bodies will never be too many, and sadly enough, they are at present much too few.

ST. CLARE AND THE SECOND ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS.

THE POOR CLARES.

ST. CLARE, whose feast the Church celebrates on the twelfth of August, was born at Assisi, in the beautiful valley of Umbria, in the year 1193. Her father was a brave and noble warrior, her mother of an illustrious family, noted for piety and charity towards the poor. When Clare was born, her mother heard a heavenly voice which told her that she should bring forth a pure light to dispel the surrounding darkness. Some writers tell us there was a look of pleasure upon the little face of the child when she came into the world. Clare became famous as her name indicated, she became a light which still sends its beams throughout the world. Naturally of a tender disposition, she gave generously of her great wealth to the poor. Even as a child she took her food to the orphans. She prayed frequently during the day and, after the fashion of the Fathers of the Desert, used little stones upon which to count the various devotions which she had prescribed to herself.

As the heiress of the beautiful castle of "Sasso Rosso," the ruins of which may still be seen in the neighborhood of Assisi, she was often sought in marriage by the most distinguished in society. Many a proposal was made, many an alliance projected, but she was proof against all and eluded them on the plea of her youth.

Let us acknowledge here, in passing, one of the miracles which grace operates sometimes in the hearts of those that it wishes to possess without division. Clare, the idol of her parents, surrounded by the love of all those who knew her, caressed, welcomed by everybody, at the most seducing epoch of life, in which everything seemed to promise a most brilliant and prosperous future, all at once, forgetting the weakness of her sex, clothed herself with superhuman courage, and by one of those sacrifices which God alone can inspire, left her parents, friends, fortune, honors, pleasures, to go alone to embrace a poor, obscure, penitential life.

She had heard of the holy, austere life of St. Francis. Accompanied by a few trustworthy friends, Clare secretly visited the convent of our Lady of the Angels. She was received by the holy patriarch with great solemnity. He had an intuitive knowledge of all that was passing in the depths of her soul. Her great and only desire was to abandon the world entirely, and St. Francis clothed her with the garb of penance on the 19th of March, 1212.

Her parents tried every skill of entreaty and reasoning to alter her resolu-

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tion. When arguments were of no avail, they had recourse to violence. Clare cast herself at the foot of the altar. She entreated God to assist her, to watch over the disposition of the event, and to facilitate the means of accomplishing His holy will. She felt encouraged and fortified in her vocation. Who would not exclaim with the great Apostle, "O, holy folly of the cross, what wonders dost thou not perform?" Her sacrifice was great, indeed, according to the thoughts of the world, but the recompense that God reserved for her was greater. She abandoned perishable goods, and assured to herself a reward which would never end. She separated herself from those whom she dearly loved, but to cling so much the more to the Author of all true love. All the goods and advantages which she renounced were restored to her a hundred fold. A heart so sensible in its affections could not be indifferent to the love which creatures lavished upon it, but she knew how deceitful and changeable this love is and will be at all times. God, who is generous above all our merits, indemnified her. He inundated her heart with divine charity; infused into it that peace which "surpasseth all understanding," and already in this life she was initiated in the ravishing secrets of His pure delights, in the holy solitude she had chosen.

Clare had been about two weeks at St. Damian's, when, to her great joy, her beloved sister Agnes came to pour out her heart to her. She was only fourteen years of age. They had lived, worked, and prayed together. In all things Agnes resembled Clare. After their mournful separation, Clare prayed incessantly for her beloved sister, that Almighty God might withdraw her from the world. Her supplication was heard. Agnes came to Clare to entreat her earnestly to do her the favor of admitting her among the number of her daughters.

Their tender father was overwhelmed by a declaration so unforeseen; he remained during some moments confounded and as if annihilated by grief. Having recovered a little from his astonishment, he summoned all his kinsmen together, called upon them to aid in the pursuit of his daughter. They drag Agnes from the convent. Clare has recourse to prayer; behold its effects. Agnes remains immovable, and they are obliged to take her back to her holy abode. She was not long in altogether forgetting the world, and all that she had left; her whole concern was the acquisition of the monastic virtues, and, in a short time, she made in them wonderful progress. She received the holy habit from St. Francis. Now was witnessed a combat of virtue which plainly told how deeply rooted was the humility of this heart, initiated for so short a time in the ways of evangelical perfection.

Clare and Agnes began a life of penance which filled the world with astonishment. The appeal of our Saviour, "whoever wishes to come to me, let him sell his goods, and distribute the price of them to the poor; let him renounce self, take up his cross, and follow me," was understood by them and they literally followed Him. They lived in great poverty, in retirement, and made together but one heart and one soul.

In imitation of these examples many noble and generous virgins, guided by the grace of the Holy Spirit, stole away from the tumult of the world, abandoned the residences of their parents, and buried themselves in the holy retreat founded by Clare and her sister. They left all to meditate upon the law of God, and to contemplate in silence and mortification His infinite perfections, thus becoming true angels in this world, and using their bodies only as instruments of the most rude penance; becoming true martyrs, by the macerations to which they subjected themselves. Under the sure guidance of the holy patriarch the convent of St. Damian became a magnet, which drew to it the hearts of the most illustrious women.

When the holy patriarch St. Francis

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saw that St. Clare and her daughters feared neither poverty, labors, tribulations, nor contempt of the world, nay, rather that they looked upon these things as their greatest delights, he wrote for them a form of life. He not only wished to be their spiritual guide, but also with diligent care provided for their temporal wants. He also declared in the rule that this duty should be fulfilled by his brethren after his death. "Since by the divine inspirations you have made yourselves daughters and handmaids of the most high and sovereign King, the heavenly Father, and have taken the Holy Ghost for your spouse, choosing to live according to the perfection of the Holy Gospel, I will and promise to have always, by myself and by my brethren a diligent care and special solicitude for you as for them." This promise he carefully fulfilled while he lived, and desired that it should always be fulfilled by his brethen.

St. Francis was now about to leave his beloved daughters to seek the martyr's crown in the East. He entrusted them to the care of Cardinal Ugolino, his own personal friend, and the protector of his Order, who undertook to give them a rule in accordance with the spirit of their foundation. He took the rule of St. Benedict for its basis, adding some particular constitutions of even greater severity.

The capacious mind and unflinching will of Innocent the Third had recoiled at first from the daring experiment of founding even an order of men in absolute poverty; what wonder then, that Cardinal Ugolino feared to make such a venture for women.

No sooner had St. Francis returned from Egypt than the holy abbess sought for an interview to confer with him on the affairs of the Order. Together they composed a rule in twelve chapters for the daughters of St. Clare.

Though St. Clare never left the solitude of her convent and had renounced all intercourse with the world, she wrought through her life of sacrifice and prayer those miracles of zeal for the salvation of souls which accompany the steps of holy missionaries. In Assisi occurred the most striking and remarkable conversions. Women especially were seized with holy emulation; they abandoned the vanities of the world, begged to be received in convents, or fell at the feet of our saint, to place themselves under her guidance, whilst their husbands embraced the robe of the Friars Minor. Others transformed their houses into asylums of retreat, in which they gave themselves up with zeal to the practice of virtue and piety. A great number of virgins still free from the hindrances and obstacles of the world made the vow of chastity, or left their homes to join the new Order. Mothers encouraged their daughters, daughters called their mothers, sisters drew each other, aunts invited their nieces to the wedding feast of the Lamb. In fact Umbria beheld the same edifying spectacle which Africa presented when the famous Demetrias, touched by the exhortations of St. Austin, took the veil.

Soon the little convent of St. Damian could not hold all that flocked thither. So St. Francis resolved to establish houses of the Order in the different cities of Italy. Nothing is more touching than this modest peregrination of the poor ladies. Everywhere they left a saint, a good and edifying remembrance. The writers of those times called these daughters of St. Clare, true spouses of Christ, pious servants of God, whose wonderful perfection comforted the Church and filled her with joy. Love was the tie which united these simple and pious souls. All had but one will and one heart. Humility, the great protectress of the gifts of God, and the source of all virtue, was their most beloved practice. Holy poverty was perfectly observed by them. Their convents possessed no revenues. They gave themselves up entirely to Divine Providence. They kept perfect silence, remembering the words

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of Christ, that we must give an account of every idle word. O, admirable convents; true houses of God; touching pictures of heaven! Well may the words of the royal prophets be applied to them: "The Lord loves your portals more than the tents of Jacob. Beautiful things are said of thee, O city of God! He himself hath founded them, the Almighty! How rejoice all those who dwell in Thee!"

These first daughters of St. Clare led a life of prayer and penance. They observed a continual fast and abstinence from flesh meat, the use of which was prohibited them even in sickness. Their vigils were long and frequent. A great part of the day and of the night was employed in singing the Divine Office, to which they joined the Office of the Dead, while the rest of the day was spent in meditation and work; but even during this latter their prayer did not cease, for, although they did not pray vocally, yet their spirits remained united to God in profound interior recollection. "They shall accomplish their work faithfully and devoutly," says St. Clare, in her Rule, "in such a manner that, banishing idleness, which is an enemy to the soul, they do not extinguish in their hearts the spirit of devotion and holy prayer, to which all temporal things ought to be subservient." The Saint consequently ordered her sisters to do such work, which, while employing the body, left the soul at full liberty to turn towards God in prayer. At midnight they arose from their hard couch, on which they rested entirely dressed, to go and offer to the King of Heaven the homage of their exactness and devotion, and to sing the praises of the Most High, and to remain before Him in silent meditation. Neither intense cold nor scorching heat kept them from this duty. Their clothing, in which poverty and austerity manifestly appeared, was for them a continual source of penance; for, while it was far too heavy for comfort in Summer, it did not protect them sufficiently against the cold in Winter. Besides these austerities which their Rule prescribed, they practised many others, the mere mention of which would make the modern world shudder, but which merited for them those divine consolations which are a foretaste of heaven, and which God bestows only upon his elect.

We shall not mention all the saints that this holy order has produced; merely a few of the most illustrious next to Sts. Clare and Coletta: St. Catharine of Bologna, whose body has remained incorrupt to the present time, St. Kunigunda and St. Hedwig, queens of Poland, Blessed Salome, queen of Hungary, Blessed Helena, sister of St. Kunigunda, Blessed Margarita Colonna, Blessed Hathia, Blessed Antonia, Blessed Seraphina Sforza, Saint Veronica Giugliana, Blessed Mary of Agreda. Many other illustrious princesses left the seducing world and clothed themselves with the penitential garb of St. Clare: Catharine and Anne of Austria, both queens, Agnes, daughter of Emperor Ludwig, of Bavaria; Blanch, daughter of St. Louis, King of France, and another Blanch, daughter of Philip the Fair, also King of France. Catharine, daughter of King Frederick of Sicily, Constantia, daughter of Manfried, also King of Sicily, and over one hundred and fifty other queens and princesses. St. Clare and many convents founded by her observed the most rigorous poverty. However we cannot pass over in silence that many convents fell from their first fervor. The return to the latter was the work of St. Coletta in the year 1435.

St. Coletta was born at Corbie in the Picardie on the 13th of January, 1381, of Christian parents. Her birth, through the intercession of St. Nicolaus who was especially honored in the family, was miraculous, her mother being at the time sixty years of age. The grateful parents on that account named their daughter Nicoletta or Coletta. The blessings of heaven were bestowed upon her from the cradle and she faithfully corresponded to them. When only seven years old, she meditated with tears on the Passion of

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our Lord and fastened herself with Him to the cross by the practice of mortification. The greater part of the day she spent in prayer in an oratory, which her pious father had erected for her, and only left it when going to church. Though of a weak constitution, she regularly assisted at the midnight office of the Benedictines, and zealously gathered the children of her age around her to teach them the truths of our holy religion and spur them on to practise piety and virtue.

As she grew older, Coletta was filled with love and compassion for the poor; it was her pleasure to visit them and nurse them when ill. After the death of her parents, she distributed her fortune among the poor. She thought seriously of consecrating herself to God in the religious life. With this intention she applied for admission in several communities; at last with the Urbanists. As in none of these convents she found the sublime ideal for which her heart longed, she returned to Corbie where she heard of the great reputation of Father Pinet, a renowned spiritual man, and confided to him the guidance of her soul. He gave her the habit of the third Order of St. Francis, advised her to live as a recluse, because at that time there could not be found a convent in which reigned the primitive severity and discipline. Coletta thought that now all the desires of her heart would be satisfied. A place was found where she could lead the life of a recluse, and the people helped in making it habitable. Many persons of distinction interested themselves in her. [This shutting up of a recluse was a solemn thing on which the Church had legislated and which must be done according to her laws.] The Abbot of the Benedictines blessed the recluse, and preceded by all the clergy and accompanied by Father Pinet, he conducted her in procession to her new dwelling. She was placed within the enclosure, the door was shut and so leaving her, they went away.

Here she remained four years praying, fasting, working and practising great austerities. One day, she saw in a vision an immense painting of the Church torn by interior dissension, at another time the Order of St. Francis falling into decline; she heard a voice as did the great Poor Man of Assisi, which said: "Go restore my house, it is falling." Though all teachers of the spiritual life to whom she turned for advice agreed that these visions came from God, she resisted, fearing illusions, till at last God took from her the power of speech. Still she opposed, was full of perplexity and weighed down by the profoundest distress. She prayed with renewed fervor. Suddenly on the third day, she became blind. At last with perfect humility and absolute simplicity she obeyed. Her speech and her sight were both restored.

Almighty God continued to teach her by means of voices and visions about her sublime mission—viz., to raise the three Orders of St. Francis to their primitive discipline. Henry de Baume and the Baroness of Brisay became the chosen of heaven to help St. Coletta. After she had received the necessary dispensation from her vow of enclosure, she went to Nice to present herself to Benedict XIII. He received her with kindness, and granted her requests—that she might make her profession in the Order of Poor Clares and reform the Orders of St. Francis. She applied herself with zeal to the great work of the reformation, assisted by the hand of God. Thus early taught and early chosen in love, prayer and praise, in perseverance, fidelity and patience, she lived, suffered, and succeeded. Her great courage and firm confidence in God aided her in the severe struggles. [None of her work fell to the ground without fruit, for with it was the grace of God.] Her reform triumphed in the world and in the cloister.

The reform of St. Coletta had also its Third Order, into which she infused her spirit and sentiments. The first to enter

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this Order were her illustrious friends and protectors; soon many of the faithful of all classes joined them. In order to explain the original rule of St. Clare more clearly, the holy reformer composed statutes, which are to this day looked upon as the best explanation of the rule of St. Clare; all convents that wish to live according to the spirit of St. Clare, faithfully observe them. These statutes received the approbation of several Popes, and our present, gloriously reigning Pope Leo XIII., recommended them to all Poor Clares. Most of the Poor Clare convents in France, as also the numerous convents in Belgium, those communities founded by them in Germany, England and America belong to the reform of St. Coletta. Almighty God revealed to the saint that her reform would be observed in Poor Clare convents to the end of the world. We cannot doubt the authenticity of these revelations, when we consider the many convents that to this day observe the reform, notwithstanding the numerous oppositions met with; also the persevering zeal with which her counsels are executed. These true daughters and imitators of the saint prove to the over delicate world what human nature can do with the grace of God. How pleasing this hidden and austere life is to God, we see from the remarkable and extraordinary graces bestowed upon many of these generous souls. The history of the different convents, also the authentic biographies of holy members who possessed the gift of sublime contemplation, of prophecy, etc., give the necessary evidence.

The high esteem in which St. Coletta was held during her lifetime, increased greatly after her death, which occurred in the convent at Ghent, on the sixth of March, 1447, on account of the numberless miracles that were wrought through her intercession. However, because of the tumultuous times, her canonization was not completed till May 24, 1807, by Pius VII. Leo XIII. raised her feast to one of the first class for all Poor Clares, and granted them a special office in honor of the holy reformer.

We find in the histories of the different Poor Clare convents of the Reform of St. Coletta, many examples of great holiness and heroism which showed itself especially during the time of heresy and revolution; volumes of their fidelity to faith and vocation might be written, but we shall merely cast a glance at the history of the poor Clares of Ghent, because there dwelt the ancestors of the two houses of the reform of St. Coletta, established in the United States of North America. In the convent of Ghent took place the death of St. Coletta; many of her precious relics are venerated there, and it is noted on account of the holy lives of so many of its inmates who for centuries inhabited this holy abode. The holy reformer founded this convent in 1442; we read in the annals the names of thirty-seven Abbesses who followed her, the first one being Odette, daughter of the count of Bourgogne. In the year 1577 the Calvinists forced the Poor Clares to leave their convent, destroyed part of the annals and precious documents and caused them great suffering. They were obliged to separate and looked for a place of refuge in the different convents of St. Coletta in France. When they returned to Ghent, they found their beloved convent entirely destroyed. In 1783 they were again forced to leave and fled to Poligny, taking with them the relics of St. Coletta. There they remained till 1791 when again they were obliged to flee on account of the revolution, and they could not even take with them the remains of their beloved mother. (They remained together till 1814.) From the numerous members of this large community only four were left, among them the Abbess and her Vicaress; to these were joined two other Poor Clares of Bruges; they settled at the place where, up to the present time, the daughters of St. Coletta sing the praises of God. It was impossible to get back the old convent, in whose cemetery so many of the sisters rested. One of

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them, Sister Louise Hissette, was found twenty-six years after her death incorrupt, blooming; the branch of laurel, which was placed in her hand at the time of her death, was fresh and fragrant.

The Poor Clares of Ghent have in their possession, among other relics of St. Coletta, her habit and mantle, through which numerous miracles were wrought. In 1845 was established the convent of Tongres, from the convent at Ghent. From Tongres, in Belgium, was founded the convent at Düsseldorf, Prussia. In the year 1875, on account of the Kulturkampf, they were obliged to leave, and went to Holland. From there, in 1877, was founded the convent of Poor Clares, at Cleveland, Ohio. They were able to send a colony to Chicago, Ill., in 1893.

Such is the order of Poor Clares. After six hundred years of existence it continues to flourish in its primitive vigor. Having been the edification of the old world, and the salvation and sanctification of many in by-gone ages, it extends its scions even to our days and this new world. What is the spring of its life, and the secret of its attraction? We can but say, besides the grace of the Divine Spirit, who breathes where He will, that complete seclusion from all worldly intercourse, and that full detachment from the things of this world, which the Order professes. As St. Ignatius of Loyola says, the more a soul separates herself from worldly affections and all ill-regulated self-love, so much the more God will communicate with her, and she be able to receive His grace. The Order of Poor Clares, moreover, practises real poverty and a very severe life. And is it not this again which merits us an increase in God's grace and love? There will be always courageous souls who aspire to a complete surrender to God, and seek that fulness of peace that only the generous enjoy. It has been said the Poor Clares are rather a contemplative than an active order. They do not show themselves in the streets and by the bedside of the sick. This is true, yet they pray Almighty God to strengthen the just, to comfort the sad, and spare the wicked. And may we not hope that their supplications, joined with a penitential life, will find mercy before the throne of mercy? It is, therefore, our earnest wish that the Second Order of St. Francis, though leading a hidden life, may be well known and grow and bring its salutary fruits.

DAYBREAK IN SUMMER.

By T. J. Ruprecht.

WHILE slowly waned the hours with solemn hush,
Night spread her pall as if the earth were dead,
And kept star-tapers burning overhead—
When lo! in the far East a tremulous rush
Of roseate light leaped upward, blush on blush,
And morn, in woven sunbeams habited,
And blossom-sandaled, passed with radiant tread
Through woodland aisles with mosses green and lush,
And with the breath of soft winds whispered all
Her wondrous love, and laughed with songs of birds,
And sang the brooklet voices on her way;
And earth was loosed from purgatorial thrall
By the glad music of her matin-words,
And orbited 'mid living worlds to stay.

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Protection from Evil Societies.

General Intention for September, 1899.

Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

EVIL societies of men or women are so necessarily secret that it is one and the same thing to speak of an evil association and one that is secret in the strict sense. "For every one that doth evil hateth the light, and cometh not to the light, that his works may not be reproved." (1) Indeed, "secret society" is a mere euphemism for "evil society," and it is adroitly used by the officers of evil associations to allure others into membership, under the pretext that their society has so many advantages to offer they must be kept secret, whereas the truth is their society is so evil that they dare not make known its true character or purposes.

It is against the natural law, and therefore an evil thing to ask a man to bind himself to a secrecy so absolute that, if he considers himself bound by an oath so unlawful, he can no longer exercise the inalienable right to seek advice or counsel from men whom he believes competent to give them, and, when necessary for his own or for another's welfare, to disclose to a prudent person the knowledge which he has acquired as secret. It is no extenuation of this evil to refer him to officers of the secret association itself for necessary advice or counsel when its secrets are concerned, for this is at least to limit his right if not to deprive him of it entirely, since it makes him depend upon men who are sworn to advocate the very thing which he will have strong reasons to consider questionable. It is criminal to put fetters on the human mind: the society which asks, and strives to compel a man, to give up the chief legitimate source of knowledge, the advice or counsel of a prudent, competent, and disinterested man, is guilty of the crime of darkening and enslaving a human intellect, and every member of it shares the guilt.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the nature of evil societies, or, what is the same thing, those which are strictly secret, nor is it necessary to point out in such parts of their constitutions or other declarations that are sometimes permitted to become public, passages which distinctly declare their evil aims. We may even omit the exposures which must necessarily be made whether by members who are intelligent and brave enough to turn to better things, or who have reason to be disappointed because the promises of benevolence and worldly advancement held out to them have not been fulfilled. It is good, but it is not strictly necessary, to appeal to the authority of the Church, whose pastors,

(1) St. John iii., 20.

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rom the chief one who occupies the throne of Peter to the simplest priest, have ample reason for denouncing secret societies and considering them so clearly and unquestionably evil as to cut off from communion with the Church those of her children who have joined them. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Already suspicious in the unlawful secrecy they require, the many evils they seek to perpetrate on the Church and human society cannot escape detection. "The evil tree bringeth forth evil fruit."

It is all very well to plead that individually their members are good men; that they possess the civic and natural virtues sometimes in a high degree; that their ostensible purpose is benevolence, that their secrecy is merely to protect their own interests; that evil men may make use of an association to commit crimes for which the members are not responsible; that, if evil in one place or country, a society is not necessarily evil everywhere.

In the first place, individually the members of an association which is secret in the strict sense of the word, are not good men, for the mere reason that they have freely yielded the gift of their reason, and, what is more serious, their wills, gifts which even the Supreme Giver respects as their own, to other men who are neither divinely nor humanly appointed to control these gifts, and who give no guarantee that this control will not be abused. Properly speaking, in abandoning what is best in human nature, members of secret societies cease to be men, *i. e.* moral agents or individuals at all, since they are no longer the masters of their own actions.

The civic virtues no member of an evil or secret association can possess; he cannot be loyal to his country since he has sworn absolute allegiance to a society whose interests may conflict with the country's welfare; nor can he, as a citizen, work for the good of his fellows, since, as a member of a secret society, he is sworn to work exclusively for the benefit of a few. The natural virtues, as they are understood nowadays, he can and must practise, for they are inculcated in the rules which govern him, and in the instructions written or spoken, which are liberally given him. He must keep his character legally and socially unblemished; or, if he fail, no effort must be spared to keep it for him by using influence in the court-rooms, or in the public press. He must affect an outward respect for religion, at least, in countries where religion is still reverenced by a majority of the people, and he must not only cultivate a ritual which has every semblance of a religious ceremony, but even impose it on others at every opportunity, particularly in national functions or by parading it in public, even though he may be ashamed to be seen at a service which is truly religious. He must show his benevolence by giving his time, labor and means for objects directly or indirectly connected with the advancement of his society, and externally at least he must conform his habits to the public criterion of honesty and the domestic virtues. In fact, the cardinal sin of the chief secret societies, particularly of free-masonry in all its forms, is that they strive to supplant true religion which is supernatural, by one which in their conception is purely natural in its origin and principles as well as in its practices and the motives which inspire them. It is a leading principle of this religion to speak very often of the Deity under various terms, but to dwell very little upon His attributes and title to our service; whereas it is never done exalting humanity, which is really supreme in its worship. Acknowledging no revelation from God, it accepts only such truths as its votaries declare to be in accord with human reason. In its view the powers of our nature are quite adequate to do all that is required of them, so that there is no need of grace, nor of the sacraments and other means by which it may be ob-

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tained. This is why it looks upon the Church, which is the divinely established guardian and administrator both of revelation and of the Sacraments, as its own arch enemy, or rather as the enemy of the human race, with which it pretentiously identifies itself. In the vain endeavor to substitute their humanitarianism for religion, the secret societies extol the natural virtues, bent on proving as they are that humanity owes nothing to religion but obstacles to its natural and proper progress. Hence it is that they value no appreciation more highly, and use no bait more adroitly in recruiting members than the esteem in which some of their body is held for the external observance of the natural virtues.

How shallow is the pretense of secret societies to the acquisition of the natural virtues may be judged from their constant boast that they are a benevolent organization, as if real benevolence could be compatible with the selfish motives they hold out as an inducement to membership, with the exclusiveness with which they dole out the benefits in their possession, and with the rule of self-interest they follow in making and publishing their benefactions. No man seeks to enter them without the motive of self-advancement, or at least to save himself from their hostility; no person derives any benefit from them except the members or some of their families; and the chief motive in helping either their members or those belonging to them is to inspire those who have not yet joined them with a respect and even a fascination for their power and influence.

Granted that their secrecy is intended merely to protect their own interests: this does not prove that the interests are not in themselves evil. The very nature of the secrecy required proves that their object and whole character must be evil. There are societies without number, whose members are pledged to secrecy to be observed according to the natural law, and therefore they are permitted to take advice and counsel from persons whom they deem prudent and discreet, usually their spiritual adviser, not only as to the propriety of pledging themselves to secrecy, but also as to the manner of fulfilling their obligations when doubts or questions shall arise. Of these societies, it is true to say, that they require secrecy as a protection of their lawful interests; but societies which require an unlawful secrecy, can have nothing lawful to protect by it.

Accordingly no member of a secret society in the strict sense can plead irresponsibility for the evil uses which men may make of the society, since, though he may not approve of their evil doing, he has forsworn his freedom, and bound himself to be a party to their crime at least by silence. It is moreover criminal to enter into an agreement with any body of men, which by the very nature of its secrecy favors the perpetration of crime and encourages men to act as if immune from all human retribution.

Finally, a thing that is evil in one place is evil everywhere. The secret society is the same in principle no matter where it exists. It is an attempt to substitute humanitarianism for the true religion; to abolish the Church and coerce all men into its own fold; to favor the material and hinder the spiritual progress of the world; to establish new ideals of perfection and new criteria of morality; to substitute a pagan for a Christian civilization; to eliminate from the world all that is supernatural, divine revelation, the Church established by Christ, and the doctrine and sacraments by which it sustains the faith and charity of its members, and the priests who are chosen to administer them. As a political organization it has ever consistently striven to crush religion as a factor in public affairs; to admit none but its own extravagant ritual in civil functions; to control the influence and the salaries that go with public offices or employment; to secularize the instruction given in schools and universities; to degrade the sacrament of

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marriage to the level of a legal contract, and to ignore the privileges of the priesthood; to put insufferable burdens upon religious associations, and to exclude them as much as possible from the school room, the reformatory, and the hospital, where they might keep alive the spark of Christian faith.

It is not enough to plead that the secret societies of our country or in England are not apparently so hostile to the Church, or so prominent in managing for their own purposes the affairs of the State. Neither here nor in England have they failed to give public manifestation of their sympathy with their fellow-members in other countries, and, when occasion demanded it, practical and substantial testimony of their union with them. This sympathy and union is one of the repeated arguments they use to show the world-wide nature of the craft. As for their prominence in public affairs, it is surely not easy to enter public life or advance therein without sometime or other reckoning with the lodge. But, even were a secret society strictly isolated, should it fail to acquire influence in civil life, or make no attempt to injure religion, or the commonwealth, still its very secrecy, unlawful as it is, makes it an evil thing and a menace to religion, to the State and to the family.

Hence it is we are to pray for protection from evil societies, as we would against the powers of darkness with which their secrecy identifies them. We need not attribute to them the diabolical purposes and practices with which they are often charged ; we need not investigate all the exposures which are made of their secret machinations from time to time, nor need we believe them all. Indeed, it is wrong to let our imaginations be imposed upon by their much-vaunted numbers, organization and achievements in philanthropical and political enterprises. Our reason is quite enough to make us understand that they are wrong in their principle, that humanity is in all things self-sufficient ; wrong in their method, viz.: a secrecy which is opposed to the natural law ; and wrong in the means they take of propagating their principles and of coercing men to join their ranks, by advancing or retarding their pursuit of wealth or influence. Meanwhile, even allowing for the exaggerations of those who occasionally expose their nefarious purposes and enterprises, and for the excessive power too often attributed to them by weak or deluded imaginations, there is still by their own admission evidence enough of the part they play, directly or indirectly, by cooperation or sympathy, in anti-religious movements, to verify the Scripture's words: "A bad tree cannot bring forth good fruits."

To pray for protection against evil or secret societies means that we must ask of Almighty God every divine and human aid in opposing these powers of darkness. First of all we must ask Him to enlighten our minds and make us realize and deplore the evils of a secrecy which is so plainly against the natural law; and next we must beg the same light for the poor dupes who have already submitted, or who may be tempted to submit their intelligence and their will to the slavery of membership in any secret society, and with the light, we must beg for them the courage to withdraw from them or to resist the temptation of joining them, much as they may be led by the fear, often more imaginary than real, of being socially or commercially ostracised by them. Finally, we must humbly beg of God, who knows the secrets of hearts, to bring to light their secret machinations against religion, the public welfare, the family and the individual, and, removing from our hearts all foolish dread of their impostures, inspire us to show at least as much wisdom in our generation as the children of this world, and as much energy in foiling their evil designs and safeguarding for ourselves and others the benefits of His divine revelation, of membership in His Church, and of all its saving ministrations.

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THE ARMS OF GOD.

THE LEGEND OF THE BRAZOS DI DIOS.

By Claude M. Girardeau.

"LOOK!" said the Indian guide, and pointed west
Where dark against the glowing of the sun,
Upon the quiet swell of prairie's breast,
Figures upsprung, foreboding, fierce and dun.

The friar strained his unaccustomed eyes.
"I see them not," he cried. "Your coward fear
The approach of evening shadow magnifies
Into these fearful forms that hover near."

But, even as he spoke, upon the sky,
Enlarged against the red of dying day,
He could discern with apprehensive eye
A shape in all the warpath's dread array.

An Indian warrior—like a stalk of corn
That overtops the maize-field's regiment—
With feathers from the mountain eagle torn,
And frightful features in red horror blent,

Shone for an instant. Quick the affrighted friar
Flew to the cloistered close where, deeply eaved,
The sad ringdoves perpetually grieved,
Or Indian converts sang in motley choir.

"Haste! haste!" he cried, and urged them from the place.
"Gomalta and his tribe are near. O fly!"
Forth ran the women, in a close embrace
Their children clasped, and chid their wailing cry.

"Now to the river," said the trembling guide;
"There hide us in the willows on the edge,
The while I swim and from the further side
The fortress-ferry drag from out the sedge

"Where it is hid." Alas! the river rolled
A mile or so to southward of the hill,
And, following fast upon the feeble fold,
The wolfish warrior sped with footsteps still

And swift as those of death. An hour of day
Alone remained. No path, no beaten road
With ribboned windings spread to show the way
To the poor fugitives whose hasty load

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Of sacred vessels, vestments, jewelled saint,
Hung like a nightmare on their beating flight.
They cast them down despite the cords' restraint,
And wept the fervent prayer for lingering light.

The grim pursuers paused to scan the things
Thus thrown aside, secure of timid prey,
And decorated ears with holy rings,
And fiendish bodies with the rich array;

Then hastened in the dusk to work their dole
Upon the panting band that won the shore
Of the red river raging to its goal,
Their supplications mingling with its roar.

"Mother of God!" the poor Franciscan cries,
Kneeling upon the gulf's ensanguined brink,
"O condescend to look with pitying eyes
Where we, thy helpless children, fainting, sink.

"Hell's cruel host behind our feeble band
Press swiftly on. Without thy gracious aid,
Soon, soon we perish on this bloody sand.
Sweet mother, save us!" Thus the friar prayed,

And stretched the cross o'er the tumultuous flood,
A priestly Moses in this savage land.
Lo! Swift upon midstream the river stood
As did the Ancient Sea at God's command.

Astounding sight! For fiercely foaming down
From swollen uplands, all the raging tide
Chafed at the watery barrier upward thrown
And flung its spuming froth afar and wide;

High and still higher mounting toward the sky
That every instant darkened into night.
The trembling Christians turned a fearful eye
Upon that wondrous, preternatural sight.

They shrank away before that sudden path
Clear to their feet upon the river-bed;
But rising from his knees in righteous wrath,
The friar scourged them, and they downward fled.

Now as they stumbled on their dreadful way,
The wall of water writhing overhead,
And showering them with wild tempestuous spray,
Their dark pursuers to the river sped.

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Amazed, awestruck, the crowding warriors stood
Not daring to advance. Then to their knees
Dropped suddenly; for with a roar the flood
Like lightning fell. An earthquake rocked the trees,

As furious foaming thro' its trough profound,
Seaward it rushed with thunderous cloud of spray.
Then clear above its shouting rose the sound
Of pilgrims singing sweetly on their way.

"Ave Maria, Holy Mother Mild,
Firm in thy faith the path of death we trod,
For at thy prayer the darkening heavens smiled
And held to us the Almighty Arms of God."

Faint and more faint returned the echoing hymn,
The forest closed about the pilgrim band;
A distant star appeared,—now clear, now dim,
Wide sprung the friendly door, a friendly hand

Unfastened bolt and bar, and from the grim
And frowning fort a taper brightly gleamed
To guide the path. One beckoned; unto him
With shouts of joy they hastened,—the redeemed.

THE RECONCENTRADOS OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

THE civilized world has read of the unfortunate victims of Captain General Weyler's famous orders for the concentration in cities of all residents of Cuba, and the destruction of all food supplies outside the cities. Even children were familiar with the corpse-like figures of reconcentrados in pictorial papers. Many thinking people realize what suffering must have attended the reduction of Havana's population by almost a third during the war, and know that its death rate until the present date exceeds that of any city of the United States.

But do Catholic readers understand the sad condition of all the religious communities in Cuba as a result of the recent loss of State support, and the impossibility of obtaining assistance from an impoverished people? Do they reflect that schools cannot collect tuition; that hospitals must treat gratuitously; that convents owning houses can no longer collect rent; that former benefactors are now beggars; and while the demand for nurses has increased, the ranks of the religious, too, have been invaded by sickness and death? The gentle, uncomplaining sisters of various religious orders in Havana, many of whom left homes of luxury in France, Spain or the States, have suffered the same pangs of hunger and pains of disease as the repulsive skeletons of the illustrated press.

My own forgetfulness of this truth received a rude awakening one Sunday, about the time the Spanish authorities

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transferred the city to our representatives. Through a Jesuit father I learned that the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in Cerro were in want. The military governor of Havana, General Ludlow, on whose staff I had the honor to serve, was then distributing rations to the starving and medicine to the sick. The very agreeable duty of dispensing such bounty was confided to another officer, but as we all investigated complaints, I called at the convent and found a little community of thirteen Sisters, five of whom are Americans, and about one hundred orphans, without food, yet cheerful and hopeful that the Good Shepherd would care for them.

For reasons which will be explained later, the Sisters had not been successful during the Spanish regime in that peculiar charity for which their order was founded. So from time to time during the Cuban insurrection, but especially after Weyler's reconcentration, they received orphan girls at their door, fed, clothed and taught them, though their revenue gradually disappeared and the cost of food, increased by the war and blockade, finally reduced the convent to a diet of cornmeal, rice and beans. At my first visit to their "reconcentrados," girls from three to fifteen, all neatly dressed, rose as I entered the room, and said in perfect English: "Good evening." Then they sang a hymn in English. At a time when almost no one on the streets understood a word of English this greeting was a revelation as agreeable as it was startling. It represented the efforts of the few American Sisters, adding to sewing, housework and the usual academic branches, a course in English. All this on starvation diet! Here was courage and patience of a nobler type than that which inspires our soldiers and sailors, or even than that of volunteer nurses in yellow fever hospitals. For all these there exists at least a hope of reward in this world.

Perhaps a brief sketch of this community may be interesting.

In 1879, the Children of Mary of the Jesuit Church of Belen (Bethlehem), Havana, petitioned the New Orleans house to establish a branch in Havana. A nun of Cuban birth, Mother St. Francis de Sales Mitchell, and four Sisters from New Orleans, reported to the Vicar-General, there being then no bishop. They had been sent through some oversight without his invitation or advice.

As the Vicar-General had no convent for them, their welcome, mildly expressed, was a lesson in humility

For want of any other home they were placed at the Recogidas, a branch of the Cárcel or city jail of Havana, where women are imprisoned. It was from this same jail Miss Cisneros was rescued by newspaper reporters before the Spanish war. Its inmates are of the slums of Havana, confined for all crimes, from drunkenness to murder; a smoking, fighting, swearing mob of lost souls. One day while inspecting this veritable inferno, I found a respectable and refined Cuban woman who had served ten years for forgery. Her three grown daughters lived with her as they had no other home. For their sake the mother was soon pardoned.

In such a den of vice the white-robed Sisters commenced their work of mercy. They were insulted and assaulted by the prisoners and received no protection from the prison authorities. So the Children of Mary resolved to provide a proper home. They begged from door to door and gave entertainments until, with eighteen thousand dollars cash, they bought for thirty thousand a private residence in the suburb of Cerro. A debt of nine thousand still rests on the building. It is like all Havana houses, built quite to the street, and surrounding a patio or interior courtyard paved with tiling and containing a few plants. Although in most places of one story only, one wing of the building has a second floor. The rooms are bare but clean; furniture very scarce. The poverty of the house is reflected even in the little

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chapel. It has the American pews, so scarce in Havana, but no grand marble carvings, no old paintings, no mural decorations, no stained glass. If Catholics of the States could see the bare but neat repository of Havana's Good Shepherd, I feel sure the pathos of the situation would appeal to their charity.

In 1889 Mother St. Francis de Sales returned to New Orleans as Provincial, and was succeeded here by Mother St. Augustine Canby. Meanwhile the community had gained other American Sisters and not a few Cuban young ladies joined the order.

Two causes have operated to hamper the Sisters' work among the many women here. When they came to Cuba slavery had just been abolished, and it was almost impossible to teach penitents that labor for a living is honorable.

The Spanish system of municipal government did not afford the Sisters support or assistance in securing wayward girls, or in retaining those once secured. Spanish judicial authorities took penitents from the house and delivered them to any who claimed them for promised marriages, which seldom followed.

Still some little good has been accomplished. Some penitents have always been found; a few are still here, separated from the orphans.

Since January first the military authorities have supplied a few "Cuban rations" to this as well as to other convents, but this bounty has lately been suspended. The Sisters are receiving few orders for sewing as so few of Havana's people can still afford fine sewing. A class of children of the residents of Cerro comes to the convent each afternoon for instruction in English. A little laundry work is done, but the slight revenue from all sources will not even buy food.

Certain changes in the plumbing had been ordered by the United States Sanitary Officer to prevent disease, and as the Sisters could not pay for the work, the military government undertook it.

A new orphan asylum is being established by General Ludlow in a vacant barrack building. When completed the Good Shepherd's reconcentrados will be transferred to it and supported by the city, which already assists several private orphan asylums, all crowded. The new city officials have promised to assist in sending penitents to the Good Shepherd when there is room to receive them, and notwithstanding their twenty years of unrewarded labor the Sisters, in the face of an empty treasury are bravely making preparations for a hundred women, the capacity of the house after the orphans leave.

When I last visited the house some attempted alterations had caused the caving-in of a portion of the roof, the timbers of which, though a foot in diameter, had rotted through. Lumber was ordered, carpenters found willing to work with little hope of early pay, and repairs attempted, the Good Shepherd being trusted to help them in this as in other crises.

Yet in the midst of this abject poverty are seen the calm, cheerful faces of nuns and children, following the rules of the order as conscientiously as if no thought ever arose of the morrow.

God will surely some day hear the prayers of these angels of mercy who have exiled themselves from homes and friends in this fever-stricken city to help their unfortunate sisters.

Meanwhile it is with the hope that some generous readers of the MESSENGER may be willing to relieve their distress that I have written this letter.

Subscriptions should be addressed to the

SISTER SUPERIOR,
Convento del Buen Pastor,
541 Calzada del Cerro,
Havana, Cuba.

Havana has a United States Post Office, an American bank, the North American Trust Co., and several express offices through which money can be sent.

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A SACRED HEART MISSIONARY WORK.

[We are happy to furnish our readers with the latest news about a work which really deserves to be called missionary since it has brought a knowledge of devotion to the Sacred Heart to millions of people of every tribe and nation and tongue. We have had occasion to recommend it quite frequently in our pages. Now we are glad to publish the recommendation which the Sovereign Pontiff has lately given to it, and to the writer of the following letter, its chief promoter.—EDITOR.]

REVEREND EDITOR MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART:



YOUR esteemed letter of July 12, in answer to the one from me regarding late information from Rome, has been received, and as the MESSENGER has always been so kindly disposed towards this little Sacred Heart missionary work, it is with pleasure that I shall now comply with your request that I would send you not only the documents received from Rome, but also a sketch concerning its origin, and any items which might be of interest in connection with the work, or afford encouragement for its future maintenance. I am also glad to know your Reverence rejoices with me that this happy result of the application made four years ago has now been attained. It will no doubt be fruitful of spiritual benefits in many ways.

The origin of the little work dates back about twenty-four years. I cannot but regard it as a sudden salutary impulse—an inspiration, if I may so term it, while ascending a hill road near Cincinnati, and reading for the first time in a little German prayer-book just purchased, the consoling promises of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. The impression they made on me was such that I resolved then and there that, should I ever come in possession of a printing press for my own use, as I had thought of already, I would then consider it a particular object to make these promises more widely known. Not very long thereafter the addition of religious pictures to my business made a printing press a necessity for the addition of appropriate texts, and I then saw my way clear to carry out this resolution.

After the start was made the end I had in view grew on me as the years went by, and while at first my aspiration hardly went beyond the English, and possibly three or four other much spoken languages, the acquisition of the plates to print at least a dozen different ones soon became an object that seemed worth striving for. A widespread correspondence with the archbishops, bishops, and missionaries in different countries for translations of the promises was begun, and it has not ceased entirely to this day, though very few additions of notable languages can now be made, after about 250 have already been secured. It has been in many ways a hard and trying task, especially so in regard to the necessary print work. The final perfect plate for the printing of quite a number of translations has taken from one to three years to finish, owing to distance, imperfect mail service, and the difficulties of proofing and reproofing important matter of this kind, and in languages entirely unknown hereabouts. This refers specially to those translations sent me in Roman letters, which were generally hand-written and intended to be set in type here. Others, and there are about forty of these, whose alphabetical characters are totally unknown here, had to be set in type where they were sent from, and then made available for reproduction by the photo-engraving process. Great care has also constantly been exercised in

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regard to having the translations made by competent Church authorities, archbishops, bishops, and vicars apostolic being generally sought out for the favor of a translation; lay persons never.

It is hardly necessary to say that it has assuredly not been a "curiosity hunt." As such, oftentimes almost insurmountable difficulties encountered would likely have brought it to a close long ago. It has rather been the practical carrying-out of the Church's wish in her indulgenced ejaculation: "May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be loved *everywhere*," and this I may also say has been the guiding star through a labyrinth of never-ending difficulties that have been encountered from the beginning.

The same motive has actuated me, moreover, in the expenditure of many thousands of dollars by the continuous distribution of Sacred Heart pictures (card size) gratuitously, preferably to missionary countries, bearing on their reverse the twelve promises of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary in such languages as were asked for, or deemed most useful to the locality they were sent to. Thus, for instance, a package of 700 (about four pounds, the mail limit) to Mangalore, India, would probably be made up of 300 Conkani (native tongue), 100 Tamil, 200 English, and 100 assorted in several other languages, spoken to some extent near there. A package to Zanzibar, Africa, would probably contain 300 Swahili (native), 100 Ruganda, 100 Arabic, and 200 in English, French, German, and other European languages spoken by some of the cosmopolitan residents of that city. The judicious transmission to the various missionary fields has thus of itself been quite a study geographically as well as statistically.

In this wise the work has progressed from year to year, the applications for these picture cards with the promises exceeding most of the time my ability to send as many as were asked for specifically or implied in many humble requests, such as "send us all you can spare for our poor mission"—"we would be overjoyed to receive a goodly number,"—"those you sent us were all distributed and many more could be made happy by receiving one"—"will you not extend a like favor to a missionary friend, Rev. ——. . . . Australia," and numerous similar requests frequently coming to hand. Several millions have, however, been sent out gratuitously and the immense number of letters received in return, full of grateful and consoling words concerning the beneficial effects of this perhaps somewhat singular missionary idea have been, next to God's mercy in sustaining one so unworthy in doing Him this little service, one of the main stays in the many discouragements met with.

As a means of still greater usefulness for the work, I have at various times in the past been advised by its friends to seek the Holy Father's approval for it. It was also argued that such an approval might be an inducement for some of the friends of the Sacred Heart, blessed with the goods of this world, to assist in its maintenance and further extension, by identifying themselves with it as *financial* supporters. For a long time I resisted the idea of bringing my insignificant endeavors before the Father of Christendom, until at last, urged on to it more forcibly by the Reverend Father M. Blachot, O.M.I. (Oblates of Mary Immaculate) director of the Apostleship of Prayer at Jaffna, Ceylon, than I had been by others, I yielded. The good Father promised, if I would take the initiatory steps, to bring it before Pope Leo XIII. through the Fathers of their Missionary College at Rome. By their advice then, circulars were sent to a large number of archbishops, bishops and priests who had had practical experience of the benefits the work confers, soliciting that a few lines might be addressed *direct* to the college of the Oblates in Rome expressing a desire that the Holy Father might bestow his blessing and a few words of recommendation on the work. This was in

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the early part of 1895. I soon learned that large numbers of letters thus solicited were sent to Rome. A full collection of all languages secured and printed on the special picture used for this work (the well known design seen in a vision by Blessed Margaret Mary—the Heart encircled with crown and surmounted by a cross and flame) was also sent in a white silken case, with a petition prepared by the Oblate Fathers in accordance with the favor desired, and presented to His Holiness by the Cardinal Secretary. Rome, however, is proverbially slow and so it was here.

Nevertheless on February 22, 1896, the following communication, conveying the Pope's blessing, was transmitted in reply to the petition:

VERY REVEREND FATHER:

It is a great pleasure for me to announce to you that the Holy Father was very much gratified when informed of the work established by Mr. Kemper with a view to propagating devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. His Holiness, appreciating the fruit of this pious industry, which has been praised by so many bishops and zealous missionaries, gladly grants his special blessing to Mr. Kemper and his work.

Thanking you in the name of His Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State for the pictures you have sent him, I beg of you to accept the assurance of my sincere regard.

A. RINALDINI.

To Rev. Joseph Lemius, Rome, February 22, 1896, Procurator General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

This communication was sent to me only lately, as the good Father having the matter in charge hoped for something more positive in due time than a mere blessing, and he was not disappointed.

In view of the Holy Father's fervent dispositions towards the devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as lately evinced by his desire to have the whole world consecrated to It, Father Joseph Lemius, the indefatigable promoter of the cause, drew up a new petition for an approval of the little work, and he had the great joy shortly afterwards to receive, not only the usual announcement in such cases by the Pope's Secretary, of the favor granted, but a brief approval, followed by his blessing and signed by himself—in his own handwriting.

The following is a translated copy of the petition as presented to His Holiness through the Cardinal Secretary, attached to which on its return was the grant of the favor in the Secretary's handwriting and the signature of Pope Leo XIII. as the great and crowning value of the grace bestowed on the work.

MOST HOLY FATHER:

Philip A. Kemper, of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, United States of America, prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, humbly ventures to present to you the little work which he has undertaken many years ago, and which he has carried on through numberless difficulties for the sake of spreading the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus as much as lay in his power, among all the nations of the world.

The work referred to concerns pictures of the Sacred Heart, bearing on the reverse the promises our Lord has deigned to make to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. Large quantities of these pictures are sent gratuitously to all missionaries asking for them, with the promises printed in the language of the country in which they are laboring to spread the gospel.

These promises have been procured and printed in as many as two hundred and fifty languages. It is estimated that about one hundred and fifty thousand of these pictures are annually distributed throughout the world.

How greatly this work, unpretentious though it be, meets the approval of the missionaries and how profitable it is to souls is attested by the letters of one cardinal, thirty-four archbishops and

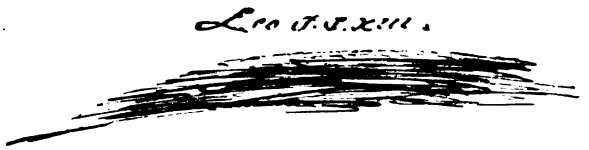
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bishops, not to mention a very large number of other approbations from the superiors of missions, who recommend it to the kind consideration of Your Holiness. The humble suppliant ventures to ask of Your Holiness at the time when you are preparing to consecrate the whole world to the Sacred Heart (as you have declared in your brief of April 2, 1899), to deign to approve his work, to encourage it, to bless it; to bless himself and his family as well as all those who are (or will yet be) his kind co-operators.

The answer of His Holiness is:

Ex Ædibus Vaticani, 21 Maii an. 1899.

Pie facis, dilecte fili, atque utiliter nostræ testem voluntatis, tibi apostolicam benedictionem amanter in Domino impertimus.



From the Vatican, May 31, 1899.

You are doing a pious and useful work, my dear son. As a sign of our pleasure we give you affectionately in Our Lord our Apostolic benediction.

I copy the following paragraph from the letter of Father Lemius to me describing his experiences in the years of his endeavors to attain a favorable result for his petition. He writes: "And behold at last, infinitely better than the signature of any Cardinal, the signature of the Pope himself! For appreciating this favor better you must know that Leo XIII. has always been very sparing with his signature, but more than ever since his sickness. What I send you constitutes a favor absolutely exceptional."

In the above you have now, dear Father, the whole of the correspondence as it came to me from the Vatican through Father Lemius, and you may draw your own conclusions from it It seems hardly necessary to call attention to the important fact that it was not a favor granted hastily, but that the petition was gravely considered at different times during the four years which elapsed between its first presentation and the date of the Holy Father's signing the petition, May 31, 1899, as Father Lemius clearly indicates in his last letter to me. Now if I have been somewhat minute in giving details concerning this little work, my object has been a twofold one. First of all, to call attention to the fact that the highest authority of the Church, with its customary brevity, has now declared it *a pious and useful work*,—that is, to spread broadcast and in nearly all the world's most-spoken languages the Twelve Promises as they were before the Holy Father's consideration for four years, and this of course includes the most important, the twelfth, relating to the nine First Friday Communions.

Secondly, since then this little missionary effort of your humble correspondent comes before the Catholic world with the "Imprimatur," as it were, of Christ's Vicar upon earth, can it be surprising to anyone, that after devoting so much of my life's best energies to it for almost a quarter of a century, and having witnessed its benign and salutary results through the constant stream of letters from those sharing its benefits for themselves and yet more for those under their charge, I could not be otherwise than earnestly desirous of seeing its usefulness still further enhanced, and when my own means fail for the purpose, to endeavor to enlist the sympathies and coöperation of others better able than I am to bear the heavy financial burden connected with it? Were the latter part of care removed or greatly lightened, all other cares and labor connected with the work would become a lightsome task to me; but with years of dullness in business and unscrupulous competition to contend with, my ability to carry extra burdens has been brought very low, so that for a year or two I have not even been

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able to send anything like the quantities besought of me, much less to send the pictures to a large number of missionary fields whose addresses are accessible to me, and where assuredly they would be gratefully received and become "a great help to introduce and spread devotion to the Sacred Heart," as so many express it in their letters of thanks or requests.

My late correspondence with your Reverence has made you fully aware of how I allowed myself to become connected with a certain undertaking—to a large extent in the hope of bettering my financial ability for a more active prosecution of the Sacred Heart work. Our good Lord, however, permitted that I should come out of the enterprise far worse off than I entered it, and now, unless some well disposed person or persons, blessed with the goods of this world, is willing "to go into business" with me in this "pious and useful work" (words of Leo XIII.), they to furnish means and I the very laborious general management, its days appear to be numbered, despite a long-ago formed resolution that, Divine Providence permitting, I would continue the search around the world until, if possible for me to reach that end, every nation having a written language of its own, should be made acquainted with these consoling and salutary promises of our Blessed Lord in their own tongue. My heartfelt, long entertained wish has indeed been that I might soon find it possible to give up the ever-grinding business cares, and mainly devote my remaining days (I am sixty-four now) to a work which, judging from a variety of circumstances, Almighty God seemingly has assigned to me long years ago, a work of love in which I have ever found true recreation and contentment. Late events, however, have again dispelled these fondly-cherished hopes and I submit to God's holy will.

Still, who can tell but what one or the other well-to-do reader of THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART may be in quest of an investment for the years eternal. To his or her beneficent consideration then I humbly submit the needs of this little work in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It surely will be an investment whose never-failing dividends would soon outweigh the capital invested, besides affording at least "a very little joy" to many hundreds of thousands of God's creatures, to some even, we have reason to hope, a new life of grace and final salvation.

Accepting then the possibility that one or more persons of means, on seeing or hearing of this pleading for the interests of the Sacred Heart, might feel disposed to aid the work substantially, I will here state some of the items necessary to take up the work with increased vigor and commensurate with the ultimate sublime object in view, as given before in this communication.

To do this I need :

An additional new press.

Two pressmen to print in over two hundred languages from plates on hand.

An active man to attend to packing and mailing.

An edition of one million Sacred Heart pictures—import order.

At least $500 worth of postage stamps.

This would be the budget of main expenses for the first year. There are many smaller items of expense, but I would cheerfully do my best to meet them. I will moreover be thankful to God for whatever He may inspire the minds of men to do for this cause, either by direct donations for immediate use or contributions towards a fund for its future maintenance. Even a remembrance in a last will might serve a good purpose, although there can be no doubt but that the merits of a personal sacrifice for a good cause far outweigh the one which we leave for others to make after our death.

Concerning the spiritual profit of the hoped-for "Sacred Heart co-partnership," the "Trust" for heavenly gain, I will be content with the single share ne-

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cessary, according to the civil laws, to hold the office of "Director," and turn over whatever rewards the munificent Heart of our Saviour may bestow on it, to my future associates, even the benefits of the Mass which I generally solicit from those to whom the pictures with the promises are sent in lots of 500 and over.

Further information regarding plans for the future, or desired details of past activity in this work will be cheerfully given when applied for, and suggestions likewise thankfully accepted. Should it, moreover, seem desirable for any one to solicit outside information concerning myself or the trustworthiness of my statements, the Very Rev. Father Provincial, Convent of the Brothers of Mary here, or any priest in Dayton can be addressed on the subject.

In the foregoing communication I referred to letters that were sent direct to Rome by the writers in 1895. Though I had no desire to see them, a large number have just been sent to me from there as a special favor.

They are nearly all from missionary countries. I find amongst them letters from one cardinal, six archbishops, twenty-eight bishops, five prefects-apostolic and a very large number of priests of different ranks!— priors, vicars-general, superiors of large missions, etc., all asking through more or less lengthy letters for the favor which has now been happily granted by the Holy Father.

I shall now come to the close of this rather extended correspondence, which I leave to the kindness of your Reverence to dispose of as you may deem best for the cause which you as well as myself have at heart, and which could not be better expressed than Holy Church has done in that short but fervent aspiration :

"May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be loved *everywhere*!"

PHILIP A. KEMPER.

Dayton, O., July 26, 1899.

[The promises referred to in this letter are well known to our readers, still we reprint them here for the benefit of those who may not be familiar with them.]

THE PROMISES OF OUR LORD.

TO SOULS DEVOTED TO HIS SACRED HEART.

"1. I will give them all the graces necessary in their state of life.

"2. I will establish peace in their houses.

"3. I will comfort them in all their afflictions.

"4. I will be their secure refuge during life, and above all in death.

"5. I will bestow a large blessing upon all their undertakings.

"6. Sinners shall find in My Heart the source and the infinite ocean of mercy.

"7. Tepid souls shall grow fervent.

"8. Fervent souls shall quickly mount to high perfection.

"9. I will bless every place where a picture of My Heart shall be set up and honored.

"10. I will give to priests the gift of touching the most hardened hearts.

"11. Those who shall promote this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart, never to be blotted out.

"12. I promise thee in the excessive mercy of My Heart that My all-powerful love will grant to all those who communicate on the First Friday in nine consecutive months, the grace of final penitence, they shall not die in My disgrace nor without receiving their sacraments; My Divine Heart shall be their safe refuge in this last moment."

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THE MARRIAGE IN CANA.

And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee: and the mother of Jesus was there.

And Jesus also was invited, and His disciples, to the marriage.

And the wine failing, the mother of Jesus saith to Him: They have no wine.

And Jesus saith to her: Woman, what is it to me, and to thee? My hour is not yet come.

His mother saith to the waiters: Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye.

Now there were set there six waterpots of stone, according to the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three measures apiece.

Jesus saith to them: Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them up to the brim.

And Jesus saith to them: Draw out now, and carry to the chief steward of the feast. And they carried it.

And when the chief steward had tasted the water made wine, and knew not whence it came, but the waiters knew who had drawn the water; the chief steward calleth the bridegroom, and saith unto him: Every man at first setteth forth good wine; and when men have well drank, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now.

This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee; and manifested His glory, and His disciples believed in Him.

And after this He went down to Capharnaum, He and His mother, and His brethren, and His disciples, and they remained there not many days.

Our Blessed Lady's petition has often been considered by the Fathers and other holy writers as a perfect model of prayer, in that it simply states the need, and leaves everything else to the wisdom and goodness of our Lord, much as that touching prayer about Lazarus, sent to our Lord by the sisters Martha and Mary, "Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick." For the whole economy and system of prayer rests upon our putting before God, as children before a father in whom they have perfect confidence, the needs which we feel and all the desires of our heart.—*Father Coleridge.*

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EDITORIAL.

DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

It is our painful duty to read many newspapers and magazines every week, but for fully six months we have not, if our memory be true, come across the word *reconcentrado*, and some other odious terms which were so common in the daily and weekly issues of the press a year ago. Instead, there is much in every newspaper and periodical we take up about strikes, lynchings, deadly family feuds, despotic censorship, and the poor blasphemer who fell dead not long since ; and all these items occur in the columns of our domestic news. St. Paul has a caution about not becoming reprobate while preaching salvation to others. Does it not seem that as a nation we sadly need his caution at the present moment ?

RUSHING INTO PRINT.

A Catholic University is about to establish a chair of journalism. It may be within the province of the University of the present day to break apprentices into a trade or craft, but the trade-schools and business colleges have been doing their work satisfactorily, and we see no reason why the University should infringe on their proper domains. We should not complain, however, if the men who are to lecture on journalism will only impress on their hearers the propriety of keeping their views, and their names and photographs out of the public press. Or, if they must become reporters let them be exhorted not to take too much advantage of the infirmity of men who might be considered noble, or at least sensible, if they were not so manifestly devoured with a craving for an occasional appearance in print. Let the lecturers in the new chair by all means, give their pupils some instances of the folly into which this craving can betray them, and they will find a signal one in a certain communication on the editorial page of the New York *Sun*, dated July 25.

A NOTABLE LETTER.

We publish in this issue the letter addressed by His Grace Archbishop Katzer and the Bishops of the Province of Milwaukee to His Holiness Leo XIII., in reply to his encyclical letter on the errors which, since the Fribourg Congress, in August, 1897, have been so insidiously recommended by certain people under the name of Americanism. It is the production of men who are thoroughly acquainted with the controversy excited by the attempts to propagate these errors, and as frank in admitting their existence as they are unsparing in denouncing the subterfuges with which their champions have endeavored to explain them away, or at least to attribute them to fanatics in other countries. It has the additional merit of being written by men who take for granted that their civic loyalty is unquestioned, who do not feel constrained,

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simply because some of them are foreign born, to indulge in extravagant protestations of love and admiration for the country of their adoption, nor yet fear to be misunderstood, when denouncing the abortive effort to group opinions which are rash and dangerous under a term which, at best, has little or nothing to do with Catholicism.

MOST HOLY FATHER :

The Apostolic Letter of your Holiness on the errors known under the name of Americanism was received by us with all the more joy and gratitude from the fact that it seemed to us to be particularly opportune.

If we have hitherto omitted to express our sentiments to your Holiness, the reason is certainly not to be attributed to lack of dutifulness towards a Father, or of solicitude in a matter of such grave moment, but rather to our belief that an answer was not expected from those who from the outset of the controversy have held such errors in abhorrence, and that it went without saying that sons so dutiful had heard and embraced with joy and gratitude the admonitions of a most loving Father.

Since, however, it now seems that certain persons abuse our silence and this omission, interpreting it in a sinister sense, and explaining it according to their own taste, we deem it incumbent upon us to defer an answer no longer, and to return your Holiness our warmest and deepest thanks for the truly Apostolic Letter, in which errors not foreign to some amongst us are put down so firmly yet so kindly, in which the infallible authority of the Church and her Supreme Head is once more set forth, the traditions of the Church wholesomely maintained and defined, the danger of innovation happily safeguarded, and the faithful confirmed in the pure and integral and time-honored profession of the faith.

Wherefore, do we unanimously declare without any hesitation, mental reservation or restriction whatsoever, that we accept, and have from the beginning most religiously accepted in filial obedience and with fullest assent, the Apostolic Letter on the errors of Americanism.

But, whilst thanking your Holiness from the depths of our hearts for your kind and fatherly thoughtfulness in calling the erring back to the right way of thinking, by your condemnation of error, we cannot but express our sorrow and just indignation that not a few are to be found amongst our countrymen, and chief among these many Catholic writers for the press, who, though declaring that they reprobate and reject the said errors, yet do not hesitate to imitate the Jansenists by proclaiming with iteration that there is hardly a single American who has ever held these errors, and that the Holy See, deceived by false information, has been merely beating the air, and, so to say, proscribing a dream.

How insulting to the Infallible See, and how much at variance with orthodox belief this conduct is, no true Catholic can fail to perceive, for it is an established fact that those erroneous opinions have been proclaimed amongst us in speech and writing, though not always, perhaps, with such openness, and nobody who reasons as a Catholic can deny that the teaching office of the Church extends not only to revealed truths, but to facts dogmatically connected with them, and that it is her province to decide with infallible judgment on the objective sense of any doctrine, and on the existence of false opinions.

Furthermore, we deeply deplore the style of speaking and writing adopted by some, including Catholics, in denouncing as wanting in loyalty to their country and to American institutions, those who have admitted that the errors of Americanism have existed here, and signified their assent to, and gratitude for the Apostolic Letter, whereas it should be abundantly clear to every honest mind that the Apostolic Letter contains no censure on

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the American Republic, our laws nor institutions, nor, in a word, on any customs or other qualities peculiar to Americans, but is merely concerned with opinions, introduced and expounded by individuals amongst us, whose condemnation assuredly involved no stain nor insult nor rebuke whatever on the American Republic, its citizens or Catholics in America.

Such are the sentiments which the Ordinaries for the time being of the Province of Milwaukee in the United States of North America desire to express to your Holiness.

Prostrate at the feet of your Holiness, we most humbly beg the Apostolic Benediction for ourselves and the faithful entrusted to our spiritual care, offering you our filial love and obedience.

Given at Milwaukee, on the Feast of Pentecost, 1899.

†Frederick Xav. Katzer, Archbishop of Milwaukee; † James Schwebach, Bishop of La Crosse; †Sebastian G. Messmer, Bishop of Green Bay; Frederic Eis, Adm. Apostolic, Sede Vacante, Diocese of Marquette and Sault Ste. Marie.

NOT A "HOLY WAR."

Few of our American newspapers have been so subservient to the Administration in the conduct of the present war as a New York daily, which has made it a point for some years past to print indiscriminately news that it considers of interest to Catholics. Lately it has been making a desperate effort to construe the political utterances of a few dignitaries of the Church into statements inspired by the Holy See, or, at least, by a sentiment widespread amongst Catholics. It was bad enough to invoke a humanitarian motive for a war which was brought about for the acquisition of territory and spoil; it is worse to try to suggest a religious motive for its present conduct and continuance. Let us not be deceived. Neither here nor in the Philippines has religion anything to gain by being invoked to justify injustice or oppression.

OUR COLLEGES AND ACADEMIES.

Many of our colleges and academies have sent us their annual catalogues, and we are grateful for these evidences of the labor and sacrifices done in the cause of education, and of the splendid fruits recorded. We say labor and sacrifices, because we have had some experience of the effort, expense, hardship, discouragement and lack of coöperation from sources from which it should naturally be expected, in building and maintaining the institutions, which keep alive the faith in our most intelligent men and women. To some, the prospectus of some of these colleges and academies may sound boastful, but with all their attempt at extolling the benefits they may have to offer in the way of situation, health and other desirable advantages, they can never tell adequately the great blessing they give to all who learn within their walls the principles of faith. The MESSENGER advertises the best of our Catholic colleges and academies every month. This month its list is naturally larger, and we recommend it to parents who are about to select a school for their children.

LAUDATUR ET ALGET.

Mme. Chantelu, of the Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres, superior of the Martinique hospital, has been named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. She is the third of her Order to receive this decoration. Still the French Government keeps taxing this and other religious congregations out of existence.

THE MESSENGER STAFF.

The Rev. Owen A. Hill, S.J., has been appointed to replace the Rev. William F. Cunningham, S.J., as assistant editor of the MESSENGER. Fathers Wynne and Lamb, of the Society of Jesus, are the other two members of the staff, who, with Father Hill will help the Diocesan and Local Directors of the Apostleship of Prayer in the United States.

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THE EAST.—The weekly publication of *Les Missions Catholiques* contains the following extract from a letter of Mgr. Oltmayer, Archbishop of Bagdad, to His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.

MOST HOLY FATHER:

I have the happiness to transmit to your Holiness the first news of an event that cannot fail to fill your heart with gladness, and for which you will, together with us, bless the divine goodness.

A mission which two sons of St. Dominic, of Mossoul, gave during the last three months in the midst of the Nestorian populations, at the cost of great hardships, has just been blessed with wonderful results, of which your Holiness shall shortly obtain ampler information through official documents.

Fifty thousand Nestorians have passed over to the Catholic church, and abjured their errors in the presence of these valiant missionaries, the RR. FF. Rhétoré and de France, both members of the Dominican residence of Van. In the country adjoining this last-named city, through the efforts of the missionaries, *thirty thousand* Armenian Gregorians have likewise embraced the Catholic truth. These conversions are all the more remarkable when we remember how the Nestorians particularly have been vacillating for years between their inclination to Catholicity on the one hand, and on the other the powerful attractions of the Russian Church, the Baptist mission, and the now defunct "Archbishop of Canterbury's mission."

The decision of Mr. Justice Byrne, says the *Weekly Register*, of July 8, in the somewhat complicated case of Mostyn vs. Atherton, will be welcomed by Catholics generally, and especially by those who possess faith in St. Winefride's Well. For many centuries this well has been a favorite pilgrim resort of English men and women, and though devotion to St. Winefride may perhaps have been allowed to lie dormant during times of persecution, it has blossomed forth with renewed vigor during the past decade. The present action was brought by Sir Pyers Mostyn, on whose estate the well is situated, to restrain the defendant from diverting or abstracting any water from the well, or in any way interfering with the accustomed flow of water in the stream through his land. The case turned upon a legal technicality, which need not be gone into here, and was settled in favor of Sir Pyers Mostyn, who may be regarded as the champion of Catholic interests on the occasion. What makes the case of special interest to Catholics is the light thrown by the evidence of the parties to the suit upon the devotion of Catholics to the shrine which, from the point of view of the number of its visitors, may be regarded as the Lourdes of mediæval England.

The greatest Orientalist, according to a writer in the London *Tablet* for July 29, that the Catholic Church has produced during the present century, the foremost mind of the Catholic University of Louvain, whose influence more than that of any other man has entirely remodelled and modernized the intellectual constitution of the great Belgian Alma Mater—passed away last Friday,

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July 14, 1899, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, in the person of the Right Rev. Mgr. Charles de Harlez. The loss to the world of Oriental letters, the loss to the Catholics of Belgium, it is not easy to estimate. For such is the strange paradox: this profound and abtruse student of some of the most recondite branches of learning, who rarely left his rooms, and still more rarely went beyond the threshold of his house; this decrepit, suffering invalid, who, for over a quarter of a century, has been a constant martyr to physical pain and nervous sufferings, and who has been at the point of death any time during the last two or three years, has yet all along been one of the best known and most conspicuous among European savants, and has wielded an influence in the political matters of his native country unequalled by any other man not in the front of governmental and parliamentary life.

The latest evidence of the Holy Father's desire to strengthen the position of the religious orders by the consolidation of their Constitutions is seen in the document concerning the new regulations framed for the English Benedictines. The Bull of 1890 did something towards the abolition of the anomalies which had sprung up in the Order during the difficult penal times, and the present Apostolic Constitution forms a natural corollary to the changes then effected. The authority of the heads of the monastic houses has been set on a firm foundation, but their relations with the President-General and his Advisory Council needed further definition if the Order was to reap to the full the beneficent effects of the change, and a fruitful source of doubt and difficulty was to be abolished. After laying down regulations for the elections, and defining the powers of the abbots and priors of the various houses, for the constitution of the councils of the congregation and the general chapter, an addition is made to the missionary oath, and the course of studies regulated. Lastly, as a mark of special favor towards the congregation which has deserved so well of the Holy See, the monasteries of Downside, Ampleforth, and Douai, are raised to the dignity of abbeys, enjoying the full right and privileges of Benedictine abbeys. The carrying out of these changes is entrusted to a special commission, consisting of Dom Aidan Gasquet, the Priors of Downside, Ampleforth and Douai, Dom Wilfrid Raynal, Prior of the Cathedral Church of Newport, and Dom Benedict Mackey.

The arrangements for the great Eucharistic Convention of the Priests' Eucharistic League, announced in *Emmanuel* for August, to be held in the city of Philadelphia, Pa., are well nigh complete. It will be held, Wednesday, October 18, and Thursday, October 19, and it promises to be one of the most enthusiastic and practical ones held.

The following is the programme of exercises:

Tuesday, October 17, at 7:30 P. M., Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament at the Cathedral of the city of Philadelphia. Meeting of the Diocesan Directors, at the Cathedral Chapel, at 8 P. M.

Wednesday, October 18, at 10 A. M. At SS. Peter and Paul's Cathedral, 18th Street, opposite Logan Square, solemn Pontifical Mass, celebrated by His Excellency, Most Rev. Archbishop Martinelli, Apostolic Delegate for the United States. Sermon of welcome by the most Rev. P. J. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia.

Wednesday, 2:30 P. M. First session of the Eucharistic Convention, at the Cathedral Chapel.

7:30 P. M. Hour of Adoration in the Cathedral Church.

Thursday, 9 A. M. Pontifical Mass of Requiem at the St. Charles' Seminary Chapel, Overbrook, Pa., followed by the second session of the Convention.

12 Noon. Dinner at the Seminary for all the members of the Congress.

3:30 P. M. Last session at St. Charles'

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Seminary, followed by the procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the Seminary grounds.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Brondel makes the following plain plea for government assistance to the Catholic missionaries in charge of Indians on our Reservations:

To Whom it may Concern:

I herewith submit to the consideration of the general public the official reports of the six Indian agents of Montana, to the Indian Department at Washington, with regard to the Catholic Indian Missions.

A short time ago, there were 300 children of Flatheads at school in St. Ignatius; 200 children of Gros Ventres and Assinniboines at school in St. Paul's; 200 children of different tribes at school in St. Peter's; 100 children of Crows at school in St. Xavier's; 100 children of Blackfeet at school in Holy Family; 65 children of Cheyennes at school in St. Labre's.

First-class buildings, mostly of stone and brick, were erected in the wildest parts of Montana at a cost of $400,000, and furnished with all the necessary and convenient equipments for boarding, lodging, and schooling the Indian children of the respective tribes. Let it be taken into consideration that said expensive structures, etc., were put up in compliance with suggestions, if not demands, of the government officials and inspectors, whose requirements for Indian school accommodations and equipments, seemed to surpass what might have been considered more than sufficient in first-class schools for white children. Under such circumstances, the action on the part of Congress, in discontinuing to make appropriation for the funds which alone can make the running of said schools possible, will hardly be considered as just and fair, more especially as it was at the urgent request of the Administration that the Catholic Church entered upon the work to the extent that it did. As the cause of this unexpected and unfair treatment is traceable to the fact that religion is taught to the children, it may not be amiss to state what is well-known to everyone acquainted with the work in question, that in order successfully to civilize the Indian, it is necessary to Christianize him.

I hope and pray that this simple and short statement of facts may make the situation clear, and induce the legislators at Washington to promote the welfare of the natives by continuing to extend a helping hand to the devoted men and women engaged in bringing to Christianity and civilization the American Indians.

JOHN B. BRONDEL,
Bishop of Helena, Montana.

In the official reports of Indian agencies in Montana, published in the annual reports of the Department of the Interior for the fiscal year, ended June 3, 1898, page 182, we read:

BLACKFOOT INDIAN AGENCY.—Page 183, Education. There are conducted on this reservation two schools. The Government Boarding School, on Willow Creek, with an attendance of 103, and the Holy Family Mission on the Two Medicine River, with an attendance of 45. The number of children of school age between 6 and 16, is 421.

At the Holy Family Mission School, the building occupied by the sisters and the girls, was destroyed by fire last February. A new building is under process of construction, which, when completed, will render the school thoroughly complete, where undoubtedly the past excellent work of the Holy Family Mission among the Indians will be continued.

CROW AGENCY.—Page 188. Education. The highest number in school attendance during the year was 238 pupils. Of these 158 attended the Government school at the agency, and 80 the Catholic mission schools at the Big Horn sub-agency and the Pryor Creek sub-agency.

The school at the latter place had been

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discontinued upon the alleged ground of gradual discontinuance of Government aid. This leaves the Indians on Pryor Creek—some 500—without a school, and the nearest point where the children from this band can attend school is the Catholic mission school at the Big Horn subagency, some fifty miles distant. Much complaint has been entered at this office by the parents of the Pryor Creek children on account of the closing of the school at that point.

FLATHEAD AGENCY.—Pages 190, 191. I desire to mention the matter of increased school facilities that to me seem very necessary.

For many years past the education of the children here has been under contract with the Jesuit Fathers, but Congress having of late years deemed it wise to eventually discontinue all aid to sectarian schools, has been cutting down their appropriation. The past year the contract provided for 215 children; this year for 161. When it is borne in mind that there are 450 children on the reservation of school age, the necessity for additional school facilities is apparent. It would seem very desirable that the above referred to commission should make a reasonable provision for a boarding-school plant at the agency, and possibly one day school on Camas prairie.

Education. The only school upon the reservation is St. Ignatius Mission, and it is maintained by contract with the Jesuit Fathers. The larger boys are taught by the Fathers, while the girls are under the direction of the Sisters of Providence, the kindergarten being taught by the Ursuline Nuns. The boys, in addition to their school work, have the benefit of practical work in the shoe, saddlery, tin, carpenter, and blacksmith shops, together with farming and gardening. The girls are taught all kinds of housework, sewing and dairying.

FORT BELKNAP AGENCY.—Page 192, Population. There are 322 children between the ages of six and eighteen years.

Page 193, Education. The educational branch of the service on the reservation has been conducted by the industrial boarding-school at the agency, and the contract school, a Roman Catholic institution, at the Little Rockies.

Page 194. The contract school, conducted by the Roman Catholic Church under the supervision of the Rev. Charles Mackin, at the Little Rocky Mountains, has had a successful year, and did much good in elevating and training the Indian children in that locality. Several improvements have been made at this institution during the year, and the general appearance of the plant is attractive and prosperous.

Missions. The missionary work of the reservation is carried on by the Society of Jesuits of the Roman Catholic Church. These people are faithful and diligent workers, and are doing much good among the Indians. A new church building is being constructed by the society at their mission, which will be of great assistance to them in their work.

FORT PECK AGENCY. — Page 196. School children, 375. Attendance, 183.

Religion. — The Presbyterian and Roman Catholic Churches maintain missionaries. Both are doing a good work among the Indians. Considerable progress has been made in the past few years. It is not so patent to one being here continuously, but to me, after an absence of five years, it is very evident.

TONGUE RIVER AGENCY.—Page 198. I sincerely trust that some steps may be taken in the near future in relation to more adequate school facilities for these people. There should be a boarding school upon this reservation, large enough to accommodate at least 250 pupils. At present we have 384 children of school age. St. Labre's Mission, a contract school on Tongue River, can accommodate 65 pupils; the day school at the agency can accommodate comfortably about 30 pupils, which leaves 289 children without any school facilities whatsoever.

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DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

An Important Communication.

The following important communication sent through our office to the Rev. Director General, interests every member of the League, and Directors should make it to their Promoters and Associates at their meetings and public services.

ST. ROSE DE VITERBO'S
CONVENT,
LA CROSSE, WIS., July 24, 1899.

APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, NEW YORK, N. Y.:

Rev. Father Director General:—The Mother Superior of this religious congregation, the Franciscan Sisters of the Perpetual Adoration, informs me that hereafter the members of the Apostleship of Prayer shall have a share in the merits and good works of this community, and desires me to communicate this fact to Your Reverence.

The intentions of the Associates will be especially recommended to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament during the hours of adoration which are kept continually, day and night, throughout the year, and I sincerely hope that a great deal of good will accrue from this to the Association.

I am, Rev. Father,
Very sincerely yours in SS. Corde,
K. G. BEYER, Chaplain.

The Franciscan Sisters of the Perpetual Adoration were founded by the Rt. Rev. M. Heiss, D.D., who also compiled their rules. The first motherhouse established at Jefferson, Wisconsin, in 1864, was transferred to La Crosse, in 1869. Perpetual Adoration was established there in 1878. The congregation now numbers 258 Professed Sisters, 41 Novices and 12 Postulants. It is in charge of 48 schools, with 6496 pupils; 1 Hospital; 2 Orphan Asylums, with 180 orphans. These institutions are in the archdiocese of Dubuque, and in the dioceses of Davenport, La Crosse and Peoria.

According to our statutes religious who grant us this share in their merits and good works are entitled to the privilege of becoming Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer without being obliged to observe the formality of receiving a certificate of admission and of having their names registered. All they need do is express to their superiors or chaplain the wish to become Associates. It is needless to say that this charity on their part deserves our special prayers for God's blessing on them and their work.

Consecration to the Sacred Heart.

As the letter of His Holiness, Leo XIII., decreeing the consecration of the world to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, arrived in this country too late to take effect on the days appointed for the triduum of services preparatory to this ceremony, it has been left to the discretion of the bishops to select any three days they may choose prior to September 21. In this way what was lost by not having this consecration take place at one and the same time everywhere, is made up by extending it over a season, as the repeated announcements and reports of it published from week to week in our Catholic newspapers serve, for those who have already made it, to renew its memory and the fruits. Our Directors will find ample suggestions for the ceremony on this occasion in the June MESSENGER and *League Director*.

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To Promoters.

We must say our word of thanks to the Promoters for collecting the intentions and good works as usual, even during the vacation season, and to the secretaries for sending them to us in good time. We should have been pleased had all used the proper blanks for the summaries of both, as it greatly facilitates our work in counting them; but we cannot hope to have everything perfect. We might also complain that Promoters do not seem to impress upon those who take the MESSENGER or other League periodicals the necessity of informing us when they change their address, that is, if they wish to get their numbers without interruption. Still, we shall not complain, since the good done by the Promoters generally far outbalances the good they might do, but sometimes leave undone. They will be glad to be warned that September begins on a First Friday; that one of their patrons, St. Michael, is the archangel to whom we pray after every low Mass, and to whom we owe so much in answer to these prayers; that September is a month for renewing their zeal, and especially for promoting the League in Schools.

THE APOSTLESHIP AT HOME AND ABROAD.

ITALY.—The appeal, addressed to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, in behalf of the poor religious of Italy made destitute by the revolution, has been heard, and numerous alms have been sent from many parts of France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, and the United States. Some of these offerings were accompanied with touching letters, which we could reproduce here; one from the Superior of a French convent reads as follows:

"I send you 50 francs. It is very little when you are in such misery, but it is all that we can actually give to our Italian sisters. We know that in a very short time we shall be in the same misery ourselves, but whilst we have a morsel of bread we shall gladly divide with you."

In the name of the Sisters, Father Ballerini has written to us several times to express their gratitude. Thanks to the generous donors, in one month he could distribute $2,000 among these Sisters and afford them considerable relief.

ENGLAND.—For the Second Annual Reunion of the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, at Wimbledon, the Associates came together in large numbers from nearly every district of London and its suburbs, and from places as far distant as Newcastle and York, in the north, and Averly and Arundel in the south. All wore their Sacred Heart Badge. The services began about four P. M., with the singing of the Veni Creator, followed by a short instruction given by Father Gretton, S.J., editor of the English *Messenger*. The act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart and the Public Renewal of the Morning Offering were then made, after which all joined in singing line for line after the choir, a beautiful translation of the "Anima Christi." During the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament prior to Solemn Benediction, the new Litany of the Sacred Heart was sung. After the hymn, "To Jesus' Heart, All Burning," which concluded the impressive public service, the Associates paid a short private visit to the Shrine of the Sacred Heart Pleading.

A social reunion on the college grounds gave the Associates an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with one an other, and by words of mutual encouragement and a comparison of experience in different Centres, to enter more fully into their work for the coming year. Light refreshments were served, while the visitors were entertained by a selection of glees rendered by the Sanctuary boys from Russell-Road Schools, led by Father Williams, formerly professor in Loyola College, Baltimore.

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CITY HOSPITAL AND PENITENTIARY CENTRE. BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

REV. DEAR FATHER:

Ever since I've been appointed chaplain to this part of Blackwell's Island, I've been thinking how I could make the Apostleship of Prayer a success among the people I come in contact with. And I might say here parenthetically, the number is not small. About eight thousand pass through the hospital and between five and six thousand land in the penitentiary, during the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. After trying to keep up a nominal sort of league, an association set in progress here a few years ago, which seemed to have in view a hankering after quantity in preference to quality, I determined to abandon the old method, and see if something could not be done to make the Apostleship of Prayer a success even here on the Island.

At last I hit upon a plan and I deem it the only plan—I said to myself why not make this place a Centre by itself.

After receiving the Diploma of Aggregation I spoke to my two congregations of the workings of the Apostleship of Prayer. Some of them had very vague ideas—others never heard of this grand union of prayer; for in this place you often meet with persons who have been in church but once in their life, and that was at the time when they were carried there for baptism.

I was certainly edified with what spirit the patients and employees of the hospital manifested in their eagerness to belong to the League, and therefore, I immediately appointed Promoters to help on the good work.

But if I met with such good success in the hospital, what must I say after I explained the devotion of the Sacred Heart to my dear boys in the penitentiary? Of course I found it impossible to form bands and appoint Promoters in this institution: and therefore, to simplify matters I told them the following Sunday (fourth Sunday of June) all those who wished to become members should hand in their names, and to my surprise seventy-eight offered their names for enrolment. In return I gave to each one a Certificate. On the first Sunday of July I spoke again about the League, especially on the wearing of the Badge.

After Mass, to give a little solemnity to the occasion, I blessed the Badges and gave to each one a Badge; for I had enough for my large congregation in the penitentiary. The good result of this wholesale distribution of Badges bore good fruit the following Sunday, when about one hundred more handed in their names.

Certainly, now since the League has been thoroughly organized here on the Island and my two congregations are beginning to understand its working, I have every reason to be grateful to the Sacred Heart for the manifest out-pourings of Its grace, and my hope now is that the good work begun may continue to prosper.

Sincerely in Christ,
M. N. NOEL, S.J.

ST. LOUIS, July 22, 1899.

REV. FATHER:

As secretary of St. Joseph's German Church Centre of Sacred Heart League, I enclose a short letter which will be of interest. We have 1,774 members and sixty-five Promoters, who work with a good will every month, in the name of Jesus, to increase the membership. The Promoters meet every last Friday of the month, with Rev. Father Schlechter as director. We open and close the meeting with a prayer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Rev. Director giving a short sermon, which the Promoters listen to with a delight that strengthens them to go to work as apostles of Jesus.

Every first Sunday of the month, at 7.30 o'clock in the evening, we have prayers to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, sermon, and reading of intentions for the month, with benediction of the Blessed

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Sacrament. Every third Sunday the members of the third degree receive communion.

OBITUARY.

Rev. Denis C. Moran, Director of St. Thomas' Centre, Adams, Mass.; William Joseph H. Barnes, St. Columba's Centre, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Kate Nevin, Blessed Sacrament Cathedral Centre, Sacramento, Cal.; John M. Ryan, St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y.; Mrs. Agnes C. Woodward, Greenville, S. C.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 679,011.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (1. Thes., v. 18.)

Special Thanksgivings. — PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"Please have a fervent thanksgiving offered to the Sacred Heart for a young girl, who, through sickness, lost her mind. She was recommended to the prayers of the League on the First Friday in the Cathedral and several other churches. That evening a change for the better took place, and since then she has been growing better. This was not imagination that her mind was gone, as the papers were made out to confine her in an asylum. I ask the prayers that she may continue to improve."

"Kindly publish a favor obtained by prayer to the Sacred Heart and the use of the miraculous water of Lourdes. By the mistake of a servant, I was given a dose of strychnine. Directly I had swallowed it, I discovered my mistake. The symptoms of poisoning quickly developed; the heart beat spasmodically, the muscles rigid, the face and neck swollen, with bleeding at the nose and mouth. The poison, as is well-known, has no antidote. Emetics were administered and the physician summoned. When I realized my condition, I immediately invoked the aid of the Sacred Heart and of our Lady, and drank some of the miraculous water of Lourdes. Presently falling asleep under the influence of an opiate, I awoke some time after at ease, except for the prostration consequent on such a shock. The attendant physician said he had never before seen a case of the kind."

CHICAGO, ILL.—"I desire to return most heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Heart for conversion to the faith of a Protestant girl. I had recourse to the Sacred Heart for at least two years, and made in the meantime various devotions, promising publication in the MESSENGER if the favor was granted. She is now a most devout Catholic. I also desire to thank the Sacred Heart for the graduation of my sister with honor. I promised to make a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart, recite the rosary several times, and publish the favor, if granted, in the MESSENGER."

————, MASS.—"I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart, through the MESSENGER, for the conversion of my husband after staying away from the sacraments for over twenty years. Many Masses and prayers had been offered for this intention. Two months ago, hearing that a Mission was to be given here, I sewed a Badge in the lining of his vest and prayed fervently to the Sacred Heart, the Infant of Prague and the Blessed Virgin, promising publication in the MESSENGER and a Mass for the poor souls, if my prayers were answered."

————, MD.—"Many hearts today rejoice. Among the many are the aged father and mother of a young mar-

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ried man of brilliant talents and noble heart. His sister, too, is this day made happy. The beloved one has been for some years on the downward path, away from church and sacraments, wasted in body and weakened in soul. The Sacred Heart, during the Nine First Fridays, rescued the erring one, who, with all his relatives and friends, gives undying thanks."

BOSTON, MASS.—"I wish to send you an account of a remarkable cure, which I witnessed at the convent of the Good Shepherd last June. It took place on the feast of the Sacred Heart. Last September one of the Magdalens, through much self-imposed penance, lost the use of her lower limbs, and in consequence could neither stand nor kneel. She was always in need of assistance and spent her time in an invalid's chair. No hope was entertained of her recovery. The doctor declared her case beyond the power of medical skill. She made a novena to the Sacred Heart this year and wore continually a badge of the Sacred Heart on her knee. On the feast itself she knelt down to receive Holy Communion (previously she had always received sitting) and after Mass she walked through the choir, about the house and garden, dispensing altogether with the aid which she had found absolutely necessary during the past ten months."

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—"Through the MESSENGER I desire to return thanks to Almighty God for being delivered from a violent attack of nervousness immediately after promising to have two candles lighted before the altar of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the parish church and to acknowledge it if my request was granted."

HARBOR, O.—"Will you kindly publish in your columns the following as a thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart. A young man had been without work for some months. A novena was made to the Sacred Heart, and the next week he secured a good position. It was promised that if the request was granted it would be published in the MESSENGER."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—"A Promoter wishes to return heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Heart for the restoration of a young person afflicted with grave hallucinations. For ten years the sufferer's mind was somewhat affected, and a year ago she began to grow alarmingly worse. Many remedies were tried, but to no avail. She realized her condition and was on the verge of despair, when she read in the MESSENGER of several cures wrought through the Promoter's Cross. She procured a cross and wore it, and her faith was abundantly rewarded, for soon she was in a better mental condition than she had been for years. At present there is scarcely a vestige of the trouble left, and even this is rapidly disappearing.

Spiritual Favors. — For the happy death of a man who had neglected his religious duties for fourteen years; grace to overcome scrupulosity; for the return of a brother to the sacraments after an absence of twenty-five years; for interior consolation to one under heavy trials; for three special graces; for a wonderful change in a negligent member of a family; improvement in conduct; return of a father to the Sacraments; for the reconciliation of friends; reform of five intemperate persons; conversion of three bad Catholics.

Temporal Favors.—Cure of a serious case of rheumatism; for help in studies; for a successful law suit; the finding of a lost package of value; cure of sore hands; restoration to health; relief from suffering through application and wearing of Badge; for a successful examination; a successful purchase of property; long deferred employment; for a position to teach school; relief for a little child with pneumonia after placing the Badge on her.

—We reserve for our next number several special thanksgivings for which there is not room in this issue.

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"The Peace Congress at the Hague has failed," announces *The Spectator* in its own assertive manner. "All that will remain of it," it declares, "will be an idea, which may one day produce consequences." This is not half assertive enough for *The Independent*, which looks upon the Congress as an approach to the millennium. "Happy are they who shall see the middle of the next century. The new century will begin with greater hope for the prophets of good to men." And then it frames a new beatitude: "Blessed are the idealists, for they shall govern the earth." One might have expected something about "Blessed are the peacemakers," only it appears they assembled more with a view to regulating war than to establishing a reign of peace, to make a diplomatic demonstration or show of hands, not even committing their respective governments, several of which are actually waging war, or persecuting their subjects, to assent to any of their propositions, meaningless as they are.

* * *

What a well simulated indignation was shown by our newspapers generally when their ill-treated correspondents in the Philippines dared to tell them how their reports were mutilated and suppressed by the commanding general! And how it shocked the American public generally! One would think that the like had never happened before, and that the foreign correspondence of the press may be implicitly trusted. Somewhat over a year ago our own United States newspapers could not condemn sufficiently the censorship which they declared was exercised by the Spanish authorities in Cuba. Now it is the Spaniard's turn.

But how can we blame the foreign correspondents of the secular press if some so called Catholic weeklies will insist on publishing special correspondence from Rome and other foreign centres, which is either compiled in the local offices, or what is worse, altered to suit the editor's views, if not written according to his in struction? Not long since a correspondent of one of our weekly newspapers complained that his letters had been altered in this way, and a few weeks after his connections with that newspaper ceased, and still we are to trust all the special correspondence from Rome!

* * *

As a specimen of what goes under the name of foreign correspondence in some of our Catholic papers, we might refer to the "American Letter" in *The Weekly Register*, of London, for July 8. The funeral of Augustin Daly, some very meagre facts about the leakage in the church, a strangely worded paragraph about the Irish-American population being at a standstill, because the young people are not marrying, the report of Mrs. Morrell's recovery and of Miss Sarah Trainer Smith's death—make up the budget of the *Register's* "American Letter" for that date. It is no wonder that the editors of Catholic papers and periodicals in England should show ignorance of the state of Catholicity in the United States when they could accept, or rather when anyone of us could send them, such a letter as a fair presentment of Catholic interests in this country at that time.

* * *

It is commendable in the editors of Catholic newspapers in this country that they have not given in full the article by

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Dr. Barry in the *North American* for May, and *Contemporary* for July. They know how unfounded are his statements in the first mentioned periodical, and how impudent he is in the second. The Liverpool *Catholic Times*, of July 21, regrets that the article published in the *North American* did not appear in some review which appeals to the general Catholic public, but does not, as is so commonly done, reprint it for the benefit of its own circle of readers. In Dr. Barry the advocates of Americanism, lately condemned by the Holy See, seem to have found an exponent whom they will throw overboard as unscrupulously as they did Father Hecker, when they foresaw the condemnation of the use they made of his biography and its many questionable passages.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,

London.

The Church, or what do Anglicans mean by the Church. By John B. Bayshawe, D.D. Cloth. Pages, 242. Price, 2s. 6d.

The Church of the Revelation. By J. Herbert Williams, M.A. Cloth. Pages, 76. Price, 1s.

Pamphlets.—*Anglican Prejudices Against the Catholic Church*. By Lady Herbert of Lea. Price, twopence.

Sacerdotalism. By the Bishop of Clifton. Price, twopence.

The Catholic Church in the Scriptures. By the Bishop of Nottingham. Price, one penny.

Prayers to Saints. By Sydney F. Smith, S.J. Price, one penny.

Celibacy. By C. Kegan Paul. Price, one penny.

Father Dominic and the Conversion of England. By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. Price, one penny.

Our National Vice. By Cardinal Manning. Price, 2s. per 100.

Tell Me, Art Thou a Catholic. Price, 2s. per 100.

FROM N. Y. C. PROTECTORY PRINT,

Westchester, N. Y.

Catholicity in Westchester, N. Y., and History of St. Raymond's Church. By Rev. D. P. O'Neill. Paper, 32 pages.

FROM WILLIAM H. YOUNG & CO.,

New York.

The Old Patroon and other plays. By George Stanislaus Connell. Cloth. Pages, 103. Price, 40 cents.

More Fun Than Huckleberries. By Felix J. O'Neill. Cloth. Pages, 83. Price, 50 cents.

FROM BURNS & OATES, LIMITED,

London.

BENZIGER BROTHERS,

New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

Close to the Altar Rails. Eucharistic thoughts and prayers. By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. Cloth. Pages, 71.

FROM B. HERDER,

St. Louis, Mo.

Manuol of Patrology. By the Rev. Bernard Schmid, O.S.B. Revised with notes and additions for English readers by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. V. J. Schobel, D.D. With a Preface by the Rt. Rev. J. A. Hedley O.S.B., Bishop of Newport. Cloth. Pages, 351. Price, $1.25.

FROM JOHN JOSEPH McVEY,

Philadelphia.

Alton Park. Conversations on religious and moral subjects. Cloth. Pages, 408.

FROM FR. PUSTET & CO.,

New York, and Cincinnati.

Notes on the Catholic Name. By Telesphor Austin. Cloth. Pages 94.

FROM D. H. McBRIDE & CO.,

New York, Akron, O., and Chicago.

At Lake Monona. By M. A. Navarette. Cloth. Pages, 156. Price 25 cents.

FROM WILLIAM PARTIER,

Manila.

Handbook of the Philippine Islands. Translated from the Compendio de Geografia of P Francisco X. Baranera, S.J., with an historical sketch by Alexander Laist. Cloth. Pages, 152.

FROM GEORGE W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY,

New York.

The Man Who Dared. By John P. Ritter. A historical romance of the time of Robespierre. Illustrated by George Elmer Browne. Cloth. Pages, 284. Price, $1.25.

FROM P. J. KENEDY,

New York.

Catechism Made Easy. A simple explanation of Christian doctrine. By a Secular Priest. Cloth. Pages, 174. Price, 75 cents.

FROM WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Toronto.

Songs of the Settlement and other poems. By Thomas O'Hagan. Cloth. Pages, 70. Price, 75 cents.

FROM POLLEUNIS & CEUTERICK,

Louvain.

Are Catholics Reasonable in their Belief. By Michael P. Seter. Paper. Pages, 177.

FROM IMPRIMERIE FRANCISCAINE MISSIONAIRE.

Quebec.

Nos Saints, ou a brege de la vie des Saints et des Bienheureux des Trois Ordres de Notre Seraphique Pere S. Francois. Par Un Frere Mineur. Paper. Pages, 464.

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RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, July 1 to 31, 1899.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Alaska (V. A.)	Skagway, Alaska	Church	July 21
Baltimore	Upper Marlboro, Md.	St. Mary's "	July 21
Concordia	Herndon, Kans.	Assumption "	July 25
*Concordia	" "	Assumption "	July 8
*Concordia	Munjor, Kans.	St. Francis Assisi's "	July 22
Dallas	Dump, Tex.	St. Paul's "	July 15
Denver	Boulder, Colo.	Mt. St. Gertrude's Academy	July 22
*Green Bay	Fairchild, Wis.	St. Mary's Church	July 13
Hartford	Waterbury, Conn.	St. Joseph's "	July 19
"	Wethersfield, Conn.	Sacred Heart "	July 10
Leavenworth	Axtell, Kans.	St. Michael's "	July 13
"	Beattie, Kans.	St. Malachy's "	July 13
Marquette	Munising, Mich.	Sacred Heart "	July 7
Omaha	Pleasant Valley, Neb.	St. Patrick's "	July 19
"	Ridgeley, Neb.	St. Mary's "	July 19
St. Louis	Montgomery City, Mo.	Immaculate Conception "	July 10
*St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	SS. Peter and Paul's "	July 3
Scranton	Sayre, Pa.	Epiphany "	July 13
"	Stowell, Pa.	St. Anthony's "	July 11
Trenton	Trenton, N. J.	Holy Cross "	July 29

Aggregations, 19: churches, 18; school, 1. *German-speaking Centres.

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of July, 1899, from the 1st to the 31st (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Alton	Mattoon, Ill.	St. Mary's Church	9
"	Paris, Ill.	St. Mary's "	16
Baltimore	Newton, Md.	St. Francis Xavier "	2
"	Woodstock, Md.	Sacred Heart College	12
Boston	Boston, Mass.	St. James' Church	6
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. James' Pro-Cathedral	2
"	Sea Cliff, N. Y.	St. Boniface Church	10
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	St. Patrick's "	6
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Charles' "	7
"	" "	Holy Name Cathedral	10
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O.	Good Shepherd Convent	9
"	" "	St. Lawrence Church	4
Harrisburg	Milton, Pa.	St. Joseph's "	2
Manchester	Manchester, N. H.	St. Raphael's "	2
Monterey and Los Angeles	Los Angeles, Cal.	St. Vibiana Cathedral	2
Newark	Paterson, N. J.	St. Mary's Church	4
New York	New York, N. Y.	St. Michael's "	1
"	" "	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel "	9
Omaha	North Platte, Neb.	St. Patrick's "	10
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Stephen's "	4
"	" "	Visitation "	42
Pittsburg	Johnstown, Pa.	St. John's "	1
Portland	Portland, Ore.	St. Mary's Cathedral	3
St. Louis	Columbia, Mo.	Sacred Heart Church	4
"	Jefferson City, Mo.	St. Peter's "	2
"	St. Louis, Mo.	Immaculate Conception "	4
"	" "	SS. Peter and Paul's "	1
St. Paul	Minneapolis, Minn.	Holy Rosary "	3
"	Montevideo, Minn.	St. Joseph's "	2
San Francisco	Menlo Park, Cal.	Sacred Heart Academy	4
"	Stockton, Cal.	St. Mary's Church	5
Savannah	Savannah, Ga.	St. John the Baptist's Cathedral	2
Springfield	Pittsfield, Mass.	St. Joseph's Church	1

Total Number of Receptions, 33. Total Number of Diplomas issued, 199.

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CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, SEPTEMBER, 1899.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **Protection from Evil Societies.**

1	*F.*	**First Friday.**—St. Giles, Ab.C. (720).—1st D, A. C.	Walking before God.	679,011 for thanksgivings.
2	*S.*	St. Stephen, K.C. (Hungary, 1038).	Beneficence.	134,594 for those in affliction.
3	S.	**15th after Pentecost.**—St. Serapia, V. (119).	Decorum.	171,764 for the sick, infirm.
4	*M.*	St. Rose of Viterbo, V. (1252).	Neatness.	439,141 for dead associates.
5	*T.*	St. Lawrence Justinian, Bp. C. (1455).	Condescension.	173,391 for Local Centres.
6	*W.*	St. Onesiphorus, M. (Disciple of the Apostles).	Obedience.	123,417 for Directors.
7	*Th.*	St. John, M. (303).—H.H.	Serenity.	40,015 for Promoters.
8	*F.*	The Nativity B.V.M.—St. Adrian, M. (306).—A.I., A.C.	Holy joy.	118,692 for the departed.
9	*S.*	St. Peter Claver, C. (S.J., Ap. of Negroes, 1654).	Pity for the wretched.	76,006 for perseverance.
10	S.	**16th after Pentecost.**—Holy Name of Mary.	Praise of Mary.	80,587 for young people.
11	*M.*	SS. Protus and Hyacinth, MM. (262).	Self-control.	32,172 for 1st Communions.
12	*T.*	St. Guy, C. (Pilgrim, 1012).	Hospitality.	152,678 for parents.
13	*W.*	St. Eulogius, Bp.C. (608).	Diligence.	73,104 for families.
14	*Th.*	Exaltation of the Holy Cross (629).—H.H.	Glorying in the Faith.	17,081 for reconciliations.
15	*F.*	St. Nicomedes, M (71).—St. Catharine of Genoa, W. (O.F.M., 1510). Pr.	Courage.	436,153 for work, means.
16	*S.*	SS. Cornelius and Cyprian, Bpp.MM. (252-250).	Patience.	48,781 for the clergy.
17	S.	**17th after Pentecost.**—Seven Dolors B.V.M.—C.R.	Compassion.	89,770 for religious.
18	*M.*	St. Joseph of Cupertino, C. (O.F.M., 1664).	Simplicity.	25,788 seminarists, novices.
19	*T.*	SS. Januarius and Comp., MM. (118).	Sociability.	28,399 for vocations.
20	*W.*	Ember Day.—Vigil.—SS. Eustace and Comp., MM. (118). ℣	Trust in God.	21,991 for parishes.
21	*Th.*	St. Matthew, Ap. (90).—H.H., A.I.	Promptitude.	21,404 for schools.
22	*F.*	Ember Day.—St. Thomas of Villanova, Bp.C. (O.S.A., 1555). ℣	Generosity.	20,156 for superiors.
23	*S.*	Ember Day.—St. Linus, P.M. (71). ℣	Vigilance.	23,380 missions, retreats.
24	S.	**18th after Pentecost.**—Our Lady of Ransom (Mercy) (1605).	Mercy.	163,414 for societies, works.
25	*M.*	St. Cleophas, Disciple of our Lord.	Guard of the eyes.	176,349 for conversions.
26	*T.*	SS. Cyprian and Justina, MM. (304).	Cordiality.	839,771 for sinners.
27	*W.*	SS. Cosmas and Damian, MM. (286).	Thought of death.	50,504 for the intemperate.
28	*Th.*	St. Wenceslas, M. (King of Bohemia, 938).—H.H.	Self-denial.	257,113 for spiritual favors.
29	*F.*	St. Michael, Archangel.—Pr.	Constancy.	555,429 for temporal favors.
30	*S.*	St. Jerome, C.D. (420).	Respect for Scripture.	1,486,258 for special, various.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship*. (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.—*Holy Hour*); A. I., B. I.—*Apostolic, Bridgettine Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Acts of Charity	17,247,115	11.	Masses heard	263,583
2.	Beads	2,923,266	12.	Mortifications	8,690,415
3.	Way of the Cross	408,127	13.	Works of Mercy	666,632
4.	Holy Communions	429,571	14.	Works of Zeal	8,109,350
5.	Spiritual Communions	1,202,171	15.	Prayers	8,528,967
6.	Examens of Conscience	1,195,365	16.	Kindly Conversation	58,000
7.	Hours of Labor	709,990	17.	Sufferings, Afflictions	5,889,303
8.	Hours of Silence	1,252,862	18.	Self-conquest	6,095,247
9.	Pious Reading	653,954	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	225,792
10.	Masses read	92,562	20.	Various Good Works	2,267,898
		Total, 66,870,570.			

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

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THE ROMAN COLLEGE.

Small cross indicates part of building containing the rooms of St. Aloysius, St. John Berchmans, Bl. Anthony Baldinucci.

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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXIV. OCTOBER, 1899. NO. 10.

WITH ST. IGNATIUS IN ROME.

By P. J. C.

(*Continued.*)

XIX.

SANTA MARIA DELLA STRADA, THE MOTHER HOUSE OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

OF the venerable house in which St. Ignatius lived, from September, 1544, till his death, July, 1556, nothing now remains except the three rooms of the Saint and that of his lay-brother attendant. These were reverentially preserved when the present Professed House of the Gesù was built (1599 to 1623), and will be described in a future article.

The following notes on this house of St. Ignatius are gathered chiefly from Ms. Hist. Rom. Prov. S.J. I., and from Father Ribadeneira's life of the Saint.

I. ADDITIONS TO PROPERTY AND BUILDINGS IN ST. IGNATIUS' TIME.

In 1540 Father Codacio bought a small garden near the church, belonging to Gian Pietro Caffarelli, and in 1541 another piece of ground close to the garden from the Maddaleni. St. Ignatius was already planning a large residence on this spot.

In 1542 Father Elpidio, won to the Society by Blessed Peter Faber's sermons at Parma, devoted the money realized from the sale of his property in Parma to the new building. With this the first block, containing St. Ignatius' rooms, rooms for about thirty Fathers and Brothers, the infirmary, etc., was built.

In 1543 Pope Paul III., at the request of his vicar, Monsignore Filippo Archinto, gave the old, neglected church of St. Andrea della Fratta (in the street of Botteghe oscure) to the Society, to use the site for the proposed residence. The church, which was very small, seems to have stood where the refectory now is.

In September, 1544, St. Ignatius and his community first entered the new house. Building was continued at intervals as funds permitted.

In 1548 Father Codacio bought a house in the street Botteghe oscure from the Altieri for three hundred scudi, and exchanged it for three small houses adjoining the Society property.

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In 1556, the year St. Ignatius died, Father Polanco says the house was large enough to accommodate eighty persons.

From 1599 to 1623 the house and church of Santa Maria della Strada were gradually pulled down, to make way for the new Professed House, built by Cardinal Eduardo Farnese, the rooms of St. Ignatius being preserved.

2. POVERTY OF THE HOUSE OF SANTA MARIA DELLA STRADA, 1544. FATHER BOBADILLA'S ROOM.

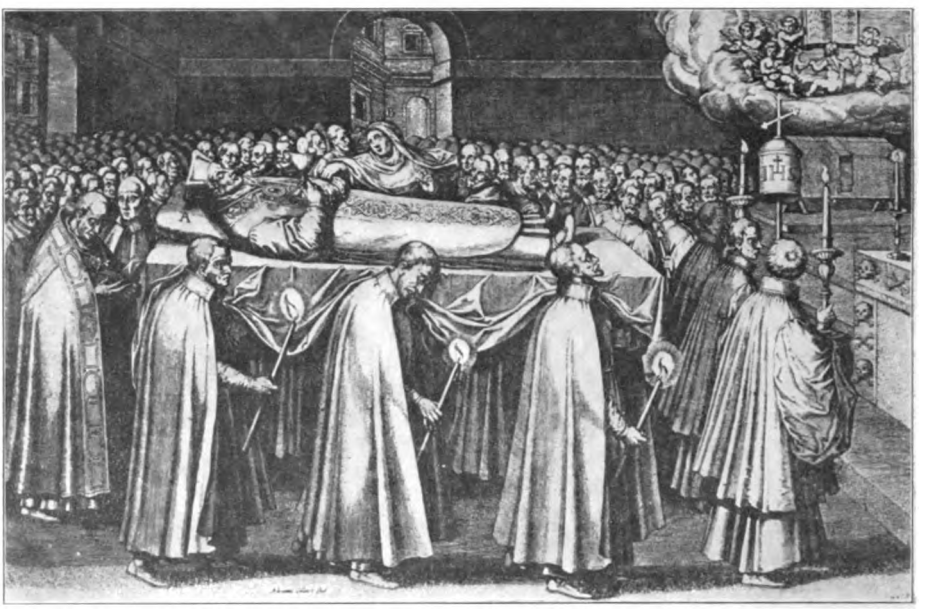
The general character of the house may be gathered from the rooms of St. Ignatius, still preserved—low, narrow, dimly-lighted cells, with furniture of the poorest kind, as may be judged from the two old presses in the first room close to the altar. All the Saint's library seems to have been his Bible, Breviary, and the "Imitation of Christ."

The community depended for their support on alms. These were spent on bare necessities, all beyond these being daily given to the poor.

Father Bobadilla, finding the room assigned him inconveniently small, asked for a larger one. The Saint, who esteemed him greatly, replied to the request by bidding him prepare to lodge two others in his tiny apartment.

3. VISIT OF THE BAILIFFS. 1544.

The contractors at work at the new building were pressing for payment, and Father Codacio had no money in hand. Impatient of delay, they resorted to legal measures, and suddenly the bailiffs presented themselves at the house to carry off the furniture. Poor Father Codacio sent a messenger in great haste to St. Ignatius, who happened to be paying a visit to some friends, to inform him of what had happened. The Saint listened undisturbed to the communication, then resumed the conversation thus interrupted. Before leaving he said: "Do you know what I have just heard? We owe money for our house, and the bailiffs have just come to seize our furniture." His friends were alarmed. "Never mind," added the Saint, "If they take away our beds we can sleep on the floor." Girolamo Astalli at once became security for the debt, and the next day



FUNERAL AND FIRST MIRACLE OF ST. IGNATIUS.

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Dr. Arce, knowing nothing of what had happened, sent a gift of two hundred scudi to Father Codacio, which paid off the debt. (Ribadeneira. Mariani. Rose.)

4. MIRACULOUS SUPPLIES.

The Saint used to say, "The more hopeless matters are, the more we ought to trust in God." When every one else was downcast and despairing he was bright and cheerful, full of confidence in God, and on Father Luis Gonçales remarking that it seemed a miracle how their wants were constantly supplied, "It would be a miracle, indeed," replied the Saint, "if God failed to support those who trust in Him."

One day at the hour of dinner there was not a morsel of food in the house. Suddenly the bell rang, and an abundant supply was at the door.

On another occasion they had no firewood, flour or wine. Next morning a full provision of each came mysteriously to the door.

The mysterious gifts of money made to Brother Giov. della Croce will be mentioned below. (No. XXIII.),

5. STRAITS ON FATHER CODACIO'S DEATH. 1549.

Good Father Codacio died on December 7, 1549. His death left the house in extreme poverty, which was aggravated by the prevalent distress in Rome and the consequent diminution of alms. Suddenly, says Father Ribadeneira, a miraculous discovery was made, which all attributed to the Saint's prayers. Father Polanco, the secretary, chanced to look over some old papers stowed away in a chest which always stood open, filled with odds and ends of no value, and found a paper rolled up, containing a large sum of money, apparently fresh from the mint, just the amount required to pay their debts and relieve their present wants.

Father Codacio was greatly honored by Saint Ignatius, being accorded the privileges of a founder. Though not a professed Father, he sat before the professed in the refectory and at recreation, and after his death a monumental slab was placed on his grave.

6. VEXATIOUS CONDUCT OF CAMILLO ASTALLI.

Father Ribadeneira says that for eight years the refectory was almost completely dark because of a wall built by Camillo Astalli, their next door neighbor, who pretended that the refectory windows destroyed the privacy of his yard. During this long period candles had to be used at all meals, and, though the Saint might easily have attained legal redress, he preferred to bear the annoyance with patience.

The same unprincipled neighbor filled the courtyard with noisy animals and fowls, right under the rooms of the Fathers, seemingly with the object of forcing them to buy his property at an exorbitant price. He gained his end, for after eight years of this tormenting conduct the Saint was enabled, by the help of some benefactors, to buy the house and get rid of the tormentor. (Ribadeneira. Mariani. Rose.)

7. HOUSE SEARCHED FOR ARMS.

Trials were never wanting, and in 1556, the year of the Saint's death, a number of men presented themselves with a warrant from the authorities to search the house for concealed arms, probably because some slander had represented the Fathers as intriguing with the Spaniards.

A volume might be filled with instances of the Saint's wonderful patience and confidence in God.

XX.

CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA STRADA —THE MOTHER-CHURCH OF THE SOCIETY.

1. PICTURE OF OUR LADY DELLA STRADA.

For an account of this miraculous picture, so dear to St. Ignatius and to the Society, the reader is referred to the

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MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART for April, 1896; also to the lessons appointed for the office of the feast (Roman Breviary. S. J. Supplement. 2d Sunday in June).

2. CATECHISMS OF THE SAINT IN THE CHURCH.

For forty successive days after his Profession, the Saint taught catechism in the Church of Santa Maria della Strada. More adults than children came to hear him. Ribadeneira, who was present, says that the instructions and language were simple, and though his Italian was faulty, his words sank into every heart and people crowded to confession. Father Lainez, also present, was impressed by the number of people who came to confession after each instruction. The Saint also gave open air catechisms in the Piazza Altieri (Piazza del Gesù), at the Banchi (near Ponte St. Angelo), and at the Piazza della Vecchia Moneta. As this was a novelty in the streets, children at first mocked him, but he soon compelled attention, and crowds gathered round him.

3. ENLARGEMENT OF THE CHURCH.

The eloquence of the Fathers, and especially the influence of the Saint, attracted great crowds to the little Church of Santa Maria della Strada. It was soon found to be too small for the numbers who flocked to it, and though several additions were made, the accommodation was still insufficient.

In 1550, the foundations of a new and larger church were laid with great solemnity (outside and including the walls of the old church) by St. Francis Borgia, in presence of St. Ignatius, the Bishop of Squillaco blessing the foundation stone. The work, however, went no further than the foundations, as St. Ignatius had ideas of a much larger church, and in a better site, probably the very place where the Church of the Gesù now stands.

4. MICHAEL ANGELO'S PLAN.

In 1552, plans for a new and beautiful church were drawn by Michael Angelo. St. Ignatius in a letter of January, 1552, says: "The most celebrated man now known, who is doing St. Peter's, is undertaking the work (of our church) for mere devotion and without any gain."

Unfortunately, some opposition of the *Muti* family prevented the plan of Michael Angelo from being carried out. The disappointment was great, but the Saint, who might easily have set aside the opposition, chose rather to abandon his project than occasion any uncharitable feeling.

5. THE PRESENT CHURCH OF THE GESÙ.

There will be occasion in a future sketch on "St. Francis Borgia in Rome," to describe this church. At present it will be sufficient to quote Alban Butler, who in his life of St. Ignatius, says: "This church is one of the most magnificent piles of building in Rome next to the Vatican, and is not less admired for the elegance of the architecture than for its riches, consisting in costly beautiful ornaments of gold, silver, jewels, exquisite paintings, statues and carving, and a profusion of costly marbles." It is regrettable that the old church of Santa Maria della Strada with its many holy associations was pulled down.

XXI.

PIOUS FOUNDATIONS BY THE SAINT IN ROME.

1. HOUSE FOR JEWISH CATECHUMENS—S. GIOVANNI DI MERCATO.

St. Ignatius felt great compassion for the poor Jews who were seeking the truth, and were in consequence expelled from their families and homes. In spite of the poverty and scanty accommodation of the house of Santa Maria della Strada, he opened its doors to all such as sincerely wished to become Christians, and sheltered them there during the time of their instruction.

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THE TRIUMPH OF ST. IGNATIUS.

Ceiling of the Church of San Ignazio by Pozzi.

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The house thus became a sort of refuge for outcasts.

The Saint speaks in one of his letters (January, 1550) of a Mahomedan, a little Protestant boy and another hopeless character living with the Fathers.

At length, with the help of some benefactors, he succeeded in securing a house for his Jewish catechumens, adjoining the little church of S. Giovanni di Mercato near Campitelli. Over this establishment he appointed a secular priest named Giovanni di Torano. This man's besetting passion seems to have been envy. He was jealous because St. Ignatius' influence and authority overshadowed his own. Soon he broke out into violent abuse of the Saint and his Company, and presented a memorial to the Pope, accusing them of heresy and of tampering with the secret of the confessional. As Ignatius was silent, Torano grew bolder in his attacks, and demanded an investigation. Ultimately the malice and hypocrisy of the man were unmasked, he was suspended and deprived of all his benefices, and would have been imprisoned for life had not St. Ignatius pleaded for a commutation of the sentence.

2. ASYLUMS FOR YOUNG GIRLS. SANTA CATERINA DEI FUNARI.

The Saint opened a refuge for the protection of girls and young women whose poverty exposed them to danger, and placed it under the charge of a religious confraternity. The institution still flourishes close to the Piazza di Campitelli, and has been the means of saving countless souls.

3. ORPHANAGES. SANTA MARIA IN AGUIRO.

Two orphanages for children of both sexes were opened by the Saint, the one for boys being at Santa Maria in Aguiro, near Monte Citero. It still flourishes under the charge of the Somaschi Fathers, and has a very beautiful and attractive church. The boys may occasionally be seen walking in companies, neatly dressed in black.

4. HOME FOR PENITENT WOMEN. SANTA MARTA (MARTHA) NEAR THE COLLEGIO ROMANO.

The Saint, on fire with charity and a restless desire of gaining souls to God, wearied himself out in the service of his neighbor, always seeking to root out vice and always ready to start some great work that would tend to the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Near the Collegio Romano is a large building known as the Convento di S. Marta, siezed by the Italian Government in 1873 and converted into a barracks. This St. Ignatius opened as a refuge for penitent women who sought shelter from the dangers of the world. He confided the establishment to the care of a confraternity known as Santa Maria della Gorazia, counting among its members some of the noblest ladies of Rome. In four years some three hundred poor women had been admitted into Santa Marta. When some one told him that the conversion of such women was seldom to be depended on he replied: "If I prevent one single mortal sin, I count all my pains as well repaid." (1)

The institution met with violent opposition, but the Saint never drew back when there was question of the salvation of souls. The accusations, retractation and punishment of Mattia may be read in any life of the Saint.

The church of Santa Marta has been desecrated by the Italian government, and is now a storehouse for soldiers' boots.

(1) When the first funds contributed for the opening of the house were exhausted, St. Ignatius took all the expenses on himself. During certain alterations at Santa Maria della Strada, some valuable marbles were discovered, remains of ancient Rome. Father Codacio, at St. Ignatius' bidding, sold these for one hundred gold scudi, with which sum, increased by charitable offerings, a piece of land was bought and the asylum of Santa Marta fairly started. (Ribadeneira. Rose.)

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INTERIOR OF THE GESÙ.

XXII.

COLLEGES FOUNDED BY ST. IGNATIUS IN ROME.

I. THE ROMAN COLLEGE.

The Roman College, one of the glories of Rome ever since its commencement, began its existence in 1550, and struggled on for some time amid difficulties arising from jealous opposition, want of funds, and want of proper accommodation, but progressing rapidly, and becoming at last the most important educational establishment in Rome. Father Le Pelletier was its first rector. On February 16, 1550, he with thirteen scholastics from the Professed House, removed into a small residence hired by Ignatius, at the foot of the Capitol. (1) The teaching was gratuitous, so that scholars were said to have been attracted from other schools. This caused violent jealousies on the part of other masters, and one day they made their way into the Jesuit school and furiously attacked one of the Jesuit professors. (See Stewart Rose, p. 507–508, who gives the letter of St. Ignatius describing these troubles.)

An academical display given in St. Eustachio at the end of the first scholastic year made it clear from the very outset that the Jesuit school could hold its own with the best schools of the city. The number of scholars increased so rapidly that it became necessary in 1551 to hire a larger house. The Saint found one near the Minerva, belonging to the Frangipani. St. Francis Borgia, who came to Rome in 1550, gave six thousand gold crowns to start the college, and this money Ignatius applied as a foundation for the support of the professors.

In 1554 the college again moved to a house belonging to Cardinal Salviati, near the site of the present college.

(1) In the process of St. Ignatius' beatification is the deposition of Giovanni Francesca Bucca, who says that he had been a pupil at the school opened by Ignatius at the foot of the Capitol, and that over the door was written the following notice: "*School of Grammar, Humanities and Christian Doctrine. Gratis.*"

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In 1562, six years after the Saint's death, the college made a fourth migration, this time "to the house of Pope Paul IV. (?) (2) alla *Guglia di S. Mauro.*" (Ms. Hist. S. J. Prov. Rom. I.)

In 1582 Pope Gregory XIII. built the present college for the Society, since called after him the "Gregorian University."

In 1873 the Italian government seized the buildings and transformed them into a Government Lyceum, where Italian youths are taught by infidel masters to scoff at religion, and to hate priests, and especially Jesuits.

When Father Polanco, charged with the expenses of erecting some building at the Roman College, found his funds exhausted and had nothing more to pay the workmen, Ignatius had recourse to prayer, and soon large sums poured in. The Saint actually made a purchase for the college amounting to fifty thousand crowns while it was still very poor, and this sum was soon after presented to them. (Rose, p. 509.) These events were regarded as miraculous, and convinced the Fathers that Ignatius was truly a Saint.

Philosophy was taught in the college soon after its commencement, but it was not till 1555 that it possessed a chair of Scholastic Theology, first filled by the famous Father Martin Olave. The college is associated with many of the greatest names of the Society, and St. Aloysius and St. John Berchmans were among its students.

2. THE GERMAN COLLEGE.

The German college was opened in 1552 under Julius III., and after many vicissitudes and migrations was permanently established at S. Apollinare by Gregory XIII.

Ignatius intended it as a seminary to train secular priests for Germany, where the disedifying lives of so many of the clergy had favored the progress of the Reformation.

The Saint first spoke of his plan to Cardinal Moroni, who had been Papal Legate in Germany and knew the deplorable state of the Church there. Pope Julius III. and Cardinal Cervini, when approached on the subject, expressed themselves favorable, but could promise little assistance, as the Papal treasury was exhausted. At a consistory held by the Pope, thirty-three Cardinals approved the undertaking. St. Ignatius drew up the statutes of the college and gave them to Cardinal Carpi. (1) He also wrote to Father Le Jay and Blessed Peter Canisius in Germany to look out for some promising students.

(*a*) OPENING OF THE GERMAN COLLEGE.—SERMON AT S. EUSTACHIO.

Father Ribadeneira, well known for his rare eloquence and scholarly attainments, was summoned by St. Ignatius from Palermo to open the college. The opening service took place with great solemnity at the Church of S. Eustachio on the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude, 1552, when Ribadeneira preached before several Cardinals. Some twenty-four students had arrived from Germany, and St. Ignatius procured them a house near S. Andrea della Valle. They attended the lectures of the Roman College. The bright scarlet dress they still wear, was especially chosen for them by St. Ignatius.

(*b*) A CHRISTMAS DINNER AT THE GERMAN COLLEGE.

Father Oliver Manareo writing to Father Lancisius, says:

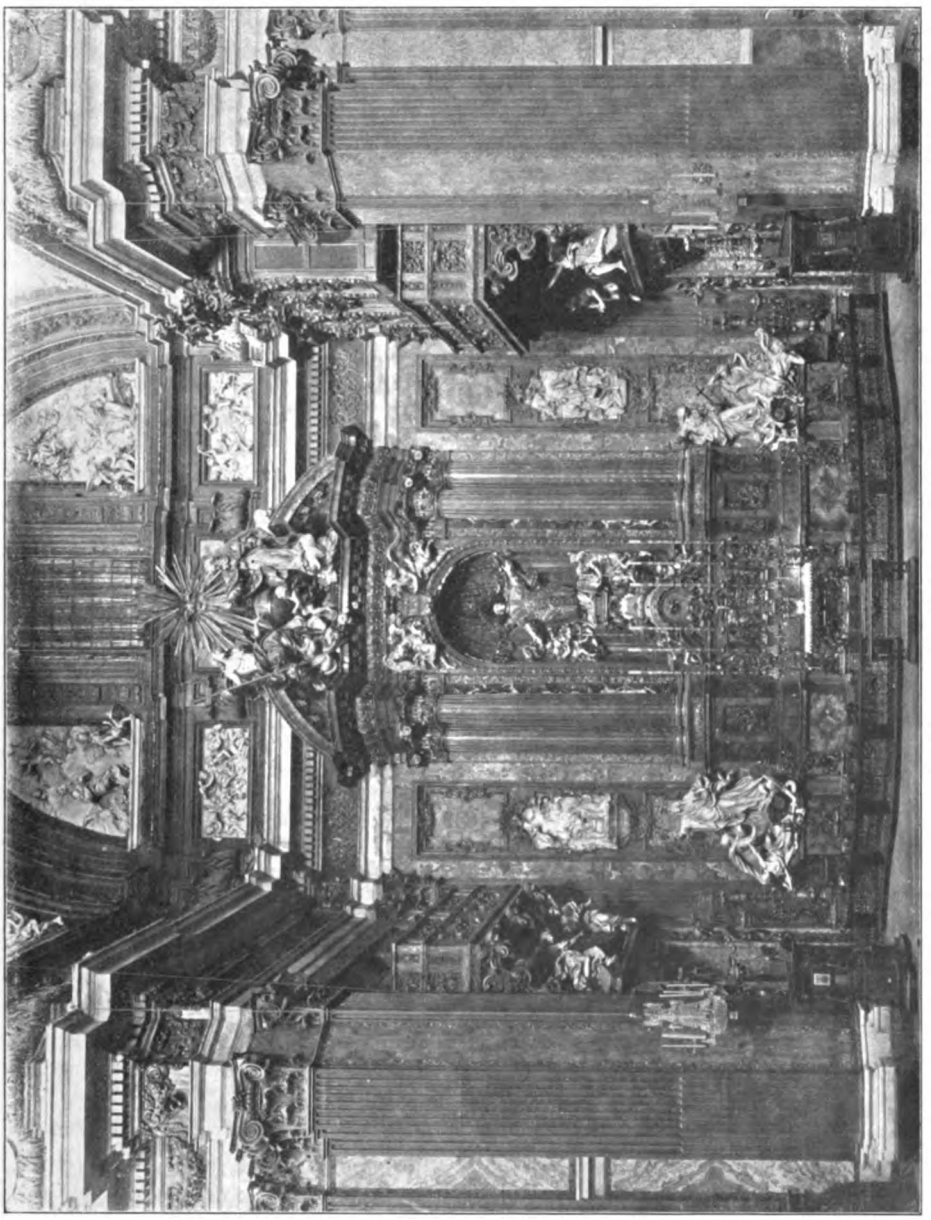
"The Rector of the German College being greatly burdened by debt, went to

(2) Probably the house he had occupied as Cardinal Caraffa, possibly where the Palazzo Doria Pamfili now stands, opposite the Roman College.

(1) The rules drawn up by St. Ignatius are faithfully observed at the college to the present day.

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our Blessed Father to ask assistance. It was near Christmas time, and Ignatius, after listening to the sorrowful tale, asked him with a smile, if he had anything for the students to make merry with at the feast. The Rector replied: 'O Father, we have barely bread, for the baker says he will not let us have any more.' 'Be of good heart,' said the Saint, 'God will assist you. Meantime provide some kids and other things for a feast for the young men, and leave the care of all to God.' Thus he dismissed him comforted and cheerful, and on the following day Pope Julius III. sent five hundred gold ducats to Ignatius, which he divided between the Roman and German Colleges." (Rose.)



THE ALTAR AND TOMB OF ST. IGNATIUS, IN THE GESU.

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(*c*) TRIALS AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

For some reason unknown Pope Paul IV. refused to continue his annual donation to the college, and his example induced many Cardinals to withdraw their subscriptions. Financial embarrassments soon followed, and the Saint was urged to close the college. But though the building they occupied was closed for a time, he refused to dismiss the students, and took all the expense of their support on himself. When everyone else despaired of the college, he alone was cheerful and confident. "The more hopeless matters are," he said, "the more ought we to trust in God."

He seems to have received a Divine assurance that the college would live and prosper, for he declared prophetically that a Pope would one day become the patron of the German College and adopt it as his own. This prophecy was fulfilled in Gregory XIII.

(*d*) FRUITS OF THE GERMAN COLLEGE.

(1) It has contributed largely to the preservation of the faith in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, and Holland.

(2) It has contributed also to the reform of the clergy and of religious communities in central Europe, very many of its students becoming bishops, abbots, and heads of religious houses.

(3) It has given martyrs to the Church, one of whom (an Englishman,) is already beatified, and another will, probably before long, attain the honors of beatification.

XXIII.

MYSTERIOUS DONATIONS NEAR THE COLOSSEUM AND SANTA MARIA SOPRA MINERVA.

The house of Santa Maria della Strada, depending entirely on alms, was always poor and at times in great straits. On such occasions the Saint's prayers and unbounded confidence in God were not unfrequently rewarded with miraculous supplies, as related above. One day Brother Giovanni della Croce, whose office was to attend to the domestic expenses, when coming from St. John Lateran, met a stranger near the Colosseum, who, without saying a word, handed him a purse containing a hundred gold crowns. Before the Brother had time to examine the contents of the purse, the stranger had disappeared.

On another occasion, while the same Brother was out making some purchases in the early morning, a man came up and put a purse full of gold coins into his nand.

The Brother, fearing it might be some diabolical device, entered the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva to pray, expecting the money to turn to ashes in his hand, but it proved to be real gold, and transported with joy he hastened to tell the community of Santa Maria della Strada of the divinely-sent gift, which they all set down to Ignatius' prayers.

XXIV.

VISITS TO ST. PHILIP NERI AT S. GIROLAMO DELLA CARITÀ (Via Monserrato).

The two Saints were very intimate and spent long hours in each other's company at Santa Maria della Strada and S. Girolamo della Carità. St. Philip used to assure his friends that he had seen Ignatius' face shining with dazzling light, as Father Ant. Galloni, his disciple, and Marcellus Vitelleschi declared (in the process taken for St. Philip's canonization), they had often heard from his own mouth. Cardinal Tarugi, another disciple of St. Philip, published an authentic certificate to the same effect. (Bartoli l. 4 p. 372. Ribad. l. p. 417. Butler 31st July.)

Meeting one day Fathers Venusti and Rubini, St. Philip asked them if they were of the Company of Jesus. On their replying in the affirmative, the Saint said: "You are the sons of a great father, and I also owe much to him, for it was Ignatius who taught me how to make mental prayer."

The letters which came from St. Fran-

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cis Xavier in the East, were lent by Ignatius to Philip, who read them aloud to his congregation, and soon all Rome became interested in these wonderful reports from the great Apostle of the Indies.

XXV.

CATECHISMS AT SANTA MARIA DI MONSERRATO.

Mention has already been made of Ignatius' sermons in this church. (No. VI.) He afterwards came to give catechisms and instructions, being often accompanied by Pedro Ribadeneira, who says: "I recall perfectly the energy and earnestness with which Ignatius spoke. He appeared like one inflamed with the love of God, so that even when silent, his countenance moved his auditors, and he could do with them what he liked." As the Saint's Italian was faulty and full of Spanish idioms, Ribadeneira, then a boy and not at all shy, suggested it would be well to try and improve his Italian. The Saint with his wonted humility answered: "You are right, Pedro, so you must note down my mistakes when I speak, and tell me of them afterwards."

Pedro did his best, but said the faults were too many for him to note them all down. The Saint smiled and said: "Pedro, what can we do against God?" meaning, "How can I speak otherwise than as God enables me?" And so he went on fascinating his hearers and winning them to God in spite of his poor Italian.

XXVI.

SAINTLY VISITORS AT SANTA MARIA DELLA STRADA—COUNTENANCE OF THE SAINT SHINING WITH LIGHT.

1. ST. PHILIP NERI.

Over the entrance to the rooms of St. Ignatius is an inscription stating that St. Philip often visited him and conversed with him in that spot.

To the testimonies of Galloni and Tarugi given above, may be added that of Father Oliver Manareo, who wrote to Father Lancisius: "But the face of Ignatius, as Philip Neri of pious memory observed to me, shone with a superhuman light, so that no resemblance could approach to it."

This same supernatural light was observed by others.

Father Lainez compared him to Moses coming from the presence of God with his face dazzling with glory.

Father Luis Gonçales says in his memoirs of the Saint: "As often as I went to him, which necessity frequently obliged me to do, I always saw his face shining with an air so bright and heavenly, that quite forgetting myself I stood astonished in contemplating him. Nor was his countenance like that of many devout men, in whom I have admired a wonderful serenity at their prayers, but it breathed something quite unusual, and as it were divine." (Butler, July 31.)

2. ST. FRANCIS BORGIA.

St. Francis had been admitted into the Society in Spain in 1549 by Blessed Peter Faber, but continued for a while to retain his title and position of Duke of Gandia. In 1550 he came to Rome for the Jubilee but principally to see St. Ignatius and make the final arrangements for the renunciation of his title and property. He was met outside Rome by the Spanish ambassador, several Cardinals and Roman princes, and an imposing procession of noblemen and magistrates. A special messenger from the Pope pressed him to take up his abode at the Vatican; but Francis had decided to stay with St. Ignatius at Santa Maria della Strada. Ignatius went down to meet him at the door of the house, and tried in vain to prevent him from throwing himself at his feet and kissing his hand. Inside the house Francis wished to be treated as a novice. He waited on the Fathers at table, washed the dishes in the kitchen and swept the corridors. Hearing that the Pope and the Emperor Charles V. wished

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to give him a Cardinal's hat, he hastily left Rome before Christmas to escape the dignity.

3. BLESSED PETER FABER.

Blessed Peter, who was venerated by St. Ignatius and the first Fathers as a saint, came to Rome from Spain at the call of obedience in July, 1546. He was seriously ill at the time, and when told he was exposing his life, he replied, "It is not necessary for me to live, but it is necessary to obey." The joy of his arrival caused him to recover a little. Ignatius welcomed him with open arms and tears of affection. But in a few days Blessed Peter was again prostrated by fever and died on August 1. The sweetness of his character and the charm of his presence made those who knew him revere him as an angel. He had a special devotion to the holy angels, and wherever he went he imagined these blessed spirits were always at his side.

XXVII.

ST. IGNATIUS AT THE VATICAN.

The Saint mentions in his diary of the forty days (1) (No. 34), that he entered the basilica of St. Peter to pray before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament and there amid dazzling splendor he seems to have had a vision of the most Blessed Trinity. (Bartoli, traduit par Michel vol. II, p. 408.)

Pope Paul III. was full of admiration for Ignatius and his work, and considered him a heaven-sent champion to defend the Church in the trying period of the Reformation.

Pope Julius III. confirmed the Society anew, and told his chamberlain, "Whenever Ignatius comes admit him at once, and let me know, whoever may be with me at the time." The generosity of the Pope to the Society was proved by constant alms to the Professed Houses, and a revenue of fifteen hundred crowns to the Roman College. He commanded Ignatius on his obedience always to apply to him when the Professed House was in difficulties.

Pope Marcellus was so attached to the Society that whenever Ignatius wished to change the subject of conversation, he used to say, "Let us speak of good Pope Marcellus." The Pope once said, "Since the days of the Apostles no man has lived to see so much result of his work as Ignatius."

Pope Paul IV. showed his confidence in Ignatius by sending Cardinal Saraceni, whenever he came with some petition, to Ignatius, adding that he confirmed beforehand Ignatius' answer. Otto Truchses said he often heard Paul IV. speak with such admiration of the Jesuits, that he should desire for himself no other advocate with the Pope than Ignatius.

TRASTEVERE. RETURNING FROM THE VATICAN.

The Saint's constitution was broken with work and austerities, and he sometimes seemed scarcely able to walk. Noticing this weakness the Pope occasionally insisted that he should ride home from the Vatican on a mule. This was a trial to Ignatius' humility, and to avoid notice, he used to return home by the Trastevere.

XXVIII.

MASS IN THE LATERAN BASILICA.

One Christmas day when saying Mass in the Lateran basilica at the altar of the relics, the Saint was filled with such ecstatic joy that the tears streamed from his eyes. A man who was present whispered to Francis Strada, who was serving the Mass: "That priest of yours must either be a saint or a great sinner, for he did nothing but weep all the time of his Mass."

(1) A little before his death the Saint burned his private spiritual notes; this *diary* alone escaped, and was found after his death. It is a record of marvelous visions and supernatural sights during the forty days he was deliberating on the poverty to be observed in the Professed House.

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In saying Mass and reciting the Divine Office God poured such an abundance of heavenly delight into his soul, that he was obliged frequently to stop and give vent to his tears.

The Fathers of the Society used to say that his face, as he approached the altar, was a face for Paradise. (Rose, p. 538.) Once at the "Memento of the Living," Father Nicholas Lanoy testified that he saw a flame on his head.

Father Oliver Manareo wrote to Father Lancisius: "His Mass occupied rather more than an hour, because he was impeded by frequent ecstasies and tears. On this account he celebrated less frequently in public."

After Mass he spent two hours in thanksgiving, during which time no one was permitted to speak to him except on very pressing business.

XXIX.

SANTA BALBINA, NEAR THE BATHS OF CARACALLA.

Sometime before his death the Saint bought the villa of Santa Balbina, for the purpose of giving country air to the novices, scholastics and German students. They came once a week, on separate days, and sometimes oftener.

The interesting meeting of St. Ignatius and Father Michael de Torres at Santa Balbina may be read in Stewart Rose, p. 399.

In July, 1556, Rome was in a state of panic at the approach of the Duke of Alva, the people fearing the city would be taken and sacked. The Saint, who was seriously ill at the time, retired from the din of arms to the peaceful solitude of Santa Balbina. The Summer heats were excessive that year, and he became worse. After two or three days of fever, feeling that his end was approaching, he caused himself to be carried back to his beloved home of Santa Maria della Strada. The door of the Saint's room at Santa Balbina is now preserved near St. Stanislaus' room at S. Andrea in Quirinale.

XXX.

DEATH OF THE SAINT AT SANTA MARIA DELLA STRADA.

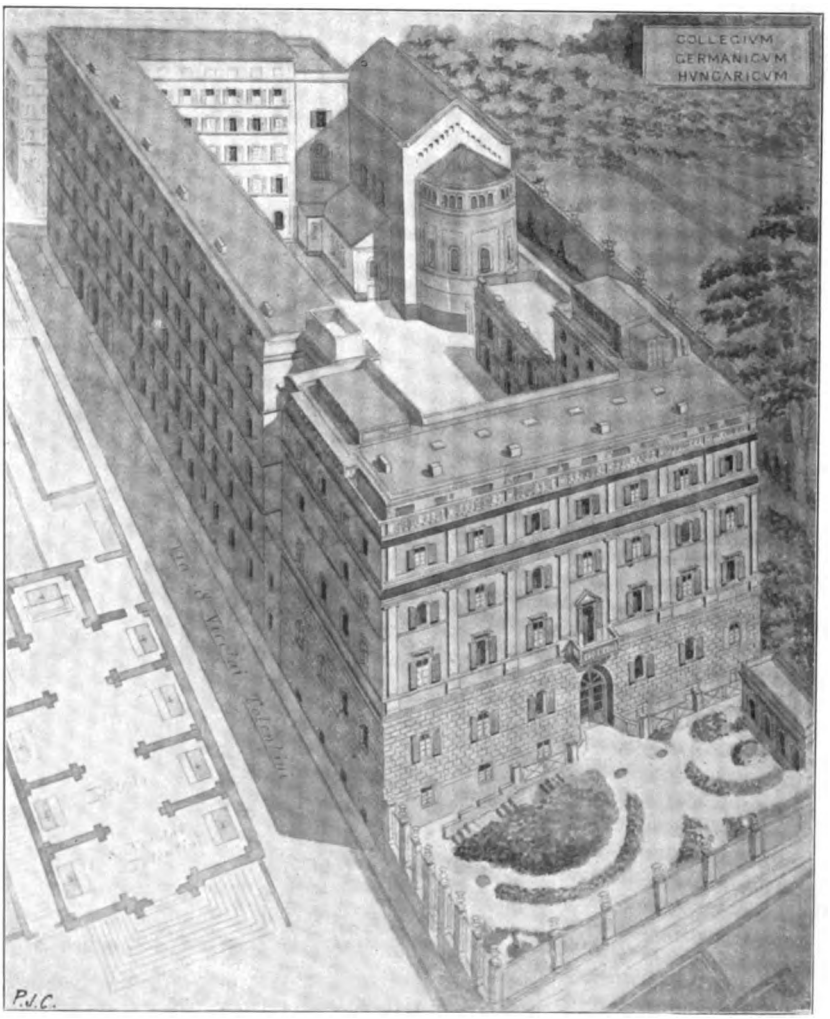
He had been General of the Society fifteen years, and during that time saw the Society divided into twelve Provinces, with over a hundred colleges and hundreds of residences, spread almost through the whole world. Kings, princes, cities of Spain, Italy, Portugal and the Low Countries pressed him to send them Fathers. Outside Europe his children were working with marvelous fruit of souls in the East Indies, in the kingdoms of Fez and Morocco, in Congo, Abyssinia, and the Portuguese settlements of South America At length worn out with infirmities and mortifications, and with the fatigues of government, he procured that the Society should choose him an assistant in his office. This was Father Jerome Nadal.

By way of last will and testament he dictated certain holy maxims regarding obedience, which he bequeathed to the Society.

The day before he died he charged Father Polanco to beg His Holiness' blessing for him at the hour of death, but the Father did not think the end was so near. The next morning, having lifted his eyes and hands to heaven and pronouncing the sweet name of Jesus, he calmly expired with a smile on his lips on July 31, 1556, in the 65th year of his age. The news at once spread throughout Rome, "The Saint is dead! The Saint is dead!"

The Fathers privileged to be present at his death were Fathers Madrid, Frusius and Torres. With them was young Francis Tarugi, afterward a disciple of St Philip and a Cardinal. Father Madrid, recognizing that the Saint was on the point of death (though two physicians who had just visited him had no idea he was so near his end), sent the Brother Infirmarian in all haste to call Father Riera, Prefect of the church and the Saint's confessor. Father Riera

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THE GERMAN COLLEGE.

could not be found, and when the Brother came back the Saint was dead.

XXXI.

TOMB OF THE SAINT. TRANSLATIONS OF HIS REMAINS.

To satisfy the pious wishes of the people, the body of the Saint was exposed for two days in the church of Santa Maria della Strada, and Prince Fabricio Massimi testifies that, young and strong as he was, he could not cleave a passage through the dense crowd into the church. Severe measures were necessary to prevent the people from carrying relics away.

On August 1 the body was placed in a wooden coffin and buried on the gospel side of the sanctuary of Santa Maria della Strada. The funeral was marked by a striking miracle, the daughter of a Roman lady (Bernardina di Nerucci) suffering horribly from scrofula was instantly and perfectly cured by the application of a cloth which had touched the body of the Saint.

In 1568 the body was temporarily moved by Saint Francis Borgia to another part of the old church of Santa

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Maria della Strada, while the foundations of the present Church of the Gesù were being built. On this occasion Father Julius Mancinella, a great servant of God, knowing nothing of the removal of the body, heard ravishing strains of music issue from the old church. In 1587, the new Church of the Gesù being completed, thanks to the royal munificence of Cardinal Alexander Farnese,—Father Claudio Aquaviva, General of the Society, caused the body of the Saint to be removed from the old church of Santa Maria della Strada, destined soon to disappear, to a tomb on the right hand of the high altar in the new church. This second translation was marked by another striking event, many of the Fathers present testifying that the remains of the Saint seemed to be covered with a cluster of stars of dazzling brilliancy.

In 1599 Cardinals Baronius and Bellarmin were the first to give public honors to the Saint. On August 31, Cardinal Bellarmin preached a touching panegyric of Ignatius near his tomb, and on its conclusion Cardinal Baronius prostrated himself on the tomb and kissed it several times; then he asked for a portrait of the Saint which he hung above the tomb, after which both Cardinals prostrated themselves and kissed the tomb again and again. (See Bartoli bk. v. c. 6. Ribad bk. v. c. 14.)

St. Ignatius was beatified by Pope Paul V. on July 27, 1609, and canonized by Gregory XV. on March 12, 1622. Father Peter Ribadeneira lived to witness the beatification of his beloved Father, being present at the magnificent solemnities in the church of the Society at Madrid. His joy was so great that tears streamed from his eyes, and he felt as though ravished for the moment to the delights of Paradise. (Ribad. bk. v. c. 14, p. 426.)

XXXII.

THE ALTAR AND SHRINE OF ST. IGNATIUS IN THE GESÙ.

The body of the Saint remained thirty-five years in the tomb which Father Claudio Aquaviva had prepared on the right side of the high altar in the new Church of the Gesù.

In 1632 on occasion of the Saint's canonization, his remains were translated with extraordinary solemnity to the splendid shrine, where they still lie, in the north aisle of the church.

This shrine is of gilded bronze and lapis lazuli under an altar of corresponding richness, said to be the most beautiful altar in Rome. (See MESSENGER OF SACRED HEART April, 1896, p. 273.) Four fluted columns of bronze inlaid with lapis lazuli support the entablature. The marbles used for the pedestals, pilasters, entablature, etc., are costly and beautiful. The richly decorated niche, where stands the statue of the Saint (formerly of solid silver, but melted down to pay the ransom exacted by the French at the beginning of this century), is inlaid with lapis lazuli: and the large globe between the figures of the Eternal Father and His Divine Son on the summit of the altar, is formed of a single block of lapis lazuli, said to be the largest in the world. When the altar is illuminated on special festivals, it presents a scene of unrivalled splendor.

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HISTORICAL OUTLINE OF THE MONASTIC ORDERS IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS, ITS FOUNDATION AND RE-ESTABLISHMENT.

THE first fathers of the Society of Jesus reached these islands in the year 1581. Father Antonio Sedeño was Superior, and with them came Father Domingo de Salazar, the first Bishop of Manila, and Father Alonzo Sanchez. They resided with the Franciscans till they became possessed of a modest home of their own, where they entered with zeal on the work of the ministry. Within a few years they had established in Manila the Royal College of San José and the College of San Ignacio, destined to become later on a university. Both these institutions enjoyed abundant revenue to provide for the education of youth, and the sons of the Spaniards were their chief patrons. The Jesuit Fathers, besides, spared themselves no labor to convert the natives to the true faith.

They assumed spiritual charge of whole Indian villages in the provinces of Manila and Cavite, and passing from the conquest of various islands in the Archipelago, notably the Visayas, Mindanao and Ioló, they made their saving influences felt in the Mariana and Palao Islands. These works prospered till the deplorable events of 1768, when the suppression of the Society of Jesus sadly interfered with their continuance. In this present century the government of Spain, wishing to give a new impetus to the spread of the Gospel, by a royal order dated October 19, 1852, established the Society of Jesus in these parts, confiding to its especial charge the missions of Mindanao and Ioló.

By a subsequent royal decree, on March 10, 1858, a mission house was reopened in Manila, designed to serve for a residence for fathers coming from Spain, and for headquarters of the Society's missons. About the middle of the year 1859 the first ten missionaries, with Father José Fernandez Cuevas for Superior, arrived in Manila, to begin the work entrusted to them by the government. Unable to continue their journey to Mindanao, as final orders had not yet been issued, they turned their attention to works of the ministry.

A new royal decree enacted July 30, 1859, ordered the priests at Mindanao to yield place to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. This change was to be effected as best suited the condition of things, due regard being paid the prejudices of a people yet weak in the faith. The Jesuits reached Mindanao in 1861. After establishing the mission of Tamontaca, they took possession successively of the different parishes and stations, and by the foundation of new ones, reached the present high state of development instanced in the general statement of 1883, on record below. Hardly had the Society of Jesus begun operations in the Archipelago when the Municipal Council of Manila confided the primary school to its care. Later on this school grew to the proportions of a first-class college, and was known as the Ateneo Municipal. These important charges were followed by the control and management of the Normal School. The total number of religious of the Order residing in the Archipelago is one hundred and twenty-four.

MISSION HOUSES IN THE ISLANDS AND MISSIONS IN THE ARCHIPELAGO.

Headquarters are at Manila. The staff of the religious employ in functions of the Sacred Ministry whatever time remains

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free after the discharge of their several duties. For this purpose they maintain a chapel on the ground floor of their house. They likewise lend spiritual assistance to the sick of the city. Their chapel is too small to meet the demands of the Ateneo Municipal, and so at the present writing a church is being built close to the Mission House. The library, but recently founded, counts about sixteen hundred volumes. A poorhouse and a hospital were opened in 1877, but had to be closed for want of necessary staff. The fathers of the Society occupy at present the first, fourth, fifth and sixth districts, with part of the second, and nearly all of the third. The mission of Ioló is likewise in their hands. They are divided into groups or residences, each ruled by an immediate Superior, with one general Vice-Superior in the northern part, belonging to the bishopric of Cebú, and another in the southern part, belonging to the diocese of Iaro. With one hundred and twenty-four religious, including the Coadjutor Brothers, they provide for thirty mission churches and one hundred and sixty-three stations and reductions.

THE LAZARISTS.

The congregation of the Mission of St. Vincent de Paul, whose members are more commonly known by the name of Lazarists, was established in Spain by the Concordat of 1851. In October, 1852, a law was enacted commissioning the priests of the mission to take charge, with the consent of the bishops, of the studies and general management of the seminaries in the colonies. At that time it was impossible from want of the necessary equipment to comply with the king's mandate; but in 1862 fifteen Sisters of Charity arrived with two Lazarist Fathers for directors, Don Gregorio Velasco and Don Ildefonso Morales, all accompanied by two Coadjutor Brothers. The illustrious Señor Don Gregorio Meliton was then Archbishop of Manila, and in accordance with the royal decree, he put them in charge of his seminary. They took possession August 2, 1862. It soon became evident that the workmen were too few to cope with the task set them. The Superior of the Congregation in Spain was therefore petitioned to send others. For answer, in the following year sixteen Sisters of Charity came with the Fathers Don José Casarramona, Don Antonio Serra and two Coadjutor Brothers. In view of the good results achieved by the Seminary of Manila, the Bishop of New Cáceres was highly encouraged and, in consequence, requested the Congregation to undertake the management of his own. An agreement was made and on May 7, 1865, three priests with two Coadjutor Brothers went to take charge of the seminary in that city. Last of all on March 16, 1872, the Bishop of New Segovia entrusted his seminary to the direction of the Fathers of the Mission. They were in control till 1876, when, with the consent of the bishop, they resigned in favor of the Calced Augustinians.

The Lazarists, besides the administration of the seminaries, watch over the spiritual interests of the two colleges, "Purisima Concepcion de la Concordia" and "Santa Isabel de Manila." At the same time they give retreats to the clergy and, as far as their other duties allow, preach, hear confessions and instruct the faithful.

COLLEGE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF PEACE.

This establishment is situated in San Ferando de Dilao, near the village of Santa Anna. The ground and the older part of the structure once belonged to Doña Margarita R. de Ayala, who piously donated them to the Sisters of Charity to serve for a home for convalescents as well as a school for young girls. Not satisfied with this act of generosity, the virtuous lady made further provision for the coming of seven Sisters to found the school, which was opened in May, 1868. It soon became evident that in spite of

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the addition made to the old building the quarters were still too cramped to accommodate the girls who flocked in large numbers for admission. Therefore, between the years 1870 and 1883, when a chapel large enough for the use of the faculty was completed, the work of adding went on without interruption, till now the original building is scarcely one-sixth the size of the present imposing structure.

HOUSE OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

It is situated in San Fernando de Dilao, in the quarter called Looban. It formerly belonged to Sister Asuncion Ventura, of the Sisters of Charity. Prompted by her piety and generosity, she presented it, together with some ground, to the Sisters of Charity to provide a school for the education of about thirty poor girls. This institution was opened July 27, 1885.

PROVINCE OF THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS OF THE CALCED AUGUSTINIAN FATHERS.

The particular history of the Province of the Holy Name of Jesus, is so intimately associated with the general events of the colonization, and with the dawn and progress of civilization among the inhabitants of this rich Archipelago, that they are really but one, and their history will always be imperfect and incomplete if separately studied. Yet, laying aside the history of the temporal conquest of the islands, this narrative will deal especially with the spiritual conquest effected by the Augustinian Fathers.

A treaty of peace between the Kings of Spain and Portugal, put an end to the war waged on account of the arrival of Martin Yañez, who succeeded Garcia Loaiza and Sebastian de Elcano as commander of the scattered squadron; and when the Crown of Castile had relinquished its rights to the Molucca Islands, the attention of the Emperor Charles I. was directed to the western part of the Philippines. He then ordered the equipment in New Spain of another squadron, decreeing that a certain number of religious should accompany the expedition to spread the gospel in the land of conquest. The Viceroy, Don Antonio de Mendoza, appointed as commander of the squadron the expert Urdaneta, who was formerly a naval captain in the expedition headed by Loaiza, Elcano and Yañez, a prisoner of the Portuguese, the companion and successor to Hernando de la Torre. But Urdaneta, already determined to withdraw from the noise and strife of the world, declined the honor and secluded himself in the convent of the Augustinians in Mexico. The Viceroy was therefore compelled to make another appointment. The immortal Ruy Lopez de Villalobos was chosen. The explorers were to have as companions and assistants certain Augustinian religious. The Augustinians, after mature deliberation, in view of the difficulties attending the enterprise, made a careful selection, and Fathers Don Gerónimo de San Esteban, Don Nicolas de Perea, Don Alonso Alvarado, and Don Sebastian de Trasierra were appointed. Father Gerónimo de San Esteban was designated Superior and Provincial Vicar.

But the magnificent squadron of Villalobos met with so many misfortunes that our first apostolic missionaries had the single consolation of baptizing a dying child five years old, on the island of Sarrayan, on the southern coast of Mindanao. This event had place somewhere near Christmas, 1543, five months after sailing from the port of Natividad. They also assisted at the death-bed of their partner in danger and tender friend, Villalobos. After risking their lives for fatherland and religion, they sailed for Goa, and thence for Europe, landing at last in Lisbon, August, 1549, seven years after their departure from the port of Natividad.

Great enthusiasm was aroused among

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the Augustinians of the New World by the narrative of the sufferings undergone by the four religious embarked in Villalobos's expedition. This enthusiasm was strengthened by the letter of King Philip II. addressed to Don Andres Urdaneta, who had since taken holy orders. In it he prayed Urdaneta in the following terms: "Your presence with the fleet now in preparation would go far towards securing a safe voyage and would work wonders in the service of the Lord."

The Augustinians were so touched by this appeal, that they spontaneously furnished financial resources and ready volunteers. The clever and humble Urdaneta, satisfied that such was the will of his superiors, yielded with pleasure to the new honor bestowed upon him; he proved himself as wise in the selection of Don Miguel Lopez de Ayala for general of the squadron, as in the choice and number of vessels he deemed it advisable to take. In all these preliminaries, the viceroy and other officials worked earnestly, and leave us undeniable testimony of Father Urdaneta's remarkable endowments.

This expedition, which sailed from the port of Natividad November 21, 1564, twenty-two years and twenty days after that of Villalobos, was accompanied by our Brothers in Christ, Fathers Andres de Aguirre, Martin de Roda, Diego Herrera, and Pedro Gamboa. After a voyage of three months they passed the Barbuda and Ladrone Islands, and sighted the Philippines. Two months later they entered into relations with the Indians of the city of Cebú. These Indians, rather timid and profiting from past experience, made no opposition, but opened the doors to the conquest of the Archipelago. In this place an image of the Holy Child Jesus was found, which the idolatrous natives worshipped in their own peculiar way. It had, undoubtedly, been left behind by the companions of the intrepid Magallanes. Before this image the fervent Father Urdaneta, surrounded by the governor, chiefs, soldiers and many natives, celebrated with great solemnity the Sacrifice of the Mass. This circumstance gave its name to the new-born Province of the Augustinians, "Sweet Name of Jesus of the Philippines," and to this day it is known by no other title.

After a peaceful settlement with Tupas, King of Cebú, the natives, with the general consent of all concerned, were considered subjects of the King of Spain. Then Father Urdaneta received orders to return to Mexico to report to the High Court of Judicature (*Audiencia*) the success of the expedition, and to afterwards set out for Spain to report the same to the king. Our missionary started June 1, 1565, with instructions from the king to discover and mark out a return route from the Philippines to New Spain. He accomplished the task in spite of indescribable sufferings and privations,—two pilots and sixteen of the crew dying on the way.

Without an interval of rest, indefatigable in his study of the various winds and dangerous passages, at the end of four months he at last reached Acapulco, the port nearest Mexico. After a short stay in the convent of Mexico, he set sail for Spain to deliver to His Majesty the despatches of Legaspi. He was acknowledged at Court the true discoverer of the return route from the Philippines to New Spain, and of the winds known to mariners by the name of *hurricanes*.

Two years after Father Urdaneta had left Cebú, Legaspi commissioned Father Gamboa to go to Spain to inform King Philip II. of the state of the newly conquered islands; the latter, however, was less fortunate than his predecessor. He fell sick and died before reaching port. Two religious were all that remained in Cebú, as Father Aguirre had returned to Mexico with Urdaneta. Those in the island labored strenuously to learn the language of the aborigines, and to spread the Gospel. It happened by the grace

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of God that a niece of Tupas, after instructions in the rudiments of the Catholic religion, became so attached to it, that she asked for baptism. The ceremony was performed by Father Herrera, then Superior. On the same occasion he administered the sacrament to three more children, one a son of the newly converted woman. These were for our missionaries the first fruits of the abundant harvest to be reaped in the near future.

Later on, June 7, 1569, Father Herrera was sent by Legaspi, to notify the Court of Judicature of Mexico of the recent disturbances provoked by the Portuguese and the consequent negotiations, to inform the King of Spain of the progress made in the subjugation of the Indians, and to enlist the sympathies of other religious willing to attend to the necessities of the numerous converts and Christians scattered about the Cebú and Panay islands. Father Rada, therefore, alone remained in this place, where he worked with unabating zeal for the conversion of the natives of Pintados. He was assisted in his labors by Brothers Juan de Vivero and Juan de Villanova, who had just arrived on the vessel of Salcedo. Fortunately, the vessel *San Lucas*, with Father Herrera on board, met on the way the *San Juan*, on which were the Augustinian Fathers, Juan Alva and Alonso Jimenez. Father Herrera returned with them, all landing together in Cebú by order of Legaspi. The number of conversions, however, daily increased, and Father Herrera was again commissioned to go and bring more assistants. On the eve of his departure a province was founded, and the above-named Father, in June, 1569, was invested with the office of First Provincial, an honor that was bestowed upon him, not merely because of his remarkable gifts, but, also to encourage him to work with greater zeal in the acquisition of new religious, without forgetting subjects left in the heart of the forest and so much in need of assistance. Father Rada, elected Prior of the Convent of the "Holy Child of Jesus," was left alone in this island to continue preaching the Gospel, while Father Jimenez preached first in Mabasto, then in Camarines, and Father Alva in Panay.

About a year after his departure, the Provincial, Father Herrera, returned with but two recruits, Fathers Diego Ordonez and Diego de Espinar, bearing strict instructions from His Majesty to diligently colonize the islands. He carried for Legaspi the title of First Governor for Castile (*Adelantado*) with several honors for the captain and soldiers who had most distinguished themselves in the conquest. The recipients of these favors were filled with great joy, as they saw in this manifestation of the appreciation of their king, the happy results of their efforts, and their self-denial in so colossal an undertaking.

The establishment of friendly relations between the Governor, Legaspi, and the neighboring governments, particularly China, was chiefly due to the personal efforts and successful cooperation of the religious. Fathers Rada and Gerónimo Marin went as ambassadors to the Viceroy of Fokien, glad of an opportunity to render a service to their country, and to herald as they ardently desired, Catholicity in so vast an empire.

The city of Cebú was founded in 1570. Manila rose to the rank of metropolis of the whole colony in the following year. It was then thought that the presence of the missionaries was strictly necessary in the settlements. These missionaries, however, were only six—including the Provincial himself—separated by thousands of miles, being in remote corners where they labored with kindness and sweetness for the conversion of a superstitious people, and looked after the hundreds of new Christians, teaching them to properly observe the precepts and practices of our holy religion. Happily, on June 7 of that year, the *Espiritu Santo* and *San Juan* reached these shores, conveying six more Aug-

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ustinians to lend assistance to their brethren. Without delay the Provincial assigned them posts where their apostolic services were most needed. Father Gerónimo Marin was sent to Cebú to accompany Father Martin Rada, who was the Superior of that Convent; Father Juan Orta was sent to Camarines as assistant to Father Alonso Jimenez; Father Francisco Marino went to the island of Panay to assist Father Juan Alva. The others remained in Manila to be employed in its vicinity and in Papanga. Father Alonso Alvarado, who thirty years before accompanied the unfortunate expedition of Villalobos, was then with Juan de Salcedo, attending to the pacification of Tainta, Tayzay and other villages of Laguna. Father Francisco Ortega, the first founder of the convents of the Augustinian Order in Island of Luzon, contributed with Martin de Goitia to the conquest of the leading natives of Papanga; while Father Augustin Albuquerque was gaining numerous souls for Jesus Christ in the Batangas province.

Fearless and unmindful of the long distances to be traversed, and of the dangers of sailing through seas never before explored, the Provincial, Father Herrera, paid regular visits to the provinces of Panay, Oton, Cebú, and Islabon. He came into a perfect knowledge of their most urgent needs, and was enabled to deliver important orders for the successful discharge of their ministerial functions. These visits were a valuable source of information for the committee of religious assembled at an early date.

At the end of the third year, Father Herrera's term of office having expired, the fathers met together in Chapter, and proceeded to choose his successor. This election took place in Manila, May 3, 1573, and Father Martin Rada was appointed. On that occasion it was agreed to fix the residences of the missionaries, erecting convents in the most important places, with dependent stations and parishes. These, in turn, when the numbers of the religious faithful justified the step, were to be converted into so many settlements. Following this plan, each convent would in due time become a settled village—the people and the religious bound together by the closest ties.

Until not very long ago these bodies of the faithful were known by the name of villages under instruction, to distinguish them at the same time from the missions or settlements, and from the *ranchos*, where infidels and savages mostly live. It was decided in the above-mentioned Chapter that Father Herrera should go to Spain to request the king to send as many more religious as possible, not merely of our own Order, but also of other congregations.

The number of convents already established in 1572 was eight, and the Provincial, Father Rada, with the assistance of three religious, who arrived in 1573, established five more.

After the death of the incomparable Legaspi, which occurred August 20, 1572, this island was suddenly attacked by a formidable army, headed by the corsair Limaon. An insurrection broke out at the same time in Mindoro, Tondo, and Manila. Only to the great tact and wonderful courage of Guido de Lavezares, worthy of his predecessor, as well as to the energy and endurance of that handful of heroes, was due the success of the defence in which the pirates, thoroughly beaten, were compelled to withdraw from the Spanish shores. Fathers Martin and Orta luckily quelled the uprising of the insurgents in Tondo and Manila, but the unfortunate Fathers Ortega and Mójica, captured by the Indians in Mindoro, and carried to the depths of the forest, were tied and beaten, and for four whole days battled with grim death. In the assault the pirates set fire to our church and convent in this capital The magnificent ornaments, the gifts donated by King Philip II., were reduced to ashes. In the column fighting against the corsair the governor was accompanied by the Father Provincial. And when the insurgents

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were subdued, and Manila was delivered from its dreaded enemies, the religious devoted all their attention to the founding of villages and churches.

Of the former, four were created in 1575. In this year the second governor, Don Francisco Sande, came with three more Augustinians, and soon after Father Gerónimo Marin was ordered by the governor to go to Spain, bearing information to His Majesty regarding the government of the islands, and the expediency of maintaining amicable relations with China. He carried news, likewise, of Fathers Rada and Albuquerque, who, in their capacity as ambassadors, had sailed with the Chinese captains after Limaon, returning afterwards to Manila. The king, apprised of these facts, was so greatly moved, that in the year 1589 he appointed Fathers Marin, Francisco Ortega, and the Apostolic Penitentiary, Gonzalez de Mendoza, ambassadors to proceed to Pekin, bearing the good wishes of their sovereign, and loaded with valuable gifts. But obstacles arose, and the embassy never set out, so the fathers were again deprived of the chance to introduce into China the glorious name of Christ.

In addition to the many disasters which the above mentioned religious were called upon to endure, more remains to be related of the unhappy accident which befell the Province. Father Herrara had succeeded in enlisting the service of forty religious of the Order of St. Augustin. In a respectful memorial addressed to His Majesty, requesting royal permission for members of other Orders to come, he was so successful, that the Franciscan Fathers then waiting in Seville to embark for the Solomon Islands, were ordered to the Philippines instead. Herrera with his forty companions reached Mexico, but in such poor health, that, after a short rest, only six, together with three religious from New Spain, were able to continue on their way. Now, alas, their greatest ordeal was imminent. Near the coast of Manila the vessel sank during a violent storm, and after struggling with the furious waves, the crew reached the Island of Catanduanes, only to be murdered by the savage natives. Compensation for this sad and irreparable loss came in the following year, 1577, when seven Augustinians and sixteen Franciscans arrived. These latter were the first of their Order to aid the Augustinians. They were hospitably received in the Augustinian Convents, invested with full Apostolic faculties, and appointed to villages where they labored with great zeal. The Jesuit Fathers who arrived in 1581 with the illustrious Father Domingo Salazar, the first bishop of Manila, the twenty religious of our own Order, the Dominican Fathers who came in 1587, and the Recollects who landed in 1606, met with a similar welcome.

To say nothing of the services rendered by the religious of the Order in quelling the various revolts of the natives, the glorious deeds of our Brother, Father Antonio Flores, are well worthy of mention. He commanded the vessel fitted out by the Province for war with the Chinese in 1603. He took part in the capture of the fortress of Ternate in Molucca, 1606, whither he went with the Governor, Don Pedro Bravo de Acuña, who, mindful of his services, mentioned him with honor in an official note addressed to His Majesty. It would be quite impossible to count in detail the numerous and valuable services rendered by the Augustinians, when in 1762, the English attacked Manila and assailed our Institute, only to test its courage and patriotism in the defence of its country's flag. The reckless invaders ransacked and destroyed fifteen convents, killed ten of our brethren, captured nineteen, and exiled twelve. They took possession of the principal convent of Manila, and, without sparing anything they could lay hands on, they sold everything: the medicines, the library, the roof-tiles, even going to the unholy extreme of

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robbing the church of its jewels. In this hour of trial every Augustinian in Luzon rallied to the support of his country.

In 1736, ground was chosen in the city of Valladolid, Spain, and, under the auspices of the king, and with the blessing of the Vicar of Christ, a college was built. That step was considered necessary in view of the many difficulties met with in procuring a supply of religious for the islands. It was undertaken with the exclusive idea of providing for the spiritual wants of places in the Archipelago, which, after those ceded to other Orders, and to the secular clergy, were still attached to this Province of the Augustinians. But on account of the frequent and heavy financial losses sustained by the Congregation in earthquakes and other disasters, on account of the growing expenses necessitated by the rapid increase of different communities, it was impossible to complete the project and finish the general plan of the building. During the war for independence, this college was seized by the French artillery, and some of our brethren who were proceeding from the port of Santa Maria to the Philippines, were captured on the way and afterwards shot at Torquemada.

The growing need of more missionaries, the considerable increase of the population in the Philippines, called so incessantly for new laborers, that it was thought necessary to establish another college, as a branch of the above mentioned and for a like purpose. It was also to attend to the instruction of young missionaries. Permission for its erection was granted in 1866. The college is in Santa Maria de la Vid, on the shore of the Duero river, Province of Burgos and the Judicial District of Aranda de Duero. Our Congregation, besides, maintains another educational establishment in Rome, which, in accordance with a royal order dated December 2, 1877, is under the protection of our ambassador to the Vatican. Into this Spanish institution of learning, opened in the capital of the Christian world, a select number of our young men are annually admitted. They are thus equipped with unexceptional advantages for making acquaintance with foreign progress, for deriving profit from the lectures of professors learned in scientific matters and for studying whatever has a bearing on our state, its career and destiny. Experience has proven this the best way to train the intellects of our cleverest and most accomplished scholars, of such, especially, as shall be later called upon to teach others.

In February, 1880, the Augustinians, by favor of a royal grant, opened a hospital in Barcelona. It is equipped with all the modern conveniences for proper treatment of diseases incident on sudden change from Northern Spain's cold climate to the warm climate of the Philippines. This establishment is besides a convenient resting place for missionaries on their way to the islands, and houses a certain number of young men engaged in finishing their studies. It is, however, entirely too small to serve the purposes for which it was intended.

These are some of the schools in which recruits for the mission are thoroughly prepared, instructed and made ready to continue the noble work begun by their worthy fathers in the faith. These ancestors of theirs, since the dawn of the discovery of these islands, three hundred years ago, have been laboring in the cause of civilization, for the physical and moral progress of these simple peoples. They have sacrificed everything dear, risking even their very lives, and they have never in all their history degenerated from that zeal, heroism and high standard of virtue, the lasting ornaments of our forefathers.

A few words more and we are done with our history of the province. His Majesty, wishing to surround divine worship in the royal monastery of the Escorial, with all its wonted splendor and solemnity, and animated with a desire to throw open to the inspection of

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the public the literary and artistic masterpieces contained therein, gave orders to the General Superintendent of the Royal House and Patrimony, instructing him, in view of the favorable dispositions of the corporation, to come to some agreement temporarily ceding to the Augustinians the monastery of San Lorenzo without effecting the rights of the Royal Protectorate. An agreement to this effect was concluded, and, the terms being accepted by our representative in Madrid, the cession took place July last. During the same month a corps of professors was appointed, bound in every particular to comply with the obligations of the contract. The church, therefore, the classes, the library and the many valuable objects contained in said monastery have been intrusted to our keeping.

(*To be continued.*)

MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL.

Pioneer Sister of Mercy in California.

(*Continued.*)

As the bright, affectionate, home-loving maiden was in the end to go as far away from her home as the girth of this small globe permits, so she began by going as far away as the length of this small island permits. The selection, however, of the Kinsale Convent of Mercy was due chiefly to the intimate friendship between Father Denis Murphy, the parish priest of Kinsale, and Dr. Russell of Maynooth, who was the guardian of Arthur Russell's children. Mrs. Russell paid a visit of inspection to the Southern Convent, and was greatly attracted by the Mother Superior, Mary Francis Bridgeman, afterwards prominent as the leader of the band of Sisters who nursed the sick and wounded soldiers at Scutari during the Crimean war. She was particularly delighted with the immense amount of good wrought amongst the poor, especially through the work-schools. The hard task of selling the produce of the girls' industry was from that time one of the many works of charity to which her busy days were devoted. She spared neither time nor money in order to effect sales, travelling wherever there was a friend or acquaintance that might be tempted to purchase some of the excellent plain and ornamental work produced by the well-appointed schools of St. Joseph's, Kinsale. She never spared herself, and (harder still) she did not spare others. The only one of her letters that chances to be in my hands, illustrates her capacity for this hiphiline(1) form of almsgiving, which for many is far more difficult than putting their hand into their own pocket. This letter was addressed to the Rev. Charles O'Hare, then in the first year of his priesthood. He became parish priest of Ballinahinch, and died several years ago. May he rest in peace !

Newry, 31st December, 1851.

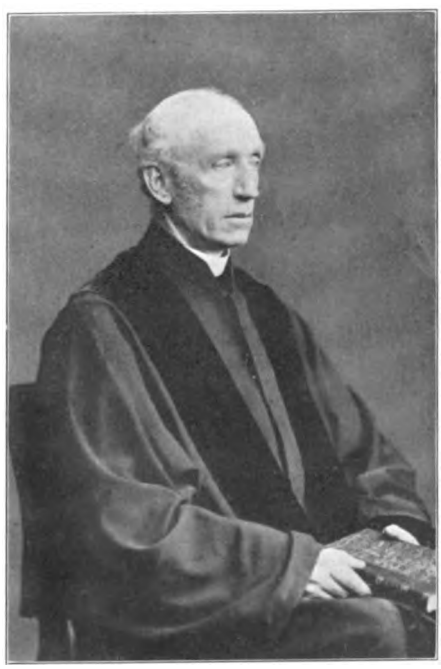
Rev. Dear Sir :

I cannot express how grateful we feel for your kind and holy remembrance of us, where we would most wish to be remembered, at God's holy altar. May His grace and blessing be your reward ! [*Here comes in a paragraph about a Maynooth student of two months' standing.*]

(1) This adjective will be sought for in vain in the dictionaries. There is, I am told, in the Hebrew grammar, a division of verbs in *hiphil*, which signify "making others do the thing in question."

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You cannot think how anxiously I looked for a letter from you about the vestments. Week after week since I saw you last, I have hoped to receive your directions to forward them to Lurgan. Perhaps, if they were really in your hands, Mr. McKay might feel bound to exert himself in disposing of some of them. He certainly did hold out great encouragement and said if they were sent to him by Mr. O'Hare, that he had no doubt but between you some good would be done for the Sisters of Mercy; for he would interest clergymen in the neighboring diocese. It was this that made me so anxious to send them down. The bishop took the purple suit since I saw you, but I have still six very handsome suits and very moderate in price, too, considering the quality. I went to every place in Dublin about a month ago, when I was in town, to look at vestments and enquire prices; and in none of them, I honestly assure you, did I see such value.



REV. CHARLES RUSSELL, D.D.

I wish you were in Newry to-day that you might give your countenance to my son Charles at the delivery of his essay in the assembly rooms. You heard, I suppose, that the Newry Institute, of which Charles is a member, proposed a prize for the best essay on "The Age we Live in, its Tendencies and Exigencies." The prize was adjudged to him, and a request made that he would read or deliver it in public for the benefit of the Library Fund of the Institute. He could not very well refuse to comply, but I think it was scarcely kind or judicious to ask so young a lad to come before the public as a lecturer. It is too trying an ordeal, and may expose him to the charge of presumption, which, thank God, he does not deserve; for it is with very great reluctance he does so. But it is a duty imposed upon him, and I hope he will discharge it with credit. Wishing you, reverend dear sir, many happy returns of the New Year, in which I am joined by all my family, I am yours very obediently,

MARGARET RUSSELL.

The lad of nineteen years, whose first public appearance is here chronicled, has been since heard of. As I have quoted this letter before its time, I may give after its time a letter in which Mr. Arthur Russell, two or three months before his death, referred to the same boy, then only twelve years old. It is curious that this tone should be taken by both parents in the only two letters that seem to have survived. I give the whole of this simple letter for the sake of the kindness and thoughtfulness that it shows.

SUNDAY, January 25, 1845.

MY DEAR MARGARET:

I received your joint epistles this morning, which give me great pleasure. I find the children don't go to school until Monday. Tell them I am very much pleased with them all, and I trust they will continue to merit my approbation. Tell Charles I see a great improvement in his last note. I hope he will

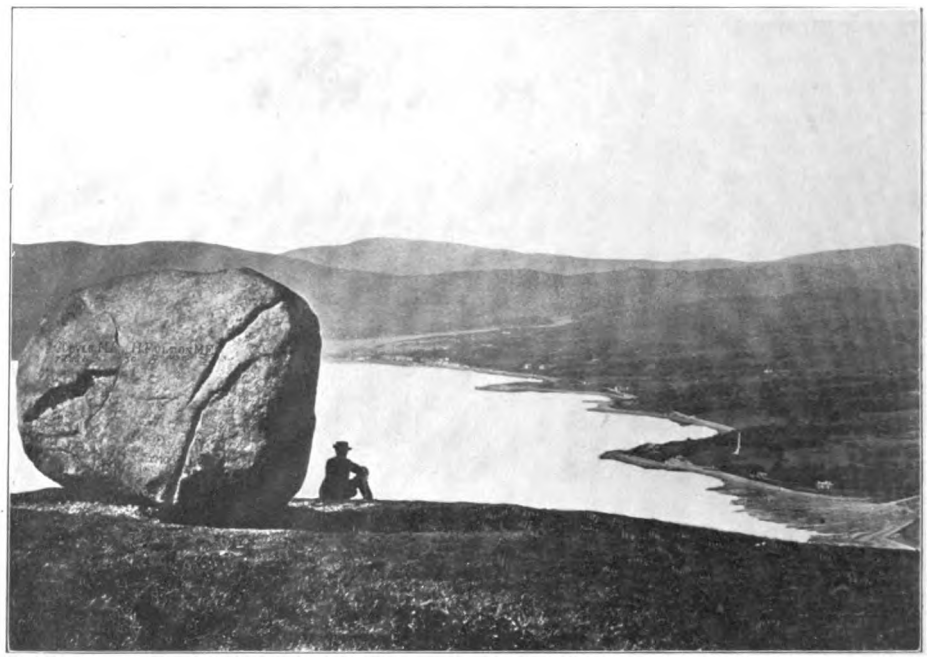
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continue to improve. I am particularly pleased to find he has been so successful in his classes. All he wants is application, for I think he has the abilities, so the fault must be his own if he don't prove himself clever. It has just occurred to me that perhaps it might be an accommodation to Miss —— to get the use of some bed clothes while the girls are with her. Besides it will make them more comfortable, as you have them with you there. She will not be so foolish as to be offended if you would make the inquiry. Tell Lill the geraniums are in fine health. I take great care of them, and tell Kate that Sarah did not write to me yet.

When they are settled, they need not write but monthly, unless something particular requires them to do so ; it will take up their time, and it is not requisite to write oftener. They will find their time short, when it is expired. Charles will also write occasionally.

I am, my dear Margaret, Yours,

ARTHUR RUSSELL.



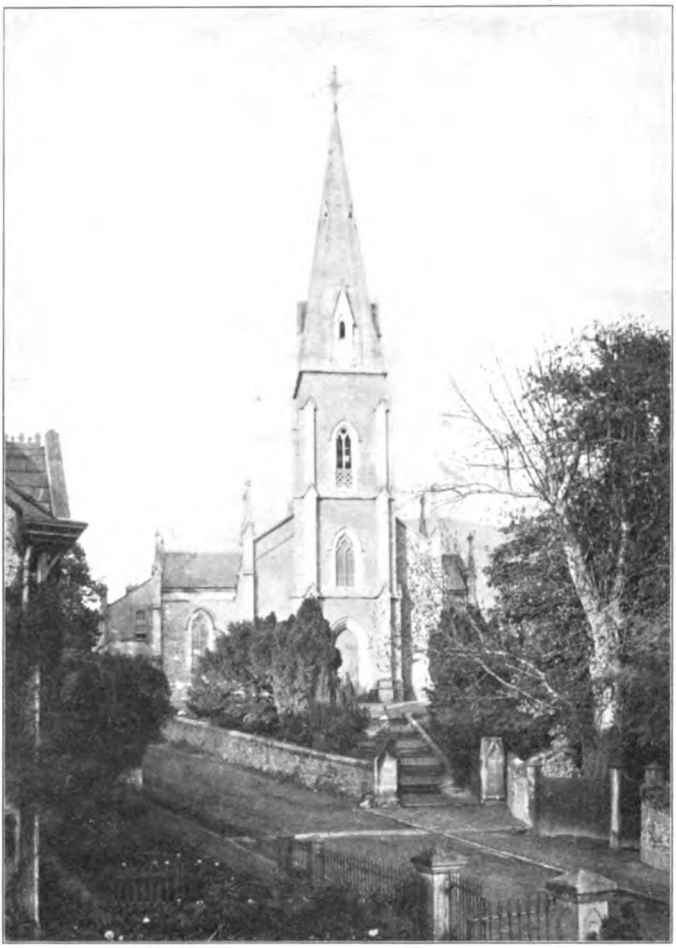
CARLINGFORD BAY AND CLOUGHMORE STONE.

Some old man, who returned to Ireland, after all his friends and relatives were dead, was asked why he had done so. "I came back to see the mountains." Katherine Russell, when she was just getting ready to leave her home and friends, bade good-by to the mountains. Her last Summer, 1848, was of course spent as usual in dear old Killowen, and when on the point of returning to Newry to make the last preparations for her flight, she arranged with her youngest sister and youngest brother to rise very early one bright morning in August—so early that the three had climed Slieve Ban, and had run along the topmost ridge, in the keen, crisp, bracing mountain air, which the sun had not yet had time to warm, till they were near enough to Rostrevor to hear the church clock strike six down below, and they said the morning Angelus near to the Big Stone.

Soon after came the parting. One of the two who helped her to bid good-by to the mountains, wrote lately to the other : "Sadly I missed Kate on my re-

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turn home. There was always something so restful, genial, and bright about her, that no one near her could keep dull or anxious long. She was thoroughly sensible, practical and energetic and never understood nursing sensibilities, or humors—yet forbearing, patient, and reasonable, so that you could always talk of your little difficulties with her, when they would be sure to fade away of themselves."



CATHOLIC CHURCH, ROSTREVOR.

In November, 1848, she entered her new convent home in Kinsale. What she thought of her new mother we learn from a note written forty years later, in which she mentions a letter just received from Newry announcing good Mother Bridgeman's death. "I need not say pray for her, and ask Father Gleeson to please remember her at the altar. She was a noble woman and a holy religious."

The novice from the North had no violent change to make in her habits and tone of mind. Years before, in a sort of spiritual conference which she used to hold with her brothers and sisters in the old Killowen home, the subject proposed by her (for she was the guiding spirit of the little association) was, "what was the best way to become a saint?" The unanimous opinion of the youthful theologians was—"to do our daily duties as well as ever we can, and to do them in the presence of God, to please Him." No doubt Kinsale was quite content with this sound spirituality of Killowen.

Sister Mary Baptist, as we may henceforth call her, was from the first particularly efficient in the schools. She had been solidly educated, and what she did not know she was quick to learn, while her quiet firmness, her clearness, and her calm judgment, gave her great power in instructing the young.

"O'er wayward children wouldst thou hold firm rule
And sun thee in the light of happy faces?
Love, truth, and patience—these must be thy graces

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And in thine own heart they must first keep school."

During her noviceship, Sister Baptist had an experience that was to serve her in later years. She was allowed to tend the poor creatures stricken with the cholera; for the famine had brought pestilence in its train. She had always been remarkable for her skill in nursing and comforting the sick and dying; and with all the tenderness of her sympathy, fear was unknown to her.

When the time came for her religious profession, Dr. Delaney, the Bishop of Cork, then at the beginning of his long episcopate, deputed the Bishop of Hyderabad to receive her vows. This prelate, Dr. Daniel Murphy, was then on a visit with his brother, the pastor of Kinsale. He still flourishes in hale old age as Archbishop of Hobart in Tasmania, one of the most venerable members of the world-wide hierarchy of the Catholic Church. I question very much the accuracy of Sister Baptist's own statement about the degree of spiritual knowledge she possessed at this epoch of her life. On February 11, 1882, some of her novices were to be professed. She was unable to be present, and she sent them the following letter:

MY DEAR SISTERS:

As I cannot have the happiness of hearing you pronounce your vows, I will write a few lines to wish you all every happiness on the joyous occasion. I know you will all make your consecration with fervor, from the very depths of your heart, and I am sure dear Mother Gabriel has made you fully sensible of the seriousness of the irrevocable engagements made by the Religious Profession. I must acknowledge I had very vague ideas of it myself when I was professed; but you are all more mature in your minds, and can enter into it more deeply.

You must not now imagine that all is done. On the contrary, you are only now beginning. Hitherto you were apprentices, learning the principles and rules of religious life; now you must reduce them to practice in your daily life. Father Barchi said in one of his retreats, that religion is called by spiritual writers a "paradise on earth," but he thought



ROSTREVOR. VIEW FROM STEPS OF CATHOLIC CHURCH.

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that purgatory would be a more appropriate name. The truth is, both names are appropriate. It is a purgatory, as it offers innumerable opportunities of performing acts contrary to nature, and it is also a paradise on earth, because of the peace enjoyed by humble, docile religious, who live by faith, and see God in their Superiors, and His will in all the occurrences of life.

Our Lord assures us a hair does not fall without His permission. If we really believe this, how can we be over-anxious or worried? Let us, then, leave ourselves humbly and confidently in the hands of Divine Providence, doing all we can to glorify Him by living as true religious, real Sisters of Mercy—"gentle, patient, hard-working, humble, obedient, charitable, and, above all, simple and joyous." You will recognize the words of Father Coleridge, S.J., in his "First Sister of Mercy." They are beautiful and include everything necessary to make us saints. The last is of more consequence than most persons imagine. "God loveth the cheerful giver," and it makes hard things easy, and helps others on the hard road as well as ourselves. You know, besides, Sister Mary Stanislaus grants an indulgence to everyone who causes a laugh at recreation, so gain all the indulgences you can; but it is more habitual holy joy I advocate. May God bless you all.



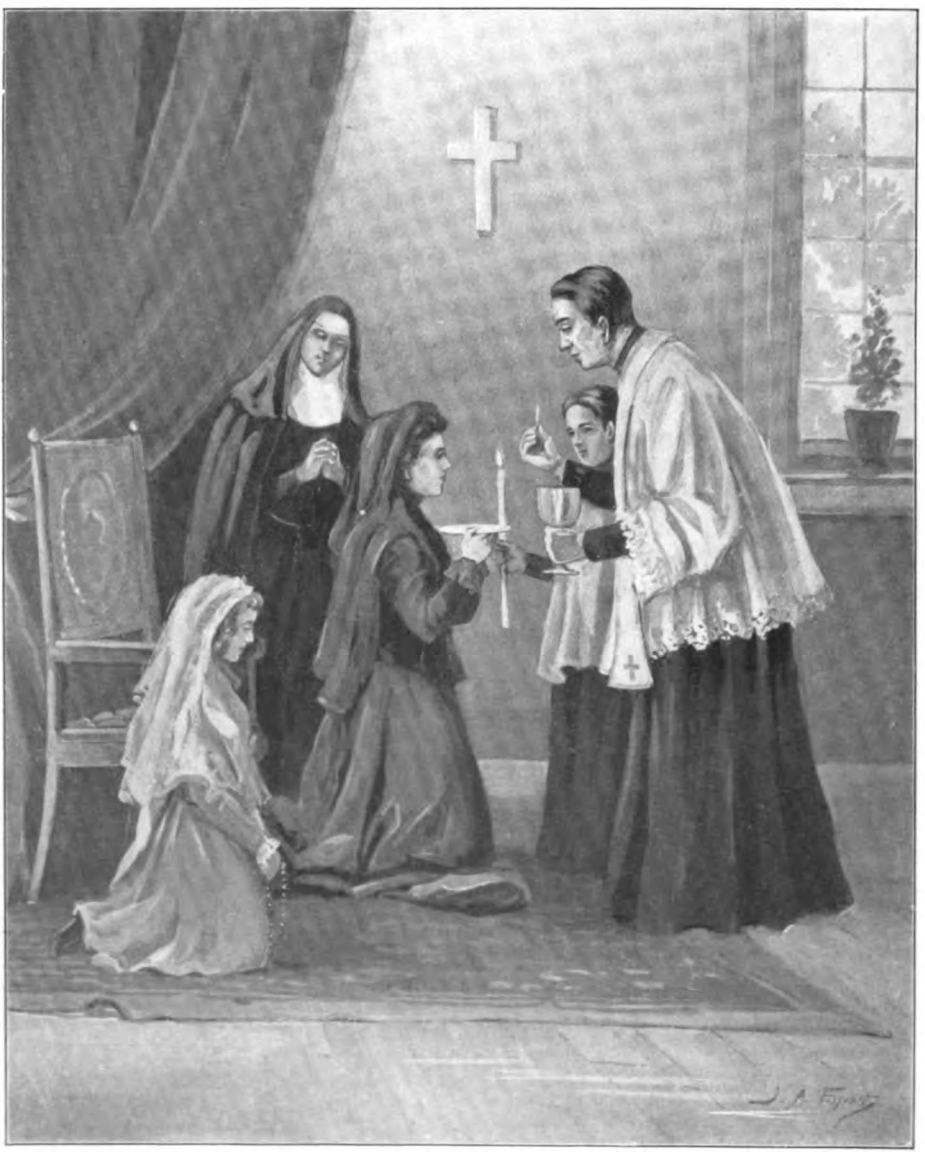
THE QUAY OF ROSTREVOR.

Ever your affectionate Mother,

SISTER M. B. RUSSELL,
Sister of Mercy.



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"BUT THE KING HAS COME IN MERCY AND IN LOVE."

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BLANDINE OF BETHARRAM.

By J. M. Cave.

(*Continued.*)

THE answer comes to the penitent soul. The soft sound of a little bell heralds the King's approach. At the first sound Margaret falls prone upon her face, in abject abasement.

But the King has come in mercy and in love. His minister speaks words of courage and of pardon. Soon he gives into her possession the Sacrament, that is, "The Brightness of Eternal Life, The Sun of Justice, The True Light which enlighteneth every soul that sits in darkness if it will but call upon Him. And Adonai, the leader of the House of Israel, has come to redeem her. O, Root of Jesse! Key of David! blessed be Thou for not refusing to come and deliver the captive sitting so long in darkness and in the shadow of death!" Now, with St. Anselm, Margaret may well exclaim, "O Thou my Light! my eyes bless Thee, for Thou permittest my soul to contemplate Thee, and not be blind to the beauty of Thy face!" O blind eyes! created to look upon the beauty of that face, cease not to weep true tears of sorrow for the blindness of the past! Cease not to weep tears of joy for the mercy and the loving kindness of the present!

And the King has taken possession of His own. His seal is upon the heart of the erring woman, that she may love Him. It will be upon her arm henceforth, that she may work for Him.

Margaret arises after that visit, a new creature. Now she can lift up her drooping head; she has partaken of the Bread of Angels. She can defy the past. He has obliterated it. He has consecrated the present; the future, please God, will ratify that consecration, for in the newly-born heart there is written a great word: "Reparation." Margaret Dunroby would make no peace with this world, would accept no happiness from it till the debt of the past had been cancelled. And that could only be on the day the Lord took possession of her heart once more, for time and for eternity. She has the clear vision of her human debt, for this she has written the great word; the King's mercy has blotted out the other.

And because she has written the word "Reparation" on her heart, when Antony urges her to give him the right to bear her away with him then to England, she answers, "I must first go back whence I came, I must return to the one who made me what you saw me, Antony, when you thought me worthy to be your wife. If I can obtain her forgiveness, her sanction and her motherly blessing, and if you still wish to burden your life with a wife so helpless, I will no longer refuse, though believe me, Antony, it will not be, even then, without fear of doing you an injustice, though I know you love me, and I return that love."

And not even Sister Christmas could shake this resolve, though she found many plausible pretexts for so doing. "How will you travel to England, my dear Margaret?" she urged.

"A way will be found," was the reply. "There may be some of your nuns going in that direction who would be willing to take charge of me. As to that, my Blandine herself could guide me were it necessary."

There was, of course, a general protest against this risk.

"Other help will be found, fear not," continued Margaret. "We shall loiter on the way, that we may both gain

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strength, shall we not, Blandine? We shall kneel at many a shrine between Betharram and London."

"Well," said Father Francis, "since we have yet a whole month in which to terrify you with the real as well as the imaginary dangers of the road, we will not say the last word to-day, but make the most of these bright Summer days."

There is Lourdes to be visited for a novena of prayers before the Holy Ghost. There is St. Savin and Notre Dame de Puy and Buglose, the cradle of St. Vincent de Paul. There are the many old churches and ruins of the valley of Argeles, to say nothing of the world-famous Gavarnie, the Breach of Roland, and the countless mineral springs that attract the tourists of the whole world. All these are so easily accessible, so delightful in aspect as well as edifying for their miracles that the world has not yet wearied of telling, that we shall have an uninterrupted feast for soul and body. On every step of this land Providence has set a mark of its bounty in the shape of a healing spring or hermit's cell. Although God's free gift to His people has been monopolized for individual gains, syndicated, turned into the hands of companies and speculators, who pay men of science to set *their mark* above the sacred sign with which the servants of God marked those places centuries ago, yet the Lord is still long-suffering and very patient. He does not withdraw or nullify the gift of healing from the waters He once blessed. Does it not seem an abuse of the rights of mankind to surround springs like Cauterels, Bagneres de Bigorre, Luçhen, Eux Bonnes and the others with barriers of private ownership? And if this proprietorship is really justifiable, why not make some return to Him for His wondrous gifts by surrounding them with churches and sanctuaries where the soul may be healed as well as the body, sanctuaries instead of gambling houses, convents instead of casinos and dancing halls? And why, above all, why set the mark of 'Dr.' or 'Prof.' So-and-So above the legend of the saints that sanctified the ground, above the story well proven, the record well attested, of the cures wrought so marvellously by prayer, and not by science?

But this is trenching on the ground of Messieurs les Cures and Father Francis, and they are, needless to say, advocates of free mineral baths with holy surroundings for fashionable watering places. It is a little hard for the curate who allows a famous preacher to preach a charity sermon in his church in the height of the season, hoping thereby to mend the roof or the breach in the old wall of the church that is closed for some eight or nine months in the year, shut in, snow bound, O it is hard for this little crime against the "Republique" to have his salary stopped. (1)

But with the coming and going of tourists we have little or nothing to do. With the coming and going of Margaret and Blandine is another matter. Good angels surely will guide their steps. Let us follow them this pleasant morning. It is early dawn. Two figures are by the villa gate. One, a tall, slender woman, draped in black; the other a remarkably beautiful little girl of ten, or thereabouts. The child holds the lady's hand, and looks up into her face. Pale, beautiful, serene is that face, now raised to heaven. There is a slight air of uncertainty in the lady's movements, a little hesitation, that indicates some infirmity. At first glance we would attribute it to lameness rather than blindness, for the eyes are large, fine and clear, and appear to be studying some distant object. They droop now, as the lady and child stop before the church door. Too early to enter, so after a little prayer we may follow them to the Fountain of St. Roch.

(1) At Cauterels in the summer of '98 the curate had his salary stopped for permitting Pere Eyraud, a Jesuit, who preaches here in the convents, to preach a charity sermon perfectly free from any allusion to politics.

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The prayer, we may well believe, pierced through the triple and quadruple barriers of stone and iron, and the little halt by the fountain, and the invocation to the Patron Saint of the Pyrenees, while sprinkling the sightless eyes with the clear water, gave courage to mount higher. The child clasps the kind hand that trusts to her guidance, while she scans the dear lady's face to see if our Lady has heard the prayer that pierced the great closed doors, or if St. Roch has washed away the veil of darkness that covers the dear eyes.

Do not fancy that Margaret does not see the Saint and his faithful hound. Still less, do not fancy that she does not see, and very plainly too, the Virgin and Child above the high altar. The sweet, appealing Mother and the Divine Infant that she has slighted for so many years! But that dash of cold water from the fountain helps her to bear the pang of pain called up by the remembrance, and she allows herself to be led up the slope to the First Station of the Cross. There the two figures kneel. It is passing sweet to Margaret to reflect that she is on Calvary. O, was there ever another heart that resisted as hers had resisted, for fifteen long years, the invitation to mount to the Heart of Jesus, by this same road? To follow Him slowly, from the Praetorium to Calvary, there to weep with His Mother, and Magdalen, and John! But she remembers the child, and, lest she should forget again and lose herself in acts of contrition, she asks her little guide to take the manual and read aloud for them both the prayers of the sorrowful, sweet stations of the Way of the Cross. This Blandine does. She knows them nearly by heart already. And how they penetrated the listener's soul as they fall from the lips of the innocent child, were it not for whose presence there, Margaret would have loved to linger long at each station; at each station to die, as it were, with grief at her Saviour's feet, and wait till He raised her to life once more. But these were only passing aspirations. She would not let sorrow conquer her again, though here on Calvary, and with the heart-thrilling words of the prayers falling from the pure lips that uttered them so devoutly, as never before did poor Margaret feel the loss of her lost years. But on and on they went, reverently kneeling before each marble temple, whose stuccoed walls bore in high relief the sacred scenes of the Via Dolorosa, and through the double wall of blindness and welling tears, Margaret can discern the Saviour's face, disfigured for her, disfigured by her, and the mournful eyes that pierce her very soul. She can hear the voice of the Lamb telling her not to weep for Him, the Innocent One, but for herself.

And yet she does weep for Him, forgetting herself wholly. Sweet tears she weeps for Him; tears of sorrow for the wounds His sacred body bore, even before they stripped Him, to stretch Him on the cross. Through the double wall she sees the wounded cheek, struck by the soldier; the black spots oozing blood slowly from beneath the crown of thorns; the torn shoulders and the deep gashes into which the heavy beam sank deeper as He struggled on. And she was one of those who not only would not lighten it, but made it heavier. Is it any wonder that she flings herself face downward on the first step of the Scala Sancta, and in utter abandonment of sorrow for her share in His suffering, pours out all the tears her heart has garnered since the first hour of her repentance, while Blandine clings to her and whispers, "Dear Mamma Marguerite, do not weep so! You will see! Our Lady of Betharram will ask Jesus to let you see!" The child thinks the tears and the prayers are all for the lost vision. But it is not thus.

Ere they mount another step Margaret asks: "And what is my little Blandine asking of our Lady for her blind Mamma?"

"O, always that my kind Mamma Marguerite may see."

"Dear child, Mamma Marguerite sees all that is best for her to see now."

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"Does Mamma see Blandine?"

"Yes, even Blandine; but not with these eyes"—she pointed to the sightless orbs—"but ask no more for their light. I could not bear it now, dear. Listen, and try to remember this, my darling: For many years God wanted me to see, but I shut my eyes and would not look at the things He showed me. Therefore, my darling, ask not for sight. Let me wait God's time. Ask for me now the grace to do His holy will, that I may keep Him in my heart henceforth, whom for so many years I wilfully abandoned."

"But God waited," said the child, "and Himself came at last to my Mamma. Sister Superior told me to thank Him for this every day."

"Yes, dear, so He did; and we will try to thank Him together henceforth, shall we not? With your help, Blandine, I shall find my way to heaven, and that is all I ask now. Come, darling! Let us gladly and joyfully mount this hill. On its summit we shall find the Sacred Heart of Jesus!"

Margaret's face was radiant. The storm had passed, leaving her spirit cloudless. Surely she was thrice blest! How can she ever again live for an hour without a song of gladness in her heart? No, she never will tire of repeating litanies of love! Never weary of making acts of penance and stations of the cross. Never cease chanting psalms of grateful praise. And here of itself came to her mind the reproaches she had tacitly joined in and never tried to defend, of the useless repetitions of the prayers of her Church.

Too much speaking! Too much repetition! O, if all the hearts and voices, all the tongues of all created beings, of men and of angels, could be merged into one ceaseless pæan of praise, into one never-ending "Gloria," or "Alleluia," would it be ransom enough for one, *just one*, of the wounds of the Son of God? O no! no! Had she power now to erect a mountain of "Paters" or "Aves," what would it be in comparison with the least of all the mercies vouchsafed her? She longed for the language that could adequately express itself in thanks, and a natural pang pierced her heart at the thought that she could never now read the language in which saints had thanked Him; in which inspired men and women had glorified the Almighty. Alas! such books had found no place on Madame Moore's bookshelves. But some sweet convent memories clung to her spirit yet. They were springing up once more, like flowers in early Spring. And was not Blandine by her side to be eyes to her, now and in the future? O, she *must* let her heart rejoice and give thanks. And for her, now, the Pater, the Ave, and the Angelus were wings that could bear her soul up to the throne of mercy, to the safe harbor of the Heart of Jesus.

"Pray your prayers," Father Francis had said to her. "It is not enough to repeat them, or recite them! Prayers must be prayed." And this is what Margaret is doing, this is why the tears and sighs all end in the smile of hope.

The Way of the Cross is ended. We may kneel close to Margaret and Blandine, at the door of the Chapel of the Resurrection. They are closed at this hour, but here too a message is sent heavenward from the heart of little Blandine, who loves to kneel at the tomb within the great nave, and invoke the aid of that faithful servant of God, Father Garicoïts. She knows that on that very tomb, a dead child was restored to life. How easy would it be therefore, for the dear Lord to unseal or unveil blind eyes.

Margaret remembers having seen within that temple, two altars, quite close to where she is kneeling. If she could, she would have liked to reach out her hands and touch them now, that they might bless her spirit. She sends her heart lovingly toward them, for she sees even more clearly than in those evil days of careless and aimless lounging and wandering among tombs and altars, with her senses locked against all holy things, the pictures above them: The Sacred

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Heart of Jesus, and the Sacred Heart of Mary. They had both attracted her, and yet to neither did she bow her knees. To-day they bring back unbidden to her memory a picture in her convent chapel, a picture she had almost lost her life in rescuing on the night of the fire. The nuns all loved that picture for its charm, its power, the love it aroused in their hearts, therefore she thought nothing then of risking her life to save it.

It was the picture in which our Divine Lord is showing His Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary. How could she have allowed the dust of fifteen years to settle on the memory of a thing so sacred! She asks Blandine if she loves the Sacred Heart of Jesus. And smiles at the deep sigh of love that answers better than the "O yes, Mamma Marguerite, *so* much!"

And by and by when they are decending to the chapel Blandine asks the self-same question she remembers having asked at her age "Why did not Blessed Marguerite Marie ask to be taken up to heaven, when she was so near our dear Lord, and so favored?"

"Why should she ask to be taken up to heaven then, my child?"

"O to be quickly with His Blessed Mother, our dear Lady of Betharram," was the answer.

"She is with them now," said Margaret, "and if we love the Sacred Heart of Jesus as she did, we shall be with them one day. We may have to wait for years, I think the blessed nun of Paray had to labor and suffer a good many years,—I do not remember well, dear Blandine, I am ashamed to say, but you will read about her for me, by and by, and tell me all about the beautiful promises our dear Lord made to us through her." Before that picture of the Sacred Heart Margaret felt more timid and ashamed than elsewhere, for it bore her back to the convent chapel, where she inhaled once more, in fancy, the pure incense of the Holy Sacrifice and the Blessed Benediction, and where the thought had come to her as it had to-day to Blandine, that it must have been a great sorrow to Blessed Margaret Mary to let the dear Lord vanish from her sight; to see and speak with Him, and let Him go without her! O that was sorrow! Margaret thinks volumes of such thoughts in brief seconds. But all is well! The upheaval of the waters of sweet and bitter memories will subside. Little by little, all the driftwood and the weeds will be cast away. Only in the depths of the clear conscience will remain pearls of price, offerings for that Heart of Love.

Blandine holds her mamma's hand very tightly as they descend the hill, lest she should be tripped by rut or rolling stone. She looks up as often as she can into the dear face, to see if there is any change there. There is a change. Not the change she has been praying for, but a change from listlessness and apathy to brightness and resolve. There is a meaning in its every line. A thousand varying emotions passing through the busy brain are beautifying, softening, illuminating it.

"Mamma is not sad to-day!"

"No, my darling. Neither sad, nor sorry. On the contrary, glad, and very happy! Does Blandine guess why?"

Blandine sighs. Till her mamma can read for herself the answer to such questions it will be difficult to answer them. How can the child find words to tell her thoughts? Does not the poet say, "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts?" Blandine's thoughts were not shallow, therefore she could not frame them in words easily.

Margaret's gladness is that they are going now to the King's Temple, where she has the right to enter as one of His household, that to-day she has striven to prepare a little place for Him to lay His head even within that poor heart of hers. She tells this to the child in simple words, and Blandine is comforted by the happy voice, the joyful tone, that are an indication of the peace of the

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Lord and of His blessing. He has said to the storm, "Peace, be still!" and peace reigns in that long storm-tossed soul.

How great was the progress made within a short space of time in that long darkened soul the thoughtful reader will comprehend. To Margaret herself it seems as if she had lived years in hours. While the English visitors are at Lourdes or elsewhere she is near the altar of our Lady of Betharram, thinking out the programme of the present and the future. It begins and ends with the title of one of Father Faber's most precious books, "All for Jesus." Yes, all must be henceforth for Him. If the inheritance comes, it shall be used for His glory. If her future is to contain earthly happiness she will accept that happiness only when the peace of God shall have been established within and around her, when she can truly feel herself His servant, faithful in life and in death. Margaret is growing fond of her cross.

"What could I offer to the Lord," she asks, "if I had not this?" meaning her blindness. "He gives Himself to me daily in the Sacrament of His love. He has given me Blandine. He provides ways and means to make my life blessed for others as well as for myself. If I could *see* all these things, what would there be left for me to endure?"

"Endurance is not everything," said Father Francis, "or rather it is not all there is in the life of a practical Christian. With sight and all the world at your command, you would still have something given you to endure—to suffer."

"My cup overflows now."

"We must all always acknowledge that," said the priest, "for God's mercy fills the universe as well as every individual cup, if man will only see the Giver in the gift, whether it be joy or sorrow. Alas! how slow we are to realize the best! How willingly man turns from the best if it does not flatter his desires! And yet, in spite of all, He takes us back, forgetting everything but that we are His children. May His name be praised!"

"That is just what I feel," said Margaret. "That is my state—happiness at being taken back to His heart."

The pleasant month of excursions has drawn to its close. Every sanctuary and every altar by the Pyrenean Gaves (1) have received a visit. Thank-offerings have been laid at many an ancient shrine.

"Can it be possible that only one more day remains for us?" is the cry of the English pilgrims. Whither have the weeks flown? Truly they had not sped away unrecorded or unmarked for Father Francis or for Antony Dacre. Precious volumes of notes were there to show what they had seen in the favored land of France. "If God has no longer sway over the hearts of the Franks it is that they have been too highly favored," someone has declared, and who can gainsay the assertion? Their history is an unbroken series of heavenly favors, of miraculous interventions, of visitations of Divine Providence. Before the whole world the humble and simple have here been raised up to confound the mighty and the learned. Saints have left their footprints over all the land. The Queen of Heaven has visited them, pleaded with them, threatened them as a mother threatens a loved child. And they, the giddy, pleasure-loving people, heard, heeded and forgot, and still go on hearing, heeding for a little space and forgetting in the end, till heaven itself, with all its thunders, can hardly arouse them to the fact of their imminent destruction. What can save them now? Only the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The last day of the English visitors was dedicated solely to Lourdes and its sanctuaries. It was one of those days of grace that may well be termed "days of Mary's bounty." The chapels were thronged, the grotto besieged, the

(1) Gaves signifies torrents.

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streets and boulevards black with people. There was hardly any standing room between the Esplanade du Rosaire and the Lacet Peyramale or beyond even as far as the eye could reach.

With arms outstretched in the form of a cross, and earnest faces lifted to heaven, might be seen relays of priests kneeling before the piscinas, praying for the helpless creatures that strong men were carrying in and out of the baths. Their voices, loud and earnest in entreaty, were responded to by an ever changing, never diminishing throng of sympathizers outside the barrier, and they too, in imitation of the priests, as at their word, stretched out their arms, and often kissed the earth, and choked back their tears to join in the plaintive solemn chant of the *Parce Domine*.

Before the grotto enclosed by a strong cordon of ropes, and a stronger cordon of brancardiers or litter bearers, might be seen a mass of helpless creatures, of both sexes and all ages. Some, stretched on pallets on the stone pavement, lifted wasted hands and wistful eyes to the statue of the Virgin Immaculate, so white and fair, in the dark green niche above them. Some, seated in little carriages, counted their beads as best they could; those who were able, holding wide their arms to form the sacred sign of the cross, while pleading to Him who was nailed to it. Others there were seated on benches, all alas, every one of them, marked with some sign of physical ruin; some so disfigured as to be appalling to look upon ; one side of the face, perhaps, still comely, the other ravaged by cancer or leprosy. Some there were who saw not the sunshine that burned them, or the pleasant shadows that fell upon them as the sun passed on its course. Some, idiotically unconscious of all things, even of themselves. Some only paralyzed in their limbs, and oh, on many a face of those thus afflicted, might be read the signs of a spirit ready to tear its prison walls of useless hampering flesh. Others, the greatest sufferers, no doubt, their spirits calm under the blessed balm of prayer, lay watching and waiting for the angel of deliverance. Nor was this all, for beside these stricken beings stood others, whose lives were so bound up in theirs as to reflect every passing pang in their moral anguish, every wrench of their physical pain. And outside these, a compact wall of human beings, some praying, some weeping, with and for the sufferers. Still others, and their number was not few, indifferent, supercilious, making an offensive parade of their callousness to suffering. They styled themselves "the cool-headed," "the level-headed," but for want of a better or stronger term, we will call them the "heartless." With a defiant air of indifference, real or assumed, they passed around and among the hapless creatures, hypercritical in their examination of any especial case that drew forth general sympathy. Of this latter class there were both men and women, and they crowded without ceremony into the front rank of those who were helping, by prayer or otherwise, the unfortunate pilgrims, even forcing their way "where angels might have feared to tread," in their insatiable curiosity to see the *worst case* or the *greatest cure*.

But close to the grotto the spectacle was truly appalling, and aggravated a hundred fold by the overpowering odors of cancer, leprosy, rotting flesh, and the pungent disinfectants used so liberally to neutralize them, if possible. It was simply awful. Some fled; those who could not fly, from sheer lack of strength to make their way through the dense press, fainted or became hysterical. One woman fell into a fit. All eyes were fixed upon her as she stood up, tall, fine looking, well dressed, and with a loud cry began to spin round and round. The people near her tried to withdraw. Before they could make a sufficient space around the unfortunate creature, she fell full length and lay there under the hot sun, foaming at the mouth. No wonder the confessionals were all besieged. Such sights set

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people thinking. Such prayers set people reflecting, and the personal sacrifices there to be seen roused emulation, and with emulation a softer and holier feeling, a feeling of pity, of tenderness and sympathy for human woe, as well as a desire to do something for these hapless ones, that is, to do God's work. In order to do God's work well, it is easier, here at Lourdes, to begin at the beginning; to begin at the foot of the cross by making a good confession, then with Jesus in your heart, come and aid a dying brother or sister. It was a cheering sight to see the long rows of men and women in line near the confessionals. It was easy to see that a goodly percentage of their number would have been more at their ease in line before theatre doors, waiting for a ticket for some grand show, some piece of monstrous deviltry, perhaps, called by an innocent and attractive name. But the world is familiar by this time with the aspect of the grotto on great pilgrimage days.

Madame Dacre had borne all that she had thus far been called upon to witness at Lourdes and Betharram with the true English spirit. Very sedate, impassive, observant, and yet unmoved by the commotion around her. A very dignified lady, indeed, was Madame Dacre, but to-day she, too, feels the influence of the supernatural and observes more closely and with deepening interest. Ere long she even forgets herself and finds herself in touch with the praying priests and weeping, suffering, disgusting pilgrims. "Disgusting" is a hateful word, but we use it in the sense of the infliction laid upon some of the unhappy creatures lying there in the glare of the day. It is the only word that can express the hideous open wounds and sores laid bare before the thousands gathered there. Like most other ladies of her social rank, this English lady had passed through the worst wards of incurable hospitals and almshouses, a real Lady Bountiful, holding her soft garments close to her and trying her best not to inhale the hospital air, which, by the way, had been odorized, or deodorized, or something, for *her* especial visiting day. Here at Lourdes she had to swallow it, but she was swallowing it with such accompaniment and under such circumstances that, instead of fainting or flying for her life, she forgets herself at times, and when she remembers herself she is conscious of unwonted strength. A sense of courage, boldness, yes, even audacity, has been born within her.

A priest with little rills of perspiration running down his face passes quite near her, bearing in his arms a helpless body, bigger, to all appearances, than himself. The limbs of the big man are swathed in a coarse blanket, and hang helpless and heavy. Madame peers over the priest's shoulder at a moment when he is impeded by the throng. My lady sees a horrible face, swollen out of all human resemblance. For eyes, two points of steel swimming in blood. It was only an instant. The way was opened, help offered, but the *fin de siècle* John of God refused it and staggered on with his load till he let the awful face touch the blessed rock and the prisoner within that hideous envelope of flesh had sent up his cry to the Immaculate Mother within the Grotto of the Apparitions. Had it not been for the priest's face, pale and streaming with perspiration, transfigured with more than human sympathy for the horrible load he bore, she would have fainted at the sight. It fixed itself in her memory; it stunned her for awhile. When she could think she fell to making comparisons between other lives and his, between her own life and some of the lives around her. O fearful! fearful! The contrast almost made her shriek aloud, for it was like bringing those terrible creatures in contact with her person. She shuddered and hated herself for the involuntary recoil and shrinking, yet could not conquer the thrill of mortal disgust she felt at the bare idea of such a

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thing. O something must be done to equalize things, or at least to make the dreadful difference less tremendous! She was determined now to perform some deed of atonement, to make reparation in some way for her luxurious life. But what could she do? Cross or care in the world she had none—material cross or care, be it well understood. What could she give? Money? gold? Quite useless here. Fill that leper's pocket with purest coin, what could it avail him on this earth? And still less could it advance him one step nearer heaven. And yet Madame Dacre is yearning seriously, perhaps for the first time in her life of seventy odd years, for something not material, something not outside of herself, that she might offer up as a sacrifice or bear as her rightful portion of human pain.

Like many others who have come, like her, in the same frame of mind, to this holy shrine, she has forgotten that she has a human infirmity and a real one. But this infirmity has always been so skilfully disguised, so hidden from all eyes, so modified by every costly aid known to science, that very few suspected its existence, and hardly any one would believe that the waving of that tortoise-shell fan, all set with gold, was not more for coquetry than use. Yet it held the little mechanism that conducted all the sounds that could reach her sense of hearing. Not even Madame's own children suspected the gravity of her deafness, however they might and did wonder at her irrelevant answers even to serious questions. Sensitive on the subject of her want of hearing, the poor lady often remained in complete ignorance of the meaning of the conversation that would have given her infinite pleasure. But pride would not let her betray the full extent of the corporal weakness that seemed to her a stigma of reproach rather than a precious little cross. She refused to learn the lesson while not admitting that pride had anything to do with her preoccupation as to hiding it, or her indignation if any one spoke loud in her presence. It was hard not to hear the voices of her loved ones, especially of that son, so idolized and so worthy. She coveted every word that fell from his lips, and what reached other ears, and missed her own, was like a personal injury to her spirit. When she could keep Father Francis close to her side, and, fan in hand, artfully and unconsciously to all appearance, touch the tortoise shell to her still beautiful teeth, she was happy, and really another creature. No more random answers, no affectation, no flush of pride, and sudden turning away to avoid answers or explanations.

She had prayed to be relieved of this infirmity and others had prayed for her intention, after human science had been vainly exhausted, and nothing better found by it than the mechanism concealed in her fan. But before the emptyings of the incurable wards of city hospitals, spread out before her on the platform of the Grotto of Lourdes, before the overpowering horrors that assailed her sight, and choked her lungs, and filled her whole being with loathing unspeakable, she had forgotten her one cross, till there came a moment when she wanted to hear as well as to see. Her spirit was seeking something of vital importance. She used her fan, she bent towards little groups, clamoring around objects of interest. Now it was a pale young girl, risen as it were, from the grave, whose shining eyes were returning the gaze of hundreds of excited eyes, and whose pale trembling lips tried to frame answers to a score of questioners, all speaking at once, all pulling at her garments, all striving by fair means or by force, to touch the *miraculée*.

Now it is a tired nun, who is passing through the ordeal. She must, indeed be cured, and thoroughly cured, to have strength and patience to tell how many doctors had declared her case hopeless, how many remedies were tried in vain, how many years she languished, how

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many she lay helpless, how she bore the journey to Lourdes and how many times she had been plunged into the piscina before the final cure. She must reply or fall. No way to escape till the throng be satisfied on all these points; then she is allowed to go and kneel within the Grot and thank her Blessed Mother, who has certainly sustained her through this arduous attack. Madame asks questions too. How can she help it? There is a child who cries out that he sees! *He was born blind.* O miracle of miracles! How can one *not* ask questions? Madame forgets her English reticence till, all at once, she perceives a group of tourists quizzing her. She drops her fan, and is her natural stately self in an instant. Do they fancy, those impertinent quizzers, that she is taking sceptical notes of the subjects around her? She contents herself with gathering the sense of what is passing, by observation alone.

From time to time the momentum of the compact throng is stirred as if by a ground swell. There are gesticulations, vociferations, shoulder to shoulder resistance, then an irresistible onward movement that bears still another *miraculée* towards the Grotto railing. Sometimes a pair of crutches held high in air explains the commotion, or a pallet, borne on strong shoulders is hurried forward, and another ghastly face looks down upon the crowd, from the altitude of the shoulders, and their hospital bed, whereon sits, as on a throne, one who was put into the bath in a dying state, and who now sits smiling there, quite unconscious of his ghastly look. He is alive, he expects to live, and perhaps he will. Oh, the sun is shining down on a fearful sum of human misery to-day! It really seems a crime to have no burden to bear, when these are so overladen. "What can I do for the little zeal I have felt for the good of such as these," asks Madam Dacre? "And what shall I do to repair that other wrong I wrought, and which rises before me here, as never before." Thus far she had been reproaching herself for what she had *not* done, what she had *not* suffered, forgetting how privileges of this kind are giving or withheld by Providence. Now she begins to tell herself *what she has done*, she sees it, and sinks under it, at the very best place, happily for her; the feet of Mary Immaculate.

(*To be continued.*)

AT PEACE.

By S. T. Smith.

LORD, I am tired! But Thou wilt give me rest,
The way was long, and none did walk with me.
Now that I find me closer to Thy breast,
It matters not. I learned to want but Thee.

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LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

By F. W. Grey.

MY soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the Living God ; when shall I come to appear before the Face of God ? Ps., xli. 3.

And I said : "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him ! That I might come near, even to His Feet !" Job, xxiii. 3.

Hath He not promised : "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of life ?" St. John, viii. 12.

Oh, that I knew where I might find Him, that I might follow Him whithersoever He goeth. Apoc., xiv. 4.

Hath not He said, "I am fond of them that sought Me not ?" Isaias, lxv. 1. Yet have I sought Him, and not found Him.

Lo ! they have said to my soul, He is here ! St. Matt., xxiv. 23. But I sought Him, and found Him not, neither in the desert (Ibid., v. 26), nor in the secret places.

Truly, He is not far from any one of us (Acts, xvii. 27), yet neither on my right hand nor on my left have I found Him whom my soul loveth. Cant., i. 7.

Then said I, "I will arise and go to my Lord, it haply I may find Him. Yea, though my pilgrimage be through the desert, or through the valley of humiliation ; though the way may lead me to the Garden of Gethsemane, and to the Hill of Calvary."

Truly, my pilgrimage hath been through the desert, and though Him I found not, yet have I seen His foot-prints, and the stone whereon He rested, being weary, and, after forty days, a-hungered. St. Matt., iv. 2. Truly, there hath His hand led me (Ps., cxxxviii. 10), and His right hand hath upheld me, though I knew it not.

Yea, He had given His angels charge concerning me, to keep me in all my ways (Ps., xc. 11), lest I should faint and grow weary, nor come to the place of His abiding. And from the wilderness, from the outer darkness, I passed through the City of Confusion, but there I found Him not. Many there were that said to my soul, He is here, for we have seen Him ! Yet knew I that His dwelling was not with them. Many there were that bade me linger, saying, He is surely here, this is the chosen place of His Tabernacle ; yet I found Him not, nor heard Him speaking.

Lo ! in this valley of humiliation have I seen His footprints; then knew I that the way of my pilgrimage was His way (Jeremias, xlii. 3), wherein I, though foolish, could not go astray. Isaias, xxxv. 8. Yet found I only His footprints, not Himself; a path that leadeth, ever downward, through the valley of humiliation, to the Garden of Gethsemane.

Then said I, here is the end of my pilgrimage; here shall I find Him, and be made partaker of His sufferings, (Philip., iii. 10), drinking of the Chalice of His Agony ! St. Matt., xx. 23. Yet, even here, have I sought vainly, nor found Him whom my soul loveth.

Then, once again, did I follow in His foot-prints, and lo ! they were wet with the Blood of His Scourging, of His Bitter Passion ! for the way of my pilgrimage was the way of His Sorrows ! St. Matt., xvi. 24.

Oh that I knew where I might find Him ! That I might come near, even to His feet ! Whereat, there stood one near me who loved Him as none ever loved before, one whom He loveth as He loveth none beside. And I said, "Whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me? (St. Luke, i. 43.) Oh Thou, most blessed and most sorrow-

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ful (Lam. i. 12) among women, tell me where I may find Thy Son!" And she that loved Him made answer: "Come with me, and as I found Him, so shalt thou find Him, too." Then did I put my hand in hers, as a child putteth his hand in that of his mother, and went with her along the Way of Sorrows.

Lo! I have found Him whom my soul loveth, and the pilgrimage of love hath led me to the foot of His Cross. And, though He be the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely (Cant., v. 10, 16), His face was marred more than the sons of men (Isaias, lii. 14), and covered with the Sweat of His Agony, with the Blood of His Passion. Then said I, "Whence come these wounds in the midst of Thy hands?" Zach., xiii. 6. And He that was crucified for me (Gal. ii. 20) answered me, "These are the wounds wherewith I was wounded for thy sins, and the bruises wherewith I was bruised for thine iniquities." Isaias, liii. 5. Yet hath He not reproached me nor rejected me, in that I stood by His Cross with Mary His Mother. St. John, xix. 23.

Here, even here shall be my shelter, till life's storms and tyrannies be overpast. Ps. xxvi. 5. Here have I found both the end and the beginning of my pilgrimage. The end, in that I have found Him whom my soul loveth, and have laid my hand in the hand of His mother; the beginning, in that my Lord having drawn me to His Cross, biddeth me rise and follow Him. Yet shall His Cross be ever with me, and His mother near me, nor will He suffer me to wander, if I be but faithful to His Cross and to His mother. So shall the way of my pilgrimage of love be the way that He hath trodden, and the end thereof in the City of Peace.

BY GALILEE'S SEA.

By E. B. E.

SOFT sounds the liquid music of the sea
That breaks in rhythmic measure on the sands
Of Galilee, from the far balmy grove
Of spicy cedars calls the wooing dove,
And slowly Syria's sun in heaven mounts high
A dazzling splendor.

To their boat
The weary fishers draw their empty nets,
A dull, desponding sadness in their mien,
But men must eat, and as death does not come
To end a life of sorrow, since that day
Whose dark, appalling tragedy has 'reft
The world, and them, of comfort, they must act
Alone and patient, till, the promise kept,
Lifts them above the petty cares of life.
The whole long night beneath the distant stars
They drifted, silent, rocking with the tide.
Some slumbering, or brooding on the time
When One was with them, in this very boat,
From out whose mouth came wisdom as comes light
From out the dawning east, and at whose words

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The crowding hungry multitude had fed
Their starving souls with manna from His lips.
Yet to their labors no success had come,
No silver harvest to reward their toil,
And all were faint with watching and despair,
When from the shore One through the stillness called,
"My children, have ye any meat?"

And they,
Not knowing whose the voice, discouraged, said:
"Nay, none, though we have toiled throughout the night."
"Cast ye the net upon the ship's right side,"
When, prompt obeying, to the boat they brought
A burden great, a myriad of fish,
That flashed and sparkled in the morning light.
But he, the youngest and the most beloved,
Whose poet eyes, veiled though they might be oft
With web of dreams, were quick to know their Love,
Spake then to Peter, "Lo, it is the Lord!"
Then like a flash slipped Peter to the waves,
For he was naked, but at once he rose
As if the sea were sacred and had power
To wash him of his weakness, for he came
Subdued yet strengthened to those holy feet,
Where fresh the fire burned, and looked in awe
Upon the fair illuminated face.
How like a fragrant cedar, tall and straight,
With fair, translucent, clinging cerements
Through which did glow the spirit in His flesh,
Stood the most holy Lord!

And yet His eyes
Told all the human longing in His heart
That craved the strength and comfort of their love,
These men of Syria, simple men yet pure,
With whom He had companioned through long days.
"Simon Bar Jona."

At his name he turned
Half shy because rememb'ring that dark hour
When he was tempted to his dreadful fall,
Half doubting if forgiveness might be there
Yet wholly loving, wholly strong and brave.
"Lovest thou me?" the Master asks. "Aye, Lord!"
He answered softly and received at once
The sacred mandate given, "Feed my Lambs."
Again and yet again the Holy One
Demands with questioning, "Lovest thou me?"
And he ashamed to hear repeated thrice,
As though to keep in memory his fall.
A query so unneedful to his love,

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Replied at last, a cadence in his voice
That showed his grief and sorrowful regret,
"O, Lord, Thou knowest all things and therefore
Thou knowest that I love Thee." Then the Lord,
Thoughtful of straying hearts o'ercome with pain,
Said, "Feed my sheep." The footsore, wilful sheep
That reach such dangerous heights of agony,
Those sheep unfolded and forgotten quite
By safer flocks, of these the Shepherd spoke
And Peter, knowing little, loving much,
Bowed his obedient head for future ones
And lifted up his burden patiently.

THE "MATER ADMIRABILIS."

MOTHER ———'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HOW SHE CAME TO PAINT THIS FAMOUS PICTURE. EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO HER BROTHER.

DO you remember our old nurse Jacqueline? We used to call her the Saint. I was far from being a model child, and when my sewing and books wearied me I tried to avoid them. It was my grandmother's wish that I should learn to spin. To take up the spindle and distaff seemed to me a very irksome task. My nurse encouraged me by suggesting thoughts of faith. "Come," she would say, "let us go to the temple of Jerusalem and see there our Lady as she was at your age. She is spinning. Ask her to let you sit on her footstool; she will teach you to spin. You will never grow weary if you remain near Mary. See how calm she is, how gentle! She is thinking of God and working for Him." Thus our old nurse pictured the scene of long ago, as she fancied it under the porticos of the temple. The lesson was soon learned, and the ideal days of Mary were engraven on my fancy. I began spinning my flax as if seated near the Virgin of Israel.

In contemplating her, I grew to love her as she toiled near the Holy of Holies, calm, pure, peaceful, her soul fixed on God. Thus *Mater Admirabilis* became a reality to me years before I was able to express my mental image on wall or canvas.

On the 21st of November, 1828, —I was then thirteen years old—I was kneeling in the Church of Chaillot when the Blessed Virgin granted me a favor which I consider the germ of my religious vocation. The feast recalled the Virgin of the temple. I beheld, as it were, my beautiful ideal, while a deep understanding was granted me of the passage in the Apocalypse, referring to the Canticle of the Virgins. I implored the Virgin Mother to make me like unto her, that I, too, might follow the Lamb. From that hour I never ceased wishing to become a religious, and the thought of consecrating my life to God was associated with the Virgin of the Temple.

But I am not writing an autobiography, so I shall pass over the years between 1828 and 1844, when my parents at last consented to my becoming a postulant in the Sacred Heart Convent of the Trinità di Monti, in Rome. On Sunday, May 1, 1844, the Community was assembled for recreation in the cloister, on the first floor, one of the long cloisters of the quadrangle, opening on the courtyard of the old monastery of the Minims. We were talking about the

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beautiful Roman customs for the month of Mary, when the portress interrupted the conversation by calling our Rev. Mother to see a cardinal. All exclaimed as she rose: "Oh, if the Blessed Virgin would come take our Mother's place!" My glance was directed, as if by inspiration, towards a niche in the opposite wall. It was deep, arched at the top, and the surface looked to me like a canvas ready for a picture. At the same time I recalled the Madonna of the Temple, my childhood's ideal. "Shall I ask our Lady to come? Shall I place her where she can stay and work with us?" I exclaimed. "Oh, yes!" the Sisters answered, "*but how?*" That was my secret. I had studied art, especially fresco painting. It was customary to sketch a subject carefully, then reproduce it on the wall. I had just finished a cartoon of the "Flight Into Egypt," and was to paint it near the main staircase, where it could be effaced, as no one seemed to believe that I should succeed. First frescoes are generally scraped off at once. After the recreation I began to reflect on my promise to bring our Lady into the old corridor. It would be necessary to make a sketch, ask the Community to sacrifice their favorite resting place in Summer months, and all this only to fail and receive a good humiliation. No! So I determined to think no more about the matter. The Blessed Virgin, however, wished to be pictured there, and to make the cloister of the Trinità another Temple Court, so she filled my soul with remorse for my want of generosity, till I decided to speak to my Superior. The devil, who had many motives for opposing my project, suggested a few of them to me, but fearing infidelity to grace, I hastened to Rev. Mother and frankly told her everything.

She listened kindly, but unwilling that the Community should sacrifice their recreations in the cool cloister, she refused consent. I withdrew satisfied, but fifteen days later I returned to my Superior and told her how the vision of Mary in the Temple haunted me day and night, and that if she would permit, I should like, at least, to make a sketch. Without attaching any importance to what I called an "inspiration," Rev. Mother asked the Community to change their quarters, thinking, perhaps, that a good humiliation would be profitable to a postulant. I began my cartoon. I shall not say how easy it was to trace the outline of the picture so long stamped on my mind and heart. My pencil seemed to have wings, and soon I could send the sketch to my teacher, Monsieur——. He approved and even expressed pleasure at the mystic thought embodied. I thanked him for his advice and determined to continue my plans. My only aid became the mason sent to cover the wall with fresh lime every morning. On this I had to paint while it was still fresh, or rather, damp. The excessive heat made it difficult to work on the plaster which at times hardened so quickly. "Signora," the mason would say, "you must hurry to-day, the lime will set in five hours!" The Blessed Virgin, however, always kept the wall damp long enough for each day's task (see book on fresco painting). On the 22d of June, 1844, Feast of our Lady of Peace, I finished the face of my dear Madonna. From 6 A. M. to 7 P. M., I worked on that sweet, pure face, the wall remaining perfect all that time. Our Lady is helping me, I thought, but I spoke to no one of my secret. In fact no one would have believed that the Blessed Virgin could take any interest in the poor fresco, which I felt sure the Community tolerated only out of charity. They looked at it with compassion, thinking it would result for me in a good humiliation. I could easily understand the mistrust that the unfinished picture inspired. It presented the most doleful appearance. "My little field flower," my "lily of the valley," was certainly anything but attractive. The sky was dark, dingy blue, the trees, yellowish green, the dress of the Madonna, a dark, brick red; the

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mantle, canary color; the veil, gray; the face, copper color.

I was almost horrified at the sight, and asked permission to hang a curtain before the niche. Having done this, I continued to work in solitude. The mistress of health sometimes crossed the barricade and came behind my screen to say "Don't make yourself ill over such a fright." I thanked her for her maternal interest. However, though disappointed, I was not discouraged, and confided entirely in the protection of my beloved Madonna. I felt she was with me, and at times my soul was filled with the sweetest consolation. The peace, the purity in her face had the most blessed influence over me. I lived in an unseen world, near Mary in the Temple, alone with God, under the shadow of the Holy of Holies. This influence, which later on the soldiers used to tell me they felt in the presence of "Mater Admirabilis," was already a power over my whole being,—as it has been over all who have honored her under that sweet title.

At last all was finished except the gold on the border of the mantle, and the aureola. My poor mason consoled me by saying, "Patience, Signora, she will be beautiful. 'Tis a rose seen at dawn, and will open in the full splendor of noon!" The curtain was still hanging before the fresco. I went every morning to look at my Madonna.

Little by little, as the plaster dried, the colors became less crude, less glaring. I beheld with joy the background become realistic. The dress toned into a pretty pink; the cloak and veil a clear white; the lily spotless in purity; and the face! *She*, *not I*, had painted *it!* She had mirrored her virginal beauty on that hard wall, as she was later to impress it upon souls devoted to her. Filled with joy at the sight of such a transformation, I fell upon my knees crying, "O, Immaculate Mother, it is *not* I who have made you so pure, so lovely. You have taken up your abode here. I thank you, O my sweet Queen!" And I gave her all the glory of the finished work—*her own work*—I felt sure.

There remained the gold which had to be carefully mixed and placed. Here another cause for humiliation! The varnish used in mixing the gold powder gave out a sickening odor, which penetrated throughout the house, while the smoke from the little "brasiers" clouded the cloister. I could hear as persons passed, "*Povera Sorella.*" At three o'clock *all was finished.* It had taken me one month to paint the picture, and three weeks had passed in the drying process.

We were in the beginning of August.

The sunlight flooded the cloister near the spot where my "Lily of the Valley," my "Flower of the Field," was to dwell as the magnet to attract souls to God. I knelt before her, calling her the *Madonna del Giglio.* My prayer was: "O Immaculate Mother! if in coming years this picture which you have helped me to paint attract the homage of any heart, if it reveal any of your hidden virtues, remember that to-day I refer all the glory to you, and unite now with all those who will hereafter love and venerate you."

I had to come down from my contemplation, as my brushes, paints, varnish, etc., etc., were strewn around me. An old Sister passing by asked if I did not need her assistance. I gladly accepted her charitable offer and drew aside the curtain. "Oh, how beautiful! O Mary! O my Mother! *O Madonna mia!*" she cried, falling on her knees in prayer. I had to rouse her from her quiet ecstasy, and soon all was in order. I called some of the Children of Mary and told them to prepare candelabra and flowers so as to organize a little fête for the return of our Superior that evening from our convent of the Villa Lante. The children exclaimed, as they read the inscription in gold placed over the picture, "*Ego flos campi et lilium convallium,*" "O yes, she is a lily, a beautiful flower!" They resolved to prepare with the pupils a *Magnificat* to be sung

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when Mother returned. The hour for the first gathering in the cloister, so soon to become a chapel, at last arrived. It was a perfect evening, and peace pervaded the tiny sanctuary where Community and school were assembled. I longed to witness the surprise of all. Not an exclamation was heard. All fell on their knees as if subdued, conquered by the presence of Mary. The holy image looked like a vision from heaven, and silent prayer seemed to be the only fitting homage. *Mater Admirabilis* was already beginning her mission as "Sacrament of peace and purity."

The carriage bringing back our Mother was heard. The portress begged her to come at once to the cloister, but Rev. Mother, believing that a humiliation would be good for me, fearing the effect of triumph on my soul, refused, and saying she was tired, went at once to her room. This was a disappointment to all, and for me, a sacrifice, the first offered to "Mater Admirabilis." I remained calm and happy.

At the end of 1845, I left Rome. My farewell to my little Madonna was tender and sad. I was never to see her again. She was one year old. She became, however, the guide and model of my interior life, and has remained so through all the years since then.

No painting has ever been a copy of the Madonna in Rome as to the expression of the face. The Blessed Virgin was the artist at the Trinità, and I have never felt the same kind of assistance since those happy days spent near my "Lily of the Valley," my beautiful Field Flower.

The picture of "Mater Admirabilis" is now classed among the miraculous



MATER ADMIRABILIS.

images of our Blessed Lady. The wall surrounding the fresco is covered with ex-votos, while the fresco itself has been pierced in order that our Mother may be adorned with a crown and necklace.

Shortly after the artist had finished her labor of love, His Holiness, Pius IX. came to the Trinità. Up to his coming the picture had been called the Virgin of the Temple, but when our Holy Father knelt in prayer before it, he cried out in admiration, "It is truly Mater Admirabilis," and so this image has been called ever since, Mater Admirabilis, so dear to every religious of the Sacred Heart,—Mater Admirabilis, our model, our queen, our mother,—the guide of youth, the channel of grace to all!

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ANNECY—ITS SAINTS AND ITS SHRINES.

By D. S. Béni.

(*Concluded.*)

THE people of Annecy are faithful to the recommendation of St. Paul, for "they hold fast to the traditions which they have learned," and they let nothing slip that they have ever heard of their Saint, whether by word or epistle. They relate over and over again, with pardonable pride, that the holy St. Francis de Sales said that he was essentially a Savoyard, and that he could never be anything else. A lady, a visitor, remarked to us wittily that the people of Annecy even had "devotion to the fishes in the lake, because St. Francis de Sales had eaten their ancestors." These good people will tell you, as is related in his life, that the holy bishop was looked upon as a saint by his servants, and that his valet, François Favre, had such esteem for his virtue that he preserved all his cast-off clothing, so that a very large trunk was found filled with old coats, linen, hats, shoes and stockings which had belonged to his master, and when he was asked what he was going to do with them, he replied: "One day all these things will be relics, and however carefully they may be distributed, they will never be sufficient to satisfy the eagerness of those who will seek for them." It was from this faithful valet that the Sisters of the Visitation procured many relics of their venerated founder.

It was this same François who became interested in a young widow, rich and virtuous, but he knew not how to secure the prize, and he was afraid to ask advice, lest another suitor might anticipate him. He called to see her, but did not



CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

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come to the point, believing that he might be more successful by letter, and while his master was busy in his cabinet, François began to compose his letter to Madame Claret, thinking himself dispensed from all other affairs. It was not yet finished when the Saint entered the room and saw the poor boy throw away his pen and inkstand and hide his letter under the cover of the table. The Saint, without saying anything, walked around the room two or three times, and then he said, amiably: "François, when I came in you were writing." But the young man was so much confused that he could not answer. "What were you writing?" asked the Saint, and, receiving no reply, he added: "Have you not sufficient confidence in my friendship to tell me?" Then François explained himself, and the Saint asked to see the letter. After he had read it he said to him: "You know not how to transact this business." The Saint then wrote a beautiful letter, to which nothing was wanting but the name of François Favre, to whom he handed it, saying: "Copy this, add to it your name and the address, seal it, send it, and all will go well," which he did, not doubting the word of the Saint. The marriage took place, and they lived together happily for a long time, and in the end fell ill and received the last Sacraments on the same day.



MAIN ALTAR, SHRINE OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

The Saint was a father to his servants, and whenever an opportunity occurred of rendering a service to them, he did it with all his heart. Mgr. Jean François de Sales had not acquired the sweetness and meekness of his saintly brother, and on one occasion, when they were ready to take their seats at table, a servant girl presented herself to speak to the holy bishop. He made her enter another room, and gave her all the time she wished. This want of consideration on the part of the girl irritated Mgr. Jean François, who found fault with his brother, and terminated his complaint by saying that he caused irritation to *every person*. "But," replied the Saint, "this woman and I are persons, and yet we are not irritated." The Saint took his refection without saying a word. Finally Mgr. François told him that he was very anxious to know of what he was thinking. "I will tell you if you wish. I was thinking that there was one very happy woman in the world, but guess who it is?" Mgr. François named several, but without success, then the Saint told him pleasantly that the happy woman was the one whom *he* had *not married*, because as he was very quick-tempered, he would have made her suffer much.

Saint Francis de Sales was frequently accused of having too much meekness and gentleness, and he was censured for having instituted an order in which there were no great corporal austerities, and by some the Visitation was called in derision the "Confraternity of the Descent from the Cross." Mgr. Bougaud tells us that "while St. Francis de Sales

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relaxed certain chains of the religious life, he tightened others, that nature, spared in the flesh, might be bruised and broken in the spirit and the will. The first bond that he tightened was that of poverty. It is perhaps more formidable in some Orders, but nowhere is it stricter than in the Visitation. There everything is in common. There no Sister can own anything whatever, though ever so little, under any pretext that can be alleged. There not only the cells and beds, but even the medals, crosses, beads and pictures are changed every year, that the Sisters may live in a perfect abnegation of the things they use, and not become attached to them. St. Francis acted in the same manner with regard to the Vow of Obedience. It is easy enough to do nothing without permission, general or particular, as is practised in other Orders. It is easy enough to obey the Superior carefully, faithfully, promptly, simply, candidly; but the holy Bishop required more. He ordained that all the Sisters should present themselves, after the noon recreation, to the Superior for directions as to what they should do until evening, and that in the evening they should go again, like children, and inquire what they were to do until the next day. This is a practice of humility and obedience which deprives the Visitation nun of the free disposition of one moment of her time.

"To perfect the destruction of nature St. Francis endeavored to render the mortification of community life more painful. Worldlings, free from rule or fixed duties, little suspect these mortifications, but they may trust St. Bernard's words: 'My greatest mortification,' said that great saint, 'is community life.' The Bishop of Geneva knew this well. Obliged to renounce severe corporal mortifications, he laid hold of the community life as a discipline, unbloody, it is true, but very painful, and he studied to surround it with thorns it had never before known. The legislators of the monastic life up to this period had, indeed, imposed upon religious the obligation of performing in common a certain number of exercises during the course of the day, but they were few in number and far between. Long hours of free time were left to the religious, who employed them in praying, meditating, writing, and working in their cells. They passed thus from the common to the solitary life by a succession that rendered both the one and the other more delightful. But St. Francis de Sales suppressed all this free time, so sweet in the religious life. He divided the day from five in the morning till ten at night, into a number of very short exercises, which incessantly succeeding each other, linking them together, as it were, leave the Sister of the Visitation not a moment's leisure, constantly break her own will, and impose new sacrifices upon her at every hour. At the same time that he crucified the soul by these successive acts of self-denial, he multiplied the means of uniting it with God: prayer, holy Mass, the Office, spiritual reading, examination of conscience succeed one another, forming a chain that keeps the religious in perpetual contemplation." (1)

The illustrious Founder himself in his Thirteenth Conference tells us what is *the spirit* of the Visitation. "Now to come in particular to the end for which our Congregation of the Visitation was erected, and to understand more easily what is the particular spirit of the Visitation, I have always judged that it was a spirit of profound humility towards God, and of great sweetness towards our neighbor; so that having less bodily austerity, there must be more sweetness of heart. All the ancient Fathers have determined that where the sharpness of bodily mortification is wanting, there ought to be more perfection of spirit. Humility towards God, then, and gentleness towards our neighbor, must in your houses, supply the place of the austerity

(1) L'Abbé Bougaud's St. Chantal.

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of others; and though austerities are ways to arrive at perfection, and good in themselves, yet they would not be good with you, inasmuch as there would be against the Rules. The spirit of sweetness is so much the spirit of the Visitation, that whoever would introduce into it more austerities than there now are, would immediately destroy the Visitation; inasmuch as it would be going against the end for which it was established, namely, to be able to receive infirm people, who are not strong enough to undertake the austerities of other Orders, or who are not inspired and attracted to serve God and unite themselves to Him by those means."



CASTLE OF DUINGT.

After the death of the Holy Founder, many Prelates thought it would be expedient and necessary to have a bond of union established between the various Houses of the Visitation, and in 1635, in obedience to the wish of Mgr. Jean François de Sales, the Holy Foundress went to Paris to be present at a meeting of Bishops, where the matter was to be discussed. There, in the parlor of the First Monastery of the Visitation, the Bishops most interested in the Order, and St. Vincent de Paul, all decided that some bond of union was necessary, but what should that bond be? Mother de Chantal listened to the long discussion in silence, and then quoted the words of the Holy Founder: "We have no other bond than that of *love*, which is the bond of perfection." She related all that the dear Father of her soul had said to her on the subject, which they had often considered together. The Bishops were unanimous in their decision, that this should put a stop to every other proposition. "What more can we wish? for it is the Holy Founder who speaks and declares his intentions; although he leaves a relation not of authority, but only one of simple reverence, between the Visitation and that of Annecy, as their progenitor; he nevertheless enjoins that all shall keep themselves united and conformed to it, and shall have recourse thither to receive thence the assistance and light of which they stand in need in the affairs of the Institute." Mgr. Bougaud tells us that "it is to the spirit of wisdom, moderation and humility on the one side, and, on the other, to that of meekness and union, to fidelity to the memory of the Holy Founders, that the Order of the Visitation owes the happiness of having presented to the world the admirable spectacle of an Order spread throughout all countries, having neither Superior-General, nor Visitors, nor Annual Chapters, and remaining perfectly united. It has passed through three centuries—and such centuries!—without need of reform. It has preserved in far off houses so great conformity in ideas, customs, rules, and ways of acting and thinking, as to transcend, we think, anything of the kind in the history of the Church."

The Sisters of the Visitation of Annecy, aided by the Very Rev. H. B. Mackey, O.S.B., are now engaged upon a new and complete edition of the Works of St. Francis de Sales. It is a gigantic work, worthy of the "Holy Source," where so many precious manuscripts are preserved, and where every former edition of the Works of the great Doctor of the Church may be found upon its shelves. Every effort has been made to secure all the original manuscripts extant, which have

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been copied with scrupulous exactness. The archives of the different monasteries of the Visitation, libraries public and private, have contributed of their treasures of unpublished letters and autograph pages of the writings of the Saint, hence many valuable discoveries have been made, and many inaccuracies in the earlier editions will be corrected. The labor is immense, but it is a labor of love. The work is dedicated to His Holiness Leo XIII., who declared it to be an honor to the nineteenth century, and who has deigned to favor it with a Brief of Approbation and his Apostolic Benediction. Each page of this edition bears the coat of arms of St. Francis de Sales, and the device chosen by him, when a student in Paris: *Non excidet*, He shall not degenerate. Ten volumes have already been issued, the result of more than twelve years of labor. "The first monastery of the Visitation of Annecy has thus rendered a signal service to the Church. The monument is worthy of the great Bishop of Geneva, and does credit to the wise criticism and truly Benedictine erudition of the Rev. H. B. Mackey. The work of the religious of the Visitation recalls the old Anglo-Saxon cloisters of which Montalembert has spoken with such touching eloquence, and in which Christian virgins, by the recommendation of St. Boniface, copied Holy Scriptures, the Works of the Fathers of the Church, and other writings, which served to instruct and edify the newly converted Christians of Germany. It is a pleasure to think that in monasteries of the Visitation time is employed so usefully and so nobly. Seeing his daughters laboring so intelligently for the glory of the Catholic name, St. Francis de Sales must be happy that they have remained behind the grates, and from the heights of heaven he thanks God "for not having done what he wished, and for having done what he did not wish," and Saint de Chantal, that valiant woman, blesses her daughters and aids them in the completion of the great work which she began nearly three hundred years ago.



ALTAR AND SHRINE OF ST. DE CHANTAL.

In the archives of the Monastery of Annecy, are preserved pages of the first manuscripts of the "Introduction to the Devout Life," the "Treatise on the Love of God," and many autograph letters of the saint, and the first draft of the Rules and Constitutions of the Visitation in the handwriting of the Holy Founder. Besides these, all the depositions and papers used in the Beatification of St. Francis de Sales and St. de Chantal, are there carefully preserved, and one of the last acts of His Holiness, Pius IX., was to send to Annecy all the postulata and other papers used in the Cause of the Doctorate of the Saint, to whom he had a special devotion, and a portion of whose works he read every day.

On the 19th of July, 1877, Saint Francis de Sales was declared a Doctor of the Universal Church, and when the Decree of November 16, of the same year, proclaimed it to the Catholic world, the joy was heartfelt, and preparations were immediately begun in Annecy for a suitable celebration in honor of the new

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star in the galaxy of the Doctors of the Church.

Mgr. Magnin, Bishop of Annecy, anxious to show his gratitude to the Vicar of Christ, hastened to Rome, and prostrated himself at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, who fixed his gentle eyes on the successor of St. Francis de Sales, as he exclaimed: "*St. Francis, your* Saint and *mine!* What a grace for Annecy to have seen and possessed such a Saint!" The Bishop of Annecy expressed to His Holiness the gratitude of the Sisters of the Visitation for the honor conferred upon their Holy Founder, and at the same time offered him a magnificent reliquary, a masterpiece of art, containing relics of St. Francis de Sales and St. de Chantal. The reliquary is in the form of an ostensorium, exquisitely ornamented with figures and legends representing different scenes in the life of the Saint, the whole surmounted by a statue of the great Doctor, seated, holding in one hand the Treatise on the Love of God and with the other blessing his people.

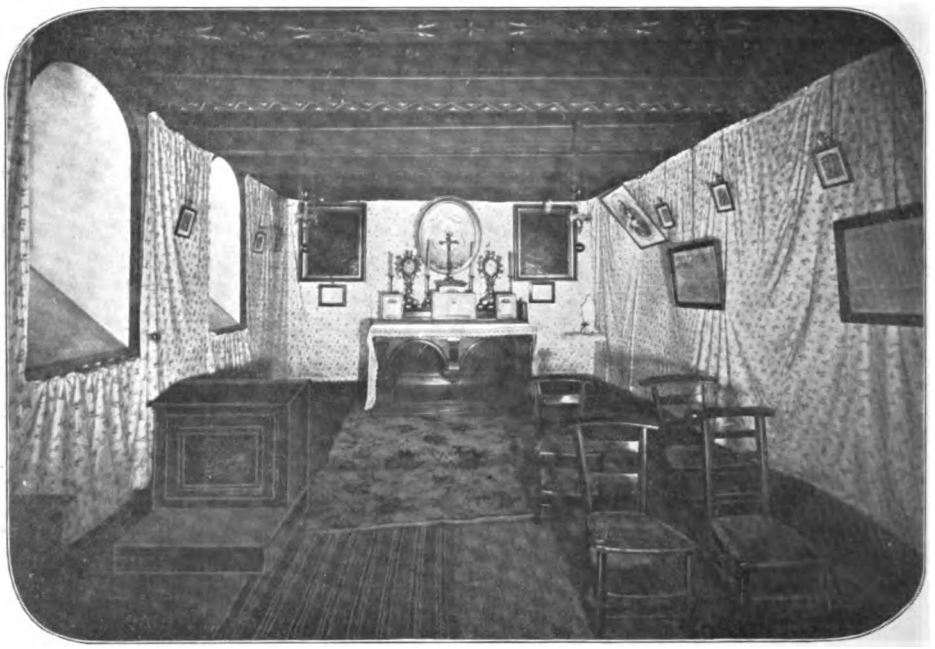


THE SACRED HEART ALTAR.

The Bishop also presented to His Holiness a small gold coffer, beautifully ornamented, which contained an offering of Peter's Pence from the Sisters of the Visitation. A prelate, in waiting, asked where was the key, when the Sovereign Pontiff replied: "Why ask for the key? I alone possess the key that opens and closes, and with this power and this key I bless the whole Order of the Visitation." The Holy Father sent to the Sisters of Annecy an exquisite painting in which the sad expression in the face of our Blessed Lady shows that she sees in the distance the Cross, the scourge and the spear, while the Divine Infant, standing upon her knee, tries to dry her tears by His tender caresses. This last gift from the dying Pontiff is preserved in Annecy as a precious treasure, for scarcely had it reached its destination, when the august Prisoner of the Vatican, *having fought the good fight and finished his course*, was called to his eternal reward. On the eve of his blessed death, His Holiness addressed to the Sisters of Annecy a paternal letter, which he signed with his own trembling hand, thanking them for the reliquary, which he, at the same time, sent with his blessing to his much loved children, the Sisters of the Visitation in Rome, to whom it is a double relic. Pius IX. had a special affection for the Visitation, of which he said: "The Order of the Visitation is a beautiful rose tree in the garden of the Church: it has produced many roses, but never a thorn." May this mystical rose tree expand and so "abound in virtue, that its good odor may in pleasing God, overspread the hearts of the faithful," as its Holy Founder desired.

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The first words of His Holiness, Leo XIII., to the Sisters of the Visitation, were addressed to Annecy soon after his elevation to the chair of St. Peter. "Tell the good Daughters of the new Doctor of the Holy Church that in these trying times they must often repeat the words: *Ora pro nobis, beate Pater Francisce*, that he may bless and protect the Cause of the Holy Church. Yes, let them say with fervor, this beautiful prayer, which will be more agreeable than any other to their glorious Founder; let them repeat it with



CHAPEL OF THE LITTLE GALLERY HOUSE.

love, and for *their sake—propter electos*, the Lord will shorten the evils of the Holy Church, and will pour His powerful benediction upon the earth, but especially upon the elect of God."

Mgr. Bougaud says: "It is, doubtless, an admirable thing to serve the poor and console the sick; but can they be served only by giving them bread and medicine? Those religious, that, in the seclusion of their cloister, pray for the afflicted, humble themselves for the proud, immolate themselves for the sensual, and offer themselves as victims for the wants of the world, shall they not be counted among the dearest and most devoted servants of the poor? Besides, is not God abandoned and forsaken like the poorest of His creatures? Why, then, should there not be souls consecrated to consoling Him, to compassionating His sufferings, to making Him forget by their prolonged adoration the indifference, ingratitude and outrages of men? The world comprehends not these ideas; but are they on that account less true? Because it does not please the world, shall the time-honored history of Martha and Mary be torn from the holy Gospels? The one, drawn by the humanity of Jesus Christ, hastened to prepare for Him bread, wine, a bed; the other, raised above earthly thoughts and seeing in Jesus Christ but the hidden God, seated herself at His feet in an ecstasy of love and adoration. Then, as now, the world admired the former; the latter, not understood, was censured. But Jesus Christ, reversing the judgment of the world, placed Mary above Martha, the service of prayer above that of cor-

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poral works of mercy, and the care of His suffering members below contemplation and the adoration of His divinity."

The people of Annecy and Savoy look upon the Doctorate of St. Francis de Sales as the crowning glory of their country, and they speak of the Triduum of August, 1878, with the same enthusiasm as if it occurred only yesterday. Men and women relate with genuine pride that they took part in the procession, when their glorious Saint, crowned with a new aureola, again passed through the streets blessing his people. Cardinals, archbishops and bishops, with priests innumerable, flocked to his shrine; processions came from every part of Savoy to lend their voices in his praise and the number of pilgrims was variously estimated from sixty thousand to one hundred thousand.

Many of the pilgrims had left their mountain homes at midnight to travel on foot over rocky and dangerous paths along deep precipices, where foaming torrents dashed and roared as they fell into the depths below. But they travelled without fear, and as the first ray of the sun rose over La Tournette, giving rainbow tints to the beautiful Lake of Annecy, it revealed processions from sixty-five different parishes of Savoy, waiting outside the city, and when the cannon at the castle gave the signal, they filed in with military precision, singing canticles in praise of their Saint, their bishop and their countryman, while the joyous carillons of the whole city pealed forth their welcome in the early dawn. Each parish had its banners wreathed with flowers and evergreens, and the pilgrims from Petit-Bornand, in addition to the portrait of the great Saint, who was once their curé, carried on a brancard, a large picture of Mother M. Adrienne Fichet, their countrywoman, with this text: *Tu honorificentia populi nostri*—Thou art the honor of our people. Their picturesque costumes are precisely the same as they were three hundred years ago, when their ancestors listened to the words of the Saint, and Mother Fichet gathered wild flowers on the summits of their mountains, where St. Francis de Sales said he "found many simple souls cherishing and adoring God in all truth and sincerity." Their pious curé, not unlike our saintly Father Gallitzen, still keeps them in primitive simplicity, and the age of progress has not disturbed the peaceful tranquillity of their happy home. One young maiden, having ventured to go to service in Paris, unwisely dared to bring back to her parish a bonnet and earrings; but her good curé obliged her to renounce these seductive ornaments and return to her little kerchief and provincial simplicity.

During the days of the Triduum the Church of the Visitation and the Rue Royale were gorgeously decorated, but what was more touching, the poorest houses in the little alleys, where neither procession nor visitors would pass, were trimmed with branches of trees and festoons of flowers, and every house, great and small, displayed a picture of the Saint. Every house in Annecy, without a single exception, was decorated and illuminated. The brilliant procession wended its way through the streets. The shrine was carried by eighteen priests, followed by cardinals, archbishops, bishops, ecclesiastics, canons and religious, and thousands and tens of thousands of pilgrims.

Every rank of society was represented in that vast assemblage, from the humble peasant to the noble lady; infants from the cradle in their mothers' arms, and men and women on the brink of the grave pushed forward with the faith of the woman of Canaan: *If I but touch the hem of His garment* (his relics) *I shall be healed*, or, as the infirm who crowded around the Probatica, so these pious people drew near the shrine of the Saint to implore spiritual and temporal graces. And in all this immense concourse of people there was not one discordant word.

Two priests carried massive volumes

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of purple velvet, ornamented with gold and burnished steel, and the coat of arms of the Saint exquisitely enamelled and set with precious stones; these volumes enclosed the precious autographs of the Saint. The bull of his canonization, which frequently emits a sweet perfume, was carried with reverence with his mitre and crozier. Thousands of voices and hearts joined in the hymns, all the bells of the city accompanied the glorious songs of thanksgiving, while his native mountains of Savoy echoed and re-echoed the words of praise.

"*He took care of his nation, and delivered it from destruction. He shone in his days as the morning star in the midst of a cloud, and as the moon at full. And as the sun when it shineth, so did he shine in the temple of God.*"

THE MEMORIES OF A NORFOLK WATERING PLACE.

Great Yarmouth in Catholic Days.

By Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.

THERE is a glorious halo about East Anglia, which gives it a special interest to every Catholic. The memory of its first Apostle, St. Felix, is left indelibly written in the names of so many of its towns, Felixtown, Felixstowe, Flixton, Flitcham. Like St. Oswald in the north, who came to know in Iona the Celtic monks, King Sigebert had made acquaintance, while in exile, with St. Felix, a holy monk of Burgundy. When Sigebert gained his crown, he summoned the Saint to be the apostle of his people, the wild Saxons who had conquered from the Britons the Saxon shore, the fertile marshes and deep estuaries of Norfolk and Suffolk. Dunwick, now in great part under the sea, became the seat of Felix's new bishopric, and he received consecration from one of the Roman monks, companions of St. Augustine, Honorius, then Archbishop of Canterbury.

A colony of Irish monks were welcomed by the King. and he placed them on a slight eminence above the sea, amidst the stupendous ruins of the great Roman fort of Burgh Castle, which guarded the immense estuary, then flowing over what is now Great Yarmouth, and which went inland above what are now the marshes, and right up to the Northwick, now the capital of Norfolk.

When St. Sigebert, who had become a monk, and was forced to leave the cloister to defend his people against the pagan Penda, had given his life for them on the field of battle, St. Anna mounted the throne. He was, by the sister of St. Hilda, the father of a whole generation of glorious virgin or married Saints, abbesses of seven of the royal convents, which sprang up over the whole of the English land. Famous among these are St. Sexburga, of Sheppy, near Sheerness, St. Ethelreda of Ely, St. Werburgh of Chester, and Edberga of Repton near Derby. He in turn laid down his life fighting for his flock and for his country, hard by Blythburg, in Suffolk, on the heights over the river. But most glorious of his descent was St. Edmund the Martyr, King of all this part of England.

Alcmund, his father, had like so many of our Saxon kings, made his pilgrimage to Rome. His sainted son landed at Hunstanton in the northwest of Norfolk and took up his residence at Attleborough, then the capital of those parts, which lies between Norwich and Thetford. When the peril of the Danes threatened the land, the South-folk, the people of Suffolk, accepted him as their king. The murder of Lothbrock, the Dane

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brought his kinsfolk to those shores, and fighting took place between St. Edmund and the invaders in Lothingland, the peninsula between the Waveney and the sea. Six years of struggle ended in the fatal battle near Thetford, the surrender there of the Saint and his glorious martyrdom at Hoxne. As did the Eighth Henry and his myrmidons in the *De*formation, so the heathen Danes destroyed the great religious houses throughout the land.

In 673, Theodore the Archbishop of Canterbury, a monk from far off Tarsus, whom the Pope had sent to rule over the Church of England, divided the diocese into Norfolk and Suffolk, and a new bishop was consecrated to the new see of Elham, in the centre of the country of Norfolk, an old Roman town, to be the head of the Norfolk diocese. When Yarmouth first arose out of the ocean's wave and became dry land, we do not know. But we do know that even after it had arisen, the sea flowed round it both north and south, and that it was but by slow degrees that the German Ocean retired from Norwich and from the clearly marked coast line, that can be traced all round the low marsh land behind that town.

The first bishop of Norwich was Herbert of Losinga, the great church builder, and Norman monk of Fécamp, near Séez, in Normandy, a country closely resembling England. He was Abbot of Ramsey in 1087, and first Bishop of Thetford in 1091. Some claim him as a Suffolk man, son of a great landowner just across the border, from Lyleham, near Hoxne. He built on *Green Hill* somewhere further north than the present town of Yarmouth, a church on the then island, for the crowds of fishermen who flocked in from all the villages around to catch the harvest of herrings. He dedicated it naturally to his great patron, the founder of his Order, St. Benedict, and placed therein, a chaplain, who was supported by the offerings of the faithful, and by a tithe of fish. But a church of Yarmouth is mentioned in the Domesday-book, the great roll of properties and their owners in the time of the Norman conquest. This was made in the days of Bishop Aylmer of Elham, brother of Stigand, the last Saxon Archbishop of Canterbury, both of whom were deposed by William the Conqueror. And this church must have been restored or rebuilt by Bishop Herbert. The Lords of the Cinque Ports, the great confederation on the southeast coast of England, however, who came the following year, brought a priest of their own, and in the rough and ready way of those days expelled the bishop's nominee and put the newcomer in his place. Possibly they had some right on their side, as the original church may have belonged to them. It needed the royal power, to which the bishop appealed, to set things right. The ruins of the chapel were to be seen in James I.'s reign.

About 1100, Herbert began the church which is now standing, and he finished it in 1119. He dedicated it to the great patron of sailors, St. Nicholas, commonly called of Bari, because his body is there enshrined. His feast is kept on December 6, the Santa Claus of children. He was a bishop of Myra, in Asia Minor, in the early ages of the Church. Three hundred and seventy-six churches in England alone were dedicated to his honor, and that especially in coast towns.

"The Bishop, St. Nicholas, his help is aye ready
To shipmen in all cos, when they on him do cry!"

His effigy is on the town seal of Yarmouth, between two angels incensing him. And round about it is the inscription, *Pastor vere tibi subjectis miserere*—"Shepherd, have pity on those who are so truly subject to thee."

The first church was small in comparison with that which now exists. Losinga only built the present narrow

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nave, though shorter by one bay, with narrow lean-to aisles, the present tower, small transepts or arms of the cross and three apsidal or half circular ends to the chancel and the side aisles. These come on just beyond the tower—like the head of the cross, and in each of them was an altar. But as the town grew, so the church, too, afterwards extended its boundaries, some time about 1250. Larger transepts were added, an additional bay to the nave, with the present west door. Then the present wide south aisles and porch, the north chancel aisle, the chancel, and last of all the broad south aisle.

Bishop Middleton of Norwich consecrated the whole. The feast of the dedication was chosen to be kept on the very anniversary day of the translation of the relics of St. Nicholas, by Southern Italian merchants, from his desecrated shrine in Asia to their present resting place at Bari. That year, 1287, was terribly remembered as that of the great flood, when the sea spread over the marshland from the Wash to the Irwell, and was especially destructive in the land of the Broads—the well known broad sheets of water in the eastern part of Norfolk.

In 1330 the young men of the town began a great addition to the west end, extending it forty-seven feet. Probably it was intended to erect two western towers. But when the new building got up sixty feet the terrible Black Death broke out, carrying off seven thousand of the inhabitants in one year, 1348, and almost depopulating the town. Nor was it ever completed. The present church is second only in size to the great church of St. Michael of Coventry, among the ancient parish churches in England.

But we must not imagine that the cold skeleton, which has barely escaped three hundred years of vandalism, represents, except as bare bones represent a body in full vigor of life, the beautiful structure which Catholic faith reared for God. From floor to roof it glowed with color. The ground was made glorious by the brass memorials of the dead—every one of which were torn up by the Corporation in Protestant days, and sent to London, to be made into weights and measures. The walls, rich in frescoed paintings, told the poor and downtrodden the story of God's love, and the glory of his faithful servants. Some vestiges of these decorations have escaped the official whitewash, with which, by order of Council, all vestiges of the old faith were afterwards carefully wiped out. Of these a painting of the crucifixion has survived. The windows, too, told the elevating and comforting story with pictured images of the good and great. It was the great audience chamber of the Eternal King, where high-born and lowly were on one level, and where, from the squalor of their poor homes, the humblest could, for a while, breathe in higher thoughts, and have their minds raised to visions of the glory to come. The central object which met their gaze as they entered was the great crucifix or rood raised on high, with Mary, the Queen of Sorrows, and the beloved disciple, and Magdalen. This stood on the richly carved and decorated screen which separated the choir of the monks from the rest of the church. Within and beyond this was the magnificent altar and reredos, in front of which, suspended in a golden dove, and covered with a canopy of precious stuff, was He in whose honor all this splendid fabric had been reared. Besides the lamp which twinkled before Him, with five candles always alight around it, was a waxen candle ever kept burning. Another one there was before the great crucifix, and eight on a beam before the altar of St. Thomas, of Canterbury, besides another before a crucifix in the nave, and another close beside.

The Corporation appointed a special warder to receive the money for these lights and to see to its being properly expended.

The numerous altars were supported either by endowments as chantry chapels

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for Masses to be said for the founders and their relatives, or by the many guilds, which were established in the town. These guilds were like the Trades Unions of to-day, *plus* a more direct and personal exercise of charity to sick and poor members, and a distinctly religious character. "Their ordinances enforced moral, upright and courteous conduct." Composed generally of men and women, *brothers* and *sisters*, they had a regular government of elected officers, and a chaplain paid out of their funds. Festivals, when good cheer was not forgotten, and when minstrels were hired, processions and the like, brightened the lives of the members. They had their guild hall or place of meeting, and they possessed their own vestments and chalices, for the service of their altars, rivalling each the other in the splendor with which their chief feasts were kept, and seeing that the Holy Sacrifice should be offered up regularly and every day by their priest. The great guild of Holy Trinity had its house, a large building 76x22 feet, over the gate of the graveyard of St. Nicholas, on columns, so that the faithful passed into the churchyard under its vaults. The Guild Hall of St. George was in Middlegate Street, opposite to the Franciscans, and was only destroyed about a hundred years ago. The richly moulded doorway may still be seen—if it is not the window of the hall. When the religious part of the guild was swept away by the Deformation, as was the case with the great London Companies, the money was spent purely in eating and drinking.

Among the many chapels which made beautiful the old parish church—now all gone—was one of special interest. It was built by the Prior of the religious house of St. Olave's, not far from Yarmouth, some ruins of which are still standing. It commemorates the great naval victory of Sluys in Belgium, when Edward III. took with him fifty-two ships from this town to attack the powerful French fleet which was drawn up in that harbor. The men of Yarmouth had a special share in that, the first great naval victory won by an English fleet. When the king landed, he went straight to a shrine of our Lady at Ardenburgh, and this chapel, to which a guild was annexed, was erected, no doubt, as a memorial and thanksgiving of the defeat of the French. This guild was run by the shoemakers of the town.

The Guild Hall of our Lady of St. Nicholas, was in what is now called Charlotte Street, at the corner of Broad Row. The Guild of St. John the Baptist, besides keeping a light before the statue of their patron in the parish church, held an endowment from Sir John Falstolfe, of the great and generous family of Caistor by the sea, for a light in perpetuity to be carried "before the priest, as often as he should be with the *Body of Christ* visiting any sick person." A similar legacy was made to the Grey Friars. There is a list in Palmer, the antiquarian of Yarmouth, of nineteen guilds in all. The lofty spire, some one hundred and eighty feet high, was in late years struck by lightning and replaced by the stunted successor of to-day.

To his splendid Priory of Norwich Bishop Herbert gave the Church of Yarmouth; and it became what was technically known as a cell, dependent on the Mother House, from which came the Prior and three monks, afterward increased to eight. They were assisted in the care of the parish by a dean, three parish chaplains, and three clerics or clerks. As the chantries were founded, the chantry priests took their part in the public services of the church, and aided as curates in parochial duties.

Of the priory there still exists the noble hall 60x30, with its screen separating it from the kitchen and from its buttery or larder, just as in the College Halls at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. A minstrels' gallery opens out on the hall, and Richard II. and, later on, Mary, the gay sister of Henry VIII., widow of Louis XII. of France, were

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entertained there. Between the hall and the church were the cloisters, the remains of which were pulled down as late as 1811, and other monastic buildings.

We must not forget to say a word about St. Mary's Hospital, founded by Thomas Falstolfe in the reign of Edward I. Others of his noble family added their donations in money and land, as did Richard Falstolfe in 1356 "to have my soul recommended in prayers and masses." It was founded for eight men and eight women, with a chapel and chaplain. There St. Anselm, the Archbishop of Canterbury, held a synod in 1102. After the Reformation it became an arsenal, a granary and finally a Grammar School.

But it is time to turn to the other religious foundations of the town. As God ever has in store help in the time of need, so, as there had been a great awakening of monastic fervor in previous ages, the thirteenth century is remarkable for the coming of the friars. St. Francis, the poor man, poor by free choice to follow his Master, poor, that the Gospel might be preached, had roused a spirit of self-devotion and piety such as had hardly been seen since the day of Pentecost. About the same time the preacher to the ignorant, to the flocks without a shepherd, the Apostle of the Rosary, St. Dominic, rivalled the zeal of the Saint of Assisi. The training of the secular clergy left much in those days to be desired. At all events the masses were probably beyond their reach, and the friars, not confined to a monastic enclosure, but living amongst the people and living for the people, supplied a great want.

No wonder, therefore, that they spread over the whole Catholic world, and while preaching the Gospel to the heathen and penetrating into unknown China they carried the same message to the multitudes cooped up in the great fortified towns of that day in Catholic countries and to the peasants in the hamlets and villages.

It was about 1271 that the grey friars or Franciscans settled in Yarmouth, coming probably from Norwich. Their benefactor seems to have been Sir William Gerbrogge, the bailiff, or, as we should now say, the mayor of Yarmouth. The noble founder's tomb is still to be seen in Wickhampton Church, some eight miles from Yarmouth.

The buildings consisted of the church dedicated to St. Francis, covering nearly the whole of what is now Queen Street. The whole enclosure extends from Row 83 (1) on the north, to Row 96 on the south. This included the friary with its cloisters, refectory and other buildings and gardens, all surrounded by a wall, of which much still remains.

The exquisite cloisters, or portions of them still remaining, show us what must have been the beauty of the whole. The nave seems to have been one hundred and twenty-six feet long and the chancel over fifty-six, one hundred and eighty-two in all. The high altar and sanctuary appear to have been lifted up by a vault. When digging a drain three years ago in Queen Street, the walls were discovered, and it was found that, not content with pulling down the church, Henry VIII.'s men plundered even the lead coffins of the illustrious dead who had been buried there. Among them were many of the Falstolfes of Caistor, whose glorious old castle is still to be seen in stately ruin two miles from Yarmouth.

The Grey Friars--*Fratres*—(Brethren) as is well known, have their distinctive name from the undyed wool, white and black mixed, of which their habit, scapular and hood were made. The *Black Friars*, or Friar Preachers, the sons of St. Dominic, wore a white habit, scapular and cowl, but all this covered with a

(1) The Rows of Yarmouth are one of the great features of the old town. A number of very narrow lanes running parallel to one another from two or three broader streets, make the plan of the place resemble the bones of a fish running right and left from the central spine.

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black cloak and cowl. Hence their name. They came to Yarmouth in 1267, and their house and church were finished in 1273. Thomas Falstolfe and Godfrey Pilgrim, "a nobleman distinguished through all the realm," built their church. Godfrey died in 1304. Constant gifts came to them, for prayers for the souls of their benefactors. The site of their house and church is still marked by Row 45. This was their boundary on the north, while the Strand or Haven side was that on the west, and the city walls enclosed them on the south and east. One of the Falstolfes was an eminent religious in this house. At the Deformation the ruins of the church were used to restore the walls and many fine cut stones are still to be seen therein. It would have seemed to have stood where Friar's Lane now runs. Remains of a fine doorway on the north side of this lane, where now is the Sceptre Inn, and another door in red brick were discovered—as well as some rich carving, possibly of St. Elizabeth and St. John the Baptist—evidently once the jambs of a doorway. The brick arch showed signs of fire, for the church was burnt down in 1525, to save as old Manship says in his history of Yarmouth, "a labor to those that within ten years following demolished the same."

In the reign of Edward I., in 1278, so it is said, the White Friars came to this town. They take this, their popular name, from the white cloak and cowl which covers a brown habit, scapular and cowl. The Order which bears the name of Mount Carmel boasts to claim descent from ancient hermits upon that venerable promontory. Their greatest glory in old days was St. Simon Stock, a hermit of Kent, who got his name from making the hollow of an oak his home. He joined the Order, and became its General, and his name will ever be remembered in connection with the Brown Scapular and the apparition of our Lady, who bestowed it upon him. In later days St. Theresa, by her reform and personal virtues, gave a fresh lustre to the venerable Order.

On April 1, 1509, the church and entire convent were burnt down, and nearly all trace of it is lost. Tradition tells us that the Edinborough public house stands on the site, and the land is said to have stretched down to the North quay, part of which was once called White Friars' quay, but the site is cut by two streets, which existed in those days.

Though so near the haven and sea there seems to have been a lack of means to bring the water to extinguish the flames. One name of its inmates still survives, John Tylney, of Yarmouth, a professor of divinity at Cambridge, a great preacher and theologian, and who was Prior in 1435-'37 and '55. The White Friars of Norfolk were famed for their learning.

In their church was a chapel dedicated to an almost forgotten English saint and martyr. St. Henry was Archbishop of Upsala, in Sweden, in the reign of St. Eric. That king was attacked by the idolatrous Finns in 1154, and sent Henry to evangelize them after conquering their country. The apostle was put to death on January 14, 1157, by a man whom he had excommunicated for an atrocious murder. The martyr was canonized the following year by the English Pope, Breakspear, Adrian II., who no doubt had known St. Henry when legate in Sweden.

But a still more important religious establishment was begun on the extreme south borders of Southtown on the other side of the haven in the angle between the Beccles Road and that which leads to Lowestoft. The Austin Friars or the Friars of St. Augustin of Hippo's rule were brought in by William Woodroffe and his wife in 1310, or at least these worthy burgesses were great benefactors to an already existing house on the site just described. Burnt Lane seems to have been the south boundary of the house and it takes its name from a fire which broke out in the kitchen of

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the religious house, though the splendid church was south of that and in Gorleston. It was one hundred feet long by twenty-four broad. The church, named St. Nicholas, was destroyed at the *De*formation. The splendid tower which stood erect till the beginning of this century, served as a beacon to the ships at sea. Built of cut flint it rose to a height of one hundred feet and though much ruined was standing till a gale brought it to the ground in 1813.

The library was celebrated for its splendid building and rich collection of books. It was one hundred feet by thirty, —wainscotted throughout and furnished with desks. So important was this seat of piety and learning that Southtown came to be known as Augustinian Yarmouth. As late as 1800 the floor of the old church was covered with tiles full of coats and arms. These were then taken up, broken, and used to mend roads! These Friars had a little cell or house dependant on them with a chapel between Rows 60 and 63 which has for years been used as a Quaker's meeting house.

A parochial Church of St. Mary stood opposite where now stands the Protestant church of that name. A guild was attached to it, which was dissolved in 1545, and there is a list of the spoil which was taken from it. The church was destroyed in 1548, like so many other religious buildings—"when Gospel light had dawned on Henry's mind from Anna Bullin's eyes!"

The old Toll House or City Hall, though not an ecclesiastical building, has its Catholic memories. Here Blessed John Storey was confined in its terrible dungeons, after he had been kidnapped, against the law of nations, in the port of Antwerp, and brought to Yarmouth to be sent hence to die a frightful death at Tyburn, a glorious martyr to the faith. Blessed Edmund Campion was present at his mock trial at Westminster Hall, where he himself was afterwards to be tried for his life. Fr. Edwin Canna, a Franciscan, was imprisoned there in 1525 with orders to be banished on the first ship that left the port; but we find him in that dreadful place three months later. In 1678, in the year of that frightful tragi-comedy, the so-called Titus Oates plot, an Irish Catholic, O'Shea, was confined there before being sent up to London.

The people of Norfolk and Suffolk rallied around Mary, a defenceless woman, against whom the powers that were had arranged all their plans, and her faithful followers placed her on the throne. And once more for a brief space the old faith and the old worship of one thousand years came back to the land and to the good town of Yarmouth.

The "Second Spring" has seen a beautiful church arise in the town, which is served by Fathers of the Society of Jesus; while the Cathedral of Norwich, one of the finest churches built since the Schism in England, is being erected at the entire expense of the good Duke of Norfolk.



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The Society of St. Vincent de Paul and Its Works.

General Intention for October, 1899.

Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

"THE poor you have always with you" was rather a proverb than a prophecy in the mouth of our Blessed Lord. Do what we may we cannot prevent an unequal distribution of the goods of this world. Year after year our theorizers are issuing volumes of recipes for the equalization of the benefits and burdens of property, and every civil legislature devotes some of its sessions to making laws for ridding the world of poverty, and still poverty and the poor are with us, and the number of men, women and children keeps growing daily, and the rich also grow, not in number, but in wealth at the expense of the poor. The earth and its fruits and the capital with which these are obtained is in the hands of a comparative few whom the rest of mankind either serve as dependents or dread as despoilers. Vast numbers live on the credit or influence which their skill or experience obtain for them, but the great majority of men and women either labor for what barely sustains them during the hours of labor or cannot get employment at all. Verily, "The poor you have always with you."

Although poverty cannot be entirely removed from the earth, still its miseries can be lessened, and men can be warned and exhorted to avoid its causes, chiefly idleness, expensive habits or rash speculation; they can also be helped to repair their losses, and, while undergoing its hardships, they can be encouraged to bear them hopefully. The State does much to give physical relief by building, at the expense of the public, which too often means, at the expense of the other poor, almshouses, hospitals, children's homes and other institutions, which at least keep some poor people housed and fed and clothed, if they do not train them to struggle successfully against poverty. The sects, some benevolent organizations and private individuals, do their share to help their own when in need, sometimes ostentatiously, it is true, and very commonly for some other motive besides the motive suggested by our Lord, that all this be done in His name and as if done to Him. The alms that is given with a motive of self-interest, whether the alms-giver seek notoriety, influence, credit, or, as in the case of Masonry and the sects, make the alms a means of proselytism, may relieve temporarily some hunger, sickness, disgrace, but it cannot mend the evils of poverty or make its victims resigned and cheerful, and trustful in Providence.

As it is proverbial that "the poor we shall always have with us," so it is proverbial that only the poor, or at least

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the poor in spirit, can properly assist the poor. Only the poor know sufficiently the miseries of poverty to sympathize with its victims; only the poor live so closely with the poor as to detect the need and distress which the respectable poor always strive to conceal; and only the poor, or poor in spirit, are sufficiently detached from worldly possessions to be ready at any time to devote all they can spare, and sometimes more, to the assistance of their neighbors. Hence it is that the reticence of some and the generosity of others, keep this century of statistics from discovering a vast amount of poverty which is known and relieved only by those who are themselves in need. Hence also the objection often raised, even by Catholics, that little is done by the faithful to relieve the poor simply because no show is made of what is done, and the suggestion made by superficial men that an organized system of charity such as prevails in many of the sects would be more effective than our own, are either the excuses of men who either do not wish to contribute to help the poor, or who prefer to buy themselves off the obligation to help their needy brethren by paying money rather than by visiting the poor and seeing their miseries in real life, or associating with the men who devote their lives to this.

When founding a society for the relief of the poor in Paris, in 1833, Frederick Ozanam tells that his associates in this work wanted some active and external occupation by which they could exercise their zeal, and meet the taunt of the Simonians, the fancy theorists of their day, who called on them to show their works. Very good and disinterested motives were these surely, bnt they were not the highest in the aim of these young men. They were not a set of restless agitators nor faultfinders; they did not provoke others to do what they realized was in their own power; they were not discouraged because all the world did not join with them; they were not of the class that has recourse to external works of mercy to quiet their consciences or to escape the more important duties of piety, prayer and the reception of the sacraments. Their leading motive was to exercise among men and for men the spirit of divine charity, which impelled them to labor for their own welfare as well as for their neighbors, and to interpret from a true Christian standpoint the fraternity, which for forty years had been a shibboleth of a series of Revolutions which had resulted only in turning every man's hand against his brother.

It is a sign of heaven's blessing on the foundation of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul that it is so thoroughly Catholic that its conferences have been formed in every nation, so that its spirit and rules have been easily adapted to so many different places and times. It is another sign of the same blessing that, although it has grown so rapidly and spread so widely, it still preserves its vitality and is ever ready to meet new conditions without departing from its original spirit. From the beginning, not content, in the words of M. Bailly, its first President, "with a mere doling out of alms," or, "bringing the poor a pittance of money or food," its members were instructed to make their visits an opportunity of rendering moral assistance, and of giving the alms of good advice. In this spirit they sought to fulfil the first precept and obey the whole law, by helping not merely the body but the souls also of the poor. Every year we read with interest the Reports of Conferences, in which it is easy enough to reckon the good done by the contributions received and the alms conferred; but who save God and His angels can appreciate properly the good done by the visits of the members, howsoever trifling the material aid they bring, and howsoever meagre the advice they give? Pity and sympathy can be expressed better by deeds than by words, and one glance

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of either is enough to save a heart-broken and despairing sufferer.

Besides administering to every element in man, the soul as well as the body, the Vincentians sought to employ every God-given talent and gift with which they had been blessed. The lawyer, the doctor, and the man of business, or of social influence—all could help, so that the charity should be Catholic as well as divine, uniting all degrees of men in the work of beneficence, and leaving no proper human need unsupplied. What a broad and all-embracing charity this is, without the slightest self-interest; nay, with self-interest, as befits true charity, altogether excluded, so that no one might make his almsgiving or merciful ministrations a source of worldly or political advancement. It was impossible that such an association should not have helped its own members as well as the poor they were succoring. To this help Ozanam bore constant testimony. "This dear Society is also my family," he wrote in 1853, twenty years after its foundation. "Next to God it was the means of preserving my faith, after I left my good, pious parents." To this the Holy Father has lately testified in his letter dated February 16, 1899, to the President of the Society, Antonius Pages, from which we quote the following extracts as given in the *St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly*, for August, 1899.

"We congratulate you especially upon this, that your work has become so widely acceptable that even amongst men of the humblest condition in life, earning their bread by manual labor, you have gained numerous associates and fellow laborers devoted to the same task. As this participation in your labors contributes greatly to the welfare of all, you will easily understand how highly it must be appreciated, and with what care it must be fostered. Indeed, when Christian charity, aroused by the example of the rich, will have made its way among men in the humbler ranks of life, a sure hope may be entertained of restoring that harmony between the various classes of society, the want of which constitutes the most formidable danger to the public good that it is possible to conceive."

Finally, was it not natural that a foundation so genuine, broad and strong, should have borne the mighty edifice raised upon it? In describing a visit to the village of Pouy, now called St. Vincent de Paul, after its glorious son, Ozanam writes: "We saw the old oak under which Vincent, when he was a little shepherd boy, used to take shelter while keeping his flock. The fine old tree only holds to the ground by the bark of a trunk eaten away by the years, but its branches are magnificent, and even in this advanced season they retain their green foliage. They seemed to me a true symbol of the foundations of St. Vincent, which look as if they were upheld by nothing human, and which nevertheless triumph over time and grow in the midst of revolutions. I send you a leaf from the blessed tree; it will dry in the book where you place it, but charity will never grow dry in your heart."

How graceful this reads! What a genuine Christian poet he was, with exquisite sympathy for every created thing, but most of all for man created to God's image and likeness! His poetry was quickened by his faith; so too was his political economy drawn in all simplicity from the beneficent system of the Gospel. This is a specimen of it. "Those who know the road to the poor man's house, whose feet have swept the dust from his stairs, never knock at his door without a sentiment of respect. They know that in accepting bread from their hand as he takes the light from God, the poor man honors them; they know that the theatre and every other place of amusement can be paid for, but that nothing in this world can pay for two tears of joy in the eyes of a poor mother, nor the grasp of an honest man's hand, when one has enabled him to wait till he gets work. We are all of us subject, unfortunately, to movements

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of *brusquerie* and haughtiness toward our inferiors ; but there are few men so wanting in delicacy as to speak harshly to the poor man whom they have relieved, to forget that an alms commits the donor and closes his lips forever to anything that might seem like a reproach to the recipient."

Brave and gentle knight of charity that he was, Ozanam's Christian chivalry has inspired millions of Catholic men, young and old, to devote themselves quietly to deeds of beneficence according to the measure of their means and talents. To every part of the world he has been the means of communicating some new impulse of divine charity in men, who, simple as doves, without any law, permissible or unpermissible, of secrecy save that which bids us let the right hand hide its alms from the left, without any salary, and without any ulterior worldly or selfish motive, have learned to know the only Catholic sense of the word fraternity and live accordingly. More than all the mutually benevolent organizations among laymen Catholic or non-Catholic, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul has kept alive the spirit of faith and of real charity in these latter days, and proved itself to be the best aid to the clergy in organizing and managing their parishes. All this has been done without ostentation or proselytism, without withdrawing its members from their domestic or other duties. So much have the poor been aided and Catholics generally edified by its ministrations, that it may be considered a mark of heaven's blessing to have at least one member of the household a good member of it.

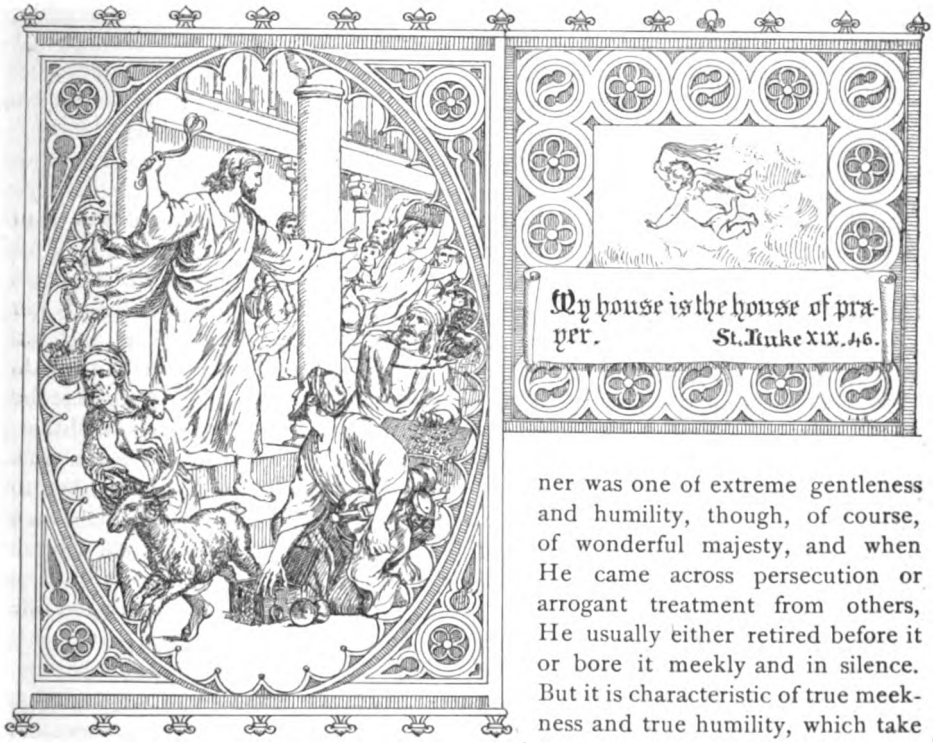
It is our duty then to pray that its members increase, its conferences multiply, and grow in the knowledge and observance of their rules, and find always in their ministrations the blessings bestowed on them that give as well as on them that receive.

BENONI.

By Rev. C. W. Barraud, S.J.

CAUSE of our joy, of all our joy thou art,
O blessed among women ! 'Twas thy word,
The humble *fiat* of thy humble heart,
Made thee for us the Mother of our Lord,
Of Him who on this sterile earth outpoured
The saving deluge of His blood, once pent
Within thy virgin veins, and through the rent
In His dear side scattered the treasure stored
Of God's best graces. Cause of all our joy !
How have we paid thee for His love and thine?
Have we brought joy to thee? Sweet Mother, no.
Call us Benoni, cause of all thy woe,
Children of sorrow. Help us to destroy
All that can make our Mother's heart repine.

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ZEAL FOR GOD'S HOUSE.

And the pasch of the Jews was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem:

And He found in the temple them that sold oxen, and sheep, and doves, and the changers of money sitting.

And when He had made, as it were, a scourge of little cords, He drove them all out of the temple, the sheep also, and the oxen, and the money of the changers He poured out, and the tables He overthrew.

And to them that sold doves He said: Take these things hence, and make not the house of my Father a house of traffic.

And His disciples remembered that it was written: The zeal of Thy house hath eaten me up.

The action of our Lord was in itself an act of zeal, as the Evangelist tells us by his quotations from the Psalms, and of no ordinary zeal, but of such as corresponds to the strong expression, "The zeal of Thy house hath eaten Me up," taken entire possession of Me, made me wholly its own. Our Lord's ordinary manner was one of extreme gentleness and humility, though, of course, of wonderful majesty, and when He came across persecution or arrogant treatment from others, He usually either retired before it or bore it meekly and in silence. But it is characteristic of true meekness and true humility, which take no thought for their own credit or dignity, to be set on fire when the honor of God or anything that belongs to Him is concerned, and then the firmness, vigor, courage and boldness of action which such persons show are far stronger and more irresistible in their effects than the impetuosity and audacity of persons of lesser virtue.

Every Christian is bound to be like a lion in the defence of the honor of God, and we see in the histories of the martyrs many instances in which the naturally gentlest and weakest of human beings have either borne incredible tortures with the most wonderful constancy, or have been as free and bold in speech and conduct, rebuking the persecutors or insulting the false divinities to whom they were commanded to offer sacrifice, as it the whole power of the world had been at their feet instead of being arrayed against them. And we find the same courage in the meekest saints when they once determine on active attacks on what is wrong or dishonorable to God. It is so with all true zeal.—*Father Coleridge.*

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AN INCIDENT OF MINING LIFE.

AN example of the value of little things is given in a narrative of a member of the League in Utah. The moral lies in the courage of a good act undertaken even at the expense of ridicule, although in this instance the reverse of ridicule was the effect of the pious deed.

A Mr. X——, who lives at Salt Lake City, expended quite a sum of money attempting to develop some property in a mining camp in the western part of the state, with indifferent success, but ever hopeful of retrieving his losses and ultimately securing large returns from his investment. Once and sometimes twice a year he left Salt Lake for the mining camp, spending a couple of days and sometimes a week among a people who occupy their leisure largely in lawless frolic —a community where the name of God is never pronounced except in blasphemy.

On one of these occasions, along with a revolver in one pocket Mr. X—— carried a rosary beads in the other. Mr. X—— is a Catholic and a member of the League of the Sacred Heart in Salt Lake. He had no object in view other than the one which connected him with the mining property, and the beads were deposited in his pocket just as they lay in every pious Catholic's pocket. But they proved a valuable weapon for Christ's Kingdom, more potent than the deadly revolver carried for personal protection.

The only place for the accommodation of travelers in this isolated place was conducted by a man and woman who lived together without wedlock, but such conditions make little difference in most mining camps. Dissipation and vice had rendered the features of the woman repulsive, and the slums of cities could present no stronger picture of sin than the one borne out by this terror of the camp, for she swore, drank and shot like any desperado.

Mr. X—— observed none of these traits in Mary--every one called her Mary—when he visited camp, and was inclined to discredit half the stories told concerning the woman. At any rate she concealed her real character so well that, discovering that Mary had been at one time a Catholic, Mr. X—— led her to talk on incidents of her past life, when she was virtuous and attended church regularly in St. Paul. But as soon as X—— left, Mary renewed her old life of dissipation.

On the night in question Mr. X—— lay awake in Mary's cabin, pondering over the miracles wrought by prayer and faith in the Sacred Heart, but in this woman's case redemption seemed impossible. So at least thought X——, who, although a Catholic, was confronted with the doubts of a man of the world.

Upon a sudden his mind dwelt upon the rosary beads in his pocket, and thereupon memory was ransacked for examples of the efficacy of prayer to the Mother of God, or through some trifling act done in her honor. He would give the beads to Mary. No. That would be almost sacrilegious. The woman would take them, no doubt; thank him for the gift, just as she would thank him for any bauble, and when he left next morning would show them to her companions in camp, and laughingly relate how they came into her possession.

With such reasoning X—— quieted his conscience. It was all very well to be a member of the League in Salt Lake, and to repeat his beads in the church, or in his own house, but now he was in a mining camp, and he must "take people as he found them." He was a business man, and business men are sensitive to ridicule. So he dismissed the

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good thought and Mary from his mind, and fell asleep.

In the morning, however, the good impulse united to the worldly restraint returned to plague him. Four or five times he ran his hand into his pocket for the beads, resolved on accomplishing the pious act, and as many times he faltered in the resolution. In this mood of indecision, he bade farewell to Mary, leaped into the wagon that would convey him from the camp, and the horses started down the road.

Now more than ever the faith of the Catholic came to his aid to rebuke him. Would he cowardly leave a soul to perish because of the opinions of a mining camp? Out upon such tepid faith! The horses were turned around and in a short time X——was once again at the cabin standing beside Mary, the beads in his hand.

There was no sermonizing, no attempt at exhortation, nothing but a few words of explanation that ran along like this:

"Mary, you have been a Catholic. You know that I am one. Both of us are sinners and need God's help. His blessed mother will intercede for us if we pray to her. Christ raised up Magdalen, and so He will raise you up. Take these beads, Mary, and look at them occasionally if they remind you of better days When you are in distress or have the blues, and I know you have them at times, get out the beads and say just one Hail Mary, and I know you will feel better." Then the miner's instinct came to the front aided by the surroundings, and he added: "The beads may bring you luck, Mary. Take them, and may God bless you."

All this time the woman looked alternately from the beads to the face of the man addressing her, and when he concluded she took the rosary and, without saying a word, burst into tears.

A month afterwards X—— received a letter from a man in his employ at the camp, giving the details of a terrible fight in the settlement, in which Mary and a desperado were the central figures. X—— recalled the rosary incident, the petition he sent into the League, and gave up all hope of Mary's redemption. He began to be a doubter himself.

God's ways are mysterious. This is what happened in that camp only a short time ago:

X—— was again there. Mary recovering from an illness but with a countenance almost transfigured, was propped up in a rude rocking-chair, with the beads in her hands. A girl just reaching the age when she would naturally fall a victim to the vice of the place, also had a pair of beads given her by X—— that night. These three were the sole occupants of the cabin.

"Mary," began X——, "I have spent all the money I have earned in four years in a venture in this camp. The chances are that I will never get a penny of it back. But if all the money I spent and all that others spent were heaped together, and if every pound of ore that lies in these mountains were taken out and placed on the pile, it would be nothing to the loss of a soul, to the loss of your soul."

"Nothing," replied Mary, "nothing. I pray God you may have luck, Mr. X——, but I am afraid you will be disappointed. But luck or no luck, in my heart I believe Almighty God sent you into this camp."

"Mary, can you remember if a prayer was ever offered up in this camp?"

"The name of God has never been spoken out in this place except in curses," replied the woman.

"Then in the name of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, let us begin our work here by kneeling and repeating the rosary."

And for the first time in that wilderness the Mother of God was invoked and the name of Jesus pronounced in oral prayer. Mary and the young girl are enrolled in the League of the Sacred Heart, a lost soul is reclaimed, and the faith of a Catholic has been strengthened.

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Litany of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.*

F. M. DE ZULUETA, S.J.



* *The answers throughout the Litany may be sung by Congregation in unison instead of by Choir in harmony. In accompanying Choir parts, the Organist will effect a sustained accompaniment by binding together notes of the same pitch. See first Choir answer for illustration.*





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Heart of Jesus, hypostatically united to the *Word of God*,
Heart of Jesus, Infinite *in majesty*,

Heart of Jesus, Holy *Temple of God*,
Heart of Jesus, Tabernacle of the *Most High*,

Heart of Jesus, House of God and *Gate of heaven*,
Heart of Jesus, glowing furnace *of charity*,

Heart of Jesus, abode of *justice and love*,
Heart of Jesus, full of kindness *and love*,

Heart of Jesus, a-*byss of all virtues*,
Heart of Jesus, most worthy of *all praise*,

Heart of Jesus, King and *centre of all hearts*,
Heart of Jesus, wherein are all the treasures of wisdom *and knowledge*,

Heart of Jesus, wherein abides the fulness *of the Godhead*,
Heart of Jesus, in Which the Father was *well pleased*,

Heart of Jesus, of whose fulness we have *all received*,
Heart of Jesus, desire of the e-*ternal hills*,

Heart of Jesus, patient and a-*bounding in mercy*,
Heart of Jesus, rich unto all that *call upon Thee*,

Have mercy on us.

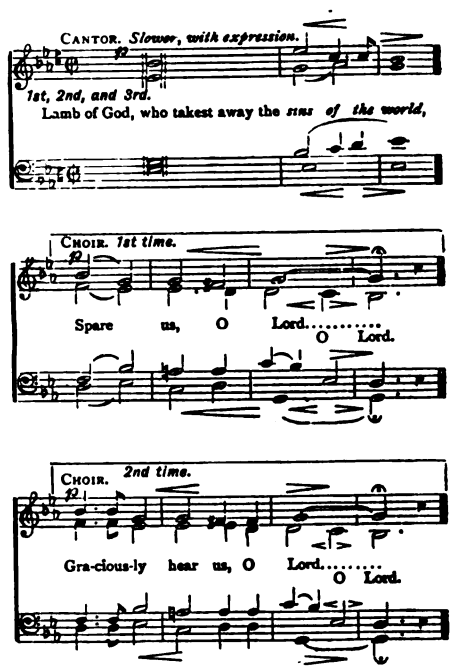


Heart of Jesus, *Victim of Sin*,
Heart of Jesus, Salvation of all who *trust in Thee*,

Heart of Jesus, Hope of all who *die in Thee*,
Heart of Jesus, delight of *all Saints*,

Have mercy on us.





Heart of Jesus, Atonement for *our iniquities*,
Heart of Jesus, glutted *with reproaches*,
Heart of Jesus, *bruised for our sins*,
Heart of Jesus, made obedient *unto death*,
Heart of Jesus, *pierced by the lance*,
Heart of Jesus, source of all *consolation*,

Have mercy on us.

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THE POPE AND DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

A LETTER FROM HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL MAZZELLA, TO THE BISHOPS OF THE WORLD, THANKING THEM IN HIS HOLINESS' NAME FOR THEIR ZEAL IN BEHALF OF THIS DEVOTION.

MOST REVEREND SIR:

It ever affords me pleasure to communicate to the Church's rulers her Supreme Pastor's wishes. But in the present instance this feeling grows. It now devolves on me to acquaint each of the bishops with the measure of satisfaction derived by our Most Holy Father Leo XIII., from the promulgation of his late encyclical, solemnly consecrating the whole of mankind to the Most Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ. His Holiness is aware of the good will and unanimity with which that letter was received by pastors and flock alike, and of the readiness and zeal with which its recommendations were put into effect.

Our Holy Father himself was indeed the first to set the example. At the Vatican, in the Chapel of Paul V., he ordained a period of prayer, to offer and consecrate the whole wide world to the Divine Heart of Jesus Following in his footsteps, the people of Rome flocked in great numbers to the patriarchal and lesser Basilicas, to the city churches, and to almost every private place of worship, and there repeated the solemn Act of Consecration, with one voice, making its sentiments their own.

Since then, letters are come from all sides and still come, with tidings that the same solemn rite of consecration has been enacted with the same show of zeal and devotion in every diocese, yea, in nearly every single church, not of Italy or Europe alone, but of countries far distant and widely separated. For the

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unanimity displayed by the whole Catholic world, in this hearty cooperation with the desires and wishes of the Supreme Father of all, much praise is certainly due the holy Bishops, who by word and example, marked out and showed the way for their people in this regard. Wherefore, in obedience to the express wish of the Sovereign Pontiff, I sincerely congratulate in his name and thank your Lordship and every laborer in the vineyard working under your jurisdiction for the salvation of souls.

As our Most Holy Father plainly states in the same encyclical letter, he is full of a confiding hope that rich and abundant fruit will accrue from the sublime act of homage, not only to each of the faithful in particular, but to the whole believing body in general, yea, to mankind at large, and we unite our hopes with his. We are all thoroughly well persuaded of the crying needs of our own times. Faith, already on the verge of utter loss, must be set on a new basis of activity. Charity of the right kind must be kindled to the burning point. Passion, already exulting in its strength, must be reined and checked. Morality is daily wasting away with disease, and some remedy must be speedily applied. Everyone should have at heart the subjection of human society to the gentle sway of the Lord Christ, the acknowledgment and the recognition, by even civil authority, of His royal right vested in Him by Almighty God over every tribe and every people. Thus-wise shall the Church of Christ, His Kingdom, become more and more widespread, and enjoy a fuller measure of that freedom and peace so indispensably necessary for winning new and greater triumphs. To this end we must aim our every endeavor, that the uncounted and heavy wrongs, daily done the Divine Majesty by wicked and ungrateful men throughout the world, may be compensated and atoned for by the piety and devotion of God's faithful few.

And yet, that the hope now moving in our bosom may daily gather strength, that the good seed just sown may blossom full and yield a rich harvest, it is supremely important to make this recent increase of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Our Redeemer lasting and foster it unceasingly. For unfailing fidelity to the practice of prayer must, if I may so speak, do violence to the Sweet Heart of Jesus, and oblige Him to open wide the floodgates of that grace He so ardently desires to pour down upon the faithful, a desire time and time again manifested to Blessed Margaret Mary, the child of His special love.

Wherefore the Sovereign Pontiff, with me for spokesman and interpreter of his will, strongly urges your Lordship and the other bishops of the Catholic world to vigorously promote the work so auspiciously begun, to devise and decree whatever measures may seem, according to circumstances of place and time, best suited to accomplish the desired results.

The Holy Father especially commends the custom, already in vogue in many churches, of paying special and public worship to the Divine Heart throughout the month of June. To encourage the faithful he opens the treasury of the Church and grants to them an indulgence of three hundred days every time they attend these exercises. He besides grants a plenary indulgence to such as assist at these exercises at least ten times during the month.

His Holiness likewise views with interest the wider growth of that highly commendable and already common practice of setting apart the first Friday of every month for various acts of piety in honor of the Sacred Heart, such as the public recitation of the Litany lately approved by himself and the renewal of the formula of consecration penned by his own hand. If this practice once grows to be a custom with Christian people it will prove a lasting and repeated acknowledgment of that divine and kingly right which Christ received from His Father over all mankind, which He purchased at the cost of His own most precious

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Blood. And God Himself, appeased by these offices of love, rich as He is in mercy and wonderfully prone to heap men with benefits, must forget their wickedness and embrace them, not only as faithful subjects, but as friends and fond children.

Our Holy Father, besides, earnestly desires to have the youth of the land, such especially as devote themselves to the study of the arts and sciences, gathered into the religious bodies so widely known as societies or sodalities of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. These sodalities are made up of chosen young men, who spontaneously hand in their names and at a fixed hour on a fixed day of the week assemble in their rooms or the church or the college chapel, under the guidance of a priest, to there perform with devotion certain works of piety in honor of the Sacred Heart. If every good work done in His Holy Name by the faithful is pleasing and grateful to the Redeemer, favors of this kind certainly sit closest to His Heart, because they proceed from the tenderness of innocent children. We can hardly measure with words the advantages sure to accrue from such practices, to youth's period of life. A careful study of God's own heart, a deeper insight into His virtues and His unspeakable love, must necessarily operate to check the rebellious and dangerous passions of the young, and add new strength to the assiduous practice of virtue. These sodalities can likewise be established and fostered among young men belonging to Catholic clubs of whatever kind.

For the rest, the pious exercises above referred to are nowhere made obligatory by our Holy Father. He leaves everything to the prudence and wise tact of the bishops, in whose zeal and good-will he has the utmost confidence. This one thing he desires, that everywhere among God's people devotion to the Sacred Heart of the Lord Christ may unceasingly flourish and grow.

In the meantime, I sincerely pray for your Lordship's unending happiness.

Your Lordship's Brother,

C. Bishop of Præneste

CARDINAL MAZZELLA,

Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

From Rome: The Sacred Congregation of Rites, July 21, 1899:

D. PANICI, Secretary.

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EDITORIAL.

A SALUTARY CEREMONY.

In calling on the faithful to consecrate the world to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Sovereign Pontiff is not exceeding the bounds of his jurisdiction, nor is he asking us to join in a futile ceremony. As successor of St. Peter, and Vicar of Christ, the nations of the earth are his inheritance, and the utmost ends of the earth his possessions. He is chiefly responsible for the fulfilment of the charge, to teach all nations in virtue of the infinite power belonging to Christ. Hence he feels responsible for the pagan still in darkness as well as for the heretic strayed from the light. He looks upon them as children groping for the light, as babes still unborn into the supernatural world. In consecrating them as well as ourselves to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we are not performing any idle ceremony, since, besides professing our belief in Christ's supreme power over all mankind, we are also like parents or sponsors showing our solicitude for their baptism, or regeneration as children of Christ's Church.

HOW OUR BISHOPS REGARD IT.

That this consecration is no idle ceremony is clear from the pastoral letters addressed by so many of our Archbishops and Bishops to the clergy and the faithful when announcing the receipt of the Pope's letter and determining the dates for Triduum and Consecration. "It is evident," writes the Most Rev. Archbishop of San Francisco, "that this consecration, decreed by the universal charity of the Vicar of Christ for the eternal welfare of the human family, will rather make for the condemnation of men if they wilfully turn away from the great graces it offers them. Upon the children of the household of the faith lies the obligation of corresponding, first of all, with the summons to draw near to that Divine Heart, which yearns to draw near to them. By so doing they will obtain special blessings for themselves and win, moreover, from that Heart, which is the overflowing fountain of all grace, more abundant and efficacious help for those outside the fold to hear the life-giving voice of the Son of God speaking through His representative on earth. The faithful, therefore, are affectionately exhorted in the Lord to attend the exercises of the Triduum with the utmost diligence, to purify their souls in the Sacrament of Penance so as to be fit to receive the favors God desires to shower upon them, and let each one give, on the day of consecration, the pledge of his individual homage to the Sacred Heart of Jesus by receiving his Saviour and King in the adorable Sacrament of Love."

The Right Reverend Bishop of Nashville recommends the same. The day appointed for the consecration in his diocese, the Feast of the Most Pure Heart of our Blessed Lady, suggests to him to frame his exhortation in this way: "We therefore request all pastors

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to have their entire parish, men, women and children, prepare by a good confession of their sins, to go to Holy Communion on the morning of the Feast of the Most Pure Heart of our Blessed Lady, so that with blessing of the Immaculate Mother upon them they may, in the evening, pledge their love, their loyalty and their lives to the Divine Son, and be forever true and devoted subjects, sons and daughters of the Great King."

The Right Reverend Bishop of Albany earnestly exhorts pastors and people to join during the Triduum in solemn acts of thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for all the blessings conferred upon the world during the century now drawing to a close ; and in the true spirit of devotion to the Sacred Heart, "to make acts of reparation to the Sacred Heart for their own sins and for the crimes committed by mankind during the past one hundred years."

The Rt. Bishop of Covington writes : "This solemn action of the Holy Father is in striking keeping with the many efforts made during his glorious reign to bring about unity of faith as well as more earnestness of practice among the children of the Church, and more apostolic zeal in the daily work of the clergy."

The Right Reverend Bishop of Cleveland, after a careful explanation of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, interprets the Act of Consecration, written by the Holy Father, in words that appeal to every Associate of the Apostolship of Prayer : "'Thy kingdom come' is our daily prayer. God grant that this dawning twentieth century may behold the restoration of that Kingdom of God ; that those who are separated from us may return to the bosom of their holy mother, the Church ; that that Kingdom may be extended amongst those who are still sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death."

THE AGE, ITS EVILS AND REMEDY.

Following these pastorals on the consecration of the world to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, comes another letter from the Congregation of Rites, inspired, if not written, by the Holy Father, and sent by his direction, to all the Bishops of the Church. In clear and simple terms, it sets forth the evils of our age. "Faith, already on the verge of destruction, must be restored with new activity. Charity of the right kind must be kindled to the burning point. Passion already exulting in its strength must be reined in and checked. Morality is daily wasting away with disease, and some remedy must be speedily applied. Everyone should have at heart the subjection of human society to the gentle sway of Christ our Lord, the acknowledgment and the recognition even by civil society of His royal right vested in Him by Almighty God over every tribe and every people." And the remedy is so simple. It is to bring men directly to Christ, to point out to them the symbol of His love, the Heart that manifests to them all He is in Himself, divine and human, and all He is for them, a Saviour as well as Lord. How unlike the fanciful suggestions and theories of the speculators and agitators, who are at present striving to litter some of our Catholic newspapers and secular magazines with their schemes for the reform of the Church and its members ! Would that they might apply the remedy to themselves and become simple enough to submit their views to Christ and their hearts also to Him, and recognize, once for all, that it is the world or the age, as they call it, needs conformity itself to Christ and His Church.

ANOTHER RESPONSE.

The following letter in response to the Pope's encyclical on "Americanism," has been given to the press by the prelates of the Cincinnati province :

May 18, 1899.

MOST HOLY FATHER ;

We, the Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of Cincinnati, assembled in Cincinnati for our yearly meeting,

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take this occasion of thanking Your Holiness for your timely and Apostolic letter, "Testem benevolentiæ," addressed to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and, through him, to all the Bishops of the United States. The errors you therein condemn were calculated to work great harm to souls. Your Apostolic letter, with its lucid explanation of Catholic truth, will, we feel confident, end all future misunderstanding. "Roma locuta est; causa finita est!". Our good people are strong in the faith and ever loyal to the Holy See. In our own name and that of our clergy and flocks, we give you the hearty assurance that we all approve of what Your Holiness approves, we condemn what you condemn. We make our own what you have communicated to us in your letter, "Testem benevolentiæ," and accept it exactly in that sense in which Your Holiness wishes it to be understood. We are proud indeed of our country and its glorious Constitution; but we all realize that our faith, our religion, our morals, our spirituality, all depend on the infallible guidance of Him to whom was said: "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." We also recognize the fact that the better Catholics we are, the better Americans we shall be.

Thanking you again, Most Holy Father, for your solicitude for our spiritual welfare and your Apostolic vigilance for the purity of the faith here in the United States; beseeching God to restore you to full health and strength for the benefit of the Universal Church, we prostrate ourselves at the feet of Your Holiness and beg for ourselves, our Clergy, our Religious, and all our flocks, your Apostolic Benediction.

WILLIAM HENRY ELDER,
Archbishop of Cincinnati.

WILLIAM GEORGE,
Bishop of Louisville.

HENRY JOSEPH,
Bishop of Grand Rapids.

CAMILLUS PAUL,
Bishop of Covington.

JOHN SAMUEL,
Bishop of Detroit.

IGNATIUS FREDERICK,
Bishop of Cleveland.

Absent on account of ill health: The Rt. Rev. Bishops of Indianapolis and of Fort Wayne; at Rome, Rt. Rev. Bishop of Nashville.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

One of the first acts of the new Archbishop of Oregon, Most Rev. Alexander Christie, D.D., has been to issue a circular letter calling upon his flock to support the Catholic press, and more particularly the diocesan organ, the *Catholic Sentinel*. This letter, which also bears the signature of Bishop Brondel of Helena, Bishop Glorieux of Boise and Bishop O'Dea of Nesqually, gives the following, among other reasons, for this appeal: "While the growth of the Church has also been in a great measure steady and solid and in keeping with her surroundings, yet the Catholics have not wielded the influence, their number and intelligence warrant, owing, in a great measure, to the want of a more forcible and fearless exponent of the doctrines, rights, and privileges of the Church. * * * Few, if any, have an adequate idea of the amount of time, thought, labor and expense required to maintain a paper, and fewer still realize and appreciate the loss that the abandonment of such an organ would mean to the Church in this portion of the Lord's vineyard. * * * * The Catholic press of to-day must, according to the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, be thoroughly Catholic, instructive, edifying—not one that will be, while Catholic in name and pretense, non-Catholic in tone and spirit, disrespectful to constituted authority, or biting or uncharitable to Catholic brethren. It is not necessary for this that it should be a prayer-book, but should deal with all subjects, secular, political, religious. Without being offensive it should be

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firm, fearless, and aggressive, if need be. Error is bold and aggressive; truth should not be less so. * * * * *

"Aside from the reasons already mentioned for the necessity of a generous support of the Catholic press, we might well add this other important one, that our people are passionately given to reading. They must have something to read. They will accept the good if they know it and it is offered to them; otherwise they will accept the bad, which is always at hand. There is no lack of books, periodicals and newspapers of countless variety, but how many of them are fit to be read; how many, on the contrary, are not positively bad and pernicious and notoriously immoral? There is no crime so horrible, no vice so foul as to prevent a minute account of it being published. Reporters display almost incredible enterprise and ingenuity in endeavoring to excel each other in minuteness of disgusting and shameful details. The most debasing and inhuman crimes are advertised in the conspicious columns, the most shameless libels against our Church and faith are frequently perpetrated by bigoted and prejudiced authors and editors. Then there are the miserable, sensational and illustrated sheets of the yellow cover variety, as they are called, compared with which the yellow fever, cholera and small-pox are as nothing, and yet there is no quarantine against them.

"The demand which exists for such garbage speaks badly for the moral sense and intellectual training of those who read them. If we wish to preserve our minds pure and our souls in the state of grace, we must make it a firm and steady principle of conduct never to touch them. It is the mission of the Catholic press to stem this tide of sin and corruption that bids fair to inundate the land, to keep back error from acquiring a sort of established right over the souls of men; in a word, to impede the definite triumph of ungodliness and prevent injustice from gaining a complete victory. For these reasons principally we call upon the clergy and laity of this extensive province to aid us all they can in building up and supporting a Catholic journal. Let the clergy act as agents to introduce the *Sentinel* into every Catholic home. Let them, from time to time, speak from the pulpit of the importance of the Catholic press. Let the laity, the fathers and mothers of families encourage this great good work by becoming subscribers of the paper, and with united and courageous effort the *Catholic Sentinel* will grow in power and influence and take its place in the foremost ranks of Catholic journalism."

The practical suggestions here made as to the active interest to be taken by both clergy and laity in spreading a Catholic weekly may be applied to all other Catholic periodicals. The fact is that it is not always indifference to Catholic literature that accounts for the comparatively small number of subscribers, but that in many places the very existence of good Catholic papers is unknown to the people. "Happening to run across, for the first time a copy of your publication" is an expression occuring more than once in the letters of new subscribers, while only recently there came to us from a large and to a great extent Catholic city, a request to send the name of some representative Catholic paper. With mention and recommendation made from the pulpit as suggested by Archbishop Christie, such a state of affairs would be impossible.

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The National Penitentiary at Lima, Peru, according to a correspondent in the *Chicago Record*, is a splendid exemplification of the power of religion over criminals. Referring to the impressive ceremonies attending the administering of confirmation to fifteen Chinese converts and one American, he tells us how carefully their spiritual welfare is provided for by the barefooted Franciscan Friars. Each day's work is begun by morning prayers in the handsome circular-shaped chapel, whose altar would do credit to any church. Over the arched entrance of each corridor and workshop are inscribed in large letters the words: "Silence, Obedience, Industry," which are the sum and substance of the prison regulations. The Chinese convicts are attended by priests of their own race, and there is a separate prison for women in charge of the Sisters of Charity. The prisoners work at the various trades, and as they are paid for their labor, each has on his discharge a considerable sum of money, wherewith to begin life anew in the ways of honesty and peace.

On August 15, Mother Mary Theophilia, on her seventieth birthday, celebrated the Golden Jubilee of her religious profession, at the Charles Street Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Baltimore, Md. She had left Munich with nine companions on January 25, 1848, to devote herself to the American Missions, and of four novices who pronounced their vows on the Feast of the Assumption following, she is now the only survivor. Mother Theophilia was for nine years Mother Provincial of the Eastern Province of her Congregation.

The Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars has addressed a letter to the Bishops in whose dioceses there exist Communities of Ursuline Nuns, asking their opinion on the proposed union of all the Ursulines under one Mother General. This is another step in the Pope's great plan to increase the efficiency and strengthen the position of the various religious Orders.

A National Congress of the Third Order of St. Francis was recently held in Brussels. Its proceedings were marked by the greatest earnestness and enthusiasm, especially on the part of the laity. Within the past two years, 113 new confraternities have been established, with members recruited from every rank and state in the kingdom.

Sister Teresa Hickey, an Irish member of the Congregation of the Apostolines, has received from King Leopold, of Belgium, the civic medal of the first class. The particular act of heroism which called for this public recognition was her ministering alone and unaided save by two priests to the epidemic-stricken people of Oordegem in Flanders.

Two remarkable wills have lately borne testimony to the deep Catholic spirit of the testators, and carry us back in spirit to the good old days when so many a knight and noble made the Church the heir of his whole estate. The Honorable B. A. T. de Montigny, a former judge of the Recorder's Court of Montreal, passed to his reward on the Feast of the Assumption, dying, as he expressed the wish in the opening sentence of his will,

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on a day dedicated to our Lady. His continuous and active charity during life left the inheritance to be handed down to his children very small, but the sentiments with which these bequests are accompanied are worthy of record. After directing that his funeral be of the humblest kind and his body be dressed in the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis and covered with a pall bearing the crucifix and his Papal kepi, the will continues: "I recommend to my children, as the secret of their happiness, to govern themselves according to the rules of the Catholic Religion. God submitted me during life to sufferings in body and soul; I ask pardon of all whom I may have offended or hurt, as I forgive with all my heart all who may have contributed or wished to make me suffer, because they were but the instruments of the God of mercies, who granted me the signal privilege of never having been wanting in my duty without being severely punished. I die comparatively poor and my heirs will have to submit necessarily to the laws of labor, which become light and even agreeable when religiously accepted, as are all burdens when properly borne. . . . To assist them as best I can to support life, I ask of those who are charged with the execution of my last will to give to those of my children who have not yet received it at the time of my death, the best possible Christian education, in keeping with the means I leave." He then asks that those who write his obituary notice should make special mention of the religious societies to which he belonged, adding, "My children and my friends, if they love me sincerely, will have more consolation in learning that I belonged to these phalanxes of prayer rather than to clubs of amusement, all which, however, I do not blame."

The second will is that of Mr. Timothy Riordan, of Baltimore, Md. In bequeathing upwards of $30,000 to various charitable and educational institutions, he makes the following declaration: "God has prospered my undertakings, and I recognize the possession of wealth to be a sacred trust, and I wish first, to give to the poor who are cared for by the holy religious who manage these institutions. They give their time, and I regard it as a special privilege to give my money to carry out their good work. That no one may question my right to make this disposition of my money, I state the simple truth when I declare that my fortune is the outcome of a frugal and laborious life, and my pleasure is to place it where it may do the most good. First, to God's poor; secondly, to his suffering and afflicted ones in the hospital; and lastly, but not least, I desire to give liberally to the institutions of learning, where young men are trained and educated for God's holy ministry, knowing as I do that on them and their ministrations depend the very first interests of our moral and social life."

"My pleasure is to place it where it may do the most good," is also the keynote of the bequests amounting to nearly a quarter of a million made to Catholic institutions by a certain agnostic, Mr. Benoist, but of course we look in vain in his will for the supernatural and meritorious motives contained in Mr Riordan's last testament.

The Annual Conference and Golden Jubilee celebration of the Catholic Young Men's Societies of Great Britain, opened at Liverpool, August 6, was, in the number and character of the papers read, a noteworthy event. "The Pope, the Angel of Peace, the Attitude of the Church toward Natural Science, the Decay of Reverence, Catholics and Public Life," were some of their titles, and the whole proceedings of the conference go to show the important part that may be played by the Catholic laity in the social and religious life of a nation.

Of special interest in connection with the General Intention for this month was another Annual Reunion, that of the

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English Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, held in London July 22 and 23, under the presidency of the Marquis of Ripon. Two papers dealing with the question of caring for the boys show the prominence that is being given to this field of the Society's labors, a prominence emphasized by an address made by the distinguished president at a subsequent date before the Liverpool Conferences. "There is one subject on which he would like to say a few words; he thought it was a matter that ought to engage the very special attention of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. He meant the work of the Society among boys, and especially youths—those who were leaving boyhood and entering upon business life. The fundamental work of the Society was the visiting of the poor, but second to that, and to be carried on side by side was that of doing what they could to aid, guard and assist the young lads when they were just entering upon the most critical and trying period of their lives."

The First Annual Report of Club No. 3 of the Catholic Boys Association, New York, an organization whose inception is due to some members of the St. Francis Xavier's conference of St. Vincent de Paul, gives evidence that the American Vincentians are not behind their English brothers in the work so highly praised by the Marquis of Ripon. The Club has a membership of over 500 boys. No dues are charged, membership tickets being issued, which are good till cancelled by bad behavior. At the end of each month prizes are given for proficiency and good conduct, and from time to time entertainments are given. Many of the boys belong to the Apostleship of Prayer, and make the monthly Communion of Reparation. Every month a circular letter is sent to each individual reminding him of the approach of the first Friday; "that the boys will go to Holy Communion in a body at such a Mass, at such a church (the church most convenient for all) and that they should meet five minutes before Mass in the vestibule of the church to put on their Badges." Badges, Certificates of Admission, etc , are the gift of St. Francis Xavier's Centre.

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Sometime ago the committee charged with the erection of the National Basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, France, appealed for the sum of $3,200 to complete the dome of the new edifice. Within a month $8,000 was contributed by the ever generous French Catholics.

The Centenary of St. Michael's Church, Loretto, Pa., founded by the saintly Father Gallitzin and for many years the centre of his apostolic labors in western and central Pennsylvania, will be suitably celebrated on September 29. A special feature of the exercises will be the unveiling of a life-sized bronze statue of the Prince and Priest, the gift of Mr. C. M. Schwab, President of the Carnegie Stee Company. Father Gallitzin is represented as he is best remembered by the oldest parishioners, wearing his cassock, and his head covered by a skull-cap, a cane in his right hand, and his breviary in the left.

In the beginning of August a touching spectacle was witnessed at Marseilles. Forty young priests of the Society of Foreign Missions embarked for China. One thousand one hundred and seven members of this same Society are at present engaged in the Far East; they are assisted in their labors by 584 native priests, making in all more than 1,500 missionaries. They all enjoy the active protection of France, for while French statesmen are persecuting religious communities at home, they are not unwilling to gather the fruits of their influence abroad.

An act of the State Council of France is changing the conditions of the conflict ever alive in France directed against

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religious congregations. By this act the State is authorized to deal separately with single communities. The minister is empowered to dispense with the law of special taxation, in the case of such communities as devote themselves to the service of the poor, when the application of the law would be particularly odious. He keeps, however, what is considered his right, to apply the law to other communities.

The motive of this inconsistency lies in the fact that the religious bodies, devoted to works of corporal mercy, disdained to beg for the dispensation which, they were insidiously told by the government, they would get for the mere asking. For they were made aware that by sending in such a petition, they would give the State just what it wanted, viz. a new pretext for despoiling the other religious bodies, and especially the contemplative and teaching Orders. In fact these Orders are excluded from the possibility of obtaining the dispensation by the very nature of the condition, which applies only to Congregations devoted to works of corporal mercy. And yet the men who forged the iniquitous laws against the teaching Orders would have been the first to cry out against their stubborn and rebellious spirit, for not asking a dispensation which other communities could and had asked without a stain to their conscience.

Last month the *Vera Roma* received the following information from St. Petersburg: Fr. Alexis Zertchaninoff, a priest of the Russian Church, of the diocese of Nijni Novgorod, has been shut up for more than a year in the fortress of Sousdal, because he had manifested favorable dispositions towards Catholic union, and combatted the Protestant errors of certain writers of the Orthodox Church. This venerable priest, whose record for more than twenty-five years as pastor and missionary, is above all reproach, suffers persecution with his whole family solely for having shown too much sympathy for the Church of Rome.

The Protestant campaign in Austria may be regarded as having come to an inglorious end. No doubt the preachers, the German agents, and those who long to live under the sway of mighty Prussia, have not said their last word. But the fiasco of the whole scheme has dampened their spirits and reduced them to comparative quiet. Out of nine millions of German-speaking Austrians, three thousand at most fell away. Of these three thousand scarcely twelve hundred can be said to be responsible for their apostasy. The rest is made up of women who followed their husbands, of children who had no choice in the matter, of poor wretches without means of subsistence and unprincipled individuals ready to do anything for pay.

Moreover, the above twelve hundred were long ago fighting in the ranks of the Church's worst enemies; and by openly joining Protestantism, they merely wished to give to their hostility a more aggressive form. It would be difficult, if at all possible, to show that a single one of these apostates fell away from religious motives. In fact they themselves admit that their sole object was to keep up political agitation among the people.

Bishop Blenk, of Porto Rico, has appealed to the Catholics of the United States for aid for the sufferers from the recent hurricanes in his island diocese. "Porto Rico is Catholic, and naturally looks henceforth to the Catholics of America. We all know that to relieve the unhappy and give aid to the needy is a distinctly Catholic virtue; to give relief in this cause is to join the highest type of patriotism to the fairest form of Christian charity. America is now in the island to gain the hearts of the people by kindness and sympathy, and the present is an exceptionally favorable moment to do so." A number of our bishops have directed collections to be taken up in the churches of their dioceses for this worthy object.

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The Convent and Orphanage of St. Agnes, in charge of the Dominican Sisters, at Sparkhill, N. Y., were burned to the ground on the morning of August 28th. Three lives were lost, and many persons seriously injured, but through the heroic self-sacrifice and courage of the Sisters, their young charges, numbering nearly three hundred and fifty, were conducted in safety from the burning buildings. Four of the Sisters, who remained at their post till the last, only escaped death by jumping from fourth-story windows.

The New York dailies have published a sensational account of the arrival in New York City of a party of young Irish girls on their way to enter the Novitiate of the Sisters of the Incarnate Word, at San Antonio, Texas, and told of the efforts made, however without success, by their friends to prevent them from carrying out their noble purpose. It may, therefore, be of interest to learn some details of their setting out from their native land, as narrated by the *New Era:*

The exercises of the Retreat usually given at this season of the year to the members of the Sodality of the Children Mary, at the Convent of the Sisters of Charity, Our Lady's Mount, Harold's Cross, was recently brought to a close, when an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Flavin, C.C., Chaplain to the Hospice. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, president of the Congregation of the Children of Mary, attended to receive fifty-two aspirants, and vest them with their medals and ribbons. The Retreat was given previous to the departure of a number of youthful missionaries who were about to go forth from their native land in order to spread in other countries that same strong Irish faith that made so many missionaries in the early ages of the Church and so many heroic martyrs in the times of persecution. Addressing the candidates his Grace exhorted them to pray for that greater and nobler mission with which the Sodality seems especially to have charged itself, and which is undoubtedly blessed by Almighty God—the sanctification of the spirit of those of its members whom God has called to this holy state. They should remember to be true to the marvellous missionary zeal, that it may never fail in its work. How many are there who have found there their true membership of the Sodality, who have heard and obeyed the call of God, and become members of the holy religious state? They are to be found in all parts of the world, and have long since come to be counted by the hundred. At the conclusion the Archbishop gave the fifty-two aspirants their medals and ribbons and received their vows to lead lives of purity and true Christian piety. Having imparted solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, his Grace gave his own blessing and farewell words to those who had chosen to follow the missionaries' path. In the unavoidable absence of his Grace, the Very Rev. Canon Fricker, P.P., Rathmines, celebrated the parting Mass in the Oratory of Our Lady's Mount, Harold's Cross, on the following Friday morning. On that evening the young travellers bade farewell to home and Ireland when they sailed from the North Wall bearing with them the love and good wishes of hundreds of their fellow-children of Mary assembled to see them off. At Greenock they boarded *The City of Rome*, bound for New York, where the good Sisters of the Incarnate Word never fail to welcome the exiles of the Erin and to conduct them with loving care to their novitiate home in San Antonio, Texas. Our young missionaries were at parting fortified by the blessing of their priests, who were the last to leave the steamer as she moved away.

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DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

The General Intention.

The general intention for this month, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and its works, is one that will elicit the most fervent prayers from every Associate for the welfare of this pious association. With even more fervor than we prayed last month against evil secret societies, should we pray this month for a society which is so thoroughly good, in its origin, motives, means, works, and fruits. The MESSENGER has always taken a particular interest in this society, because its work is one of the purest charity, the virtue which is chiefly cultivated by all who are devoted to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. When the *Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs*, now devoted exclusively to the interests of the shrine at Auriesville and the cause of the Martyrs, was issued as a supplement of the MESSENGER, a brief commentary on the Rule of the Vincentians was published in it. Now, at length, they have their own *Quarterly*, and an excellent publication it is, the contents of each number showing that there is none of the corporal works of mercy, and few of the spiritual, of which its members cannot treat with the superior intelligence which comes from experience illuminated by faith.

Cardinal Mazzella's Letter.

The Holy Father has been so much gratified with the enthusiasm with which the Bishops have received his letter decreeing the consecration of the world to the Sacred Heart of Jesus that he has directed His Eminence, Cardinal Mazzella, Prefect of the Congregation of Rites to address to them a letter, dated July 21, 1899, thanking them for their response to his own, congratulating them on the solemnity with which the consecration has been made, and recommending three things as very effectual in keeping alive the spirit of devotion which it had renewed. The month of June, as a month specially suited for public devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart, the practice, which has grown universal in the Church, of observing the First Friday as a day specially consecrated to the devotion, and the importance of inducing young men, especially those who are still in college, to unite together in societies whose special object is to honor the Sacred Heart. It is worthy of notice that the Cardinal speaks, as taken for granted, of the manifestations of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary, as does also the Holy Father in a letter lately written to the Bishop of Marseilles. We have seen some reports of sermons and letters lately, in which arguments were elaborate to justify and commend devotion to the Sacred Heart, as it is now practised in the Church, without even a mention of her, through whose mission and efforts it has become the popular devotion among the faithful.

The Young Men and our Apostleship.

There is little need to urge upon our Local Directors the observance of the First Friday. For most of them, at least in the cities, it is already like a special feast-day, so many of their parishioners approach the Sacraments and attend the morning or evening services on that day, and laborious as the day is, they know its fruits too well to think of discouraging their people from its observance. We must, however, urge upon every Director the importance of inducing the young men of their parish to become members of some association of the Sacred Heart. We

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have often had occasion to notice that many of them overlook young men entirely in establishing Centres of the League. They do not choose them for Promoters, nor do they take much trouble to see that they are enrolled as members. That the fault is not with the young men is clear from the facts that in several parishes there are flourishing Centres for men alone, and that several Directors who have taken the necessary trouble to get young and old men interested in the League testify that they make the best Promoters and Associates.

To Promoters.

Promoters will take the suggestion in the letter of the Cardinal Prefect of Rites published in this number, about First Friday observances, as one which concerns them in a special way. To them is due the large and constant attendance at the First Friday devotions; to them also is due the number of confessions and communions which make the day more like Sunday than any other; to them, therefore, it belongs, under the direction of their pastors, with this strong encouragement from the Holy See, to make the day what the Holy Father wishes it to be, a means of a monthly renewal in the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and a protestation of love and submission to Him as our King. Let all the Promoters induce every Associate of their band to do at least something on this day in honor of the Sacred Heart, if not to receive Holy Communion, at least to assist at Mass, or, if that be impossible, to attend the evening services, and, if that cannot be, to make a short visit to the church sometime during the day, or at least to read something about the Sacred Heart and say some special prayers at home, something special on this day of all others consecrated to the Divine Heart.

The Apostleship at Home and Abroad.

Canada.—On June 19th Archbishop Bruchési, of Montreal, issued a pastoral letter in connection with the Pope's Encyclical on the "Consecration of the World to the Sacred Heart." After expressing regret that due notice had not reached Canada in time to have the consecration take place on June 9th, and recalling the fact already chronicled in the Messenger that he had at the very beginning of his episcopate, when a pilgrim at Paray-le-Monial, consecrated himself and his whole diocese to the service of the Sacred Heart, the Bishop continues: "The wish that I expressed to you at the outset of my episcopate has been accomplished. You have responded to it with a zeal that we do not know how to praise sufficiently, and to-day we have the consolation to be able to declare that our diocese is certainly one in which the Sacred Heart is most honored. Are there not hundreds in the country parishes, and thousands in the larger parishes of Montreal who approach the Holy Table on the First Friday of each month? This day above all others has become a day of adoration, of reparation, and of thanksgiving. The faithful hasten from all sides to the Blessed Sacrament exposed upon our altars. This is the touching spectacle that is offered us on occasion of our visitation to city and mountain village. The students in our seminaries and colleges, the pupils in our convents, take delight in making the Holy Hour, and is ranging themselves as a guard of honor before our Divine King. There is not, believe us, a church or chapel which has not its statue of the Sacred Heart. Here, assuredly, is a great source of blessings for our country."

Archbishop Bruchési then recalls the magnificent promises made by our Lord to all those who practice devotion to the Heart of Jesus, and concludes by exhort-

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ing all to answer the invitation of the Holy Father by giving themselves with all generosity to the love and service of this Divine Heart.

ENGLAND — During the last two months reports have come in from all parts of the world of the enthusiasm with which the great act of consecration to the Sacred Heart, ordered by Leo XIII., has been made by the faithful. Crowds filled the churches everywhere. Whether the act was repeated aloud by the people, or listened to in breathless silence, all felt that they were actors in a momentous event, that the life of the Church was then and there receiving fresh vigor from the Holy Spirit, and that the signal blessings hoped for by the venerable Pontiff as the fruit of such an act, would soon be seen to descend upon the Church, and, indeed, upon the whole world. It was indeed, a splendid beginning of the Holy Year which is to close the old century, and usher in the new. *Auspicium melioris ævi;* it is the augury of a better age; the Holy Spirit descends again as a Dove upon the children of God, He fills the hearts of the faithful, He kindles in them the fire of His love, and their hearts are regenerated. Let the members of the Apostleship of Prayer remember that their prayers, their works, their sufferings, are daily united to the Pleading of the Sacred Heart for the regeneration of nations. Let their morning offering henceforth be the repeated "Amen" to that great act in which the whole world was consecrated to the Sacred Heart. The eyes of the aged Pontiff, the eyes of all our pastors, are strained towards the horizon to descry the dawn of the new era in the Church, which the consecration of the whole world to the Heart of Jesus will win from the Father of all mercies.—*English Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

ITALY.—The Roman correspondent of the Paris *Univers* thus describes the ceremonies attending the Act of Consecration in the Eternal City, and especially in the Pauline Chapel of the Vatican.

"The day before yesterday, Feast of the Sacred Heart, the Solemn Triduum ordered by our Holy Father, the Pope, for the general consecration to the Sacred Heart, was celebrated with great fervor and pomp in all the churches of Rome. The Pope himself, as far as circumstances permitted, endeavored to give the example of faith and confidence. For this reason he chose for the Vatican the Pauline Chapel, which is the parish church of the Apostolic Palace. All the ceremonies of the Triduum and Consecration took place there and were presided over by His Holiness. At the Mass yesterday and to-day, said about eight o'clock, there were present a number of Catholics from different countries, so that the Pope might have gathered around him those who would represent in some sense the universality of the consecration for which they were preparing. . . . Among the representatives of different nations, we noticed several of the South American bishops. To give more splendor to his surroundings and the ceremonies, the Sovereign Pontiff was accompanied not only by detachments from the Noble and the Swiss Guards, but by the various prelates of his household, as also Cardinals Rompolla and Mocenni.

On the altar, where the Pope celebrated Mass, there was placed amid a rich profusion of lights, a picture of the Sacred Heart, towards which the eyes of the august celebrant and his assistants were lovingly directed. In reciting the customary invocations at the end of Mass, the Pope repeated three times the *Sia Benedetto il suo sacratissimo Cuore*. Blessed be His most Sacred Heart. He then assisted at a Mass of thanksgiving said by his private chaplain, Mgr. Angeli, and afterwards at the solemn exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, when Mgr. Pipperi, the Papal sacristan was celebrant. The Litany of the Sacred Heart was sung to Capocci's music, the

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choir being composed of Augustinian religious. The ceremony ended with Benediction. . . . To-morrow His Holiness will bring the Solemn Triduum to a close by publicly reading the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart.

This consecration, carried out not only in Rome but throughout the entire world, will without doubt be set down as one of the most salutary religious events that will mark the end of the century. What was noteworthy here was the large concourse of people of all conditions and ranks and the lively faith with which in their own behalf and in behalf of their brethren, even those who have wandered away from the faith, they proclaimed the sovereign dominion of this Divine Heart over all mankind. It is to Him all are called, *Venite ad me omnes*, as is testified by the inscription placed during these memorable days in the centre of Rome, on the façade of the Gesù. Here as in the other churches of Rome, all the solemn services were attended by an extraordinary large crowd of worshippers, whose numbers were only surpassed by their manifestations of deep piety. From the heights of the Pincian, where the Madames of the Sacred Heart have their church, to the Piazza Navone, and in the sanctuary which the French Missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Jesus have erected to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart; in the chapel built at Prati di Castello by another French missionary, Father Jouet, to beseech the Divine Heart for the souls in Purgatory, and in the Votive Church raised by the Romans to the Sacred Heart on the Esquiline, nay, even outside the walls of Rome, in the Church of Corpus Domini on the Via Nomentana, pious invocations have risen to heaven to voice the consecration of a world to the Sacred Heart.

AURIESVILLE, N. Y.—By kind permission of the Right Reverend Thomas M. A. Burke, the consecration of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, at Auriesville and of the pilgrims, took place Sunday, August 20. A triduum of devotion after Mass and in the evening was made in preparation for this solemn act, the Pope's letter decreeing the consecration being the text of the instructions. Each day the Holy Hour was made in common. Fully two thousand people united in reading the Act of Consecration at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on Sunday afternoon. They had come from Troy, and from cities and towns near the Shrine. About seventy-five of them had come from very distant cities. With one common spirit of faith and love they took part in this great act of devotion. After a day spent in the pious exercises usually made at the pilgrimages here, although nearly all had come from points about two hours distant more than eight hundred received Holy Communion. Each one received as souvenir of the Consecration a leaflet containing the Act and a picture of the Sacred Heart Pleading.

OBITUARY.

Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Becker, Savannah, Ga.; Rev. J. J. Wedenfeller, St. Joseph's Centre, Charleston, S. C.; Edward Furlong, Immaculate Conception Centre, Willoughby, Ohio; Dr. J. S. Tracy, Honolulu, Hawaii; Mary H. Popley, St. Alphonsus' Centre, N. Y. City; Annie Gilboyne, St. Edward's Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.; Catharine Hohl, Good Shepherd Convent Centre, Cincinnati, Ohio; William A. Hollocher, St. Francis Xavier's Centre, St. Louis, Mo.; Patrick McMahon, New York City; Gertrude Lacey, St. Charles' Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.; John Gallagher, St. Patrick's Cathedral Centre, N. Y. City; Rev. E. J. Smith, St. Aloysius' Centre, Great Neck, N. Y.

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IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 1,652,574.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (1. Thes., v. 18.)

Special Thanksgivings—ST. PETER'S CENTRE, HAVERSTRAW, N. Y.—"On June 15 last, lightning struck the cross on our church steeple and completely shattered the upper part of it and the cross bar, but, thanks to the Sacred Heart, no further damage was done. Some seven years ago, when the cross was erected, I had a badge of the Sacred Heart nailed to the base of it. That Badge saved the steeple from serious damage, if not from total loss, for lightning struck the cross on top and ran down to within three feet of the Badge, when it glanced off, leaving that part of it untouched. I considered it such a miraculous thing that we had a public service in the church on June 23, in thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"It is now nearly two months since I came across one of your last year's magazines. It was loaned to me by a friend, and, glancing over it, I saw 'Thanksgiving for Graces Received.' I read all the letters and made up my mind to ask the dear Sacred Heart for something I wanted very much. I made three great requests, with promises of having them published in the MESSENGER if granted. One of them has been granted, and I trust the other two will in time."

"Thanks are offered to the Sacred Heart for settlement of a lawsuit out of court after notice had been served. A promise of Mass, novena, communions and distribution of 1000 Litanies of the Sacred Heart, with publication in the MESSENGER, was made."

BROOKLYN, IOWA.—"I desire to express my sincere thanks, through the MESSENGER, to the Sacred Heart, for the successful removal of a cancer without an operation. It had caused me much pain, and would not yield to previous treatment. I consented to try one more treatment before submitting to an operation. I had the Holy Sacrifice offered that my physician might be successful, and petitioned the Sacred Heart for a speedy and complete recovery, and, to the surprise of my friends, I was able to keep up quite well. I am a Promoter, and have often obtained favors through the Sacred Heart."

NEW YORK CITY.—"I feel it my duty to report the following spiritual favor granted through the Sacred Heart, our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph. My brother, a young man twenty-nine years of age, who was perverted by Ingersoll's doctrine, a constant blasphemer, denied his Creator, drank, and in fact led a fearful life of crime for sixteen years, has returned to his faith, received communion to-day and is to marry this evening a good Catholic girl."

BERKELY, CAL.—"A Promoter of St. Joseph's Centre promised the Sacred Heart as a thanksgiving to have the following favor published in the MESSENGER. Her husband has been an invalid for years with rheumatism, and has suffered untold agony with the greatest patience. In the first part of July, he was taken to his bed; the disease seemed to be at its worst. He lost his sight and was unconscious for hours, and had a severe spasm. The attending physician having no hope for his recovery, said he was afraid he would go off in one of those spasms. The distracted and heartbroken wife prayed to the Sacred Heart and had a Mass said for the Holy Souls in Purgatory, that he might be spared. He soon had a change for the better, and

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keeps on improving. The young man is now able to attend to his business."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—"Thanks are given for the return to the Church on her death-bed of a lady who, thirty-five years ago, married a Protestant out of the Church, and had never since attended her religious duties. She was dying, and shortly before remarked that she would die as she had lived. All chance of a change seemed utterly impossible, as husband and family were very narrow-minded Protestants. A friend (a Promoter of the League) accidentally dropped into a church where the Forty Hours Devotion was going on, and promised to have it published if she would die a Catholic. That night she took a decided change for the worse, and in the morning, through this same friend, had a priest and received Communion that day and the next, but the following morning, when the priest again came, she had just died.

"This was truly a great favor, and even the family were so impressed that they allowed her to be buried from a Catholic church."

———, LOUISIANA.—"Please record our gratitude for the appointment of a pastor who takes an active and earnest interest in our League Centre. We have now the Holy Hour on the eve of the First Friday, and on the day itself. Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and an appropriate instruction. May God bless Father ———, and his zeal prove more and more fruitful."

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—"Fervent thanks are returned to the Divine Heart of Jesus for our father's conversion to the faith on his death-bed. Though born a Protestant, in life he practically had no religion. For several years he had been very specially prayed for, but with no result save his declaration to one day become a Catholic. He had afterward made preliminary steps, but obstacles arose which prevented him from carrying out his design. When death came he was not deserted by our Lord, for, though stricken down suddenly, there was time to administer Baptism and Extreme Unction, shortly after which he passed away with the priest at his side and the crucifix in his hands. God seemed to have let him linger just long enough to let him have the chance he had been deprived of in life by circumstances in which he was placed. For some years he had carried a Badge of the Sacred Heart on his person."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"Will you please announce in the MESSENGER a conversion of an old man, the father of a family near Locust Gap, Pa.? He was a strict Lutheran, the rest of the family being Catholics. He was seventy-five years old, and was hurt in a coal mine, from which accident he died. One of our Sisters begged and entreated him to see a priest. At last he consented, and then, with the grace of God and the assistance of the good Father and the Sisters, he was baptized and received all the Sacraments and died happily in the faith of his family to the comfort of all his dearest and nearest."

Spiritual Favors.—A return to the practice of his religion of a son and brother who had neglected it for sixteen years; cure of melancholy and despondency; a reconciliation between a daughter and her parents; reconciliation of husband and wife; financial aid in the building of a new church, obtained through prayer to the Sacred Heart, with promise to publish the favor if granted; the death-bed conversion of a man who had been absent from the sacraments twenty-five years; grace to resist the temptation to drink to excess, through the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin.

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THE·READER·

Close to the Altar Rails. Father Matthew Russell, S.J., long and favorably known to MESSENGER readers, sets a feast for eucharistic lovers of the Sacred Heart in this neat little volume of seventy pages. It is a book that can be read over and over again, with ever-increasing profit. The piety it contains is not of the kind to tire or overwhelm the reader, but of that rarer sort which interests and pleases whilst it instructs and edifies. The writer has already proved himself a poet of no mean ability, and the instinct seems to never abandon him, even when he sits down to the composition of smoother prose. To this fact, no doubt, coupled with that other of personal holiness, is due the ease with which his words reach the heart, and make a profounder impression than such as fall from the pen of weightier, and on that account, perhaps, more tedious writers. A poet is essentially a seer, for whom the very hearts of his fellows, with all their twisted windings and dark corners, have but few secrets or none. He knows to a nicety the ordinary current of human thought, and is invested with the happy knack of choosing words and images best calculated to arrest and fix men's attention. In a word, whatever he commits to paper is real and live, the utterances of man to man, bound in the nature of things to appeal to the sympathies of reader or listener. The chief merit of this little work hides somewhere in this single circumstance that it is forever rubbing up against human sensibilities, and bubbles over with sentiments as present to a man as his very face, and nevertheless strangely absent from many of our devotional works. We might allege as instances the beautiful and touching thoughts scattered through chapters 2, 4, 6, 7, 9, 14, 16, 34, 33 and 39. The humility of the man at the very threshold wins the reader's affection in much the same way as the skilled orator's conciliatory exordium. The difference between hearts as seen by God, with a delicate hint at the author's own unworthiness, is but another and a successful bid for the reader's interest. The picture of a mother's innocent child on his knees for the old priest's blessing, of a sweet-faced girl bidding the prisoner of the tabernacle "good night," awake responsive chords in hearts not altogether dead to feeling. But why go on? Every chapter bears impress of the same masterly touch, indescribable save as overwhelmingly human.

* * *

Alton Park. As the title page indicates, this work is meant to be a series of "Conversations on Religious and Moral Subjects, chiefly designed for the amusement and instruction of Young Ladies." Just enough plot is introduced to give it the air without the reality of a story. As a mine of religious and moral instruction it is a shining success. Every conceivable subject in the larger Catechism is handled and creditably too. Between its covers you can find lengthy explanations of the Sacraments, of the Feasts of the Church, of the various virtues. As a manual of instruction it admirably fulfils its purpose, but as a ministering angel of amusement it is a dismal failure. Some young ladies may contrive to discover in its pages elements of fun that escaped the Reader's notice, but we feel satisfied that these young ladies will not be many. The heroines

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of the tale are wonderfully unreal and altogether unlike what heroines tread this lower sphere. Perhaps tender plants of the sort grow in English soil under the mild influence of England's softer air, but hereabouts they rarely put in an appearance and die young, die before the season begins to be advanced. Maria, Frances and Teresa are the three daughters of Sir William and Lady Alton and they are brought up in a way that would frighten Puritans and make virtue herself stand aghast. Jane is the orphan daughter of an old friend adopted into the family. She and Maria are good little girls of the made-to-order type. Frances is the shadow, the contrast, the one unlovely spot in the landscape. And yet withal the darkness she introduces into the scene is not precisely that of a night with no moon. It is rimmed all round the edges with tints of light and is perpetually suggestive of what a model Frances could be if she only tied her tongue with a string or enjoyed momentary fits of speechlessness. Teresa never grows large enough to be really good or bad, but with two to one for virtue as against vice, with the glowing example of Maria and Jane shining down the untoward conduct of Frances, she can walk but one way and promises well to forever keep the gait she ought to go. Strange to say Frances joins a Sisterhood ; Maria and Jane take unto themselves husbands as much models in their own persecuted and undervalued class as are Maria and Jane among women. The author, it seems to the Reader, has missed the spirit in which a work of the kind ought to be undertaken. The literature of virtue admits of too many beauties to be advantageously handled in the same dry and uninteresting way as law or medicine or mathematics. Lawyers, physicians and computers approach their task with minds made up for weary journeys over dreary wastes of terms, symbols and figures. Their several sciences admit of no help for the thing. But in a treatise on morality, with any pretensions at all to notice, we look for dashes of intellect and imagery able to sustain our interest throughout. This is particularly true of a book like the work at present under discussion. It makes ambitious promise on its very title page of a fund of amusement and is from this point of view a disappointment. That element of liveliness and reality so prominent in Father Russell's little work *Close to the Altar Rails*, is sadly wanting in *Alton Park*, and its absence is much to be deplored.

* * *

Church of the Revelation.—J. Herbert Williams. This book reads like a message from a convert to brethren seated in the shadows of doubt, bordering on the darkness of unbelief. The author talks with all the assurance and all the direct plainness of a mind emancipated from errors of long standing, and let at last into the light of genuine and confiding faith. He handles his subject in a way bound to appeal to sincere searchers for the truth, and brings to his task, together with a fund of profound learning. all the methods reaped from the experience of years. He knows whereof he speaks, and he is always the best physician who has himself once undergone the symptoms for which he prescribes. He verily begins at the beginning, and makes the establishment of a God-appointed Church visible, tangible, and true, the centre around which all his contentions circle. With the wisdom of common sense he maintains that God, following the providence displayed in His dealings with the chosen people of Israel, revealed His wishes to children of the new dispensation, and entrusted His messages to a competent, corporate body for safekeeping. Incidentally he refers to the large part played by the Virgin Mother of God in the beginning and rise of the Church, and the reference, proved sound by many arguments, is a living testimony to his filial devotion for the Blessed Virgin. We like in particular the paragraphs devoted to a discussion of what he calls the post Resurrection instruction vouchsafed the apos-

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tles during that interval between the first Easter and Ascension Day. Too much importance cannot be attached to this period in the Lord Christ's history, and the bearing it must have on what we Catholics call tradition. The treatise closes with words of sage advice regarding that troublesome question of the respective functions of supernatural faith and human reason in the acceptance of truths proposed for belief. The page before the first appendix is full of a good sense, much needed in these days of religious ferment and uncertainty.

* * *

Notes on the Catholic Name.—Telesphor. We have read this work, from the pen of a Virginia priest, with continued interest and genuine satisfaction. It is an admirable defense of the Church, based on the single argument of her name, and couched in language of the most vigorous and picturesque type. Catholicity is one of the four marks of the true Church; a test of her divine origin; and our author is just when he complains that hardly enough capital is made of the circumstances in controversies with separated brethren of the sects. He contends, and marshals together arguments to prove, that universality in name is as much a prerogative of our Church as universality in fact. The sects waste no words in empty endeavor to rob us of the glory attaching to widespread existence everywhere throughout the universe. But it is of late become a dream with certain enthusiasts outside of the fold of Christ to usurp our name and parade before the world as Catholics. They can lay no claim to Catholicity in fact. They belong to distinctly national bodies, and are far from imagining that their essentially human organizations are broad enough in extent to shelter the whole world. But they make a momentary impression on the unthinking by vague references to branches of the Catholic Church, to descent from the apostles, to original Christianity purged of Roman abuses and superstition. In one word, they call themselves Catholics, and think by the very fact to vest themselves with all the supernatural vigor of the Church of the Creed. The test applied by the author to their unfounded claims, even in this matter of a name, is at the same time fair and easy and decisive. Individuals, he says, among Protestants, may make bold to call themselves Catholics; but no collection of individual Protestants, banded together for worship, has ever assumed the name of Catholic Church. That name is sacred, and belongs exclusively, by the admission of friends and enemies alike, to the Church founded by Jesus Christ; the Church of the Apostles; the Church administered by the Bishop of Rome, the legitimate successor of St. Peter. The writer is at great pains to put Protestants at ease, disclaiming in the preface all intention to hurt feelings, and professing a genuine charity for friends outside of the fold.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM B. HERDER,
St. Louis, Mo.

External Religion. Its Use and Abuse. By George Tyrrell, S.J. Cloth. Pages, 160. Price, $1.00.

Mission Tracts. By Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S.J., Pages, 80. Paper. 5 cents.

JAMES BOWDEN,
London.

Idyls of Killowen. A Soggarth's Secular Verses. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. Cloth. Pages, 140.

FROM CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
London.

The Catholics of Ireland under the Penal Laws in the Eighteenth Century. By His Eminence Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney. Pages 205. Cloth. 2s.6d.

The Land I Love Best. By Katherine Tynan. Pages, 191. Cloth. 1s.

The Catholic's Miniature Library. Vol. 7. Pages. 156. Cloth. 6d.

Cardinal Wiseman. Pages 32. Paper. One penny.

The Dogmatic Teaching of the Roman Catacombs. By Right Rev. J. A. Campbell, D.D. Pages 20. Paper. One penny.

My Friend, the Agnostic. Pages, 24 Paper. One penny.

FROM SCHWARTZ, KIRWIN & FAUSS,
New York.

Third Reading Book (Columbus Series). By W. T. Vlymen, Ph.D. Cloth. 256 Pages.

FROM ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS,
Boston.

Birds and Books. By Walter Lecky. Pages 243 Cloth. 70 cents.

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RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, August 1 to 31, 1899.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Baltimore	Jenkins, Md.	St. John's Church	Aug. 17
"	Oakland, Md.	St. Peter's "	Aug. 7
Boston	Cambridge, Mass.	Holy Ghost Hospital	Aug. 4
*Cincinnati	Carthage, O.	St. Michael's Chapel	Aug. 15
Cleveland	Cleveland O	St. Catharine's Church	Aug. 29
"	Massillon, O.	St. Mary's "	Aug. 29
Columbus	Bremen, O.	Sacred Heart "	Aug. 7
"	Sugar Grove, O.	St. Joseph's "	Aug. 7
Detroit	Algonac, Mich.	St Catharine's "	Aug. 29
Dubuque	Holy Cross, Ia.	Holy Cross "	Aug. 19
"	Waterloo, Ia.	St. Joseph's "	Aug. 19
Hartford	Bridgeport, Conn.	St. Joseph's "	Aug. 17
"	Hartford, Conn.	St. Anthony's "	Aug. 16
"	Moosup, Conn.	All Hallows' "	Aug. 30
"	New Britain, Conn.	St. Peter's "	Aug. 30
"	Taftville, Conn	Sacred Heart "	Aug. 17
Kansas City, Mo	Carthage, Mo.	St. Ann's "	Aug. 30
Louisville	Louisville, Ky.	St. Mary Magdalen's "	Aug. 19
Nesqually	Cheney, Wash.	St. Rose of Lima's "	Aug. 24
New York	Port Jervis, N. Y.	Immaculate Conception "	Aug. 17
Ogdensburg	Lafargeville, N. Y.	St. John's "	Aug. 17
"	Philadelphia, N. Y.	St. Joseph's "	Aug. 17
"	Theresa, N Y.	St. Theresa's "	Aug. 17
St. Louis	St. Louis Mo	St. Mark's "	Aug. 1
San Francisco	Greenwood, Cal.	Bl. Sacrament "	June 19
Scranton	Wilkesbarre, Pa.	St. Mary's "	Aug. 19
Springfield	Athol, Mass.	St. Catharine's "	Aug. 24

Aggregations, 27: churches, 25; chapel, 1; institution, 1. *German-speaking Centre.

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of August, 1899, from the 1st to the 31st (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Albany	Herkimer, N. Y.	St. Francis de Sales Church	7
"	Troy, N. Y.	St. Lawrence "	1
"	"	St. Mary's "	6
Baltimore	Jenkins, Md	St. John's "	25
Cincinnati	Carthage, Ohio	Good Shepherd Convent	28
Columbus	Columbus, "	" "	5
Ft. Wayne	Ft. Wayne, Ind.	Immaculate Conception Cathedral	3
Grand Rapids	Petoskey, Mich.	St. Francis Xavier's Church	19
Milwaukee	Oconomowoc, Wis	St. Jerome's "	6
Nashville	Nashville, Tenn	St. Mary's Cathedral	1
Nesqually	Spokane Wash	Gonzaga College	1
Newark	Plainfield, N. J.	St. Mary's Church	12
New York	Tuckahoe, N. Y.	Immaculate Conception "	3
St. Augustine	Orlando, Fla	St. James' "	1
San Francisco	Antioch, Cal.	Most Holy Rosary "	6
Savannah	Macon, Ga	St. Stanislaus Novitiate	1

Total Number of Receptions, 16. Total Number of Diplomas issued, 125.

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CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, OCTOBER, 1899.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul.**

1	**S.**	**19th after Pentecost.**—Most Holy Rosary.	Frequent prayer.	1,652,574 for thanksgivings
2	*M.*	Holy Guardian Angels.	Devotion to Angels.	203,927 for those in affliction.
3	*T.*	St Gerard, Ab.C. (959). [Pr.	Guard of tongue.	222,315 for the sick, infirm.
4	*W.*	St. Francis of Assisi, C.F. (O.F.M., 1226) —	Love of God.	164,626 for dead associates.
5	*Th.*	SS. Placidus and Comp., MM (541).—H.H.	Pardon of injuries.	54,582 for Local Centres.
6	*F.*	**First Friday.**—St. Bruno, C.F. (Carthusians, 1101).—1st D., A. C.	Recollection.	35,697 for Directors.
7	*S.*	St. Mark, P. (336).—SS. Sergius and Comp., MM. (300).	Tidiness.	89,941 for Promoters.
8	**S.**	**20th after Pentecost.**—St. Bridget, W. (1373).—B.I.	Spiritual Communion.	336,064 for the departed.
9	*M.*	SS. Denis and Comp., MM. (117).	Self-restraint.	357,218 for perseverance.
10	*T.*	St. Francis Borgia (S.J., 1572).	Detachment.	369,633 for young people.
11	*W.*	St. Kenny, Ab.C. (598).	Quiet of mind.	75,367 for 1st Communions.
12	*Th.*	St. Wilfrid, Bp.C. (709).—H.H.	Love of labor.	127,009 for parents.
13	*F.*	St. Edward, K.C. (England, 1066).	Good example.	210,256 for families.
14	*S.*	St. Callistus I, P.M. (222).	Respect for authority.	233,964 for reconciliations.
15	**S.**	**21st after Pentecost.**—Maternity B.V.M.—St Teresa, V. (Carmelite, 1582).—Pr., C.R.	Visit to B. Sacrament.	182,966 for work, means.
16	*M.*	St. Colman, Bp.C. (550).	Piety.	370,621 for the clergy.
17	*T.*	**B. Margaret Mary,** V. (1690).	Reparation.	962,955 for religious.
18	*W.*	St. Luke, Evangelist (90). [H.H.	Visiting the sick.	77,430 seminarists, novices.
19	*Th.*	St. Peter of Alcantara, C. (O.F.M., 1562).—	Penance.	230,466 for vocations.
20	*F.*	St. John Cantius, C. (1473).—H.H.	Energy.	65,280 for parishes.
21	*S.*	SS. Ursula and Comp., VV., MM. (383).—St. Hilarion, Ab.C. (372).	Dread of sin.	63,247 for schools.
22	**S.**	**22d after Pentecost.**—St. Mary Salome.	Adorning the altar.	61,739 for superiors.
23	*M.*	The Most Holy Redeemer.	Gratitude.	42,800 missions, retreats.
24	*T.*	St. Raphael, Archangel.	Sociability.	46,412 for societies, works.
25	*W.*	SS. Chrysanthus and Daria, MM. (284).	Resignation.	862,601 for conversions.
26	*Th.*	St. Evaristus, P.M. (109).—H.H.	Fortitude.	1,011,787 for sinners.
27	*F.*	Vigil.—St. Elesbaan, K.C. (Ethiopia, 523).	Good will.	348,408 for the intemperate.
28	*S.*	SS. Simon and Jude, Ap.—A.I.	Faith.	469,466 for spiritual favors.
29	**S.**	**23d after Pentecost.**—Ven Bede, C. (735)	Frankness.	332,423 for temporal favors.
30	*M.*	St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, C. (S.J., 1617).	Humility.	466,670 for special, various.
31	*T.*	Vigil.—St. Wolfgang, Bp.C. (994).	Prudence.	For MESSENGER readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship*. (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.—*Holy Hour*); A. I., B. I.—*Apostolic, Bridgettine Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Acts of Charity	25,863,445	11.	Masses heard	311,089
2.	Beads	1,050,759	12.	Mortifications	520,677
3.	Way of the Cross	95,213	13.	Works of Mercy	2,764,560
4.	Holy Communions	210,690	14.	Works of Zeal	2,471,658
5.	Spiritual Communions	2,231,550	15.	Prayers	6,409,451
6.	Examens of Conscience	513,642	16.	Kindly Conversation	1,747,165
7.	Hours of Labor	932,684	17.	Sufferings, Afflictions	156,029
8.	Hours of Silence	1,171,346	18.	Self-conquest	331,987
9.	Pious Reading	230,296	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	333,173
10.	Masses read	28,531	20.	Various Good Works	32,569,363
		Total,	79,012,338.		

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

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THE HOLY FAMILY.
(F. Defregger.)

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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXIV. NOVEMBER, 1899. NO. 11.

BEYOND.

By M. M. Halvey.

THE Father hath many mansions and one that He wills for me,
O, fair, recalling His promise—fair must the birthright be—
Not for its walls of porphyry—not for its jasper floor—
But that loved ones meet on the golden street before its opening door.

Garnished and dight and waiting as the Master pictured, when,
In the season of making ready, He walked on the earth with men;
Nor moth nor moil can harm, nor thief despoil the store,
Mystic and rare, that is garnered there, beyond its guardian door.

Ceaseless the Builder's labor—ever for thee and me,
Treasures of Time transferring, to keep for Eternity;
Our dearest and fairest He chooseth—fitly they go before,
Swelling the throng whose welcoming song shall greet at the opening door.

I dream of my mansion peopled—dream of your entering in—
O mother, thro' pain made perfect—O babe, conserved from sin—
O dove-soul, lately speeded to rest on that havened shore—
Garnished fair, by your presence there, the home past the opening door.

They wait us, the loved and parted—they point to paths that, trod,
Lead safely from doubt and dimness to the claritude of God—
To the heirship of His mansion—to the joy-cup brimming o'er—
To His golden street, where our own we greet, beyond His opening door.

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A MEDIÆVAL FESTIVAL IN MODERN ITALY.

By M. D. Walsh.

IN this land of shrines and of saints the quaint and beautiful customs of former ages, so full of simple faith, are dying hard under the new régime, which would fain transform Italy the picturesque, Italy the artistic, into Italy the commonplace and utilitarian, divesting her of the ancient glory and giving no hope for the dreary future.

But she is slow to change from the old order to the new, and the modern gospel of cynical irreligion, which her rulers strive to propagate, has not yet corrupted her mountain fastnesses.

Every interest and association of Italy's old-world towns lie in the mighty past, and some still have the courage of their opinions to keep up old manners and customs, and even old beliefs.

Of such as these is Viterbo,—that picturesque town in the midst of the plains, which were once the mighty kingdom of Etruria.

Few towns could bring a record of fidelity like Viterbo ; her people faithful through seven long centuries to the memory of the Virgin-Saint, Rosa, who made their town once famous and whom they chose for their patroness in heaven. In their midst "Santa Rosa" was born ; in their midst she passed the short eighteen years of her saintly life, preaching, converting, healing, consoling, accomplishing the work of souls which God had entrusted to her maiden hands. In their midst, too, she breathed her last breath, and her body, still incorrupt, lies among them in the splendid shrine erected to her memory, where St. Rosa's fellow-citizens come to beg her intercession still, seven hundred years after her death. The spot which was once the lowly home of the Viterbese virgin has become a wonder-working shrine.

It seems, too, as if this devotion to Santa Rosa in Viterbo, is not one of those which, strong in favor immediately after a saint's death, were allowed to fall into abeyance for centuries, at a period when a tinge of materialism succeeded the pure faith of the middle ages. On the contrary, it has been uninterrupted and continual, and in the seventeeth century can be seen one of the strongest proofs of its existence, which gave origin to the beautiful custom that makes the town of Viterbo unique even in Italy up to the present day—the Procession of the "Macchina di Santa Rosa."

To fully explain the significance of this procession, I must go back to the year 1664, when Viterbo suffered from a terrible pestilence, and thousands of the inhabitants perished. As usual, the first thought of the Viterbese was their heavenly patroness, Santa Rosa, and terror-stricken, they sought her intercession, placing themselves under her protection. St. Rosa was with them in sorrow as she was in joy, and their prayers soon obtained the boon they craved. The awful sickness passed, and the whole of Viterbo in deepest gratitude made a vow to have a thanksgiving procession every year in the Saint's honor, on the 3d of September.

Every year, century in and century out, this procession has taken place within the walls of old Viterbo, without interval or intermission, and unless a tide of darkest infidelity should altogether engulf poor Italy, it bids fair to continue as long as the land shall last, for Viterbo, the faithful, can not forget, and for this fidelity she will surely be rewarded.

It was to see this procession that we, among many other wanderers, found our way to the city of mediæval fame on the feast of Santa Rosa ; and in our short stay there, so far away from th

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busy realities of everyday life, we learnt more of the history of St. Rose of Viterbo than we had ever thought to know.

The town is a fitting environment for the figure of a saint of the middle ages, for her streets and palaces as well as her churches and fountains are of those early thirteenth century days in which the Saint lived, and the recollection of "Santa Rosa" preaching, "Santa Rosa" working miracles, seems in no way incongruous or out-of-place here, as it would seem in most towns of this nineteenth century.

Even the shops of the narrow high street have their windows full of quaint little colored terra-cotta statues of "Santa Rosa," which one is supposed to buy as souvenirs of Viterbo; and the booksellers display photos of the shrine of the Saint, and the famous "Macchina."

It was early in the afternoon when we arrived at Viterbo. Crowds are hurrying to the Church of St. Rosa where the body of the Saint lies, so we make our way with the rest up the steep "Via di Santa Rosa." Brocaded draperies hang from the three great doors of the church, which is reached by a high flight of steps; and the people are steadily pouring in by all three entrances. The interior of the church is large and somewhat bare, but it is so crowded one can hardly observe the decorations, and only sees that there is a lovely picture of St. Rosa surrounded by angels, over the altar, blazing with lights and rich with crimson draperies.

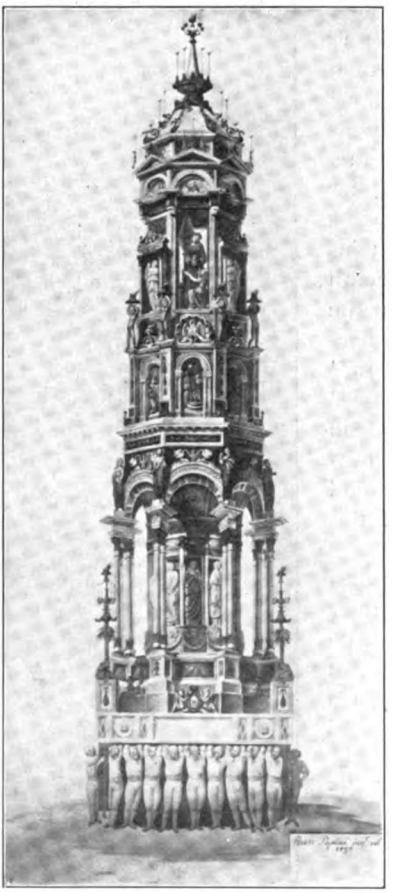


FRESCO OF MIRACLE OF ST. ROSE.

The great bulk of the crowd congregates on the right side of the church where the Shrine of St. Rosa is situated in a chapel quite separated from the church by wooden doors and a wrought-iron screen and reached by some steps. To-day, however, the doors are thrown wide open, and in the midst of the gorgeous Shrine,—encircled by starry lights and a wealth of late summer roses strewn in profusion about

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her feet, lies the body of the "mediæval Rose of Viterbo." The sarcophagus which contains the holy relics is bronze-gilt, and of magnificent workmanship and design, and is provided with a crystal front, through which the Saint's body can be clearly seen in the strong light of candles blazing around it.



"LA MACCHINA," OF SAINT ROSE.

St. Rosa is clad in the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis, and on her head is a crown of roses. The features are perfect in form and outline, but the skin is brown and dark, giving the appearance of age; but this is caused by a fire which broke out in the Shrine some centuries ago, and destroyed completely everything about it except the Saint's body, which was miraculously preserved, though blackened by the smoke.

It is a strange mediæval sight upon which we look this September afternoon in old Viterbo—the great church crowded with an ever-changing throng eager to see "la Santa;" the organ pealing on in triumphant measures accompanying the singers of the Papal Choir who have come from Rome for this occasion; and the quiet Shrine with its lights and flowers and kneeling crowds, where the strange, still face of the young Saint of six centuries ago smiles the peaceful smile of the dead under its garland of roses. It is truly the time and the surroundings for the mystic and the miraculous; and if "Santa Rosa" should arise from her centuries of rest to bless and heal once more the people she loved and *still* loves so tenderly, it would cause little wonder but only a deeper and more awestruck reverence. When Vespers are over and twilight begins to descend over the grey old city, the vow of 1664 is renewed for yet another anniversary, and the great procession of the "Macchina di Santa Rosa" takes place.

Like magic the crowds desert the church, and speed along swiftly through the narrow streets; so we cannot do better than follow them to gain a post of vantage to see the procession pass. Our way leads us at last by the steep street which ends in one of the old city gateways, the "Porta Romana" or "Roman Gate," over which is a stone statue of "Santa Rosa," the city's patroness. An obliging native informs us it is from this point the procession will presently start.

The crowds kept back by companies of soldiers drawn up in line, fill the narrow street so closely that it is impossible to reach the "Gate," and we are obliged to remain at the foot of the street, which afterwards turns out to be the best thing possible in order to see the full effect. The soft veil of Italian night has fallen before the signal for the start is given; and the town seems to have blazed out suddenly into illuminations, running like wildfire up and down the tall old mediæval buildings and square watch-towers. The people are on the *qui-vive* of

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expectation, when there comes a stir and movement towards the gateway, three ringing cheers and a cry of "La Macchina! La Macchina!" (the name by which the edifice bearing the statue of St. Rosa is known), while the first notes of a triumphal march strike up, the warning that the procession has started.

It is a scene of which it is most difficult to give a written description; and indeed mere words utterly fail to convey an idea of its unique interest. We had expected from previous descriptions a somewhat curious and decidedly remarkable procession, but we had not anticipated the sight which actually met our eyes in the old street of this Italian town, in the gloaming of an autumn evening.

Surely it is a dream of the Middle Ages, which the mystery of the past, clinging still so strongly to mediæval Viterbo, has conjured into life and reality. Here we do not need to try and recall the Middle Ages, for they are present with us in reality; and it is only our sombre-colored work-a-day century which has faded from us into the shadowy past! Slowly, as if soaring by magic agency, rises a stately pagoda tower, high as the houses by which it passes, with a statue of St. Rosa on its summit, and all carved and decorated with various architectural fantasies, and lighted by row upon row of candles which throw its decorations into bold relief—a blaze of light amid the darkness. By daylight it might be less striking; but by night its spiral form, its aërial lightness, and its decorations, make the "Macchina" appear like some fairy-like filagree-work. Looking at its great height, fully fifty feet, one wonders how it is supported and moves along; but presently as it comes nearer we see the bearers, fifty men with arms interlinked, in costumes of red and white, fully as mediæval as the rest of the surroundings, for they carry things out thoroughly in Italy.

To us the tower seems a terrible weight for the shoulders of fifty men; but we hear it is constructed of light materials and not nearly so heavy as it appears. Occasionally, with some unevenness of the road, the gigantic structure wavers and slightly trembles, presenting for a second the semblance of Pisa's "Leaning Tower;" but it immediately rights itself, gliding along through



ST. ROSE IN GLORY.
From a painting over the altar in the Church of St. Rose of Viterbo.

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the twilight like a tall lily on a slender stem.

Along all the chief streets of the picturesque town, past Gothic churches and mediæval palaces the movable tower pursues its stately way, followed by the people, cheering and shouting *Viva Santa Rosa! Viva la Macchina!* till it pauses in a little "Piazza" or square which was the scene of one of St. Rosa's miracles, where in preaching to the people she was raised from the ground in ecstasy. As the tower nears its destination, the Church of St. Rosa, the pace increases rapidly, and the bearers convey it up the steep incline leading to the church so swiftly that it seems to fly through the air, assuming more and more the proportions of a mediæval vision, as its myriad lights flash through the darkness, and the pictured face of "Santa Rosa" looks down from its pinnacle on the eager, upturned faces of the crowd below.

Outside the church the "Macchina" is left to rest from its labors, and the great event is over for another year. One by one the lights flicker out, extinguished as the night wind rises, and the crowds go home in merry, laughing groups, till darkness and silence reign over the scene once more. . . .

On the morrow the feast of St. Rosa will be solemnly celebrated at the church, with Pontifical High Mass and Vespers, and in the evening merry-making and festivities will be the order of the day; but the devotions do not seem to suffer from the mirth and feasting which follow the church ceremonies. We must remember, if we are tempted to think that religious festivals and popular diversions are too much combined in the old-world feast of "Santa Rosa," that the overflowing exuberance of the Latin race is to be allowed for; and the Viterbese devotion to their saintly patroness is none the less true and thorough if, besides their prayers, they embody it in the shape of a moving tower.

THE VOICES FROM THE LAND OF FLAME.

By Rev. W. J. Ennis, S.J.

FROM out the mournful wastes of starless lands,
Where sluggish seas seem dead on barren sands,
Come voices sad as wood-dove's note at eve,
And rhythmic with the plaint are pleading hands:
Ah! make us free!
Ah! make us free!
Nor let your prayers surcease!
By God's own hand sore touched are we,
And fain would we find peace.

Some plaintive voices fall on sleeping ears
And waken memories with bitter tears;
For hark! "*O saltem vos amici mî!*"
Then comes the voice that lulled our infant years:
Ah! pity me!
Ah! pity me!
The one who loved you best.
Thy prayers with God her ransom be!
Thy mother fain would rest.

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SISTERS OF THE ASSUMPTION.

THE Convent of the Assumption, the mother-house of the Congregation founded in 1839, under the title of *Les Religieuses de l'Assomption de Notre Dame*, is situated on the outskirts of Paris, in that section known as Auteuil, a short distance from the Bois de Boulogne. The location is ideal for an educational institution. Within easy reach of the numerous advantages of culture obtainable in the great metropolis, the intellectual centre of France, if not of the world, it is at the same time, sufficiently withdrawn from its din and dissipation, to insure for its students that perfect freedom from distraction, so conducive to concentration of mind.



MÈRE EUGÉNIE DE JÉSUS, FOUNDRESS.

The buildings are handsome and historically interesting, and the surroundings picturesque and beautiful. The original chateau, to which extensive additions have been made by the nuns, was formerly the home of Madame de Brienne, an early friend of Napoleon the First, who never, even in the zenith of his glory, was found lacking in gratitude to this noble woman, who had been a second mother to him in his lonely boyhood at Brienne. Hazlitt says, in his Life of Napoleon, that the emperor always made a point of visiting her, at Auteuil, with most marked attention and respect. Madame de Brienne used to receive her imperial guest in an apartment on the first floor of the present convent, overlooking the lawn, which, owing to the landscape paintings which adorn its walls, bears the name of the *Parloir du Paysage*. The mansion afterwards passed into the hands of Rachel, the celebrated French actress, who occupied it as a residence.

When the nuns came into possession of the property, they preserved the venerable pile intact, using its many spacious apartments as study-halls and class-rooms for their pupils. The sumptuous ball-room was converted into a chapel, and it could scarcely have suited the purpose better, had it been designed, originally, with a view to this end. Its mural decorations of mythological figures were removed to give place to religious pictures. The exquisite paintings of the Way of the Cross, the work of one of the Assumption nuns, a gifted artist, fitted as though they had been made for the spaces left by their pagan predecessors. The ante-chambers which communicated directly with the ball-room now serve as side-chapels, and the gallery which accommodated the orchestra is occupied by the pupils, during Mass and other religious services.

A handsome cloister extends along the wings of the building which are used as a monastery, although the Rule of the Assumption does not impose a strict enclosure.

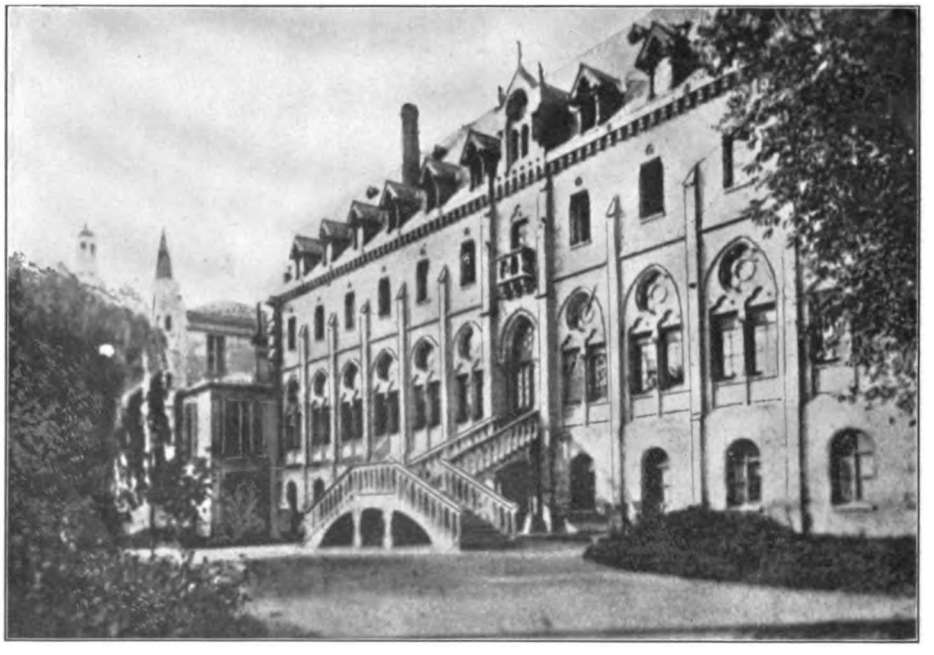
There is a lofty tower forming part of the old château, which commands a superb view of Paris and its environs. It was used by the revolutionary forces in 1871, as a tower of observation, and was, on this account, bombarded by the army of Versailles. The nuns were

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compelled to seek refuge elsewhere in those dark days of peril, and the abandoned convent suffered more at the hands of the soldiers of the Commune, who ransacked it, than it had suffered from the bullets of the foreign foe, during the siege of Paris. What they could not pilfer, they ruthlessly destroyed, even wantonly disfiguring the sacred images. The Visigoths could scarcely have left a sorrier wreck than the nuns found upon their return.

There is a tree in the garden, to which the tradition attaches that it was planted by the Empress Josephine and her daughter, Queen Hortense, wife of Louis Bonaparte.

Mademoiselle Eugénie Milleret de Bron, the foundress of the Congregation of the Assumption, whose name in religion was Mère Marie-Eugénie de Jésus, was born in 1817. She was to be an instrument in the hands of God for the accomplishment of a great work, and



THE MONASTERY OF THE CONVENT AT AUTEUIL.

At the end of the park, which extends from the monastery to the outer wall, stands another building erected by the nuns, which is known as the "Petit Couvent." In this, the younger children are accommodated, in order to separate them entirely from the older pupils.

One of the most attractive features of the grounds is the beautiful *bois* in the rear of the monastery and château, which, with its long aisles of verdure, and stately trees, whose interlacing branches have been trained to form Gothic arches, reminds one of a vast cathedral.

like many others destined for an important mission, she was amply equipped by nature and by grace for her high calling.

Young, comely, of commanding presence, kindly nature, rare mental endowments, sterling piety, and possessed, moreover, of that incomparable gift, strong common sense, she experienced an earnest longing to consecrate her life to the service of God. Her ideas had not yet assumed definite shape, however, when, by one of those seemingly fortuitous happenings, which often rule mo-

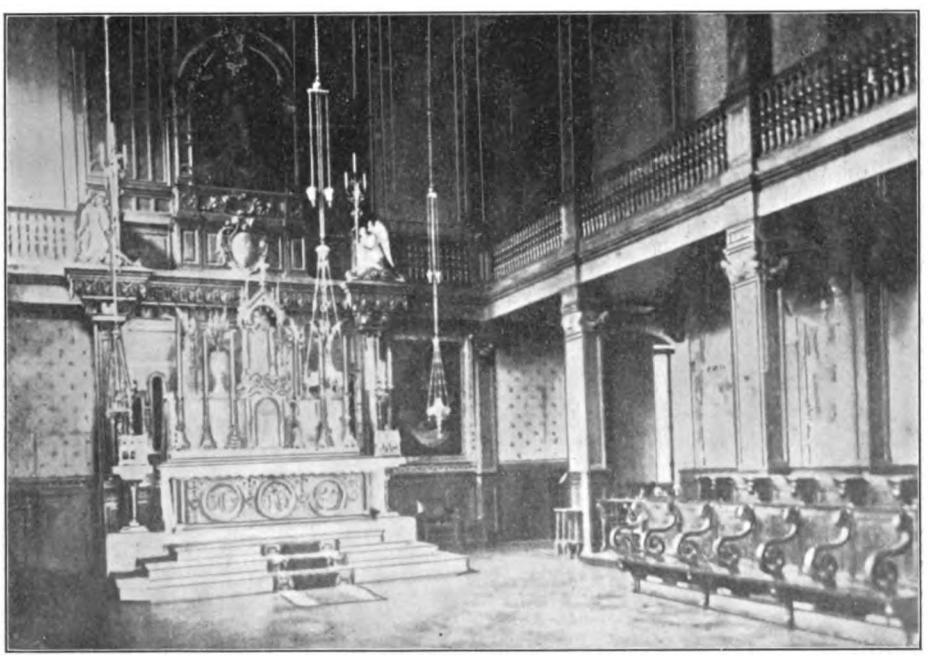
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mentous issues, she met, in the person of the Abbé Combalot, a distinguished orator of that period, the man who was to take the initiative in the foundation of the Order of the Assumption. He had, some years prior to their meeting, conceived the idea of establishing a community of religious women, in honor of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. In fact, he claimed to have received a revelation to this effect, during a pilgrimage that he made in 1825, to the shrine of Sainte-Anne d'Auray.

It was not until 1839, however, that the undertaking was actually set on foot. Mademoiselle Milleret was then in her twenty-second year, and had made a short novitiate with the Sisters of the Visitation, at Côte Saint André, preparatory to entering upon a religious life. The hand of God was plainly visible in the selection of the co-workers who joined her at the outset, so admirably fitted were they to the vocation they were to follow.

Mademoiselle Bérier, Sœur Marie Augustine, the first associate of the young Mère Eugénie, was a woman of superior intellect, who had received exceptional mental training, and had, besides, a rare faculty of imparting knowledge to others. She was, therefore, eminently qualified to teach advanced classes in the schools of the new order.

Miss Catherine O'Neill, the second postulant, was Irish, a descendant of the ancient kings of Ireland, reckoning saints as well as princes among her ancestors. Courted and admired in the exclusive social circles in which her patrician birth entitled her to mingle, she was a reigning belle, when hearkening to the whisperings of the Holy Ghost within her soul, she sacrificed all that the world holds out to tempt its votaries, in order to devote herself without reserve to God. Consumed with the burning love of a seraph for her Divine Master, she has left the impress of her sanctity upon the entire order. She was assigned to the position of Mistress of Novices, at an early date, and throughout her long life,



THE ALTAR AND PART OF THE CHAPEL.

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she trained the young candidates for the Assumption to fulfil the requirements of their rule, and moulded them gently, yet firmly, in accordance with her own lofty ideal of what a religious should be. Her religious name was Mere Thérèse Emmanuel, and singularly appropriate was the affix, in her case, as her life was one of uninterrupted union with God, and marked were the manifestations of His predilection for her, too. Her director, Mgr. Gay, said of her, that he had never known a soul to whom God had spoken so often and communicated so much. Her name is enshrined in the memory of the religious among whom she lived and labored, as that of a saint.

The fourth member of the nascent order, was Mademoiselle de Commarque, Mère Marie Thérèse, a descendant, on the maternal side, of the le Montalemberts, one of the noblest families of France. Her vivacious disposition and keen sense of the ridiculous proved a boon to the little community, beguiling many a weary hour in those early days of trial and discouragement. She has left behind some amusing reminiscences of their administration of household affairs, and of the duties of cleaning, catering and cooking, in which they all cheerfully assisted, but which, owing to their lack of experience and limited means, frequently exhausted their combined ingenuity.

From this humble beginning, handicapped by poverty, and confronted by obstacles which would have discouraged less heroic souls, the community steadily increased, until it now extends throughout France, where there are numerous houses of the Assumption, with flourishing schools attached. They have also founded convents in England, Italy, Spain and Nicaragua. Several of these establishments are Houses of Perpetual Adoration, in which the Blessed Sacrament is constantly exposed on the altar, and in which the nuns, instead of teaching the children of the rich, give instruction to the children of the poor.

The motto of the order is: *Thy Kingdom Come*, and zeal for God's glory is its characteristic virtue.



MÈRE THÉRÈSE EMMANUEL.

The habit adopted by the religious of the Assumption, is a robe of purple serge, symbolic of penance, with a white cross on the breast, a purple cord encircling the waist, and a white woolen veil, symbolic of purity. A gold ring, with a motto of their own selection, inscribed in it, is given them at their profession, when they make their final vows. During certain religious functions, they also wear in the chapel, a graceful, trailing mantle of white cloth, with a purple cross on the shoulder, which, when they are all assembled at their devotions, lends them the appearance of a choir of angels, praising the Lord. They recite the long office of the Roman breviary, though Monseigneur Affre, who was Archbishop of Paris, when they were organizing, and who was always a staunch friend and protector of the Order, demurred, for some time, before according them permission to recite it, less it prove too onerous a burden for a teaching order.

Mère Eugénie realized fully, from the beginning, as did also the Abbe Combalot, that the future of religion in France lay largely in the hands of women, and

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depended upon the Christian education of young girls, who, in due time, as wives and mothers, would impart the lessons learned from their pious teachers. The system of secular education, in the schools of the Assumption, is thorough, and no praise can do justice to the religious and moral training. The attitude maintained by the nuns toward their pupils is parental, the latter always addressing them by the sweet appellation ! *Ma Mère.*

They have numbered among their pupils, at Auteuil, many daughters of distinguished families from all parts of Continental Europe, as well as from Great Britain and the United States. The English and Americans go thither in large numbers, to acquire a thorough knowledge of French, and for these special facilities are provided.

After the Civil War in the United States, the contingent of Southern girls at Auteuil was unusually large, and as the feeling of antagonism between North and South had not yet subsided, an amusing ebullition of sectional prejudice was occasioned in one instance by the advent of two new pupils. The unwitting offenders were accompanied to Paris by their stepfather, whose name was identical with that of a certain northern general, who had incurred the odium of the people of the South, and especially of the inhabitants of New Orleans. No sooner had the execrated name been whispered in the school, than the impulsive Southerners, with the narrow-mindedness for which school girls are proverbial, jumped to the conclusion that their Old Man of the Sea had arrived, with his two daughters. Protests were promptly entered, followed by entreaties addressed to the directress of the school, the gentle Mère Marie Walburge, to refuse admission to the new applicants. Not until they had been assured that not only no relationship whatever existed between the two gentlemen in question, but that the new pupils themselves bore a patronymic entirely different from that of their stepfather and the detested general, did their indignation subside. Be it recorded to their credit, however, that once convinced of their mistake, they, with true Southern cordiality, buried the hatchet. and became warm friends of those whom they had so bitterly antagonized.

The late Queen Mercedes of Spain, a daughter of the Duke de Montpensier, was educated at Auteuil, as was also her sister, the Countess of Paris. After her



TOMB OF THE FOUNDRESS AND OF THE LATE MISTRESS OF NOVICES.

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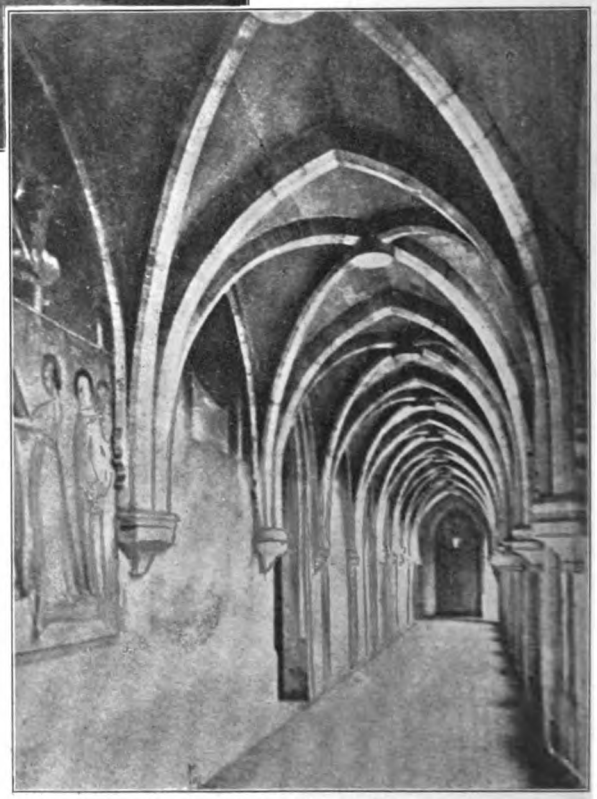


THE CONVENT WOODS.

sad death, which occurred a few months after her marriage, her husband, King Alfonso the Twelfth, who survived her, presented some of her royal robes of state to the nuns ot the Assumption, to be made into vestments. Miss Henrietta Dana, an American schoolmate of Queen Mercedes, at Auteuil, wrote some interesting letters for *Scribner's Magazine*, in 1878, entitled, "A Queen at School," giving a detailed account of the life of the young Princess Mercedes, whilst at the Assumption. Miss Dana, now Mrs. Skinner, a daughter of Richard H. Dana, is the authoress of the delightful story "Espiritu Santo."

The present Queen Regent of Spain is a devoted friend of the Sisters of the Assumption, and frequently visits them at their convent in Madrid. Her two daughters, the young princesses, one of whom is named Mercedes, in honor of her father's first wife, are members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, connected with that institution.

There is an excellent association existing at Auteuil, known as "The Children of Mary," composed of the former pupils of the instituion, many of whom are wives, and mothers of families, who assemble at the convent, once a month, to hear a sermon,



CLOISTER OF THE CONVENT, AUTEUIL, PARIS.

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and assist at benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and hold a reunion with one another, and with their former teachers. It serves to cement the affectionate relations existing between them, and the influence of the nuns is thus extended beyond the walls of the convent, accompanying and aiding their pupils, amid the joys and sorrows of domestic and worldly life. To many a young woman, this return, at stated intervals, to the peaceful convent home of her childhood, serves as a veritable lifesaving station, in the moral order, after the maddening whirl of Parisian society.

Of the spiritual daughters of Mère Eugénie, who preceded her to the tomb, there was none of more edifying life than Sœur Marie d'Assisi, of the Heart of Jesus, a gifted and saintly woman, who holds a place pre-eminent in the hearts of her pupils, some of whom are indebted to her prayers and teachings, chiefly, for their conversion to the true faith.



THE NUNS' REFECTORY AT AUTEUIL.

Mère Eugénie de Jesus passed to her reward, in 1898, in the eighty-first year of her age, and she is buried, together with Mère Thérèse-Emmanuel, in a handsome tomb, erected within the convent grounds. Special permission from the civil authorities was requisite to do this, as the laws are stringent, concerning burials within the limits of Paris. Fitting it is that these valiant women, who together labored in the vineyard of their beloved Master, should rest, side by side, in death. Though Mère Eugénie has joined the church triumphant, her spirit lives and labors, still on earth, in the souls of her worthy daughters, who continue her zealous apostolate for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. But that it might wound the humilty of those still living to reveal their hidden sanctity to the public eye, incidents might be here set down, that would be worthy of a place in the annals of the saints.

The present Mother-Superior of the Order is Mère Célestine, who succeeded Mère Eugénie, at her death, last year. The Mother-Superior, at Auteuil, is Mère Madeleine de Jésus, a niece of Mgr.

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de la Bouillerie, late Archbishop of Paris.

The Sisters of the Assumption have no convent of their order in the United States, but many of their American pupils would hail, with joy, their advent to this, our own beloved country.

NOTE.—Some of the facts relating to the foundation of the Order of the Assumption, have been taken from "*Les Origines de l' Assomption*," a work recently written by a member of the Order.



THE SUPPLIANT.

By M. R. Colgan.

"WHO is it knocks without?"
"Love open unto Me,
For I have travelled far
And fain would sup with thee."
"My drink is bitter tears,
My bread is but a stone,
I've naught to give. Depart!
I crave to be alone."

"Who is it knocks without?"
"Dear one I patient wait.
My weary feet need rest,
Arise, unlock the gate."
"My couch is the damp earth,
My friends away have flown,
This night is mine to weep,
I crave to be alone."

"Have I forsaken thee?
Wilt thou not hear My voice?
I come to those that mourn,
I come, and they rejoice.
Dear to My heart art thou,
Wouldst know the love I bear?
Behold My nail-pierced palm,
Thy name is graven there!"

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"CHILD, GIVE ME THY HEART."

By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

THERE is a little phrase of Sacred Scripture which ought, I think, to take us greatly by surprise, not so much in itself as on account of the place where it is found. *Præbe, fili mi, cor tuum mihi.* "Child, give Me thy heart." If we heard this entreaty, with its simple and yearning tenderness, for the first time, without knowing that it was an inspired text, and if we set ourselves to guess where it had been taken from, we should hardly guess right.

And first of all, could we conjecture who it is that is supposed to speak these tender words, and to whom? Is it some fond mother as described in some tragedy, or some pathetic poem, pleading perhaps in vain for the long arrears of love accumulating through the unconscious infancy and too heedless childhood of her son? Or even supposing these words to be, as they are, addressed by the great God to his poor human creatures, we might more probably imagine that such an endearing expression of tenderness would be placed upon God's lips by some Christian saint like Bernard or Francis de Sales or by some pious writer of these days of ours, when we strive to to be more affectionate, at least in words.

But no, it is under that sterner and colder dispensation, which, though rich in God's graces, is yet denied the name of Law of Grace—it is in the Old Testament, in the twenty-third chapter of the Book of Proverbs, that we find recorded this yearning entreaty of the Creator to the creature: "My child, give Me thy heart." *Præbe, fili mi, cor tuum mihi.*

Nay, we might date this cry of God's love much further back in the past. If we may not dare to find in it an echo of the everlasting love of the Eternal Father for the Eternal Son in the adorable abysses of the Trinity, at least it is in substance the original injunction laid upon our first parents in the very moment of their creation. The moment the first human heart began to beat within the bosom of Adam, the moment the second human heart began to beat within the bosom of our Mother Eve, at that moment their infinite and almighty Creator, who was also their tender Father, said to each of them in turn: "My son, give Me thy heart; my daughter, give Me thy heart." Indeed, God created the human race for no other purpose but only this, that there might be hearts to whom He could address this petition: *Præbe, fili mi, cor tuum mihi.*

This simple phrase furnishes a key to all the dealings of God with man. It does not explain—for mysteries cannot be explained—but it summarizes, it announces clearly and briefly, the mystery of mysteries, which alone explains all other mysteries: namely, the supreme mystery of God's love for man.

And is not this indeed a mystery—nay, as we have just called it, the mystery of mysteries? Would it not be a mystery that the great God could even tolerate our love? And what is it now, that He not only tolerates, but yearns for our love—entreats us to love Him—pleads for the possession of our hearts? "My child, give Me thy heart."

Yes, He, the infinite and eternal God, who alone is, and by whom are all things that are; He, who is infinite in wisdom, infinite in majesty, infinite in beauty, infinite in power; He before whom the strength of armies, and the more terrible strength of the enraged elements, the exhibitions of power and wrath and magnificence, are as the petty whims of an infant fretting in its helplessness; He before whom the most

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eloquent accents, the sublimest imaginations are as the stammerings of an idiot; He, who in His infinite and all-sufficing being depends for His happiness and glory on all His creatures infinitely less than the sun at noonday depends for his brilliancy on having one of his rays reflected in one tiny dewdrop that cannot bend down even one little blade of grass: that He, the God of Heaven and Earth, the God of Time and Eternity, should deign thus to beg for what is His sovereign right,—("My child, give me thy heart")—that God should thus from His everlasting throne look down with solicitude and yearning for the love of our poor hearts—this, this is an utterly incomprehensible mystery, but it alone explains all the other mysteries and marvels of our faith.

This divinest mystery, like all things divine, is from eternity. God is love, and He has loved us with an everlasting love. It was this everlasting love, this unbeginning, and unending love, which in the bosom of the Eternal Father, when the ruin of the human race was seen, made the Son of God exclaim, "Behold, I come." And when man was created, and, abusing his liberty, fell, it was this love, which in the very moment of the fall would not leave our first parents even for one dark hour in the despair and desolation of the first sin, but instantly brightened their long centuries of penance by the promise of the Redeemer.

It was this love that inspired the patriarchs and prophets with such ardent longings for the coming of Him who was to come—longings infinitely less ardent than His own longing to come in the time appointed in the eternal councils. And it was this everlasting love that made God utter by the inspired pen of him whom we call the Wise Man that tender appeal, on which we are at present meditating: *Præbe, fili mi, cor tuum mihi.* "My child, give Me thy heart."

What answer has God received from the hearts that He has made? Out of all the millions and millions and millions of hearts that have throbbed with life, how many have throbbed with a true and faithful love? God indeed did not make His appeal in vain. From the first and all along there were noble and loving hearts that gave themselves back to God who had given them all. Yet neither our first parents nor the holiest of their descendants; none of the saints of the Old Law from Abel, slain by his brother, to Isaac, ready to be sacrificed by his father, and thus both of them prefiguring Jesus, —neither these nor Joseph, son of Rachel, nor any other on to Joseph, spouse of Mary, could give the full allegiance of their hearts to God without a flaw, without a break, without a pause. The blight of sin was upon them all.

Not even Mary herself, the Immaculate, "our tainted nature's solitary boast," could fully satisfy the yearning of the Creator. She, that purest and brightest of creatures, was still a mere creature and could not give to God an infinite love. *That* was reserved for the tenderest and most pathetic moment in the entire history of God's relations with mankind: which tenderest moment surely was the first moment of the Incarnation, the first beating of that Heart which was at once a human heart and the heart of God. Then indeed the Eternal Father could say those words in all the plenitude of their meaning and could be sure of an adequate response. "My Son, co-equal to Me in nature, and yet true man with a human heart, give to Me the infinite love of that Heart. My Son, give Me Thy Heart." *Præbe, fili mi, cor tuum mihi.*

And now the Son of God in turn takes up these words and addresses them to the souls that he has come to redeem. They are not only spoken by God to man, but by the First-born among many brethren to His brethren, by the God-man to His fellow-men. If men had too often received those words coldly when coming from "the King of Ages immortal and invisible," how could they be deaf to the appeal when made by the

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Heart of Jesus? Jesus spoke that word from the crib of Bethlehem and from the cross of Calvary, and during every moment that His Heart has throbbed since then, especially in that sacrament of love which is the uttermost fulfilment and realization of every prophecy, and promise, and type, and figure, and allegory, and parable, setting forth God's love for man. At every moment since the first moment that a human heart beat in heaven, the Heart of our Saviour after the Ascension, that cry has rung (too often, alas! unheard,) in the heart of every member of every successive generation of the children of men: "My child, give me thy heart."

But that word, spoken a thousand years before the coming of our Lord, was never spoken so plainly as when, more than a thousand years after His coming, He pointed to His Sacred Heart and said: "Behold this Heart so loving and so little loved."

A true devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is the best answer that we can make to that appeal that we have repeated so often: "My child, give Me thy heart." Let us strive habitually to hear our good God addressing this entreaty to our hearts, not only in the graver emergencies of life when this thought will repel the tempter and strengthen the weakness of the spirit and the flesh—not only then but in all the little occasions that make up one of our quiet days, in which we can exercise virtue and gain merit by acting always in this spirit of faith and love. The best consolation for every sorrow, the best antidote for every poison, the best safeguard against every temptation, the best support through the weariness of life and the dread of death, is to remember that God loves us, loves each of us with a personal love, and that to each of us he says at this moment and always: "My child, give Me thy heart."

May this aspiration of God's heart haunt us perpetually, making itself heard through all the pleasures and all the pains of life, down to the last pang of death; and in death itself may the last cry of our hearts be "My Jesus, mercy!"—which then will mean: "Jesus, my Lord and my God! now at last I do indeed yield to Thy entreaty and give to Thee my heart forever." For even in heaven God will forever say to each of the blessed: "My child, give Me thy heart;" and the heaven of heavens will be that we shall not then be able to say Him nay, but must needs forever give Him love for love and heart for heart.



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HISTORICAL OUTLINE OF THE MONASTIC ORDERS IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

(*Concluded.*)

PROVINCE OF THE HOLY ROSARY OF THE ORDER OF PREACHERS.

WITH the first Bishop of Manila, Father Domingo Salazar, who set sail for these islands in 1581, came twenty Dominicans, whom he had himself recruited in Europe. On the way, however, most of them fell victims to the plague. The remaining few were left in Mexico. We must except Father Cristobal Salvatierra, who continued with the Bishop as far as Manila, and afterwards became Procurator and Ecclesiastical Superior of the Diocese during the Bishop's absence. But Father Salazar was unwilling to give up the hope of seeing his brothers in Christ settled in the Philippines. He held an interview with the Fathers of the Province of Mexico, and acquainted them with his desire of founding a Province in the islands, devoted to propagating the faith in that extensive territory and in neighboring countries. The idea was hailed with enthusiasm by the Fathers. It was at once decided to send Father Juan Crisostomo to the Courts of Madrid and Rome to negotiate the matter. Father Crisostomo, in spite of the many difficulties thrown in his way, at last succeeded in his mission, and, having obtained leave from the Court of Madrid, from the Pope and the General of the Order, gathered a select band of twenty-four religious, who sailed from the port of Cadiz, July 17, 1586. Three of them died in Mexico. After fixing the terms on which the new Province should be founded, and obtaining the signatures of all concerned, they started for Acapulco. Two of the Fathers and a lay brother for the time being remained in Mexico. One of these was Father Juan Cobo, who was left to manage important business connected with the Mission.

The other was Father Crisostomo, who fell ill. Three others were left behind to take shipping for Mexico, and there founded a convent or school for missionaries destined to pass over and preach the Gospel in China. Fifteen embarked at Acapulco, April 6, 1587, and reached these islands after many perils and disasters, July 21, 1587. They took shelter at first in the Palace of the Bishop, and later on in the Convent of the Franciscans. They were able, eventually, with the alms of the Bishop and of other pious persons, to build a small convent with its church and other appurtenances, in the very place where the present convent stands.

They occupied it in January of the following year. But as all these buildings were raised in great haste and built of inferior wood, they were in so bad a condition two years later that it was necessary to make extensive repairs. Eleven years afterwards in the terrible fire which visited Manila, April 30, 1603, all these buildings were totally destroyed. It was then decided to rebuild them with stone, using the same material for the interior of the church. But two years afterwards the city was suddenly shaken by the terrific earthquake of 1645, and the walls collapsed. Rebuilt again with wood, it lasted until the dreadful earthquakes of 1863, when nearly the whole church came down and the convent was entirely ruined. The new edifice follows a different plan and introduces another style of architecture. This is true, especially of the church, which, after being blessed

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with unusual solemnity, was opened March 18, 1868. Devotion to Our Lady of the Rosary, because of the many miracles performed through her mediation, is decidedly popular throughout the Archipelago. Many of these miracles have been judicially proved, according to the formalities of the Church's present discipline. The most widely known and famous is perhaps that of the signal victory achieved by the garrison of Manila in 1646, against the attacks of the Dutch squadron. The Chapel, therefore, of Our Lady of the Rosary is, undoubtedly, a most venerable sanctuary. No festivity is more sacredly kept in the Philippines, than that called *Naval*, celebrated annually on the first Sunday in October and during the entire octave. The Dominicans landed in September of the same year, and were charged with the spiritual administration of *Bataan* and *Pangasiman*, and soon after with that of *Casayan*. Thither they went without delay to begin their apostolic labors. The Vicar General, Father Juan de Castro, three priests and a lay brother remained in the Convent of Manila. They likewise opened missions in Formosa, China, Tun-Kin and in Japan. These missions are famous in the history of the Church as well for the rapidity with which they propagated the Christian religion in Asia, as for the many persecutions they sustained, comparable in cruelty only with those of the first centuries of the Christian Era. Thirty-six Dominicans of the Province of the Holy Rosary, twenty of whom were Europeans, were tortured and killed.

All the religious attached to the missions, those devoted to ministerial functions in the Archipelago, and those yet residing in the colleges of Spain, but intended for the Colonies, form the Province known as that of the Holy Rosary. It is ruled by a Superior called the Provincial Prior. An election is held every four years, and in it those having the right of suffrage, according to the statutes and laws of the Congregation, proceed to appoint a new Provincial.

PROVINCE OF ST. NICOLAS OF TOLENTINO, OF RECOLLECTS OR DISCALCED AUGUSTINIANS.

This historical sketch of the above-mentioned Order, whilst not too extensive (such would be incompatible with our present purpose) will nevertheless acquaint the reader with the most remarkable events that had place since its origin, with the barest reference to events of less paramount importance.

We shall lay before the reader a synoptical view of the beginning, growth and progress of the Congregation of Discalced Augustinians in this vast and magnificent Archipelago. And we shall be faithful narrators of past events, which beautifully link together to unite the past with the present epoch.

Fifty years had elapsed since the arrival on these far distant shores of those zealous and praiseworthy Calced Augustinians who, impelled by their charity, came to toil for the salvation of souls. The Augustinians were followed by the equally deserving Franciscans. The illustrious Jesuits appeared later on. And soon the noble Dominicans took up a position in the field of spiritual conquest.

The echo of their heroic deeds travelled with the rapidity of lightning throughout our beloved Spain. Supplications were raised to the throne of our Catholic kings, demanding new preachers of the gospel to give a greater impetus to the subjugation of these aborigines to the sweet yoke of Christ. As Catholic kings of Catholic Spain, blessed by the Vicar of Christ, they could not turn deaf ears to these supplications. Philip III., therefore, following in the royal footsteps of the glorious Emperors Charles V. and Philip II., his illustrious predecessors and progenitors, was favorably impressed. He hailed with benevolence these prayers of the devout, and gave orders to the Recollects or Discalced Augustinians, to embark for the Philippines. Much pleased were they with the will of the

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king. They were even anxious to go and aid their brethren, to share with them the hardships of spiritual warfare in the Archipelago.

One event is strikingly worthy of mention. It occurred during the course of the year 1605, and influenced the king to take the step mentioned in the last paragraph. At the same time it shows clearly the good disposition of those heroes of the Gospel so willing and greedy to evangelize lands recently discovered by our intrepid mariners, men of history, whose names and colossal deeds are engraved in indelible characters on the records of immortal fame.

In 1605 King Philip III., informed of the gifted and virtuous Father Juan de S. Jeronimo, a Discalced Augustinian, conferred upon him the dignity of Bishop of Chiapas, in America. But the humble religious declined the distinction with which the sovereign wished to honor him as a tribute of respect for his meritorious deeds. He implored His Catholic Majesty to relieve him of the appointment and allow him instead to proceed to the Philippines, together with his brethren, to devote himself there to preaching the gospel, alleging as excuse his firm belief that, by so doing, he could better serve their Majesties.

The attitude of this modest religious who, instead of the dignity of Bishop of Chiapas, chose the hard lot of a missionary, confirmed King Philip in the high opinion he had of Father Juan. The king, according to his request, gave royal orders, couched in terms suited to the wishes of the Augustinian. Father Juan, with his companions, left Cadiz July 12, 1605, sailing toward Puebla de los Angeles, Mexico. They reached the port of Acapulco one year later. Here they stayed only a short while, and, at last, started for Manila, arriving in this city May 12, 1606. They dwelt in a modest and curious country-house of *Bogumbayan*, the first convent of the Discalced Augustinians founded in this island.

These fourteen Recollects, once established in their Convent of Bogumbayan, purchased with alms from the faithful, began with great charity and zeal their sublime apostleship.

In the same year a small party of these laborers of Christ left the convent. Those remaining toiled constantly for the salvation of souls. Their virtues were so well appreciated, so many good works did they perform, so admirably did they propagate the faith, that Father Juan de S. Jeronimo was requested by the faithful of Manila to send some of his religious to that city. He complied with the request and in Manila a second Convent of Recollects was erected. Here, too, these disciples of Christ devoted their lives to their own sanctification, and to the sanctification and salvation of others.

Let us remember them. Let us cherish with undying love the memory of these heralds from heaven.

PROVINCE OF ST. GREGORY THE GREAT, OF THE ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS.

It can be said that a layman was the cornerstone of this holy and apostolic Province of Discalced religious, who so strictly follow the observance of our holy father, St. Francis. His name was Antonio de San Gregorio. This layman, wishing to preach the gospel in the Solomon Islands and announce there the name of our Lord, obtained permission from the king, the Roman Pontiff and the Superiors of the Order, to himself procure the necessary missionaries. He succeeded in his desire, and, sailing with a party from the holy Province of St. Joseph, he reached Seville in the year 1576. Here they assembled in Chapter and appointed as first Superior B. Pedro de Alfaro. The congregation was known as Custody of St. Philip until the following year, 1577, when Gregory XIII. called it the Congregation of St. Gregory. In 1586 it was raised to the dignity of a province by Sixtus V., according to the Bull, *Dum ad uberes*

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fructus. He besides conferred upon it the titles of holy and apostolic.

The missionaries were on the point of embarking for the Solomon Islands, when the king, already informed by the Augustinian Father Diego de Herrera, of the pressing need of more evangelical toilers in the Philippines, issued a royal order directing the Franciscans then in Seville, to proceed to the Philippines. They set sail early in July of the year 1586. On the way to New Spain a plague broke out on the ship, and six missionaries died. This misfortune brought to the surface all their charity and benevolence. In Mexico, the places of those who had passed away were filled by six religious of the Province of the Holy Gospel of the Observance. The founder, B. Antonio de San Gregorio, returned to Spain to attend to some matters relating to the mission; another religious sickened and was left in Jalapa. Therefore, of the twenty-four who joined the original band only fifteen reached the Philippines. They landed July 24, 1577, and were welcomed with great enthusiasm.

This province has been honored by the Supreme Ruler of the Catholic Church with the title of holy and apostolic, a distinction it has well deserved. It counts among its sons twenty-three martyrs canonized by the Church, besides a number of venerable confessors. It has also been honored in a very marked degree by our Catholic King, and by the governors-general of the Archipelago, on account of services rendered the mother country and these colonies. The history of its meritorious achievements is preserved in the archives of the province itself.

At present the Congregation is ruled by a provincial superior, having three hundred and ninety-eight religious, some of whom live in the colleges it has in Spain. The remaining members are devoted to the spiritual administration of the parishes and missions scattered throughout the Archipelago and entrusted to the care of the province.

THE BENEDICTINES.

The Benedictines reached the Philippine Islands September, 1895.

Their Central Mission House, which depends upon the Province of Spain, is in Manila.

The Provincial resides in Spain. There is a superior in the Archipelago. He is in charge of the Central House in Manila, being at the same time entrusted with some mission parishes of the District of Suriga, in Mindanao. They are considering plans for the foundation of a colony in this country.

The Central Mission House of Manila, has for the present a Superior, a Secretary, a Procurator, and two coadjutor-brothers.

The District of Suriga will be divided into residences or mission-parishes.

The Benedictines to-day administer the following missions: some in Tagauan, Placer de Gigasquit, Cobistong and Numancia, with four priests and four coadjutor-brothers

They have a college for the instruction of their missionaries in the famous "Monasterio Abadia of Monserrate," in Catalonia, Spain.

The total number of religious attached to the Order here is fourteen.

THE LAZARISTS.

The Lazarists first arrived in 1862 and founded the Philippine Mission, which belongs to the Congregation of Saint Vincent of Paul, of Spain.

They are in charge of the studies in the Seminaries of the diocese of the Archipelago, having the management at the same time of the following institutions:

The Bishop's Seminary of Manila, with a rector, three teachers, three coadjutor-brothers, and twenty seminarists (boarding scholars).

The College Seminary of New Caceres, with a rector, a vice-rector, six teachers, two assistants, one preparatory teacher, three coadjutor-brothers, and about eight hundred pupils.

The Seminary-College of Cebú, with a rector, a vice-rector, seven teachers, three

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instructors, two coadjutor-brothers, one hundred and seventy boarding-pupils and three hundred and seventy day-pupils.

The Seminary-College of Jaró, with a rector, a vice-rector, seven teachers, two coadjutor-brothers, one hundred and twenty boarding-pupils and two hundred and eighty day-pupils.

Besides, the Congregation is in charge of the spiritual direction of the Sisters of Charity. They at the same time attend to the spiritual wants of the colleges known as "Concordia," "St. Isabel de Manila," "St. Isabel de Nueva Caceres" and "St. José de Jaró." They are the managers of the Asylum of "St. Vincent of Paul," and of the House of Charity in Cebú.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

They reached the Archipelago in 1862, and assumed charge of the studies in various colleges for young girls. They are managers and nurses in the hospitals of the islands.

The Congregation has control of the following institutions:

"Concordia College,"—residence of the Sister vice-inspector,—with a Sister Superior, a Sister curator, fourteen teaching Sisters, twelve lay Sisters (these latter are in charge of the temporal affairs of the establishment), twenty-eight boarding-pupils, seventy day-pupils and sixty adopted girls.

"Municipal School of Manila" for young girls, with a Sister Superior, eight teaching Sisters and three hundred and thirty-two pupils.

The "Santa Isabel College," with a Sister Superior, seven teaching Sisters, seven lay Sisters, fifty scholars of "Sta. Potenciana," fifty of "Sta. Isabel," forty-eight pensioners, thirty-six boarding-pupils and thirty half-boarding-pupils.

The "Beaterio de Santa Rosa," with a Sister Superior, eight teaching Sisters, four lay Sisters, fifty boarding-scholars and fifty day-scholars.

The Asylum of St. Vincent of Paul, of Manila, with a Sister Superior, five teaching Sisters, four lay Sisters and one hundred and eighty young girls.

The Sta. Isabel College, in New Caceres, with a Sister Superior, five teaching Sisters, four lay Sisters, one hundred and thirty young girls, twenty-five normal scholars and one hundred pupils.

The St. José de Jaró College, with a Sister Superior, seven teaching Sisters, two lay Sisters, one hundred and sixteen boarding pupils, one hundred and sixty day pupils and fourteen half boarding pupils.

The Manila Hospital, with a Sister Superior and nineteen nurse Sisters.

The St. José Hospital, with a Sister Superior and thirteen teaching Sisters for young girls. They are in charge of the orphans and lunatics of both sexes.

The San Juan de Dios Hospital, with a Sister Superior, twenty-two nurse Sisters and four Sisters in charge of the dispensary.

The Naval Hospital of Cuñacao, with a Sister Superior and nine nurse Sisters.

The St. José Hospital in Cavite, with a Sister Superior, two nurse Sisters, two Sisters in charge of the *Sagrada Familia* school, which is in the same establishment.

The Sisters are also managers of the House of Charity in Cebú, where resides a Sister Superior with twenty-three Sisters to attend the college, school, hospital and alms house.

CAPUCHINS.

They came in 1866 and founded the Mission House of Manila. The Provincial Superior of these missions resides in Spain. The mission is supplied by the Provinces of Toledo, Aragon and Castile. There is a Superior in the Archipelago in charge of the Mission House of Manila, and of both the Caroline and Palao Missions, where the religious of this Order exercise their ministry.

The following are the established missions:

The Central Mission House of Manila with a Superior, a Secretary, a Procurator, a Counsellor and four coadjutor-brothers.

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The mission in Yap Island (Western Carolines) with residences, churches and schools, in the following villages, Santa Cristina (head of the district), San Francisco de Guror, Torú and Santa Cruz, with stations in Malay, Jará and Aringel, with a Superior, four priests and five coadjutor-brothers. The Palao Mission, dependent on that of the interior, with residences in the villages of Guror and Arcolon, with three clergymen and three coadjutor-brothers.

The mission of the Island of Panapé (Western Carolines), with residences, churches and schools in the villages of Santiago de la Asuncion (head of the district), Kiti and Chokas with a Superior, five priests and six coadjutor brothers.

The congregation is represented in Madrid by a General Procurator, with a Superior, five priests and six coadjutor-brothers.

The Order has in all thirty-six religious in this Archipelago, although some of the missions are to-day vacant.

MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL.

PIONEER SISTER OF MERCY IN CALIFORNIA.

(*Continued.*)

PERHAPS it was while assisting at this final dedication of Mary Baptist Russell to the special service of God and His poor that her elder sister resolved finally to follow her example. Elizabeth Russell was allowed to enter the same novitiate that Katherine had just passed through, but only with the stipulation exacted by her Bishop, Dr. Blake, that she could return (with her dowry) to Newry when he should have arranged for the establishment there of the Sisters of Mercy. This condition also was imposed on Sister Mary Baptist, who had to be formally released from it before taking the next step in her career. Their mother at this time, in order to facilitate a new foundation in their native town, offered to make over for the purpose all her property in Ballybot; but the situation of those houses was considered unsuitable for a convent, and the offer was declined, though this, to one who has special opportunities of judging, seems now to have been a mistake, such as God sometimes allows for some wise end.



NEW CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART, KILLOWEN.

When the second, or rather the third, nun of the household was half way through her noviceship, in the Summer of 1854, the Rev. Hugh Gallagher of San Francisco paid a visit to his native land. He was empowered by his Bishop, a Spanish Dominican, Dr. Alemany, to bring back with him a colony of Irish Sisters of Mercy. Mother Vincent Whitty, sister to the late Father Robert Whitty, S.J. (formerly Cardinal Wiseman's Vicar General in London), was superior at that time in the Mother House in Baggot Street, which had recently supplied so many new foundations that it had not Sisters enough for its own work. Father Gallagher was therefore recom-

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CATHOLIC CHURCH, ROSTREVOR.

mended to apply to Kinsale, where he arrived on the 28th of July, 1854, with the full approval of the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. William Delaney. The Kinsale Convent was then only eight years old, having been founded from Limerick in 1846, and yet the busy hive was ready to swarm.

At that time California seemed to be much farther away than we consider it at present; and in reality it was a very difficult place to reach, and more difficult to live in. This explains the opening words of the following passage from that most interesting work, "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," Vol. III., page 471:

"As the new mission was supposed to entail unusual sacrifices, the Sisters were informed that none but volunteers would be accepted. They were counselled to consider the matter well, pray for divine direction, consult their directors and superiors, and on a given day all who were ready to go were told to offer themselves in writing and put the billets in a box at the Oratory of the Sacred Heart. Twenty-nine, almost the whole Community, offered, but Bishop Delaney would allow only five to go. The Kinsale Superior, Mother M. Francis Bridgeman, one of the grandest women, both spiritually and intellectually, that ever wore the religious habit, selected from the volunteers, with unerring judgment, Sister M. Baptist Russell, who had just left the novitiate; Sister M. de Sales Reddan, who was old enough to be her grandmother; Sister M. Bernard O'Dwyer, Sister M. Frances Benson and Sister Mary Howley.

"To this contingent were added three novices who had the courage to offer themselves: Sister M. Gabriel Brown, Sister M. Paul Beechinor and Sister M. Martha MacCarthy. Accompanied by Mother Bridgeman and Sister Mary Aquin Russell, the whole party left Kinsale September 8, 1854."

As this is a very important crisis in our story, we shall give the greater part of a letter received from one of the present Community of St. Joseph's, Kinsale, describing the incidents more minutely. The "loved old Mother" is, of course, Mother Francis Bridgeman, of holy memory.

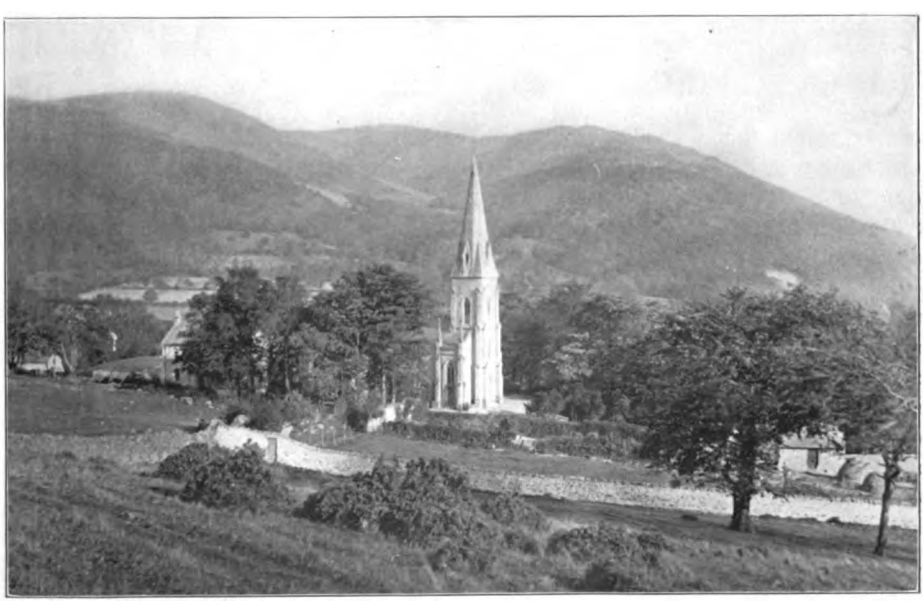
"Mother Mary Baptist was one of our loved old Mother's most highly esteemed and best beloved spiritual children. She often said of her that she seemed like one who had never sinned in Adam, and that she believed she never allowed self-love to argue for a moment with what she had reason to know was God's will or good pleasure. This fidelity to grace, she thought, had much more to do with her remarkable calmness of manner than had her naturally sweet temper. She often watched her under trying circumstances, but could never detect a shade of disappointment or a ruffle of any kind.

"When the San Francisco mission was proposed, she asked her confessor's advice as to offering herself for it. He did not, at first, approve of her doing so, and, when she told this to Mother M. Francis, the latter looked a little disappointed, but did not wish Sister M. Baptist to notice this, and merely said to her that she had done her part, and that

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they must look on her confessor's decision as God's will in the matter. Sister M. Baptist returned soon to Mother M. Francis, saying she feared she had not shown sufficient desire for the foreign missions when speaking to her confessor, and that she would be glad to see him again on the subject. Mother M. Francis, fearing she might have allowed her own disappointment to appear, and that Sister M. Baptist was about to press the matter to meet her wishes, questioned her as to her views regarding the mission. Her one desire was to do God's will, but, if she were sure it was His will for her to go on the mission, she thought she would feel somewhat more pleased than otherwise. In a second interview her confessor gave his consent, and she offered and was accepted, without, however, being informed at first that she was destined to be the Superior.

"When all the Sisters had been selected for the California mission, they were presented to the parish priest, as the chosen missioners; and he casually asked which of them was to be Reverend Mother. Mother Mary Francis replied that it was Sister Mary Baptist; at which Sister M. B. got slightly pale, and the tears started to her eyes, but they were not allowed to fall, and when the Sisters surrounded her and offered their mingled congratulations and sympathy, she was as calm and cheerful as usual, and received all so cordially and simply that no one could form any opinion as to how the announcement affected her. When a Sister afterwards remarked to Mother M. Francis, that she pitied Sister M. Baptist and thought it must be very embarrassing to her to have her first intimation of the burden that was to be laid on her, made in public, Mother M. Francis replied that it certainly was hard, and that she would not attempt such a manner of acting with any one else, but that she knew Mother Mary Baptist well enough to feel sure that she would not betray any undue feeling on the occasion. She also said that she was not sorry to have had an opportunity of trying if *anything* could move her, but that, much as she relied on her imperturbable calmness, she had scarcely been prepared for the total absence of feeling she manifested at such an announcement.



CATHOLIC CHURCH, ROSTREVOR.

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"You (1) can, no doubt, give some interesting details of the generosity shown by her and dear Sister Mary Aquin, when your good mother hesitated, for a time, about Mother M. B.'s going to San Francisco. Sister M. Magdalen says you were here at the time, and did your part bravely, too. I asked Sister M. Magdalen's own opinion of dear Mother Baptist, and she said, with tears in her eyes, 'All I have to say of her is that she was the most perfect being, in every sense of the word, that in my judgment I ever came across.'

"The same question being put to Sister M. Elizabeth, the only other survivor of those early fifties, she said: 'You know how much dear Mother M. Francis thought of her; she was so calm, so perfect, in fact, in every way, and how she used to hold her up as a model to young Sisters. But what *I* admired most in her was her cordial, affectionate manner in the Community, and her great love for the poor. She could never see a Sister in any difficulty without trying to help her out of it, even at her own great inconvenience, so that many a time she got herself into difficulties in her effort to get others out of them. As for the poor, it used to be one of my greatest ambitions to be with her on visitation, especially at the workhouse. You know the state of misery they were in there at the time, and it would touch any heart to see her trying to console them and to help them to bear their sufferings. However calm she was under her own trials, I have known her to shed bitter tears on our way home from the workhouse, at the thought of the wretchedness she had witnessed and the little she could do to relieve it. Any little extra time or freedom she might chance to have, was always devoted to helping or relieving the poor in some way or other. She did many things in this way that others would not venture, and that were not always approved of, but she did them with so much simplicity and good faith that no one could blame her. She was one of the most loving and generous souls I ever met."

"Tell me, for you were there!" exclaimed Richard Lalor Sheil in his famous reply to Lord Lyndhurst's jibe against the alien Irish; and Sister Evangelist in the middle of the foregoing letter makes a similar appeal to Mother Emmanuel with regard to her recollection of Mother Baptist's demeanor during this trying crisis. Accordingly we transcribe the following notes of Kate Russell's youngest sister:

"We were in Kinsale when the Chapter met to vote for the San Francisco foundation and for the Mother Superior thereof. Mother Mary Francis told us that, when the name of Sister Mary Baptist was announced as the chosen one, poor Kate was entirely unprepared for it. She started, then bowed down her head for a moment, and, when Mother M. Francis saw her face, there was not a trace of emotion or excitement, but only its usual calm, sweet expression. So accustomed was she to regard the will of a superior as the will of God in her regard, that she never dreamed of remonstrance but simply bent her will to God's, no matter what effort it cost her. This is what Mother M. Francis said of her."

This well qualified witness goes on to mention, that, as Father Gallagher was obliged to return to America in a few weeks, the preparations of the little band of missioners had to be hurried on. She and her mother were allowed to be with Sister Mary Baptist constantly. "During all that time Kate was as calm and recollected as if leaving her convent home were a matter of every-day occurrence. Once only did her great self-control break down, and that was one day when the two Nuns, our mother and myself, were busy drawing out a quantity of tangled silk, I began to read for them some verses you had sent me from Maynooth, in which you recalled the old

(1) Mother Mary Emmanuel Russell, to whom this letter is addressed by Sister Mary Evang[illegible]

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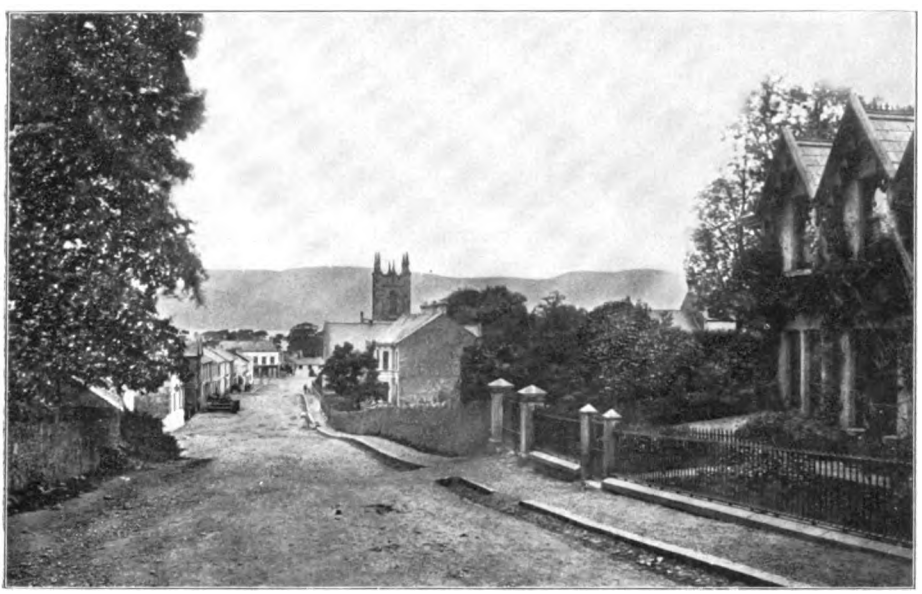
place in Killowen, and the family circle there, and since then the way that all were scattered, leaving me behind alone. It begins :

" In the dim uncertain twilight
That the close of evening brings,
I sit in my lonely chamber
And think of many things, etc.

" While I was reading, I saw Kate's head droop a little and a tear steal down her face—then just for a moment, she bent with her face on her hands on the table, and, when she raised it again, her face, though wet with tears, wore its usual calm, sweet expression. None of us noticed her emotion, and the work we were at went on without a word about it."(1)

As Mother Baptist is now leaving Kinsale forever, we transcribe the page of the convent register which relates to her:

"Sister Katherine Russell, in religion Sister Mary Baptist Joseph, daughter of Arthur and Margaret Russell, of Newry, County Down. Born in 1829. Entered the Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, St. Joseph's, Kinsale, on the 24th of November, 1848. Received the holy habit July 7, 1849. Made her religious profession August 2, 1851. (1) Offered for the Californian Mission, on which she was sent as Mother Superior on the 8th of September, 1854."



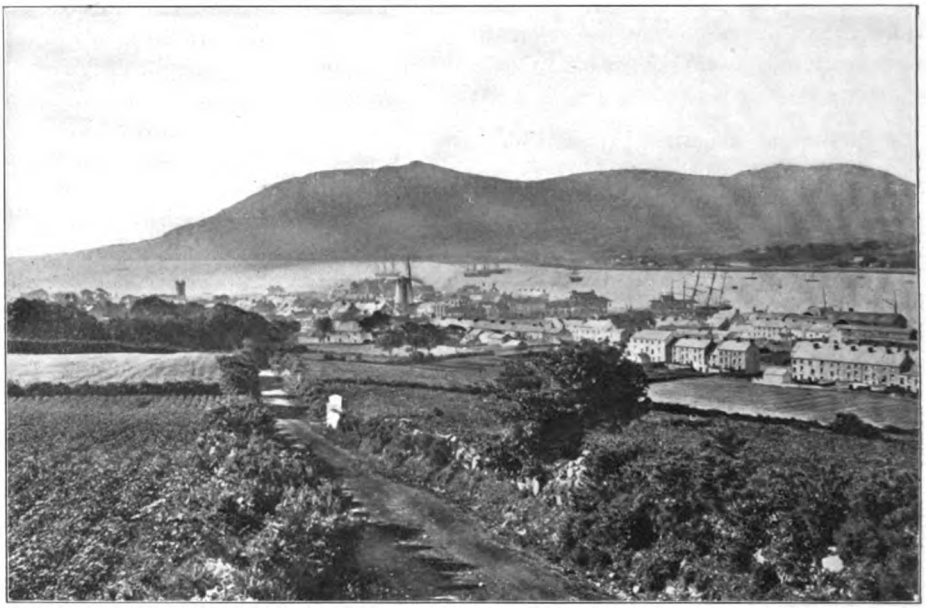
ROSTREVOR.—PRIEST'S HOUSE TO RIGHT, AND TOWER OF PROTESTANT CHURCH.

In making arrangements for the voyage, Father Gallagher met with a happy disappointment. He had wished to sail in *The Arctic*, but he could not secure sufficient accommodation for all his party, eighteen in number, including some Presentation nuns. He therefore deferred their departure till the 23d of September, the eve of the feast of our Lady of Mercy. *The Arctic* sailed without them and was lost with all on board.

(1) This poem, which is called "Retrospection," has on account of these associations been included in a volume recently published by James Bowden, 10 Henrietta Street, London: "Idyls of Killowen. A Soggarth's Secular Verses." In the foregoing extract "her usual calm, sweet expression" is mentioned twice, for no other phrase could describe so well Mother Baptist's habitual demeanor.

(1) In a letter dated August 2, 1893, Mother Baptist begins : "This day forty-two years ago, myself and that *fervent* soul, Mother Liguori O'Dwyer, made our profession. She is dead many years; may she rest in peace."

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WARRENPORT, MIDWAY BETWEEN NEWRY AND KILLOWEN.

Dr. Silliman Ives, who had been Protestant Bishop in the United States, and had become a Catholic, had his luggage transferred from the ill-fated *Arctic* to *The Canada*, in order that he might have Father Gallagher's company; and thus, still more narrowly, he and his wife escaped.

Those who can turn to the graphic pages of the work we have already named, "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," will find a somewhat minute account of the voyage to New York, (reached on the first Friday of October) and then the voyage to Greytown, the journey across the Isthmus of Panama, and finally the voyage on the Pacific in through the Golden Gate. The contemporary letters written after their arrival are not found in the large collection in our hands. I remember that one of Mother Baptist's expedients for employing usefully the enforced leisure of travel was the vigorous study of Spanish, to qualify her for her new surroundings, then much less thoroughly Americanized than they are now. The band of missionary Nuns had left their old home on the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, September 8th; they reached their new home on the 8th of December, which was not only the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, but the very day on which Pius IX., amid the assembled bishops of the world, solemnly defined and promulgated that dogma of our faith. Our Blessed Lady plainly had the Sisters in her safe and holy keeping. This happy omen was, of course, adverted to at the time and the memory of it cherished every year since then. Thus on the 7th of December, 1895, Mother Baptist wrote to the compiler of these notes: "We are in California forty-one years tomorrow, Feast of the Immaculate Conception and the day Pius IX. proclaimed it a dogma of our faith. Dear old Mother de Sales threw a miraculous medal into the mud as we drove from the steamer to St. Patrick's Church, and begged our Blessed Lady to take us under her protection; and no doubt she preserved us from many dangers notwithstanding our shortcomings."

(*To be continued.*)

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BLANDINE OF BETHARRAM.

By J. M. Cave.

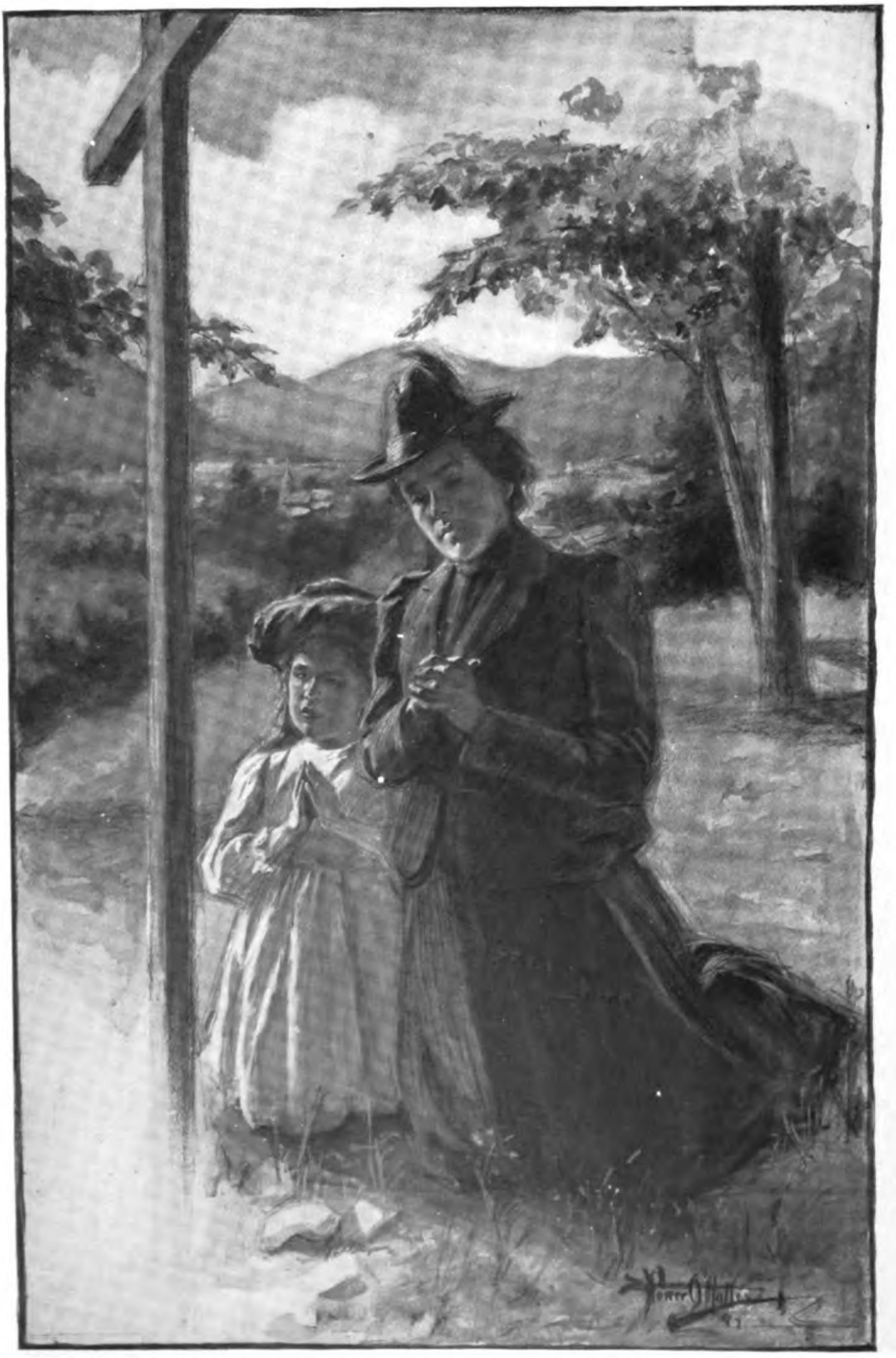
(*Continued.*)

NOW, as never before, Madame Dacre's selfishness stands revealed before her, and beneath its weight she literally sinks down in the mud and dust. Mud and dust are always there on the platform before the grotto. Pilgrims bring plenty of dust to add to the home supply. And pilgrims must drink and carry draughts of the clear cold water to their friends and companions, and fill their cans and bottles for home consumption, and the volunteer sons and daughters of the regiment of "the Hospitality of our Lady of Lourdes" must distribute *bidons* of the miraculous water to the "worst cases" who are thirsty, poor souls, and in spite of their thirst, spill more than they swallow. Yes, there are mud and dust and scorching sun, and keen wind too, at times—but the weather never counts for anything on pilgrimage days. "*Bras en croix*," no matter how the rain pours, or the sun burns. And the mud and dust and sun had their own way with the penitent woman, kneeling close to the barrier, quite near the last row of "worst cases." She hardly knew where she was, as far as externals went, for a little while. She thought of the consequences of her vain ambition, and asked herself if there was no way at all by which she could restore to Antony what he had lost through her. And if there was, would our Blessed Lady show it to her? "A blind wife, through my fault, and even yet not sure that Margaret's unwilling consent will ever be ratified, for it is only too evident, that she shrinks from burdening him with her helplessness."

Ah! she thinks, if I could only give my deafness for her sight. She surely meant, if she could only keep her deafness, keep it even in an aggravated form, she would consent, yes, even though she were never again to hear the voice she loves best in the world. She would accept even that, to gain back the sight of those poor eyes, on which Antony gazed so fondly and so sadly. She knelt long, though pushed and crowded, tramped on and walked over, as one can only bear to be at Lourdes, and not turn to unjustifiable rage. Once she did raise her eyes, when too roughly pushed, with a look of silent expostulation, but the monocle of one of the tourists returned her look, and she bent her head again quickly. She did not hear it, but the owner of the monocle was humming low an opera air, in saucy, careless fashion, to which he adapted the words *gratia plena*, insolently and irreverently. He bore the outward marks of a man of fashion, a grand seigneur. Plenty of eyes followed him with looks of admiration, and made way for him to pass, where they would have stubbornly opposed a priest or bishop even. Those who cultivate the philosophy of clothes, make a great impression in throngs of this kind.

Madame was forced to rise at last, for her position at the corner of the enclosure exposed her to danger. She succeeded with great difficulty in reaching the stone benches bordering the river, and there, just opposite the holy grot and the niche, she was fortunate enough to find a little place, in spite of the numerous candidates for such vantage ground. No doubt her age, her weary air, her rich but sadly disarranged attire, moved the hearts of the other aspirants for

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THE LAST MORNING ON CALVARY.

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place. Madame accepted the courtesy without haste, thanked those who kindly made room for her, and took possession, only by kneeling and supporting herself against the seat. She had prayed till her heart had exhausted itself, and now, heedless of her rich garments she knelt, till another wave more irresistible than any she had yet felt, forced her neighbors and herself not only to rise from their knees, but to stand on the benches. She felt very uncomfortable in that sea of people, whose ceaseless surge ebbed and flowed with such force. She was arranging her bonnet and skirts as best she could, when the sound of a little bell told of an advancing procession. The advance escort came in sight at the same moment. A group of gentlemen of France bearing lighted tapers; some priests, a dais, and beneath it the Blessed Sacrament. The sea subsided, a path was made, by some, grudgingly enough, while others touched their foreheads to the ground in loving salutation. The clergy entered the grotto. The holy sacrifice of the Mass began. Ere long preparations were made to carry the Bread of Life to the famishing sick, so patiently waiting there. Never had one looker-on, at least, been so profoundly moved as now, when she beheld our Divine Lord in the Sacrament of His Love, borne thus, and distributed thus, to the most wretched, the most hideously deformed, the most disgustingly diseased of His children. She thought of the power He had given into the hands of His priests, and a pang smote her heart at the recollection of how she had tried to deprive her own son of this surpassing grace. How she had tried to secure to him lands and castles and gold, everything, in fact, that could chain his soul to earth, rather than this open sesame to heaven. She is not accursed; for God, in His mercy, frustrated her proud will.

There is a mist before her eyes, as she gazes upon the altar within the grot. Around it is a group of white surpliced priests—and,—yes! in spite of the mist, she sees her own boy, one of His accepted ministers. Who shall blame her, if she fancies she sees an aureole around his head! She sees *that*, to-day, around the head of every one of these consecrated brothers of his, laboring so unselfishly for the outcasts of civilization. She begins to have a dim idea of what it really means to be a priest of God.

Now the venerable figure distributing the Bread of Life is very near to the spot where she kneels once more, close to the enclosure. She hears a voice say, quite distinctly. "That is Monseigneur of Aix, that is Gouthe-Soulard, the old hero." And she follows the speaker's admiring glance, and with him admires the handsome old prelate, crowned with his eighty odd years, and with the invisible crown, earned by his dauntless courage in resisting aggression, in sacrificing everything, to uphold the dignity of Mother Church. From pallet to pallet, from carriage to carriage, from bench to bench he goes, no light labor; bestowing, with the blessing, a look of infinite pity and tenderness on each communicant.

"Why do they wish to be cured now?" the watcher asks herself. "If they have communicated worthily, why not choose to go to heaven, to shake off that horrible flesh, from their purified spirits?"

O my dear lady! they pray for life, because they have human hearts as tender, and perhaps tenderer than your own. And have they not eternity before them in which to rest? And have they not ties here below, as sacred as your own? And are they not even more tenderly cherished, because of their surpassingly heavy load? Ah, let them live! Life is His gift, and they love it, hard as it is.

And now—strange thing, indeed—it seems as if sounds had suddenly become louder and more intense. The air is filled with them. Great noise, loud voices, the rush of waters. Madame hears all these at one and the same

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time, and it bewilders and confuses her. It must be fatigue! A priest just then mounts the pulpit-steps beside the grot, and she hears him say: "A chaplet of thanksgiving for a remarkable cure. Let all recite the first decade, *bras en croix.*" All obey. All stretch out their arms, and hold them thus in the form of a cross throughout the decade, Madame Dacre with the rest. There is a priest approaching with a plate for offerings. He is collecting for the Church of the Holy Rosary, as yet unfinished. Madame mechanically feels for some coins in the reticule at her side. Neither reticule nor coins does she find, nor, what is far more important, the fan that has been ears to her these thirty years. A lady close by sees her trouble, and kindly asks if she has lost anything. She replies, without realizing that she has heard the question. Bewildered by the unusual noise, by the voices of those near her, many speaking at once, by many sounds coming from many directions, all of which had sounded soft as the cooing of doves until within an hour, she rises and looks into the grotto, seeking some one. Thank heaven! the one she seeks sees her and makes a little sign. He has observed her look of trouble. She can wait now, and signifies as much by a smile, and kneels once more. She has to wait quite a long while, for the office is long to-day and very solemn, with its accompaniment of outdoor communions, of sacred hymns, chanted by the faithful between the decades of the Rosary, each meditated on aloud by the priest in the pulpit. Then begins the return of the procession. With grander escort and with music, our Lord is borne back to the altar of the Rosary. With the music of voices, with mournful cries that assail Him as He passes by, still imploring Him in the self-same words as of old, "Jesus of Nazareth, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me whole. Jesus, Son of David, have mercy upon me." Some He hears. Some rise and follow Him. Some who do not call upon Him, He Himself calls, but they will not hear. They only turn proud, stubborn backs upon Him and His followers. They do not know Him to-day. Will He know them to-morrow in His Kingdom? Let us hope so for the sake of the thousands of prayers ascending from this and other sanctuaries in reparation for their cruelty.

Now the priests have all followed in the grand procession, yet Father Francis was not amongst them. Ah! yes, there he is, wheeling one of the invalid carriages, for they, the little carriages, the litters, the crutches and those who are praying to do without them, all follow in the triumphal march.

When Madame is comparatively alone, and only a few pilgrims still cling persistently to the iron railing, still persistently entreating for what is not best for them, or the Lord would allow Himself to be entreated, Madame looks upon the white statue in the niche. She knows how very far from beautiful it is, even as a work of art, and sees it, and sees it not. What she sees is a vision of the Virgin Mother that inspires her with greater love than she had ever before been conscious of for the Mother of Jesus, the Mother of the hapless, helpless throng of whom she is a sister, and such an unworthy one! She lifts her heart to that good Mother, who can make all those foul bodies white and pure as snow by only lifting her eyes to the face of her Divine Son, the Immaculate Virgin Mother, who can obtain pardon and peace for her, and pure white robes; for she sees now that, though her raiment has been of silk and satin and costly lace, those dainty garments have shrouded worse sin—oh! how much worse—than perhaps any one of those poor sufferers ever dreamed of. She lifts a very sore and penitent heart to Mary. She prays first for the greatest sufferers, asks blessings for them, and makes promises for them, asking to be taught how she may bestow them. She prays for Antony, whom she has wronged,

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and for Margaret, so sweet and forgiving. She does not mention Father Francis, except to give thanks for him. She asks again for her own pardon, and offers her light infirmity once more for Margaret's sight. Surely she never realized before to-day how many things, how very many things, she needs to ask for, nor how full Mary's hands are of blessings. She rises from her knees at the sound of a familiar step. Mother and son withdraw in reverent silence to some distance from the grot before speaking.

When they come out on the Esplanade du Rosarie, Madame whispers, "Francis, something has happened! I have been robbed and ———"

"Robbed, mother! Did you not perceive the warning posted so conspicuously everywhere, '*Veillez sur vos porte-monnaies!*' Look, there is one, on the nearest tree!"

"If it had run 'Look out for pickpockets,' I might have remarked it, my son. But, Francis!"

"What is it, mother?"

"Are you screaming, Francis?"

"Why, certainly not, mother. How can you suppose such a thing?"

"If you are not screaming, how is it that I hear your words, my son?"

They stopped. The priest looked into his mother's face. "Are you not using your fan, mother?"

"Fan and reticule are both gone, and yet I hear your words very plainly. What is even more strange, I heard the words of the priest meditating the mysteries of the Rosary for the sick, at a great distance, and could join in the responses."

"This is proclaiming a miracle, mother dear!"

"You are screaming now, Francis." There was an accent of reproach in the voice.

"I certainly spoke with some emphasis, though I did not scream, mother. But, tell me, did you ask our Blessed Lady to cure you? I am speaking very low now, mother; do you catch my words?"

"Perfectly! How strange! But if I hear, I must go back! I cannot go away without acknowledging this grace, if I really hear!"

"You alone can know that, mother. I am talking in a whisper. Turn your head away, that you may not see the motion of my lips. So! Now tell me what you asked of our Blessed Lady."

"Come back, Francis!" The old lady was on the point of giving way to tears. "Come! I need not repeat your words, I heard every syllable. Oh, I am so sorry!"

"Sorry, mother! I do not catch your meaning!"

"Yes, sorry, Francis! very sorry! Can you, even you, think I would ask anything for myself except pardon," she added in a low voice, but her son caught the words, "what I asked was for Margaret's eyes, her sight and for Antony's peace. I did not even ask anything for you. I only thanked God;" here her voice fell very low again.

"Come, dear mother; if you think best, we will return. But you are overtired, let us enter the Rosary Church and thank our Lady there."

"There first, since our Lord is there on the altar, then to the grotto, from whence I received this unasked-for blessing."

A few hours later, when they were approaching Betharram, Madame Dacre asked her son: "What will they say? How shall I tell them!"

"You ask, mother, in the tone of one who has a venial sin, if not a crime to confess," said the priest with a smile.

"I am confused, indeed, Francis. Really, I know it is annoying, but just allow me to ask once more, are you not screaming now?"

"Far from it, dear mother. And what is more, I promise you to speak as softly as I have ever done."

"Thank you, my son. And now I think the best way will be to say nothing at all. Let the discovery be made as it will. It will be a further proof, though an unnecessary one for me."

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"You are right, mother! We shall say nothing. But I too, am quite convinced that our Lady of Lourdes has perfectly restored your hearing."

Even the low whispered words of gratitude he offered, reached the newly opened ears. Madame Dacre held out her trembling hand. The priest held it tenderly a moment, and with a few whispered words of encouragement, was about to assist her to alight, for they had reached the Villa gates, when Madame Dacre asked:

"Are you very tired, Francis?"

"I am not in the least tired, mother, but I fear that you are. Still I divine your intention, and I see that you are right. Our Lady of Betharram may grant that other and dearer wish of your heart." They reentered the carriage and were set down before the church door. "I only give you a few minutes, mother, for we are due even now."

"I could not pass this sanctuary, without giving thanks," said Madame Dacre. "It is here that Margaret has been kept safe from the world, since I sent her forth homeless. It is here that Antony found her, and here that I have passed the first peaceful hours since that sad time. I love our Lady of Betharram! I love her for Margaret, for Noella, for little Blandine, and almost as they love her."

"And I, too," said the priest, "have found much happiness on this spot. We shall, none of us, ever forget beautiful Betharram."

And now the English visitors are gathered, for the last time, around the very board where Margaret and Madame Moore held their *tete-d-tetes* for so many years—a huge oblong table of polished oak, resting on immense protruding lions' claws that served as footstools, and were sadly in the way.

Madame Dacre and Margaret face each other at either extremity of the board. On Madame's right hand is the watchful and faithful Antony. This has been his place for long years, to serve his mother by anticipating her wishes, by answering for her, and conveying to her the remarks that would otherwise have failed to reach her ear. Father Francis could not have filled it one half so well. His frequent absences kept him out of practice. Father Francis and Sister Noella face each other on either side, while Blandine, ever watchful, from her place beside her blind mother, exchanges smiles and nods, modestly and timidly, with the stately old dame who seems flushed and excited to-day, a great contrast to her habitual calm repose of manner.

Children are observant. Blandine soon perceives that Madame Dacre does not turn to Mr. Antony so frequently, does not question him with her eyes at every moment, as she has been wont to do. Were it not for the smiles and nods, the extra-animated and very sweet expression of the old lady's face, Blandine might easily suppose that there had sprung up a sudden coolness between them, for Mr. Antony has vainly tried to catch his mother's eye more than once.

A group of real Blandines in blue-grey gowns, white aprons and dainty muslin caps wait on the table.

"Madame is not using her fan," Blandine says to herself. "She is too sad, perhaps, at parting with Mamma Marguerite before our Blessed Lady has opened her dear eyes."

"Have you climbed the Calvary to-day, Blandine?" demands Madame Dacre, as she catches the child's glance resting upon her with an unconscious look of surprise.

An inclination of the head, and a whispered affirmative that was not expected to reach the length of the table.

"Did you speak loud, Blandine?"

A little blush for not having spoken loud, and a shake of the head.

"Did Mamma Margaret mount with you, and did you make the Way of the Cross?"

Another nod and another low "Yes, Madame."

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The questioner tried to think of a phrase that would require more than nods and monosyllables.

"Blandine," she began, "if our Blessed Lady were to grant you a *great favor*, what would you give her by way of an ex-voto?"

Blandine reflected a little while, glancing up at her mamma and at Sister Noella for a suggestion that might help her. Finding that she was left to herself, save for the encouragement of smiles, she only shook her pretty head. She knew what she would give, under certain circumstances, for a certain favor, but she was too timid to speak it aloud. Her look and smile aroused the old lady's curiosity.

"I must know what you are thinking of. I saw words on your lips. Come here!" She beckoned Blandine to her side.

"May I rise, mamma?"

"Come! I will make all excuses for you to the company."

Blandine came to her side.

"Now I promise not to betray a word of whatever you tell me." She drew the little one close to her. "Come! whisper into my ear. So!"

"We will all shut our ears," said Antony.

Blandine fancied the old lady had forgotten her fan, and she hesitated to speak till it should be formally adjusted. But the old lady drew her closer, held her ear close to her mouth and waited.

Blandine whispered falteringly, both from natural timidity and the fear that her words might be overheard.

"If our Blessed Lady would give my mamma back her eyes, I would give my life."

Low as these words were faltered out, they were heard.

"I believe it, dear! Indeed I do! But she will hear you without that. Did you speak very loud this time?"

Blandine shook her head very positively, as she resumed her place.

"*I* certainly heard not a word," declared Antony and so said they all, unanimously. The old lady shook her head.

"I think I must come to your aid, mother," said Father Francis, at this juncture. "I must help you to tell the Secret of the King, or rather of the Queen." He bowed his head reverently an instant. "Our Lady of Lourdes has been very good to our mother, to-day. She is no longer infirm of hearing."

"I hear the voices of my children, Noella, Antony, Margaret." The old lady arose. In an instant all were on their feet. She was surrounded, congratulated, while thanks to God and His Blessed Mother mingled with grateful tears, made a touching accompaniment to the felicitations. Father Francis was forced to use his priestly authority to restore calm. Seeing his mother too much moved, although no one, not even he himself, was perfectly calm at that moment, he set the example by returning to his place at the table, and inviting all to follow his example.

"Mother knows already what I think," he said, "I will not weary her with fur- their congratulations;" but here he looked into his mother's face very tenderly,—"I fear that she is suffering just now, more from wounded feelings than from gratitude."

"Wounded feelings, Francis! I suffering from wounded feelings!"

There was such a contrast between the jocose expression of Father Francis' face and the aggrieved look and tone of Madame Dacre, that the listeners were not a little puzzled.

"Yes, mother, wounded feelings. Excuse me for repeating the accusation. Did you not tell me that our Blessed Lady had given you what you did not ask, and what you had no intention of asking?"

"You are screaming now, Francis!"

"No, mother, not in the least."

"And not speaking very loud?"

"Nor yet very loud. Your cure is, therefore, perfect. But you wanted

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something else. You are, therefore, not so grateful for what you have received, as disappointed for what has been, so far, withheld."

"Oh, yes! yes!" The old lady understood now, and fairly broke down. "You must all know, all and you especially, Margaret and Antony, that I did *not* ask this grace, or any grace, for myself. You must know what I asked for."

"Mother, you are mistaken again. You admitted to me that you offered your affliction, your deafness, that is, for the intention to which you allude, the intention we all have at heart."

"Yes, Francis, so I did!"

"Well, where a thing is offered up, and accepted, it must be regarded as a direct answer to prayer, must it not?"

"But I meant that I was willing to keep my affliction, even to have it increased tenfold, for that other intention."

"Ah, but you did not make that clear. You know we must be explicit even with the saints. You offered your petition through St. Antony, I daresay."

"I always do that, you know I do! Are you not speaking extremely loud, my son?"

"No, indeed, mother! But let me say that of all the saints in our calendar St. Antony has a right to expect brevity and clearness. How he gets through with the calls made upon him since the opening of the bread crusade, I hardly know!" The speaker was smiling into his mother's tearful face, doing his best to restore her equanimity. "You must really be more exact another time in wording your petitions. I might have been a glorious martyr to-day, if St. Antony had accepted your plea literally the day you consented to let me join the foreign missions."

"Francis, you *are* screaming now! At least you are speaking louder than is at all necessary."

"Not in the least, mother. But I wish to impress upon your mind, that if the saints obtain for us all we ask of them, it is quite as much as we have any right to expect. Do you remember your appeal to St. Antony, on the occasion I allude to?"

The old lady shook her head. She was fast recovering her composure, under the pleasantly bantering tones of her son's voice.

"I am sure I always asked for you and all my children the very best blessings."

"No one questions your intentions, good mother, but let me ask you, did you, or did you not say to your favorite intercessor, on my behalf, 'O dear St. Antony! dear, dear, St. Antony!' I am quoting your very words, mother, 'O dear St. Antony! If he only be not martyred like Father Jogues!' That was the *one* condition you named, mother. To any other form of execution you had no objection."

A current of merriment broke the strain of sadness. Even Madame Dacre joined in the laugh against herself, and so, in spite of the farewell soon to be spoken, the great grace of the present began to color the future with a bright ray of hope. Gratitude to God and His ever blessed Mother, gave confidence a large part in their hearts henceforth.

"I would have liked to leave my fan, as an ex-voto," said Madame Dacre, "had it not been taken from me."

"I wish you could have done so, mother," said Sister Noella. "For in that case the good curate of Lourdes, had it caught his eye, might have rejoiced that at least one of his hearers had heeded his solemn warning, and eschewed that instrument of vanity. Not so long ago, he gravely requested that any of his congregation who could not dispense with her fan, should remain away from his church at least during the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and Vespers, for neither on Calvary, nor in the presence of the Queen of Heaven, was it becoming."

"Is it possible! How very severe! And yet the heat in that old church,

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overcrowded as it always is, must be intolerable !"

"The good curate thinks that something must be sacrificed to avoid a worse heat, perhaps," suggested Antony. "I have heard something of the alarming invasion of his parish by modern fashions."

"It is only too true. On a Sunday afternoon, or at holiday service, the latest fashions and most primitive manners jostle each other. There *les extrêmes se touchent.* Black capulets or capuchons, and feathers, and furbelows up to date in Paris. But in spite of all this, our Lady will be propitious for the sake of the zealous workers in her vineyard. There she has Carmelites, Dominican Sisters, Helpers of the Holy Souls, Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, the Passionistines, the Sisters of Charity of Nevers (Bernadette's Order, you know), Sisters of the Assumption and the Good Shepherd, besides those valiant workers, the Sisters of St. Joseph, and the Christian Brothers, whose work is for the needy class, the class most likely to be influenced by the example of Paris, or other great cities."

"But hark ! The hour strikes !"

There was a general preparation for departure.

"All the same, Blandine," spoke Madame Dacre, "I shall depend upon you to choose a suitable ex-voto for me. Take your time. It will be none the less a thanks-offering for not being laid down at once at the feet of our dear Lady of Lourdes."

"And now, for work !" cries Sister Noella. "Our dear ones are well on their way to London, and your solicitors are importunate, my dear Margaret. I hope you will not have to regret postponing their claims so long. I have had hard work to keep them at bay till now. Had you not insisted upon my silence in this matter, I should have asked Francis to help us about the formalities."

"Sooner Antony ! A priest's time is too precious."

"Either would have been better than neither. But may be we have wit enough between us for the whole business. In an emergency we can call upon Father St. Etienne."

So the English papers and letters were brought forth once more. Among them was found a letter in the handwriting of Madame Moore. It was carefully sealed and marked "strictly and sacredly private." "What is to be done with it ?" asked Sister Noella.

"I have no hesitation in placing it in your hands," was Margaret's answer. But Sister Noella hesitated. "No," she at length said. "Wait ! the day may come when it will not be necessary to disclose its contents even to me." So it was put aside

"You will be obliged to hasten your departure, my dear Margaret. The tenor of these documents demands personal attention. Let me call Antony."

But this plan did not suit Margaret. It interfered too seriously with her spiritual needs. It was laying aside too soon the garb of aspirant for rehabilitation in the household of Faith, thus to dispense with the discipline she felt her spirit needed. She weighed the opposing claims ; the debt she owed ; the fortune that awaited her.

"I must pay my debt first," she said decidedly, "fortune or no fortune." "Fortune or no fortune," she repeated, "I must give my Heavenly Father, who waited for me so long, the time and thought He now claims. Help me, dear Sister Christmas, to put away the temptations that might so easily involve me beyond my power of resistance, or my strength of grace. This business can wait, and my soul still cries for more spiritual food." So the English business was once more deferred. "Patient waiters are never losers," is an old adage that will serve in this case. But we may anticipate a short chapter from the correspondence of Madame Moore. We may catch a glimpse of the story Margaret has yet to learn, and explain how it was, that that lady

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had not the power to secure Margaret's future before her death. In order to be free from an uncongenial companion, a faithless husband, Mme. Moore had suffered her business affairs to be controlled by him during his lifetime. But there was a proviso in the matter that could not be broken, it being legalized by all possible forms of law, viz., that everything should revert to her or her heirs after his death. As their fortune had come from her, this was but just. Although it was irksome in the extreme to receive a limited allowance from her rightful revenues, she forbore to seek redress, hating all controversy, all legal business. She heard that her husband's fortune was on the increase. Her lands gave mineral wealth heretofore unexpected, and it kept a worm gnawing at her heart to think that all was being dissipated in folly, that he was rolling in wealth, while she was comparatively stinted. Though she had voluntarily withdrawn from the world, having sounded all its depths and shoals of vanity, she began, late in life, to suffer keenly at not being able to provide for Margaret.

She was not sanguine of the future, not sure that herself or her heir would ever realize a guinea from her once large fortune. But in some things she had been misinformed. Her husband was indeed faithless, but as he grew richer, he began to love money for its own sake, and he finally became so fond of it, that it conquered completely his spendthrift habits. While straitened, and at times on the verge of want, he had lavished his first wife's money; had reduced her and himself to misery; and, had that poor wife been left to his sole care, she would have died of hunger. His second wife's money made him first prudent, then miserly. He began to hoard while promising himself, in his secret heart, to take a great revenge at some future day. He meant, when he should be free, to marry again. His freedom came. "To-morrow I will sail for England," he declared; but when "to-morrow" came, he was not ready. Then it was to be next month,—then—in the spring. But in the early spring he was summoned on a journey he had not yet contemplated, but on which he had to go, although not yet ready.

"She has won," he grimly admitted. "Who will profit by it all?" By *it all* he meant the accumulated wealth his wife had not suspected. He had time to write a letter to his solicitors, to be handed to the future heir. It told certain facts and left the rest. As a man of the world, he was well aware that heirs, as a general thing, care very little for those who enrich them, or for "their special recommendations," and especially for those who enrich them as he was doing, not with his own rightful fortune, or of his own free will. Still, he wrote certain facts, that he said, "were he in the heir's place, he would carry out," forgetting how he had trampled upon rights as sacred. He did not guess that the profit of all his speculations, all his runs of luck, all his multiplied interests in stocks and bonds, and mines and steam and electricity, his houses and lands and personal effects,—all were going to a blind woman, whose heart is not, and never will be in such things, and to whom they are perhaps coming for that very reason.

Blessed suffering! Precious suffering! If Margaret had not known what she now knows, who can doubt but that the world would have claimed her, in spite of blindness, for as Father Faber says: "Suffering alone does not sanctify." But suffering, with awakened conscience, with purifying repentance, and with that immense, insatiable love of God that only repentance can engender, is her safeguard from all the temptations wealth can henceforth surround her with. Before the Eldorado is fairly in her possession, He has, by anticipation, turned its yellow current into channels parched and dry. "Surely it is too much happiness!" she declares to Sister Noella, "too much happiness for *me* to be able to give!"

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"O the joy of giving! or rather the blessedness of giving!" The joy is in receiving; our Lord Himself says it is more blessed to give!

The day and the hour of departure from Betharram are both fixed. One more visit to Calvary, and Margaret will take the first step towards the goal on which her spirit delights to dwell. Calvary so grand, so dear, will soon see the blind lady and the beautiful child no more. To Margaret the place has become inexpressibly dear. It is the spot on which grace found her. Below there, in the valley, in that vine-covered cottage, the loving hand that smites and heals had touched her. Betharram, its chapel and its Calvary, are henceforth part of her spiritual life. And yet she is willing to leave it, because of the holy duty that urges her on. Not so with the little child who clings to her so fondly, who watches her every movement so carefully, whose senses are so on the alert to be useful to that "dear lady," who has become and by good right, the well-loved "Mamma Marguerite." Blandine's heart is almost broken at the thought of quitting Betharram. She loves every feature of its ravishing landscape, from the ancient well, low down at the foot of the steep flight of stone steps, to the very summit of its inspiring Calvary. The things she has to tear her heart from, are, above all, the chapel, the dear "Christ carrying His cross," on which she has never looked without tears of pity and tenderest love, and the statue just within the great doors, to the right of "our Lord bound to the pillar." There are plenty of other things, too, to which she clings, and which seem to her part of herself, and which hold her almost by force, an unseen force, stronger than any visible bonds.

She had a great lump constantly in her throat when she was near Sister Noella, till she learned that the farewell to her would only be for a short time, that Sister Noella was going to England ere long to open a house of her Order. But all that was sad for Blandine in quitting dear old Betharram was summed up in her name—Blandine of Betharram.

Was she not failing in a promise, to separate herself from that place and from her dear sisters, the white-capped, grey-gowned little maids, whose model she was, without suspecting it? She told Father St. Etienne, her confessor, about this fear and about her promise to be always the child of our Lady of Betharram. The good priest assured her that she could go without failing in a duty or breaking a promise. He showed her that she was yet too young to give or to promise anything in her own name, not even herself, as she was not yet of age to have any right over herself; that she, by being faithful in love and in truth, might still be "Blandine of our Lady of Betharram," which was even a more precious name than simple Blandine of Betharram. And Father St. Etienne brought her to see how easy it would be for that good Mother to make her a Blandine, or a Sister of Charity, or a *Fille de la Sagesse*, as the daughters of Blessed Trignan de Montfort are called there. She had only to be docile, faithful in word and deed, and leave the future to her Saviour and His Blessed Mother.

"But Betharram," still pleaded the little girl. "Perhaps I shall never see it again, and I promised to belong to our Lady of Betharram." She looked at the altar, at the statue she so loved. The priest understood; he read the heart of the innocent little one. To Blandine that beautiful image stood as a real, a most sacred reality. Through the marble she had seen the heart of the Mother of Jesus, had felt its love for her, and had given her own pure young heart irrevocably in return.

Our Lady of Betharram herself it was, that bound that little creature to chapel and Calvary, and well and fountain, to Christ beneath His Cross, to Christ bound to the pillar; to Sister Noella, and the Blandines one and all. In giv-

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ing up our Lady of Betharram, that statue, that altar, was not that giving up everything, for Blandine? If she gave that up, how could she be Blandine of Betharram?

"She will go with you, dear child," said the priest, laying his venerable hand upon her head. "She will go with you wherever you go; wherever you are, only invoke our Lady by the name you love, the name by which she has sealed you as her very own, the name of 'Our Lady of Betharram,' and she will be with you. Will you remember this, my child?"

"Yes, Father!"

"And will you promise me, not under pain of sin, no, but promise me to try to remember in every danger, in every temptation, in every pain or difficulty, to call upon that name? Can you promise this?"

"Yes Father, I promise."

"And I promise to pray for you, and to remember you by the name you love, Blandine of Betharram. Here! I had almost forgotten it. Here is something that will help you to remember." He blessed her, placed in her hands a medal, bearing on one side an image of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, on the other that of our Lady of Betharram. "It was left with me for you by one for whom you performed an errand, not long ago. Do you remember seeking me for a stranger one morning?"

"St. John of the Cross," said Blandine, and her face brightened at the recollection of the kind voice, the merry smile, the beaming countenance of her hillside acquaintance. "O yes, Father, I remember St. John of the Cross very well!"

"Pray for him, my child."

"Is he ill, Father?" timidly asked Blandine.

"No, my child, not at all: but he is trying to do the Lord's work under great difficulties. Prayers will help him."

"I will not forget, Father."

"God bless you, my child! God bless you, Blandine of Betharram!"

Another touch of the consecrated hand upon her bowed head, another "Remember to call upon our Lady of Betharram, especially in temptation," and the venerable priest passed into the sanctuary, leaving Blandine to take a last farewell of the chapel and the altar. It will be easier now, for she feels she will always be what she now is, Blandine, child of our Lady of Betharram, since the holy priest of God has promised to pray for her by that name. She kisses the medal, she has never seen one half so beautiful, though Lourdes and Betharram are rich in beautiful medals. She is even joyful, smiling as she hurries to show her new treasure to Mamma Marguerite. Yes, truly she feels that our Lady of Betharram is going with her!

Their last morning on Calvary. Glorious sunrise on the fair hill. Sunshine and deep shade are mingled. The freshness of the early morning, the warmth of the rising sun, the pleasant air that stirs the leafage, are all there is for the blind woman, for she sees not what even little Blandine does not fail to see, the most glorious panorama of cloud mountains, that are being scattered, levelled one by one, by the still invisible king of day. What a sight is sunrise on the hill of Betharram? But in any case Margaret would have been hardly sensible of the terrestrial aspect of to-day. She is on a real Calvary, she is really following the Lamb. She sees Him; she is insensible to aught else, save His Mother. She wishes this act to be indelible, this Way of the Cross to be one of the landmarks of her life. Heaven and earth seem very near together to Margaret to-day. The Way of the Cross is like a real ladder of Jacob; her whole soul is ascending heavenward by it. And Blandine is thinking not of sorrow of parting now, since she sees how happy is her blind mamma, in the spiritual visions given her to see. She is praying for the intentions she has been asked to pray for, out of a spirit of obedience. What

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she is yet too young to understand, is the true spirit of heavenly love, the greatest of the gifts of the Holy Ghost.

* * *

SOME VISITORS AT LOURDES.

"We're in close quarters here, Rand!"

"Close quarters! I should say so! What in——" here a rude word gave force to the exclamation. "What ever tempted you to choose a hole under the sky like this?"

"*Force majeur*, my good brother. Find a bigger or a cooler in this hollow in the heart of the blue Pyrenees, as our own Bulwer Lytton has it, and we'll migrate at short notice!"

"But we shall suffocate! It's stifling! I shall burst a hole through the roof!"

"Do! and be prepared to pay damages. Come, sit down since there's no help for it, and since the sun *will* shine in spite of us, take your place at the convivial board and let us do justice to this creature. It has cost us twelve francs and is worth sixpence. The market woman called it a chicken, and it was once worthy of the name, perhaps, but come!"

"You tempt my curiosity more than my appetite, but I must eat something or succumb. This has been a day!" The speaker groaned. "What can the authorities be thinking of to allow a swarm of diseased beggars to be carried through the country like that for, I don't know. It's a murderous shame! If they *must* howl, and whine and swing their horrible bodies, like Chinese idols, why, let them do it, but not on the king's highway, for public exhibition. My God! It destroys all pity in a man's heart to see the well-fed and well-clad saunter about among those rotten heaps, muttering pious things and turning up the whites of their eyes, instead of putting their hands in their silk-lined pockets. And those superfine gentlemen in real dog-skin gloves and Poole and Redfern coats, with their elegant shoulder-straps, putting their aristocratic shoulders under the disgusting burdens, when they wouldn't give half a crown to a poor fellow out of work to do it instead, because they couldn't get a chance to show off, to parade their celestial charity. Oh Nan, by heaven, if I were ever such a believer in piety, these sights would send me howling to the other side!"

"Sit down! try to forget them. We're not here for that sort of thing."

"What the deuce are we here for? Blamed if I know!"

"We're here because it's our way. The nearest and most direct road to do the work I promised to do."

"Well, you seem to rule the roost. I've nothing more to say, Nan!"

"You have something to do, Rand, and now do it. Eat, that we may the sooner get away from this hole and shake the dust of this place, the vermin and the fleas, off our feet. O the fleas! The fleas! Who that can bear them and not go mad, is strong indeed!"

"Well, to business!"

The chicken was tough, but they were hungry and had strong teeth, these two Bohemians, as they called themselves. But their language and manners were a strange compound of cockney and modern French. There are worse specimens of French and English, however, than these two travellers, so little enchanted with the good town of Lourdes, so do not fear them, kind reader.

"It wasn't so bad after all!"

"What wasn't so bad?"

"Why, the fowl, the unfeathered fowl!"

"It was fine! Have another like it to-morrow, plenty of hard-boiled eggs, some ham sandwiches, and—I need not give you the items, Nan, you know too well what's the best thing for our next picnic. Who knows, we may eat a wild goose on the banks of the Neva, a month hence!"

"Not with me, Rand. You'll eat neither wild goose nor tame goose ever again there with me."

"You'll change your mind when we

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get the money. There's no place like that for living well, my good Nanny!"

"O Rand, it breaks my heart to hear you rave like that! When you wouldn't keep the house and land that might have been a happy home for us both forever! And now you're talking of wild geese and spending money there again. You have no memory, Rand Clough, not enough to last you five minutes, without a mentor."

"You have lost your wits, Nan!"

"No, Rand, I have not lost my wits, and it's well for you and me that I haven't. On the contrary, I have found something."

"Something good, I hope! Let's have a look!"

Nan arose and drew forth a parcel from some hiding place. She held it up without speaking.

"Well, that's not *your find*. The gentleman I chum with gave it into my care. I'm to keep it for him till we meet again. What are you looking like that for?"

"I'll tell you why, Rand, and you listen and take warning. The 'fine gentleman,' as you call him, that's so liberal with his promises, and so fond of employing 'an honest man,' as he calls you, but he means a fool when he says 'honest man,' brought that parcel to get you into trouble. I'll be bound it contains stolen goods. But you, Rand Clough, are no thief, and your sister Nan is no receiver of stolen goods. We're honest if we do tramp sometimes. And if we have to tramp, Rand, you know the reason. Now listen to me, these goods must not be found with you, nor in my box. I shall take them to the authorities before I sleep to-night."

"I think you're crazy, Nan. By the——"

"Don't swear, Rand, it makes my head ache."

"But what do you mean about that gentleman being a thief? Why, he owns half London. He told me so himself."

"You will die as you have lived, Rand, a good-natured idiot, believing everything you hear. I wish I had never told you this business. But since I was such a fool, answer me one question, but answer it like a man!"

"Out with the question!" The speaker arose and lifted his hand threateningly. "And when you see me do anything that *isn't* manly, you let me know, or by——"

"No need to bluster, Rand, answer this: *Did you or did you not*, tell that fine-gentleman London pickpocket, this affair of ours?"

"Yes, I did! What then?"

"He'll give you away. You'll be in jail this time to-morrow, if you don't take my advice, and be quick about it. Come! make ready, we must fly this place! Come Rand, for God's sake, no hesitation now!"

Rand arose. His face was very flushed. The heat of the little garret, the hot sun, and the fumes of the wine had been too much for his brain. Though ordinarily temperate, he was soon overcome by wine. "Listen *to me*," he said, "*to me*, and mind Nan, sister or no sister, you can't make me go back on a friend. I'll tie ye there, hand and foot, I swear, if you make a step from this room. That gentleman you wag your tongue so freely about, is as fine a gentleman as ever trod ground, and I'll be hanged, and see you hanged, before I'll break my word to him, or to any man alive!"

Nan saw that it would be useless to oppose violence by violence. She let him rave on a little longer, then arose.

"No, you don't!" He sprang up like a tiger, and placed himself between her and the door. "You bide where you are, till I give you leave to go elsewhere."

"At least let me tidy up the room. You forget the merchant you're to expect at this hour!"

He fixed his eyes upon her, suspiciously, and took care to keep himself between her and the only door of exit as she arranged the room, and put every-

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thing in order. She had barely completed the work when a step sounded on the stairs. Rand had dozed a little, but he sprang up. He was almost himself again.

Although not a colporteur, or pedler, by profession, or habitual occupation, he was now occupied in that manner. His wares consisted of cut stones for beads or rosaries, of more or less value. He had learned the art of cutting them, and could speak of lapidary work intelligently. He made a trade of some sort with the visitor. When they were alone once more, Nan asked: "Shall I take this now, Rand?" She pointed to the package. "You know you like to take my advice when your head's cool."

"I like to take it, and I take it, Nan, when it isn't forced down my throat. I know enough to tell a gentleman when I see him! Now this one," he pointed over his shoulder in the direction the visitor had gone, "he's a sharper, *he is*! Sharper than a Jew! He'd like to have got the whole lot for a gift, in exchange for something to be had down that way;" he nodded in the direction of the church, "prayers and a free pass to his paradise, but his charity didn't fool me, I prefer to attend to that sort of thing for myself."

"If you only would, Rand!"

"Would what?"

"Attend to that sort of thing, as you call it. I mean just what you mean Rand, and you needn't be told that *I know* you'd be the better and happier for it."

"I don't feel in a mood for preaching. I was going to say I'm not what you might call a spendthrift. If I *do* take your savings sometimes, I give my profits when I have any." He tossed a couple of louis d'or into her lap.

Nan sighed. When he had any, was rare enough, alas! "I know you, Rand, so don't spend your breath telling me what I know. If you feel like talking, just be kind enough to explain about the hamper you referred to, and what your bill is for to-morrow. I suppose you don't intend to give me the slip again. *If you do*, tell me so, fair and square, speak your mind without let or hindrance."

"Now I'll be hanged! Well, it's no use! You *will* be forever doubting. No confidence, no trust, not a bit! Leave you after what you saved me from, Nan! I'd sooner leave my skin and my bones for that matter. What do you want? Say out! There can't be anything inside of a fellow but you'll have to know the ins and outs of it."

"Could I save you if I didn't, Rand?"

He hung his head, weak and blustering, swearing and yielding in the same breath. But he told all, and when all was told Nan stood up. If she had been like most women she would have broken out in a flood of bitter words. A passionate woman could have killed him. If she had loved him as little as some women love better brothers than he had been to her, she would have been indifferent to the prospect that she saw before him. He had weakly, criminally betrayed her and his own best interests.

"You have put your neck in the halter, Rand, and this time I can do nothing."

"You will still be dreaming, woman! When I tell you that this man is a gentleman. You would have told him the whole story yourself if you had talked with him five minutes."

"How did you get in with him in the first place?"

"O I was wandering around that grot, looking at the sick people, and he asked me to do him the favor of taking his spring overcoat into my care while he looked about awhile. He said he saw by my looks he could trust me. Of course I was not so churlish as to refuse a gentleman like that—a real lord, I should say, to judge by the overcoat and all other parts of the harness—so I said I would. I just got a good seat, and it was no trouble to let the coat hang over

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my arm. He gave me his card, too; a fine one; double name. Here it is."

Nan turned her head away.

"When are you to meet him?"

"To-morrow sometime. I'll hear from him to-night when I'm to meet him. I'll have nothing to do but lend him the cart and have it well furnished with provisions. He says he knows the little girl by sight. He has seen her going up and down the hill of Betharram with only a blind woman. You need not go to Betharram, neither must I; he'll do all and send me word where to take up the team."

"So he has been to seek the child, been watching her! When did you begin to give him your confidence? We're only here three days, and didn't you make me promise, Rand, not to go making inquiries till you got over that sprain a little better?"

"Yes, so I did, and while I've been getting over it he's been busy. But it's all in our interest; he don't want any of the reward. It's just three days since we first made acquaintance, since you must be satisfied on that head, and he declared to me, word of honor, over and over again, that it was just because he'd taken a fancy to me, and would be glad to help me make a tidy sum, now that I'm half laid up, owing to that blamed foot."

"Did you tell him you were with me?"

"Yes, and he said he was sorry he hadn't brought his sister along. You could have chummed together, and not been so lonesome."

"O Rand! Rand!"

But Rand, who had been putting the finishing touches to his toilet during this conversation, now suddenly slipped out, and Nan was free to look her troubles in the face. "Who can this blind woman be?" she asked herself. "One of the nuns, perhaps, who took her when her mother died. Poor little thing! O if I had only been wise! If I had *only* been wise!" She fell into deep thought. What was she to do? To whom could she appeal? To whom dare she denounce the insidious stranger? She opened the parcel confided to Rand's care. Her worst fears were at once confirmed. It contained empty purses, a reticule without money, a tortoise shell fan, curiously inlaid with gold.

"He will accuse Rand of having taken these things," she said to herself. "He will carry off the child and obtain the reward. We will never see horse or cart again, that's sure" Oh, if that were all the loss! But to be arrested as a common pickpocket! That was the shame and terror that filled her soul with fear. The first and only thing she saw clearly that she could do was to make way with the stolen goods. She donned her walking garment, took the bundle under her cloak and set forth, after taking the precaution to tie up a parcel of odds and ends as nearly resembling it as possible, in case Rand should call for it or miss it on entering. She directed her steps towards the grotto as the surest place of concealment. She decided to hide it in some out-of-the-way nook or corner. She looked about her in all directions for a long while, but it seemed to her as if there were people everywhere, as if a thousand eyes were watching her every movement. She thought she could drop it into the river at this part. No; the banks were steep and sloping and the water was low. She looked up towards the Calvary. People in crowds were there, moving about. She wandered till she was weary. Then she bethought herself of the dark crypt. She had passed through the long passages that led to a sombre chamber, where hung many lamps. She mounted by the viaduct and made her way thither. Dark, solemn, impressive, many red lamps lighted, circumscribed spaces. The painted windows gave color, but little light. For a few minutes Nan thought herself in gloom and alone. the silence was so deep. She

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hesitated till her eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, and then she saw dark forms everywhere. In all the benches, around the confessionals deeply set into the black wall, and even around the narrow aisles, for every now and then she saw prostrate figures rise, pause a few seconds and sink down by the close-set pillars. They were making the Way of the Cross, but Nan did not know the meaning of their movements. She did not even criticise them. She saw them, her object even here was defeated, and she retraced her steps, disheartened.

She passed into the open air once more. All so bright without, and in her heart such darkness, like the vaulted room she had just left. Yes, but God was there; people were praying to Him there. Some one may have been praying for her without knowing her need. She was about to descend to the grotto once more, this time by the Lacet Peyramale, so called because the zigzag path behind the basilica that communicated directly with the grotto had been traced by the hand of the Curate of Lourdes himself, the Curate of the Apparitions, our Blessed Lady's chosen instrument in her designs on the city called today by all the world "The City of Mary."

As Nan descends the first winding of the Lacet, she beholds the bent figure of an old man ascending the path just below where she stands. The first sight of that figure has struck her spellbound. The shabby black cassock, the stooping shoulder, the broad-brimmed, sun-discolored hat, but above all, the boots, heavy and of a size out of all proportion with the wearer's stature, brought her to a standstill. Nan held her breath in suspense. If it should be he! If it should not be he! The latter supposition made her shrink with terror, the former thrilled her with a wild hope. The old man mounts slowly, slowly turns the corner of the zigzag. "Oh, it must be that God is in this place," said the anxious girl to herself, "for He has raised up a friend for me."

She sped forward to meet the pedestrian. "Abbé!" The old man looked up, touched his shabby hat, and with a gentle "Good day, my child," was passing on.

"Abbé!" The voice was a groan. The Abbé turned and scanned the speaker's face more closely, then lifted his withered hands in surprise. "Ah, my poor child, is it you? I did not recognize you. What are you doing here?"

"Abbé, good Abbé! It is as if God had sent you to me to-day. If you cannot help me, my brother is lost. He is here, too, he has done no wrong, but he is in great danger. But you look weak. Come to our lodging. It is just there, below, look, Abbé, just at the corner of the bridge. Come, Abbé; for Rand, my brother, is innocent, I swear, and unless you can save us he will be in prison this time to-morrow. If you can help him this time, Abbé, you may be gaining two souls."

The Abbé raised his eyes to heaven in mute prayer. "I am old and feeble, my poor child, what can I do?"

"Come, that I may tell you better, and tell you what you may be able to do if the worst come to him. Here it is not possible to speak."

A little later the old man was listening to a tale with part of which he had been long familiar, therefore the sequel, the events unfolding here, were more readily understood by him. But alas, old and feeble, what can he do? Only oppose moral courage to brute force! But Gideon and the sword of God overthrew a host. The Abbé and our blessed Lady may safely face the threatened danger.

ATTEMPTED ABDUCTION AND RESCUE.

We left Margaret and Blandine on the heights of Betharram, kneeling before the church door. They had not yet finished their beads when Blandine's

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attention was attracted by a figure, enveloped in a long cloak, that had suddenly and without the least noise, stationed itself at the angle of the church wall. The figure was bent almost double. One hand leaned heavily on an immense stick, the other was outstretched for alms, while motionless as a statue, with eyes intently fixed upon her, stood the beggar. Not a leaf had stirred, not a pebble had crunched beneath his feet, to herald his approach. And now, not a word or sigh escaped his lips, not a single movement to attract attention, still, mysterious, with outstretched hand and forcible gaze that compelled the child to look towards him, nothing more. His back was against a great tree. From his position he commanded a view of all the paths that led up to the church precincts in every direction. There was not a single human being in sight save those two still figures by the church door. In vain Blandine tried to keep her eyes away from the statue-like figure, she found it impossible to do so. The eyes became more compelling, the hand reached out, almost imperceptibly, a little farther, the body bent lower and lower, without sound or visible motion. Beggars were too common a sight at Betharram to attract the least notice, and in the appearance of this one, there was nothing unusual. A long faded mantle, the hood drawn well over the head, leaving only the eyes visible. Only the eyes themselves were different to any that had ever before rested on Blandine, or attracted her attention. At last she could bear the strain no longer. She touched Margaret's arm. "Mamma, there is a beggar there; and he is holding out his hand such a long time, and looking so—" She did not know what word to use for the gaze of those eyes. They were not menacing, yet they intimidated and compelled.

"Have you any sous, dear?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Then give them to him, my child." Blandine drew forth the coins and arose. As she did so, the beggar withdrew a little behind the tree, but the outstretched hand was still visible. Just as she was about to drop the money into it, it fell, as if the old man, tired of waiting, and despairing of receiving alms, was going away. Blandine hastened to put herself in his path. She held out the coins. No beggar is there.

Beneath the hood an evil-looking face that stooped quickly towards her, and, before she could utter a word, hissed in her ear: "One sound and you are dead, *you and the blind woman!*" His threat was needless; the child was paralyzed with fear and surprise. Before she could recover herself, a heavy garment was thrown over her head, a cloth wound about her mouth. Her feeble groans were inaudible through its folds.

"Now, little one," said the rascal, "you are not going to be hurt. Good kind friends are waiting for you; your own mother's relations, and you'll be taken safe to them, and be happier than here." He was binding the poor child's feet while speaking. "And now you'll have a pleasant ride, and see lots of fine things. Plenty to eat and drink of the best. A good time in general." Blandine was bound hands and feet both, now, and the villain bent towards her once more: "Now, listen! as long as you don't try to move or speak, you and the blind woman are safe; but utter one sound, and you'll both be dead before you know what hurt you. I shall not be far off, though you may think so."

The child heard his swift footsteps for an instant, still she could not move, so tightly were her bonds drawn; neither could she cry aloud, for the muffled folds of the great bandage choked every sound she was capable of uttering. Only anguish for her dear blind mother kept her from giving way. She tried to struggle, she tried to speak, all in vain. But she could call upon the true Helper,—"Our Lady of Betharram! O my dear, dear Mother! dear Lady of Betharram, help your child!" Hardly had the supplication

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mounted from her heart to her lips, then she heard a kind voice speaking low, quite near her.

"Listen, my child. Fear nothing! I am about to cut your bonds. The moment you are free, fly back by the road you came, keep in the wide path. I am a priest, fear not!"

No need to bid Blandine to fly. One long look at the venerable face of him who was setting her free, a sob of joy, and she was flying up the slope. She heard her name called softly and plaintively, more than once, e'er she could respond "I am here, Mamma, I am here," and with the words flung herself trembling and sobbing into Margaret's arms.

"Oh, what is this, my darling! What is this! where have you been? What has happened to you, my treasure?"

"Mamma, the beggar was a bad man. He wanted to carry me off."

"And how have you escaped him?"

"I called to our dear Lady of Betharram, and she sent St. Joseph to cut the cords. But come, Mamma, he told me to fly by the wide path."

"Who told you, dear?"

"The good St. Joseph, Mamma. He said he was a priest. But I think it was St. Joseph."

"Come, dear! and yet, not so! How you tremble, my pet. Kneel here! Let us thank Him and His Blessed Mother, here, on the spot on which they have saved you."

Margaret gathered the trembling child to her breast, enfolded her in her mantle, and cradled her in her arms, as her own mother might have done, till the sobs and the trembling had subsided. She hears strange sounds: three pistol shots in quick succession, and the sound of voices, loud, menacing, but brief, then all is still.

When the silence had lasted sometime, the sound of the church bell rang out faint and sweet in the distance. "Come now, darling! The bell is ringing for Mass. Come, dear, if you feel strong enough to walk. I would carry you, if only I could guide my steps."

"I can walk, Mamma; but I am afraid he will see us, and hurt you."

"Fear nothing, my treasure. You are the child of Our Lady of Betharram, never forget that. She will never abandon you, her own little Blandine of Betharram."

"And Blandine's heart rejoices as she clasps Margaret's hand and leads her towards the sanctuary. She feels strong and brave, under the protection of that name.

(*To be continued.*)



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CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, BOSTON, MASS.

The main altar decorated for Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, 1899.

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OUR LADY'S FLOWERS.

By Martha Bockee Flint.

IT was a beautiful instinct, full of subtile significance, which dedicated the lily to the Mother of Jesus, and which has given her name in various forms to so many flowers of the field. The name may be merely possessive, as in Lady's tresses, or virgin's bower, or it is Mary, more or less disguised, as in marigold, or the "verdurous costmarie," but whatever the heteronym, it was the outcome of a wide-spread and spontaneous devotion, unknown to the modern mind. Flowers, which in pre-Christian times were called in honor of some pagan god, usually Greek or Teutonic, were renamed for Christ and the Trinity, for saints and martyrs, and in the sacred posy, the fairest and sweetest were sure to be for Mary. The delicate maidenhair fern, Freyja's hair, and in its southern species, Venus's hair, became our Lady's hair. The rose, flower of Hera, and of the northern Huldah, was given to Mary, and numbered with the flowers which celebrate the Visitation. *Santa Maria della Rosa*, she is called in Italy, and it was in recognition of the rose as her emblem, that Saint Dominic established the devotion of the Rosary as a perpetual *Ave Maria*. A score of others might be mentioned, thus christened, but in the days of Puritan ascendancy, there were a few plants which reverted to the old names, less abhorrent, as deemed less insidious. Thus, our Lady's comb, *scandix pecten*, became Venus's comb; and her looking-glass, the blue-eyed specularia, was also given to Venus.

The lily is preeminently, in spirit, although not in name, the Madonna flower, and in its different species is associated with many events in the life of her who was "Blessed among women." The lilies of the Annunciation which the Italian painters placed beside Mary, or later, in Gabriel's hand, are the *lilium candidum*, the white lily of our grandmothers' gardens, the typical lily in its stately grace, its golden crown of stamens and the shimmering purity of its satin vesture. It is sometimes called the lily of the Visitation, blooming for us always by the second of July.

The year gives its homage to Mary in a successive blooming of flowers dedicated to her, beginning with the snowdrops, those fair-maids-of-February, which are also known as the Purification flower, and as Candlemas lilies. It was the custom in many old churches, at the Feast of the Purification, to remove from the altar the image of the Virgin, and to cover its place with snow-drops. This glad "procession of the flowers," goes on through the glory of the spring and summer, until it culminates in the orange-tawny marigolds which carry the distilled sunshine of August noons into the chill of November mists. Lady-day is announced by the blooming of many of Mary's namesakes. The cowslip, most English of English flowers, bore for one of its several names, "Our-Lady's-bunch-of-keys." The cuckoo flower, or milky maid, *cardamine pratense*, always blooms in England, by March twenty-fifth, and its flowers whitening the grass as if by outspread linen, gave it the name of our Lady's smock, "the lady smocks all silver white," of which sang Shakespeare and his brothers.

In the flowers that follow Lady-tide, there are few more charming, nor to us in America more dear, than the marsh marigold, "shining in swamps and hollows gray." This calltra, which we have wrongly called the cowslip, has almost a score of names, from that of the sun-loving Sicilian maiden transformed to the yellow flower, through others embodying

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Keltic legend and Saxon story, or sluggish peasant fancy. Blooming on May-day, the Britons called the flower, *bearnan bealtaine*, the plant of Bel's (Baal) fire, and woven in wreaths, it was worn by the actors in that survival of hoary rites which kindled midnight fires on every hill-top. A correspondent of the botanist Gerarde, sends him *llysieman*, or gold-mair (Mary) as the then current Welsh name of the sixteenth century. Halliwell gives as its Saxon name *wymot*, the significance of which I cannot guess. The country folk call the flowers drunkards, always drinking from the wet places in which they grow, or may-blobs, and water-blobs, crazy betties and water dragons, horse-blobs and horse-buttercups, names quite unworthy of their beauty, while to us they are ever Mary's gold of the marsh.

The lily of the valley blooms by the first of May to welcome the Madonna month, and the flowers were once known as the Virgin's tears. The Canterbury bells, in their stately spires of pendant bloom, perpetuate the memory of pilgrimages to the most noted of English shrines, but they were first called mariettes. It does not lessen the interest in the historic name, that in our gardens it is now wrongly given and the *campanula medium*, so called, was in Gerarde's day the Coventry bells. Of the varying names which greatly confuse the student, few plants have been more difficult to identify than the costmary, thus called in an Anglo-Saxon MS. It is, however, quite certain that the composite flower so named by poets and simplers, is the *tanacetum balsamita*, in Germany known as our Lady's balsam. Culpepper, the old chirurgeon, half herbalist, half astrologer, calls it also alcost and balsam herb. Its spicy blossoms made it a valued condiment, and it was of high medical repute. "A verie pleasant heartie to give a savour in pottage," wrote Gervase Markham, and Dioscoudes had long before "a conserve of costamint [another name] doth warm and dry the brain."

The golden threads of dodder, entangled with grass and herb, were our Lady's laces. The ribbon grass, in its ever varying combinations of green and dreamy white, was our Lady's garters, the wild morning glory, smiling a greeting from every hedge as it unrolled its flaring white corollas, our Lady's night-cap, the delicate spiranette was our Lady's tresses, and its fragrance is fitting incense at her shrine. The slender, twining stems of the white galium were maid's hair, and the rarer yellow *galium verum* was our Lady's bedstraw. By tradition it filled the manger at Bethlehem, and Nicolas Poussin paints the Infant Christ as lying thereon. Solomon's seal was also called our Lady's seal. "It is al one herbe," says Gerarde. The same name was given to the black bryony, which blooms at the Nativity of the Virgin. In our Lady's thistle, *carduus marianus*, the pale leaves are spotted with white, from which it used to be called our Lady's milk-sile (stain). Lady's mantle is *alchemilla vulgaris*, whose leaves are gray-green from their thick covering of silky hairs. In Sweden it is *Maria kapa*, Mary's cloak. The generic name is from the Arabic, *alkemelych*, the plant being known to alchemists. Other old names, irrelevant here, were lyon's foot and padelyon. The cypripedium is the Lady's slipper, in olden form our Lady's shoo. In France and in Portugal the name is of similar suggestion, but in Germany it is *Venusschuh*. The harebell was our Lady's thimble, and the velvet pouches of the *calceolaria* are still her workbag. The dark spot on the leaf of the *polygnum persicaria* is our Lady's thumb. The story is told that the plant was once rich in healing virtue, and that Mary, wishing it for an ointment, found it only after wearisome search.

"She could not find it in time of need,
And so she pinched it as a weed,"

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as it has been ever since regarded. Another legend refers the stain to a drop of blood falling from the Cross. The fantastic flowers of the wild impatiens were our Lady's eardrop long before the fuchsia was brought from its tropical haunts. The white clematis, the traveller's joy, tossing the foam of its airy bloom over fence and shrub, weaving many a wayside arbor at the celebration of the Assumption, is the Virgin's bower.

The name marigold has been loosely applied to several of the composite family, but, originally given to the long-rayed flowers which suggested the aureole about the Virgin, it can scarcely belong to any other plant than the *calendula officinalis*. This is, unquestionably, that marigold, which under several older names, appears in our early literature. The genus was named from its blooming in southern Europe in every month of the year, and the specific name announces its medicinal and culinary properties. It was a favorite pot-herb,—indeed, it is still called the pot-marigold,—as well as an esteemed simple, but tastes differ, and Charles Lamb in his reminiscences of Christ-Hospital, speaks feelingly of the "fresh boiled beef on Thursdays, with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth." Culpepper writes of the flowers as "a comforter of the heart," in a physical sense— not as their beauty touches us, and Gerarde says that a "a conserve thereof taken in morning, fasting, cureth the trembling of the heart." Burton, in his curious old book, tells us that, "marigold is much approved against melancholy." The quickened aesthetic sense of modern life, makes this truer than the dark-browed writer knew. Both Virgil and Columella mention its officinal properties, but under the name of caltha. The calendula, however, is the only "marigold" responsive to sunshine and shadow, thus identifying itself with Shakespeare's, "winking mary-buds," and with the "marigold that goes to sleep with the sun," which Perdita, sorting her flowers, gives to Polixines. This sympathetic opening and closing of the flower is a distinctive mark of the calendula. It only could be meant, when said of the sleeping Lucrece, that

"Her eyes like marigolds had sheathed
their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day."

Such allusions are frequent. In *A Knacke to Knowe a Knave*, a contemporary play but little known, Dunstan says, in the spirit of Wolsey:

"I think of king's favours as of a marigold flower,
That, as long as the sun shineth, openeth
her leaves,
And with the least cloud closeth again."

In the English translation made before 1050, of the *Herbarium* of Appuleius, that list of plant-names made in the fourth century, this marigold is the *solsecle,—solsequium*, the sun-seeker. It was later familiar as goldes, and as yellow-golds. Gower describes the transformation of Leucothæ,

"Into a floure was named golde,
Which stout governed of the sonne."

and Chaucer gives us the portrait of

"Jalousie,
That wered of yelwe goldes a gerlond!"

Herrick, writing of these marigolds, gives the same thought, which is wandering far afield from "Gentle Mary, Mother mild."

"Jealous girls these sometime were
While they lived or lasted here,
Turned to flowers still they be
Yellow markt for jealousie."

The oldest Keltic name found is *lus Mairi*, Flower of Mary, but an ancient list of British plants gives it as ymbglidegold, a golden-flower-which-follows-the-sun. This turning of the flower originated another early English name,

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rudelwort, surviving in old poetry as ruddes. Few other introduced plants are so closely interwoven with rural life as the calendula, but its interest for us may well culminate in the remembrance of its association—it, the flower of Mary,—with Margaret of Navarre, whose device it was, and who gave it to her Huguenot soldiery, with her motto, *Je ne veux suivre que lui seul.*

The corn marigold, or yellow corn-flower, with its rosette of pale bloom and finely cut leaves, is the *chrysanthemum segetum.* In some old plant lists it is given as *auricomæ* and identified with the goldilocks which shimmer through English descriptive writing. The genus *tagetes*, the common marigolds of the garden, are Indian, African, and South American herbs, although some species stray northward into Mexico. The rich coloring and pungent odor are characteristic of the entire genus. The little French marigold reproduces in its velvety bloom the dark tints of the wallflower. The taller, large-flowered African marigold gives the entire gamut of color, from a swarthy orange to the palest primrose, the green-tinged yellow of solstitial sunsets in the skies of winter. It was called the African marigold, earlier, *Thunis-bloemen*, because brought into Europe by Charles V. after his conquest of Tunis. Bacon refers to it, as he writes in the same line of the French marigold, and the *flos-Africanus.* Other names were the Indian gilliflower, Indian pink and tansy of Peru, the last reminding us that Gerarde called the giant sunflower, floure of the sunne, the marigold of Peru. In India, it was once a sacred flower, garlands thereof wreathing the statues of Mahàdivà, and being worn by men and women at his festival. That they are still used with propitiatory purpose is known to every reader of Kipling. So strangely blend in one emblem, the worship of the pure and of the base! But every flower, whether or not assigned to Mary, is a bead on an endless rosary, and breathing constant *pater nosters*, speaks also unceasing words of comfort and uplifting.

HOPE.

By the late Sara Trainer Smith.

SHE trembles, but forever
Towards the Deathless Light,
Looks up, and, turning never,
Believes not in the night.

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GIFT FOR GIFT.

By Patrick Rafferty, S J.

"Woman, behold thy Son,"
So spake our Saviour ere His soul had flown;
And John, His loved disciple, from that hour,
Took Mary for his own.

"Mother, behold thy Son,
The Lamb of God for sinners sacrificed."
And in Communion, John his mother gives
Her holy One, the Christ.



GIFT FOR GIFT.

THE LEGENDARY LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

By John P. Ritter.

ARTICLE II.

HAVING given in a preceding article a few examples of the pious Christian traditions that formed by far the greater part of the literature of Europe during the Dark and Middle Ages, I will now call the reader's attention to those grand, imaginative romances of the same period to which the title "legend" more properly applies.

One may not be sufficiently well versed in antiquarian lore to trace back these legends to their original sources; nevertheless one need not agree with those learned men, who, in prosecuting such researches, grasp at every trivial coincidence and far fetched similitude on which to base a theory prejudicial to the Catholic faith. It is often wilfully assumed by non-Catholic historians and scholars that many of the pious fables, produced before the so-called revival of learning by Catholic romancers, were invented for the sole purpose of pandering to the superstitions of the ignorant, and enslaving them through their credulity.

On the contrary, there is abundant evidence to prove that these writers—who, it must be remembered, were among the few learned men of their period—never created an imaginative tale, or paraphrased a pagan fable, without enduing the one with a profound moral beauty, or reanimating the other with the very soul of Christian truth. Moreover, their sublime narratives were never intended to be accepted as verities. They

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were invented for the amusement and edification of the people, in the same spirit that has recently animated the authors of "Hypatia," "Ben Hur," "Fabiola" and others to write their religious novels. Admitting that, in some instances, these fictions were subsequently introduced into the lives of certain Christian saints, the Church, as I have already stated, in many edicts and councils, denounced them as apocryphal.

A religious romance of immense popularity in the Middle Ages was the "Legend of the Cross." The story is as follows:

After his banishment from Paradise Adam lived a penitential life of prayer and toil. At last his end drew near, and, summoning his son Seth to his side, he said, "Go, my son, to the terrestrial Paradise, and ask the Archangel who guards the gates to give me a balsam which will save me from death. You will easily find the way, because my footprints scorched the soil as I left Paradise. Follow my blackened traces, and they will conduct you to the gate from whence I was expelled."

Seth knelt to receive his father's blessing, and then started on his journey. The way led through a barren wilderness of frowning rocks and blighted vegetation —a sombre, sunless region across which lay a narrow, winding path made by the black prints of his father's and mother's feet. For many weary miles Seth followed this trail, when suddenly the walls of Paradise loomed before him. As he advanced toward them nature revived. The trees became clothed with luxuriant foliage, and the earth with the greatest variety of bright-hued flowers exhaling delicious perfumes. The air was tremulous with the music of birds. Entranced with the loveliness of the scene, and with the sounds and odors which surrounded him, Seth walked on forgetful of his mission.

All at once there flashed before him a wavering line of fire, upright, like a serpent of light continuously quivering. Shading his eyes, Seth looked again, and saw that it proceeded from the flaming sword in the hand of the Angel who guarded the entrance to Paradise. The wings of the celestial being were expanded so that they blocked the gate. Seth bowed down before the Angel unable to utter a word; but the latter divined the purpose of his visit better than if he had spoken, and said:

"The time of pardon is not yet come. Four thousand years must roll away ere the Redeemer shall open the gate to Adam, closed by his disobedience. But, as a token of future pardon, the wood whereon redemption shall be won shall grow from the tomb of thy father. Behold what he lost by his transgression."

As he spoke the Angel threw open the doors of Paradise, and Seth beheld a wondrous vision. In the midst of a beautiful garden played a sparkling fountain from which gushed four crystal streams. Before it grew a glorious tree of great size, thickly branched, but devoid of either bark or foliage. A frightful serpent was coiled around its bole, and its roots shot down into hell. Seth trembled as he beheld his brother Cain struggle to clamber up them into Paradise; but they writhed round his limbs like serpents, and their fibres penetrated the fratricide's body as though they were endued with life.

Appalled at this terrible spectacle, Seth raised his eyes and behold! the tree had grown upward into heaven. The mighty boughs were now covered with foliage, flowers and fruit, and high up among them was a woman, lovelier than the moon, bearing a little babe in her arms, as radiant as the sun, who seemed to be listening to the songs of seven white doves that circled round his head. Seth prostrated himself before the celestial vision, and, when he looked up again, the doors of Paradise were closed, while before them stood the Angel with the flaming sword.

"I give thee now three seeds taken

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from that tree," he said. "When Adam, thy father, is dead place them in his mouth and bury him."

So Seth took the seeds and returned to his father. When Adam heard all that had occurred, he lifted up his voice in songs of praise and thanksgiving to God. And the third day after his son's return he died. Then Seth placed the three seeds in his mouth, wrapped him in the skins of beasts and buried him according to the Angel's directions. And the place of his sepulchre was on Golgotha. Soon after three saplings grew out of the grave from the seeds brought from Paradise. The first was a cedar, the second a cypress and the third a pine. They grew with amazing rapidity, and, in the course of time, came together and incorporated their several natures in a single trunk.

Moses came hither and cut the bough with which he performed his miracles in Egypt, and it was here that David came to bewail his sins. In King Solomon's time this mighty tree was the noblest in the forests of Lebanon, so that when he erected his palace, he cut it down to convert it into the main pillar supporting the roof of the great structure. But it refused to be put to such an ignoble use. The column was at one time too long; at another, too short. The King lowered the walls of his palace to suit the beam; but it shot up through the roof like an imprisoned bird recovering its liberty. At last Solomon was so enraged at its resistance that he caused a bridge to be made of it over Cedron, that it might be trampled upon by all who crossed the stream.

It was serving this purpose when the Queen of Sheba paid her visit to the court of King Solomon. On hearing the story of the column, she recognized its miraculous properties, and prevailed upon the King to have it raised. Solomon then buried it, and, some time after caused the pool of Bethesda to be excavated on the spot. The water at once acquired a wondrous virtue from the beam which lay beneath it. The sick who bathed in it were miraculously healed.

When the time of the crucifixion of Christ drew near, the mystic beam suddenly appeared upon the surface of the pool, and was drawn out of the water. As the procession to Mount Calvary passed that way, the eyes of the executioners fell upon it, and as they were seeking a suitable beam to serve for a cross, they made of it the instrument of the Saviour's death. Such is the legendary history of the Cross of Christ; its authentic history is briefly as follows: It was buried on Mount Calvary, where it was found, deep in the ground with two others, on May 3, 326, by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great. In order to make sure which of the three was the Cross of Christ, a woman in the last extremity of illness was brought to the spot, and when touched with the true cross, was suddenly and miraculously cured. The discovery of this holy relic is attested by the testimony of authors of the highest authority, who lived near the scene of the event at the time, and is accepted by the Roman Church as true.

Regarding the legendary part of the narrative, it has never been considered in any other light than that of a marvellous allegory which is probably of much greater antiquity than is generally supposed. With his characteristic lack of discrimination, Jacques de Voragine has admitted it into the *Legenda Aurea*. The legend is also to be found in a life of Christ, printed at Troyes in 1517; in a French MS., of the thirteenth century, in the British Museum; in the *Speculum Historiale*, and other mediæval chronicles. It is reasonable to assume, however, that the allegory first appeared many centuries before these works were written. It will be remembered that the sacred relic was carried away by Chosroes, King of Persia, when he plundered Jerusalem; but was recovered by Heraclius, who defeated him in battle Sep-

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tember 14, 615, a day that has ever since been commemorated as the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross. May not this religious romance have been inspired by the joy and enthusiasm that spread throughout Christendom at this time?

The famous legend called "The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus" is probably an instance wherein an ancient heathen myth has been invested with the soul of Christian truth in order to emphasize the most glorious of Christian doctrines. It is thus told in the *Legenda Aurea*, making due allowance for the condensation I have deemed expedient to make:—

The Emperor Decius, having come to Ephesus, ordered the erection of heathen temples in the city, and commanded that all Christians should be brought before him and given their choice, either to worship the idols, or die. Now there were in Ephesus seven Christians who refused to obey this mandate, but remained in their houses fasting and praying. Their names were Maximian, Malchus, Marcian, Dionysus, John, Serapion and Constantine. On being brought before the Emperor, they boldly confessed themselves to be followers of Christ; and Decius, hoping to gain them over by a show of leniency, allowed them time to recant. But the only advantage they took of this respite was to distribute their possessions among the poor. Then they retired, all seven, to Mount Cœlion, where they determined to conceal themselves in a cavern.

In order that they might not perish of hunger, Malchus, disguised as a physician, returned to the town for a supply of food, and there learned that Decius had resolved upon their immediate destruction. So after purchasing some loaves, he hastened back to his comrades, and told them of the Emperor's fury. Then he bade them eat that they might have strength in the time of trial. So they ate, and afterward, as they sat consoling one another, by the will of God they fell asleep.

Decius was greatly vexed at their disappearance, and gave orders that they should be sought for diligently, but it was in vain. Then he commanded that the parents of the seven Christians should be brought before him, and when they appeared in his presence, he threatened them with death if they persisted in concealing their rebellious sons; but they could tell him no more than that the seven young men had distributed their goods to the poor, and afterwards had disappeared. Learning that there was a cavern on Mount Cœlion in which the fugitives might be hiding, Decius blocked up its mouth with stones, in order that they might perish of hunger in their confinement.

Three hundred and sixty years passed away, and the Emperor Theodosius had been reigning thirty years, when an alarming doctrine denying the resurrection, and thus striking at the very foundation of the Christian faith, broke out and spread throughout Christendom. In Ephesus it had made great headway, so that the good Bishop Martin was obliged to put forth every exertion to keep the remnant of his flock from contamination. Now it happened that an Ephesian was building a stable on Mount Cœlion, and observing a pile of stones near at hand, took them for the edifice. In so doing he opened the entrance to the cavern.

Then the seven sleepers awoke, and thinking that they had slept but a single night, began to question Malchus about the decision of Decius concerning them. "He has resolved to hunt us down, and make us sacrifice to his idols," was the reply. "God knows," said Maximian, "we shall never do that." Then he urged Malchus to return to Ephesus to buy more bread, and at the same time to obtain fresh information. So Malchus left the cavern and proceeded to the town. On arriving at the gate he was bewildered to see over it a cross. He went to another gate, and still another, and over every one he beheld the same sacred sign. He thought he must be dreaming. Rubbing his eyes he entered

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Ephesus, and proceeded to a baker's shop.

When he laid down the money to pay for the loaves he had come to purchase, the baker examined the coin curiously, and, asking him if he had found a treasure, began to confer in whispers with some others in the shop. Believing that he was about to be apprehended and brought before Decius, Malchus attempted to escape; but the baker seized him crying, "You have found a treasure. Show us where it is that we may share it with you." But Malchus was too frightened to answer. So they dragged him to the market place and spread the news that he had found a vast treasure.

Antipater, the governor, and Martin, the bishop, hearing of the excitement, commanded the young man and the bakers who had seized him to be brought before them. They asked Malchus where he had found the treasure, and he replied that the coins were from his own purse. He was next asked from whence he came, and he answered that he was an Ephesian. Then he was commanded to send for his parents; but when he mentioned their names, it was found that they were unknown in the town. At this Antipater flew into a passion and exclaimed:

"How dare you say that this money belongs honestly to you, when it dates back three hundred and seventy-seven years and is as old as the beginning of the reign of Decius?"

"I implore you in the name of God," cried Malchus, "to answer me one question and then I will answer yours. Where is the Emperor Decius now?"

The bishop replied, "My son, there is no emperor of that name. He who was thus called died long ago."

Malchus answered, "All I hear perplexes me more and more. Follow me and I will show you my comrades who fled with me into a cave of Mount Cœlion only yesterday to escape the cruelty of Decius."

The bishop turned to the governor and said, "The hand of God is here." So they followed Malchus to Cœlion and a great multitude accompanied them. On arriving at the cavern, Malchus and the bishop entered; and they saw the martyrs seated on the ground with their faces fresh and blooming as roses. Then all fell upon their knees and glorified God. When the Emperor Theodosius heard of the miracle, he hurried to Ephesus, where all the inhabitants met him, and conducted him to the cavern. As soon as the martyrs beheld the Emperor, their faces shone like the sun, and Theodosius gave thanks unto God, and embraced them, saying, "I see you as though I saw the Saviour restoring Lazarus."

Maximian replied, "Believe us! For the faith's sake, God has resuscitated us before the great resurrection day, in order that you may firmly believe in the resurrection of the dead. For, as the child is in the mother's womb living and not suffering, so have we lived without suffering, fast asleep." And having thus spoken they bowed their heads, and their souls returned to their Maker.

Instinct with a rare moral beauty, this wondrous legend must have been productive of incalculable good, during those dark ages of the world's history while the powerful afflicted and the weak endured; when men fled to cloisters to shut themselves from oppression, and women to shield themselves from outrage. With nothing but misery to look forward to in this temporal life, how eagerly they must have listened to a narrative that confirmed their hope and faith in the sublime doctrine of the resurrection and eternal happiness in the world to come!

The seven young Christians whose names are celebrated in the story are honored in the Roman Church as martyrs, although their legend is considered as apocryphal. It seems to have originated in the East. Jacobus Sarugiensus, a Mesopotamian bishop who lived in the fifth or sixth century, is said to

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have been the first to commit it to writing. Gregory of Tours was perhaps the first to introduce it to Europe, where it immediately attained immense popularity with the masses. Mahomet introduced it into his Koran, and, in the tenth century, Eutychius inserted it in his annals of Arabia. It is found also in the works of early historians and the Coptic and the Maronite books.

Mr. S. Baring Gould, the antiquarian, remarks in his interesting inquiry into the origin of certain "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages,"—"The seven young Ephesians may have suffered under Decius, A. D. 250, and have been buried in the afore-mentioned cave; whilst the discovery and translation of their relics under Theodosius in 479, may have given rise to the fable." I do not agree with Mr. Gould's further inference, however, that the "story is a version of the older legend of the perpetual sleep of the shepherd Endymion, who was thus preserved in unfailing youth and beauty by Jupiter." It is far more reasonable to believe that the martyrs were discovered in the cave, dead, but with all the semblance of life about them—which is a phenomenon that is scientifically possible,—and that the discovery being made when a heresy was afflicting the Church, the rosy and lifelike appearance of their corpses was regarded as miraculous proof of the resurrection. The concluding words of the legend tend to confirm this theory, for it is related that "having thus spoken, they bowed their heads, and their souls returned to their Maker." The bodies of the dead have often been disinterred after centuries of sleep in the tomb in a condition of perfect preservation; but, the instant they are exposed to the air, crumble into dust. That the seven martyrs of Ephesus really lived and suffered for their faith, I devoutly believe, as the Church includes their names in her martyrology. Assuming, therefore, that the theory I have ventured regarding the discovery of their remains is correct, what could be more natural than that some Christian romancer of the early Church should have associated their story with one of those numerous myths regarding the prolonged sleep of gods and heroes with which the mythologies of so many ancient pagan races abound?

St. Christopher, who suffered martyrdom for the faith, A.D. 364, has always been honored by Holy Mother Church as a powerful intercessor and patron. That he is a historical personage who lived a saintly life, and died heroically, is sufficiently attested by the fact that the Church has venerated him as Saint and martyr. No good Catholic need look for further evidence than this. Nevertheless, it is evident that she has at all times accepted the beautiful legend related of him as an allegory merely.

St. Christopher was a native of Canaan, and the name by which he was there known was Offero. He was a man of colossal stature; and, being proud of his great strength, resolved that he would serve no other than the greatest and most powerful monarch that existed. So he travelled in quest of such a king, and at length came to the court of a sovereign who was said to exceed in power and riches all the kings of the earth, and offered to serve him. And the monarch, observing his great height and strength, entertained him with joy.

Now it happened that one day there came a minstrel to sing before the King, and in his ballad was frequent mention of the Prince of Darkness. And Christopher, seeing that every time the proud monarch heard the name of Satan he crossed himself, inquired the reason of this gesture. So the King told him:

"I make that sign to preserve me from the power of Satan; for I fear lest he overcome me and slay me."

Then said Christopher, "If thou fearest Satan, thou art not the most powerful prince in the world; thou hast deceived me. I will go seek this Satan, and him will I serve; for he is mightier than thou art."

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So he departed to resume his travels. At length, as he was crossing a desert plain, he beheld a vast throng of armed men, with a creature of terrific aspect marching at their head with all the air of a conqueror. And, as he drew near Christopher, he stopped him asking:

"Man, where goest thou?"

And Christopher answered, "I go to seek Satan, because he is the greatest prince in the world, and I would serve him."

Then Satan replied, "I am he; seek no farther."

So Christopher entered his service and they travelled on together. Now, when they had journeyed a long, long way, they came to a place where four roads met, and there arose a cross by the wayside. And, behold! when the Evil One saw the cross he was seized with fear and trembled violently. Then he made a wide circuit to avoid it. When Christopher saw this he was amazed, and asked the reason. The fiend replied:

"Upon that cross died Jesus Christ, and when I behold it, I must tremble and fly, for I fear him."

Still further amazed, Christopher said, "How then! this Jesus whom thou fearest, must be more potent than thou art! I will go seek him, and him will I serve!"

So he left Satan, and travelled far and wide, seeking Christ. And, after many days, he came to the cell of a holy hermit, and desired of him to show him Christ. Then the hermit began to instruct him concerning divine things, and said:

"This King, whom thou seekest, is, indeed, the great King of heaven and earth; but, if thou wouldst serve Him, thou must fast often and pray."

And Christopher objected to this, saying, "If I were to fast, my strength would leave me, and I know nothing of prayers. I will not be bound to such a service."

At this the holy hermit asked him if he knew of a certain deep and perilous river, often swollen by rains, and in whose waters many people perished who attempted to pass over, and Christopher answered that he knew of it. Then said the hermit:

"Go to that river and use thy strength to aid and save the poor creatures who struggle with the stream and are about to perish. This work may prove acceptable to Jesus Christ, whom thou art desirous to serve, and, perchance, He may manifest Himself to thee."

This service proving acceptable to Christopher, he hastened to the dangerous stream, and built a hut of boughs on its banks. And, having rooted up a palm-tree to serve as a staff for his support, he aided those pilgrims who were about to sink, and carried the weak across the current on his shoulders. By day and by night he was always ready for his task, and never wearied of helping those who needed his assistance. And the thing that he did pleased our Blessed Lord, who looked down at him out of heaven, musing: "Behold this strong man, who knoweth not yet the way to worship Me, yet hath found the way to serve Me!"

Now it came to pass, after Christopher had spent many days in his helpful work, that, as he lay one night resting in his hut, he heard a child's voice call to him from the opposite shore, "Come forth and carry me over!" And he rose forthwith and looked out and saw no one. Then the voice called to him a second and a third time, and, going forth with a lantern, he at length beheld a little child sitting on the bank, who entreated him saying, "Christopher, carry me over this night!" And taking his staff in his hand, Christopher crossed the stream, and lifted the child on his strong shoulders.

But, as he reentered the river to return to the shore he had left, the waters rose higher and higher, and the winds lashed the waves to fury. And behold! the infant on his shoulders became heavier and still heavier, until it seemed

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to him that he must sink beneath its weight. He began to despair; nevertheless he maintained his courage, and, staying his tottering steps with his staff, at length reached the opposite bank. There he laid the child down gently, looking upon him with astonishment and asking:

"Who art thou, child, that hath placed me in such extreme peril? Had I carried the whole world on my shoulders, the burthen could not have been heavier."

And the child replied, "Wonder not, Christopher, for thou hast not only borne the world, but Him who made the world, upon thy shoulders. Me wouldst thy serve in this thy work of charity; and behold I have accepted thy service; and in testimony that I have accepted thy service and thee, plant thy staff in the ground, and it shall put forth leaves and fruit."

Christopher obeyed, and the dry staff flourished as a palm tree in its season, and was covered with clusters of dates; but the miraculous child had vanished. Then Christopher fell on his face and confessed and worshipped Christ.

I assume that I am not alone in the opinion that this sublime allegory was suggested by the accepted traditions concerning the gigantic saint. It is related that when St. Christopher came to Samos, a city of Lycia, he found a persecution raging against the Christians. But, instead of considering his own safety, he openly encouraged and cheered them to perseverance. One of the heathens took exception to his conduct and struck him on the face; but Christopher, who could easily have slain him with one blow of his powerful fist, only regarded him steadfastly and said, "If I were not a Christian, I would be avenged of that blow."

When the king of the country sent soldiers to seize him, he permitted them to bind him and lead him before their master. The king asked him who he was, and he replied in these words: "Formerly I was called Offero, the bearer; but now my name is Christopher, for I have borne Christ." The tyrant endeavored by every means to entice him to idolatry, but Christopher stood firm. At last it was decreed that, after he had been scourged and tortured, he should be beheaded. As he knelt to receive his death blow, he prayed to God the Redeemer that all those who in future ages should implore his intercession, might be spared from tempest, earthquake or fire. Here we find all the features that were afterwards included in his allegory. A great simple-hearted giant assisting others through the waters of affliction, and, by so doing, carrying Christ and with Him the burthen of the entire world upon his shoulders. "I was called Offero, the bearer," he answered to his persecutor; "but now my name is Christopher, for I have borne Christ." Is it not apparent that in these words was found the inspiration which resulted in his legend?

A sacred allegory, which seems to have received more attention from antiquarians than any other, is that associated with England's patron, St. George. According to a pious tradition, he was a Christian soldier, who suffered martyrdon in Cappadocia in A.D. 303. Eusebius says of him: "Immediately on the first promulgation of the edict (of Diocletian), a certain man of no mean origin, but highly esteemed for his temporal dignities, as soon as the decree was published against the churches in Nicomedia, stimulated to a divine zeal, and excited by an ardent faith, took it as it was openly placed and posted up for public inspection, and tore it to pieces as a most profane and wicked act. This, too, was done when two of the Cæsars were in the city, the first of whom was the eldest and chief of all, and the other held the fourth grade of the imperial dignity after him. But this man, as the first that was distinguished there in this manner, after enduring what was likely to follow an act so daring, pre-

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served his mind calm and serene until the moment when his spirit fled."

But what little is known of the authentic acts of the Saint's life, has been completely overshadowed by the allegory of his wonderful conquest of the dragon, which de Voragine was, perhaps, the first to record in his *Legenda Aurea*. The legend, as told by him, is this:

"George, a tribune, was born in Cappadocia, and came to Lybia, to the town called Lilene, near which was a pond infested by a monster, which had many times driven back an armed host that had come to destroy him. He even approached the walls of the city, and with his exhalations poisoned all who were near. To avoid such visits he was furnished each day with two sheep, to satisfy his voracity. If these were not given, he so attacked the walls of the town that his envenomed breath infected the air, and many of the inhabitants died. He was supplied with sheep until they were exhausted, and it was impossible to procure the necessary number. Then the citizens held counsel, and it was decided that each day a man and a beast should be offered; so that at last they gave up their children, sons and daughters, and none were spared. The lot fell one day on the princess. The monarch, horror-struck, offered in exchange for her his gold, his silver, and half his realm, only desiring to save his daughter from this frightful death. But the people insisted on the sacrifice of the maiden, and all the poor father could obtain was a delay of eight days, in which to bewail the fate of the damsel. At the expiration of this time, the people returned to the palace and said, "Why do you sacrifice your subjects for your daughter? We are all dying before the breath of this monster!" The king felt that he must resolve on parting with his child. He covered her with royal clothes, embraced her, and said, "Alas, dear daughter, I thought to have seen myself re-born in your offspring. I hoped to have invited princes to your wedding; to have adorned you with royal garments, and accompanied you with flutes, tambourins, and all kinds of music; but you are to be devoured by this monster! Why did not I die before you?"

Then she fell at her father's feet and besought his blessing. He accorded it to her weeping, and he clasped her tenderly in his arms; then she went to the lake. George, who passed that way, saw her weeping, and asked the cause of her tears. She replied:—"Good youth, quickly mount your horse and fly, lest you perish with me." But George said to her:—"Do not fear; tell me what you await, and why all this multitude look on?" She answered:—"I see that you have a great and noble heart, yet fly!" "I shall not go without knowing the cause," he replied. Then she explained all to him, whereupon he exclaimed:—"Fear nothing; in the name of Jesus Christ I will assist you!" "Brave knight!" said she, "do not seek to die with me, enough that I should perish; for you can neither assist nor deliver me, and you will only die with me."

At this moment the monster rose above the surface of the water. And the virgin said all trembling, "Fly, fly, Sir Knight!"

His only answer was the sign of the cross. Then he advanced to meet the monster, recommending himself to God.

He brandished his lance with such force, that he transfixed it, and cast it to the ground. Then, addressing the princess, he bade her pass her girdle round it, and fear nothing. When this was done, the monster followed like a docile hound. When they had brought it into the town, the people fled before it; but George recalled them, bidding them put aside all fear, for the Lord had sent him to deliver them from the dragon. Then the king and all his people, twenty thousand men, without counting women and children, were baptized, and George smote off the head of the monster.

The charming allegory which under-

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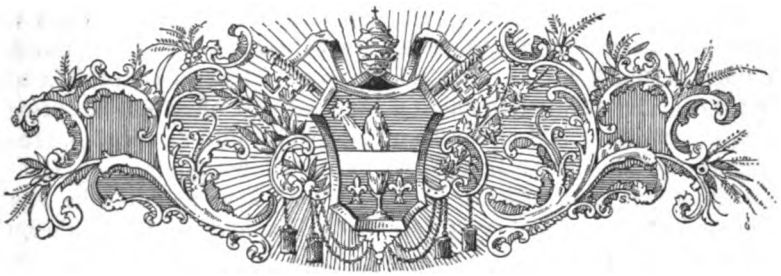
lies this famous legend is obvious. St. George is the typical Christian hero and warrior, armed with the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of the faith, marked with the symbolic cross, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit. The dragon whom he slays is none other than that "Old Serpent, the Devil," who poisons the heart and mind with his venomous breath and seeks to devour the virgin soul, in whose defense the warrior fights.

In his ingenious work on the "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," Mr. S. Baring Gould has succeeded in tracing the legend back to its pagan sources in the representative myths of the Semitic and Aryan peoples. Space will not permit me to introduce his interesting arguments here. He concludes them, however, with the assertion that the fight with the dragon is a myth common to all Aryan peoples.

"The maiden which the dragon attempts to devour," writes Mr. Gould, "is the earth. The monster is the storm-cloud. The hero who fights it is the sun, with his glorious sword, the lightning-flash. By his victory, the earth is relieved from her peril. The fable has been varied to suit the atmospheric peculiarities of the different climes in which the Aryans found themselves." . . . . . "When we perceive," he writes further on, "how popular this venerable myth was in heathen nations of Europe, it is not surprising that it should perpetuate itself under Christianity, and that, when once transferred to a hero of the new creed, it should make that hero one of the most venerated and popular of all the saints in the calendar."

It was during the Crusades that St. George first became universally popular; for it is related that he appeared on the walls of Jerusalem, surrounded by a halo of light, and, waving his sword, led the victorious assault on the Holy City. The enthusiasm of the Crusaders for the soldier saint who led them to victory, remained with them after their return from the Holy Land. England, Aragon, and Portugal assumed him as their patron, as well as many chivalrous orders founded at that period. His conflict with the dragon became a famous subject for treatment in works of literature and art. It was commemorated in innumerable paintings and statues, and also in the windows of churches and cathedrals. In Queen Elizabeth's time, Edmund Spencer, the poet laureate, composed his splendid epic, "The Faerie Queen," introducing St. George as his hero under the title of Sir Guyon, and taking the saint's legend for his theme. It is true that he glorified the execrable Queen Elizabeth by making her the model of his chaste and gentle heroine, Una; but this must be forgiven him when it is considered that such servile adulation was enforced upon the poets of England during his time, and for several centuries after.

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Christian Education in the Family.

General Intention for November, 1899.

Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

THE family is God's own creation. It is the chief means that He employs to make His great commandment of love known and acceptable to mankind. The mutual love of father and mother, their solicitude for their offspring, and the dependence of children upon their parents are the greatest natural helps we have to appreciate God's love for us and the benign providence with which He has disposed that we should learn from our very infancy how much we need the services of others, so that we may despise no human being, but love all. It is, therefore, in the family that we are to master the first principle of Christian knowledge, the first and the greatest commandment, the one which contains every other, and which is, consequently, the basis of all science, human or divine.

Parents are not usually competent to teach their children the principles of human science, and often Catholic parents may not be well enough instructed to teach them the simple lessons of the Catechism; but even the most illiterate Catholic father and mother can teach a child the name of God, the names of Jesus and Mary, and impress on the young mind a sense of the holiness of God's law and of the malice of sin, of the justice and sureness of an everlasting reward for virtue and of endless punishment for sins not repented. It is rare to find Catholic parents so ignorant that they cannot teach their children how to make the sign of the cross, and to say at least the simple morning and evening prayers, and their obligation of attending Holy Mass on Sundays, and on holydays of precept, and the dangers of bad company. Indeed, it is not the illiterate who are commonly most at fault in the matter of a Christian education for their children, on the contrary, they seem to appreciate its benefits more than parents, whose social station leads them to sacrifice everything for the worldly advancement of their children and neglect their progress in Christian doctrine and practice. Almighty God imposes on men no law that they cannot obey. Parents are bound by the natural law to cherish their children, body and soul. It is, therefore, just as much in their power to develop and cultivate the faculties of their souls as it is to nourish and train their bodies. From the time of their birth to the moment when they exercise their reason, no one is ordinarily entrusted with the education of children but the parents; when schools or special tutors take charge of them, the parents are still responsible for watching and controlling the influences brought to bear upon

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them and for correcting their every wrong impression or dangerous tendency, and usually, no one but the parents will take sufficient interest to do all this. At no time in the life of the children can parents consider themselves relieved from the obligation of educating them as Christians, for the more they may learn, whether by their instruction in the school or by their experience in life, the better they will appreciate the advice and example of their parents and be guided by both for good or evil.

It is the sweet providence of God that the home should be the school of all that is highest and holiest in human life. By His ordination the family is so constituted that parents should co-operate with Him not only by the generation of the bodies of their children, but also by aiding in the perfection of their souls. Since, by the law of our fallen nature, their children are born without sanctifying grace, He mercifully bestows it in the sacrament of baptism. Even before reason comes to enlighten the child the parent can prepare its senses, its imagination and memory to grasp the elements of Christian knowledge as soon as the light of reason dawns upon these faculties. The infant lips can be trained to pronounce the holy name of God and the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, the eyes can be accustomed to look upon pious objects with veneration, the ears can be made to listen to the story of the Babe of Bethlehem, until the imagination and memory will naturally be filled with scenes and reminiscences which will all stand out so clear and intelligible when reason comes to enlighten them that they will forever after influence the will of the child who has been fortunate enough to have had such a training. Such a training, repressing, as it does from the very beginning, the very germs of concupiscence, disposes not only the souls, but the very bodies of children to receive sanctifying grace and to grow in it, and a childhood spent in this manner cannot but lead up to a youth of wisdom rather than of folly. In this way were spent the first years of Jesus Christ in Egypt and at Nazareth, for, though knowing from His very conception all things human and divine, still being in all things like unto us, save sin, He deigned to stand in humility at His Blessed Mother's knee and to take His lessons from His humble fosterfather, the carpenter, St. Joseph, that, growing in wisdom, age and grace before God and men, He might not only draw all men after Him, even the children from their very birth, but encourage also and console parents in their endeavors to train their children to a Christian life by the sweet remembrance of the scene in the home of the Holy Family at Nazareth.

What Catholic father or mother can fail to recall and contemplate the Holy Family at Nazareth, or to appreciate its lessons for themselves and God's purpose in recording it in the gospel? When the holy feast of Christmas comes, they never fail to bring their little ones to the crib at Bethlehem, and they are glad when these seem to recognize the Divine Infant as their own God and King. How is it that so many of them go no further, and fail to keep the Divine Infant and His ways before their children throughout the year, so that with each recurring Christmas-tide they might approach His crib, with a year's new knowledge and love of Him, growing, as He did, in wisdom and grace as well as in age, until they attain unto the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ.

For the Christian education of children is not complete when they have been taught their prayers and catechism and prepared for the Sacraments of Penance, Holy Communion and Confirmation. It embraces many things that can never be learned in school, and it cannot be considered as complete when the school education is finished. Parents, unfortunately, are too easily disposed to shirk their duty to their children, and fancy they have acquitted themselves of

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their obligation to bring them up in a Christian manner when they have entrusted them to some Catholic School or Academy. They excuse their indolence and their absorbing attention to worldly matters in a plausible way. Their children are in safe hands, under tutors who know their religion thoroughly, with companions who are all Catholics like themselves, and what more can they do? After all, a home cannot be like a convent, and when at home children must be indulged to some extent, and nowadays the tendency is to let even young people form their own character; the sooner they are left to depend on their own resources of will and mind and body the more independent they become, and independence is the spirit of the age; the more self-made they are, to a certain extent, the more hardy they become in character, and the more, too, they show their individuality. All these, and a hundred other fallacies, are repeated by the indolent and ignorant parent; nor can we blame them entirely, since but too often they are merely repeating what is so speciously set forth even in some of our religious magazines and pulpits. It is well if their excuse be no worse, and if they at least make up for their own indolence and ignorance by sending their children to Catholic schools. As things go nowadays, it is something gained if even Catholic parents do not plead that a stricter Christian education at home would prepare their sons and daughters for the sanctuary or for the convent and stand in the way of their worldly advancement; and it is a blessing to their children if they are not so carried away by the pretentious offers of secular schools and colleges, as to imagine that they can safely entrust their boys and girls, still under sixteen, to institutions in which sectarianism, irreligion, infidelity, and every phase of worldliness, not to mention licentiousness, are sure to poison or vitiate the young minds, which have not surely been over-trained in Christian knowledge and practices.

Without making the home a convent, without impeding in any way the formation of the character of children, without crushing in them any proper spirit of independence, without investing them with a fictitious character, or lessening their individual qualities and merits, parents can make their households a veritable school of Christ, in which He will rule as Master, fashioning by His own principles and after His own perfections each soul according to its proper character, endowing each with a self-mastery with which alone liberty can be properly exercised, and helping everyone by His grace and example to suppress the individualism which is but one of the many euphemistic names for selfishness, and cultivate to perfection every single trait, particularly the sense of personal responsibility which makes men more acceptable as individuals to God and their fellow man.

Let Catholic parents cooperate with their Church and schools in the work of Christian education, let them train their children in Catholic doctrine, sentiments and practices, let them, as no other persons can, make them familiar with Catholic views, traditions and customs, and we shall have a generation of intelligent and steadfast champions of the Church such as our times sadly need.

When all has been said about the needs of our age, when reforms have been suggested for our parishes, seminaries and colleges, when we have done declaiming for the higher education of our clergy, and reminding the religious men and women who teach in our Catholic schools that they know little or nothing about the latest fads in pedagogy, there remains still one subject of reform, and that is every Catholic household in the land, and all that Church and school can do will be useless until Catholic parents appreciate their obligation and their privilege to help in the Christian education of their children, to rear

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up in the very bosom of their families young followers of Christ, to imbue them with His principles, and develop in them a thoroughly Catholic instinct, a disposition to venerate His spirit everywhere, by a staunch adherence to His Church, by reverence for His priests, love for His poor, and zeal for His kingdom and its propagation among those who have not yet submitted themselves to His power. In the way of this needed reform is the indolence of many parents, the ignorance of some, and the worldliness of others, but these are obstacles which can easily be overcome, and prayer is needed that the minds of Catholic fathers and mothers be opened, and that their hearts may be moved to unite with Christ in raising up for Him new and loyal followers in the persons of their sons and daughters, young men and young women who, whether in the world or in the cloister, may spread abroad the good odor of Christ, and as the "other Christs," that Christians should be, enable all who come under their influence to recognize the salutary influence exercised on their lives by being taught from infancy to model themselves after Him.

THE POET OF THE MISSION HOUSE.

By F. W. Grey.

THE Rev. Simon Fysshe, Principal of St. Deny's Mission House, Battleminster, was an eminently "safe" churchman, averse to extremes, whether "Protestant" or "Roman," and walked in the narrow "middle way" with a steadiness worthy of a theological Blondin. That the students, with a few exceptions, should take their tone from him and follow, metaphorically, in his footsteps, was, surely, nothing more than what was right and fitting.

There were exceptions, of course, minds of a turn logical, or the contrary, tending towards Scylla or Charybdis; men, in short, to whom the Don's spiritual tight-rope walking was an impossible feat. Doubtless the Don grieved over them in secret; in public, he said nothing to them, still less against them. He knew his human nature better. But he certainly contrived to make them conscious of their fault. With consequences, as will appear presently.

In the case of Vincent Travers it began, I fancy, with his first arrival at St. Deny's. There was a "function" that evening, "First Evensong," of SS. Simon and Jude, of the most approved Anglican stateliness. Not "extreme," be it understood; the Don did not approve of incense, but looked magnificent in a crimson cope, and was perfectly aware of the fact. It was certainly perfect of its kind; the *via media* in ritual, as the Don's sermons and lectures were the *via media* in florid, but carefully-chosen utterance. It certainly suited the men who took the Rev. Simon as their model, though it probably still savored of "Popery" to the "Protestant" members of this little "Catholic" community, who had not yet attuned their moral natures to the prevailing nicely-balanced tone, but who might, and in many cases did "advance" during their student years and afterwards, both in ritual and in doctrine, to "extremes" which must have been sorely painful to the "moderate" principal.

To Vincent Travers the "function" was simply a revelation of spiritual delights undreamt of hitherto. Thereafter, having further to travel, more ground to make up, so to speak, than most of us, he gained, as was only natural, a greater momentum and seemed destined to go beyond any of us. So that the "First

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Evensong" of SS. Simon and Jude—we were not allowed to speak of "Vespers"—was, for him, at least, the beginning of an entirely new experience.

It was not long, however—that is, not so long as I had expected, considering how much he had to learn—before the "functions" began to lose their charm of novelty, and by becoming familiar, ceased to satisfy him. There was, so to speak, a rhythmic sense in his nature which, while it made him keenly sensitive to harmonies of all kinds, forced him, half-unconsciously, and certainly wholly without volition on his part, to dissect those harmonies, as poets dissect their passions, real or imaginary, with the inevitable result of finding most of them lacking in some element of perfection, if not wholly false. In the case of our Mission Chapel "functions" he came to the conclusion, how arrived at I doubt whether he ever knew himself, that they were sadly lacking in "Catholic completeness." Possibly some Catholic instinct, often found in natures such as his, may have taught him to detect the element of incompleteness, to call it by no harsher name. The instinct, if such it were, was to lead him further yet.

Vincent, to do him the barest justice, had certainly a very pretty knack of rhyming, an amiable weakness which it did not take us many days to discover; hence his soubriquet of "Poet," given half in jest, but accepted with almost pathetic seriousness by the young man's innocent vanity. He possessed, moreover, a sufficient share of sensitiveness to external impressions, hence his susceptibility to ritual and music; of vivid, sensuous, if somewhat morbid imagination; an easy flow of expression; all the ingredients of a poet's nature—except genius, of which deficiency he was at that time, blissfully unaware, but would, doubtless, grow to realize it in due course, either by that sense which made him prove all things, real or imaginary, to the very depths, or by the hard discipline of failure, and the not too kindly criticism of those who set themselves to judge their fellow-men; in any case, by a process painful in proportion to its efficacy. Such being the destiny of "minor poets."

This, by the way; for the present, he wrote verses, amatory for the most part, and inflicted them on anyone good-natured enough to listen to them. Then his stock of possible auditors having come to a painfully sudden end, he published his effusions—gratis, of course, in the *Battleminster and Eastbury Herald* when the editor condescended to accept them, and had no patent medicine or sheep-wash advertisement to fill up the space. Such being the process by which "minor poets" become known to a more or less appreciative public.

The verses being chiefly, if not altogether amatory, and of a Werter-esque despondency, it may fairly be inferred that he was in love, such fever of the imagination being a strong incentive to passionate utterance in rhyme, but with which, at the present moment, we are not immediately concerned. It was, doubtless, a necessary stage of his mental and spiritual development, failing which, he might have remained content with such sensuous "functions" as advanced Anglicanism is so well able to carry out, and might never have found the true harmony of his existence.

Taking his version of his love affair, gathered partly from sundry effusions in the *Battleminster and Eastbury Herald*, and partly from his pathetic confidences as the true one, it appeared that the "Lilian" of his devotion, like many another maiden fair, besung by poets of a wider fame, had proved unkind. Hence the effusions, which may be left to the imagination; hence, also, in a very real sense, the limits of which I do not pretend to define, various other consequences of graver importance to Vincent, as well as to some of those with whom, at that stage of his history, he was

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brought in contact, and which may, possibly, be found worth the telling.

He began by showing a still more decided tendency to "advance" in matters of ritual, of externals that is, since of doctrine in any definite form he knew little or nothing. It was purely "sensible devotion" at the outset, and yet there was underlying it that same instinct of congruity which made him seek to discover and to grasp the reality supposed to be symbolized by the ritual. To him the crucifix, above all other objects of devotion, was the one dearest to his heart. Speaking reverently it was, I suppose, the poetic, chivalrous beauty of our dear Lord's utter self-surrender that appealed to a nature deeply imbued with a romantic mysticism. The saying of St. Augustine, "*magnum est Jesum crucifixum scire*," was a very favorite quotation of his, but he was wont to add that to die for our faith is easy by comparison with living for it, whereby, as it seemed to me, both then and afterwards, he revealed both his strength and his weakness.

But, from seeking the reality of which ritual is the expression, to finding, if not the true one, one at least which, for the time being, satisfies his spiritual cravings, was not, for one so absolutely in earnest, a long or difficult process. And that such reality, as he honestly deemed it, should be strangely akin to the truth was only, I think, the congruous reward of his unquestioning good faith.

His "reality" ascertained, to the entire satisfaction of his own heart and soul, Travers was not the man to keep it to himself. It was at this time, I think, that his verses, ceasing to be amatory, became purely religious—a change decidedly for the better. Also that, believing in the Real Presence, his acts of outward reverence at "Celebration" should have given unmistakable evidence of his belief was only what all who knew him might have looked for. It was both touching and beautiful—to any who could rightly understand it, but it was certainly not a prudent course in a community of which the Rev. Simon Fysshe had control.

Not that the Rev. Simon said anything for the present, at all events, to Vincent Travers. As already stated, he knew human nature, Anglican human nature, especially, too well to commit such a *faux pas* as to attack any man's "views" in "good, set terms." But he had much to say on "Roman extravagances" and no "materialistic conceptions of Sacramental ordinances," and said with a polemical vigor and point evidently due to some definite, actual cause. Which did not surprise me, knowing what I knew, but which pained Vincent Travers inexpressibly. As I was uncharitable enough to believe it was intended to have.

It was an unequal contest, to say the least of it, a strong, dogged, tyrannous nature, a man endowed with an authority not to be disputed with impunity, against a sensitive, timid lad, whose very fervor of devotion to what he held as truth was —strange as it may sound— a source of weakness, simply because it was the outcome of a poetic sentiment, not the conviction of a reasoning, firmly-founded faith. It was a state of matters that could not long continue, as not only I was fully aware. The Don was forcing the issue by every means in his power and had a weapon ready to his hand, in case of need, such as neither Travers nor I could ever have dreamed of his using. But the occasion arose sooner, I think, than the Rev. Simon had anticipated.

Eastbury "All Saints," a church famous for its "Catholic" ritual, its Rood screen, seven sanctuary lamps, and all the quasi-sacred paraphernalia of an "extreme" parish, was to celebrate its "Patronal Octave." The Don, with a graciousness which did not ordinarily distinguish his dealings with his students, announced that any of us, who wished to do so, might attend the services on the Festival itself. Travers, who was, evidently, in an unsettled condition,

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craving for comfort, for any kind of certainty, eagerly availed himself of the permission—the intention of which, that, namely, of proving to him that his own "Branch of the Church Catholic" could satisfy all his spiritual wants—was sufficiently obvious, and induced me to accompany him.

The "function" was gorgeous in the extreme: "High Mass" that, as some one says, "might have deceived the very elect;" a sermon from a "Cowley Father" which, surely, left nothing to be desired in the way of definite, dogmatic assertion. Apparently, Travers was satisfied. If not, his case was beyond the skill of Anglican physicians. Was it? I was soon to discover.

"If that is true," he said, suddenly, as we were finishing our lunch at the "King's Head" before starting for our three miles walk back to Battleminster, alluding, evidently, to the "Cowley Father's" sermon, "then the Don is wrong. They can't both be right."

"Perhaps it is merely a difference of terms," I answered, weakly enough, I fancy. It was cowardly, I admit, but I shrank from driving home, on myself, as well as on him, the difficulty that was tormenting my own mind. Who was I to assume such a responsibility?

"Possibly." He spoke with a gravity altogether unusual to him. "All the same," he continued, with an air of resolution that sat strangely on one ordinarily so gentle, so willing to be guided by others, "I am going to see Father Gresham"—meaning the Catholic priest in Eastbury, not the "Cowley Father"—"and ask him. Will you come too?" He put the question as if it were he who had always taken the initiative, as if, indeed, there could be but one answer possible.

As, in very deed, there was. He had shamed me out of my cowardice most effectually. "Of course I will," I answered, thankful, even then, that the decision seemed so easy to arrive at.

"Man proposes," says Blessed Thomas à Kempis, "but God disposes." Father Gresham had been summoned to a dying parishioner, five miles away, and would not be back till late in the afternoon. That Travers was disappointed there could be no doubt at all, though he said little more than "O, well, we can see him to-morrow," yet even then I felt that "to-morrow would never come."

How the Rev. Simon came to hear of our visit to Father Gresham's house we never knew. Doubtless some jealous Anglican, fearing lest the wiles of Rome should prove too strong for our weak spirits, made it his duty to report what he had seen, and to do so with the eager haste common to the tale-bearers of all races and all times. At all events the Don had heard of it, probably before we got back to the Mission House.

To Travers he said nothing, for a reason which we were destined to discover in due course. As for me, he certainly saved me the unpleasant task of telling him. In what fashion he told me I would rather not remember, he having since passed to a world where "moderate" views are not in favor. I really believe that even then he was conscientiously doing "his duty," as he understood it. He made that much clear to me, at all events. If not, it was for no want of very emphatic iteration.

As for Travers, he was to undergo an experience immeasurably more painful than any lecture the Don might have given him could possibly have been. Three days after our visit to Eastbury he received a letter from his mother, a devout, old-fashioned Anglican, a living saint, yet one to whom "Romanism" was a soul-destroying error. It may be fancied how she wrote to warn her son against "trafficking with the evil thing," to implore him "not to forsake the purer faith of his fathers for the superstitions of Popery." To Vincent it was worse than martyrdom. As he had often said, it would have been comparatively easy to die for his faith; to live for it under such

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circumstances was beyond him, at that time. And this just because it was not *faith*, in any true sense, but simply a pious emotion, liable, as such, to be counterbalanced by appeals to other emotions, to his love for his mother, most of all. As the Don had known, when he made use of the weapon that we had never taken into consideration.

That, seemingly, was the end of it; in victory for the Don, in patient, hopeless submission on the part of Travers. Not quite; the Don, clever as he was, made a mistake where none would have supposed it possible. And yet, simple enough, as it appeared to us afterwards.

The Rev. Simon Fysshe had a particular friend, a man of eminently "safe" views, like his own, views which would only become "safer" now that he had been appointed to a Canadian bishopric. Vincent Travers, urged thereto by his mother, at the Don's instigation, was to be ordained deacon, and go out to Canada as his Right Reverend Lordship's secretary. I was sorry for him, but what could I say or do? Besides, by that time, I had quitted St. Deny's, and only know the conclusion of the story from Vincent's letters.

It need not take long in the telling. As a preparation for ordination, he was, of course, carefully instructed in the Anglican claims to valid orders, as interpreted by the Rev. Simon Fysshe, with results, as it proved, other than those intended. His ordination to the Anglican deaconate followed, in due course, and then he sailed for Canada with his new master, the Bishop.

They arrived in Montreal on the eve of Corpus Christi. His Lordship, not wishing to appear as having any doubts of his secretary's loyalty to the "faith of his fathers," went out with him to see the procession. But when the Blessed Sacrament passed the place where they were standing, Vincent, who had never lost hold of that "reality" which had grown by God's mysterious guidance from a "view" into a firm faith, knelt in the presence of the Eucharistic God as he had worshipped the creation of his own fervent imagination in the Mission Chapel. To the bishop's horror, who, lacking the Don's intimate knowledge of human nature and of his nature in particular, took occasion to inveigh against "materialistic conceptions" and "superstitious reverence" in the most approved style of the "moderate churchman."

To Travers, it was the very crisis of his spiritual life and he knew it. As to the Real Presence, he had no doubt at all, nor as to what must, necessarily, be the outward expression of that belief, namely, adoration as of God made manifest to human eyes. That a bishop of "the Church Catholic"—as he had been taught to believe, and had accepted as true—should forbid him to worship the Eucharistic God was, for him, the end of all things, so far as the Anglican communion was concerned.

And so, by means of the martyrdom he had endured, passing from imaginary sorrows to a real trial more bitter than many of us can realize, he was led from emotional conceptions to a divine and living faith, from maimed rites and empty sanctuaries into the Church where the God of Calvary dwells in the Tabernacle of His chosen people.

Truly, "God, by a way they have not known
"Shall lead His own."

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A BIT OF COLOR.

By E. Dillon.

ASSISI of to-day is resting out in the bright warm sunshine, just as she has rested since Saint Francis blessed her with his dying benediction, six hundred years ago. She is free from the activity of modern progress; she carries on no thriving intercourse with her neighbors; she lives on undisturbed within her mediæval walls, the memory of her great saint giving her all she desires to possess.

The first afternoon we were in Assisi, we climbed up the narrow streets to the Rocca Maggiore, the immense rock that guards the town on the north, and we lay up there, out in the April wind and sunshine, with a perfect picture before us, a picture that seemed to hold within its brightness Saint Francis's happy personality. Below lay the little stone-built town, girded within her walls, on the side of the mountain, with gray olive groves softening the slopes below her, and bare, strong masses of rock guarding her from above. All that was happy and untroubled seemed to lie in the fertile plain that stretched far away from the base of the mountain; here and there little straight, white roads made patterns through the green fields, leading up by tiny villages that lay clustered each around her mother church. Somewhere beyond the fading plain and the gray hills in the east lay Rome,' a city so full of history and of people, that to us, up on the quiet hill-top, it seemed some mystic place we had seen in a dream. In the west we could just see Perugia, whose roofs and towers stood out against the golden sunset.

It would have been too much like fairyland, had we been left alone there with our thoughts to weave unlimited threads of romance over the picture before us.

But a small, bare-footed, black-eyed youngster, a healthy specimen of Assisi, had followed our steps all the way up to the Rocca, running along with her little sun-burned hand held out for money, and her black eyes fixed beseechingly on us. When we reached the top of the hill and had made ourselves comfortable out on the warm, spring earth, there sat our little follower, not three yards away, perched on a low rock, with her hands folded in her lap, her bare, brown feet pressed against each other and those eyes of hers still on us. So we gave her half of all we had, one of two hard-boiled eggs left over from our lunch on the train the day before. She may have been surprised at our queer donation, but she kept her feelings to herself, as she solemly advanced to receive the egg. Then she lisped a soft "grazie," and started on a run down the hill, nibbling at her present and smiling back at us, as her feet pattered down the road.

One sees few people in Assisi, in the town itself, because nearly everybody, men, women and children, works in the fields during summer, from sunrise to sunset. Only the tiny babies stay at home, playing around the doorsteps with the chickens and cats; while some old grandma or grandpa, too old to be of more active service, watches over them from a shady corner of the street. We wondered when housework was done, but to look into one of Assisi's dwellings is to put all doubt at an end, for there is scarcely anything in them to "keep." The houses join each other, low, narrow stone-built little boxes, each with a low front door and a high window in the back that casts a faint light over the bareness of the three rooms within. Through the undecided gloom you may distinguish a bed or two, a stove and a

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soup pot and a candlestick; perhaps a table and a statue of the Madonna, on a shelf, but that is about all; nature supplies the rest. The Assisi housewife does her washing every month down in the river that circles around behind the town. She carries her bundle of wash on her head to the river bank, where, kneeling over the edge of the water with her other energetic companions, she pounds her clothes with big stones and wrings them out in the clear running water at her feet, perfectly unaware what a pretty picture she makes. She picks dandelion leaves in the field for the family dinner, gathering them up in her apron, to be put into the stew pot along with any other eatables she may happen to have. The front doorstep may be used as a chair when such a luxury is required, but even when neighbors drop in for a friendly chat no chairs are needed, because the conversation usually becomes so animated that the middle of the street is the only place where one can have full swing of arms and voice. The doorstep may be used as a cutting-out table and chair combined when there is sewing to be done, but this does not happen often, because in spring, summer, and autumn the youngsters romp about in all the simplicity of one gingham slip, and one Sunday dress is handed down through generations. There is one dry goods and "general" notion store in Assisi, where all the luxuries of life are temptingly displayed in a three by four window. You may there see gorgeously colored cottons and cheaply dyed woolens, all arranged in puffs and plaits, while blue glass beads and brass finger rings are strung across the window, in front of this alluring maze. But we divined that once in a life-time did an Assisi belle indulge in such finery, because when we gave the shop-keeper a five lire bill (equal to one dollar of our money), to pay for a lire's worth of blue calico, she sent one of her many small children, who had been watching the transaction with wide open eyes, across to the apothecary's for change. Most probably, though, many a pretty signorina or winsome signora had cast longing glances at that attractive shop window, for the Italians' eyes are as fond of color as their pockets are lacking in copper centesimi. On Sunday whole families manage to appear in most wonderful gorgeousness. The women, with smooth black plaits wound around their heads, and long, pendant ear-rings that nearly touch their broad shoulders; with full short skirts that swing from side to side as they walk, and kerchiefs of bright color folded over their white cotton blouses, that set off their dark complexions. There is nothing ethereal looking in the Italian peasant woman, although she is very graceful, as she swings down the sun-streaked road to Mass, holding her head well up, and her back straight. She looks healthy and comfortable with her sunburned arms and neck, and her loose clothes, but she is distinctly a worker, and not an idler in the land, and although we picture Italy the land of idleness, a glance at her strong peasants, both men and women, will lay the blame on others than our country friends.

The men, of course, are more advanced in the methods of modernism, and are not so picturesque as the women. They have discarded the old-time costume for the ready-made checked suit, but still wind around their waists, bright red or yellow sashes in lieu of the more modern suspender, while the small children from six years upwards, are miniature copies of their elders.

One may see few people in the streets of Assisi, but nevertheless beggars are plentiful, and one has not the heart to say "no" to their appeals, because their smiles are so genuine, and their ways of begging so amusing. One day as we were walking up the steep street that leads under the old Porta San Pietro to the town, some distance up the hill we saw a red, bare-footed bundle of rags sitting lazily in the shade on a dilapidat-

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ed wicker chair. He seemed sound asleep there, where the hot sun beat down just beyond the clear cut shadow of the house, while a faint breeze ruffled his gray hair. But as we came nearer, the sly old fox opened his brown eyes and saw us approaching. Ah, presto! change! up he jumped, nearly upsetting his chair in his haste to rush into the house from where he reappeared a second later with an old battered hat in his hand and a broad smile on his time-worn face. As we passed, he took a dandified position in the middle of the street, and bowing nearly to the ground, with his hat swung around behind him, he bade us "buon giorno." All this gallantry seemed very comical, for our Lord Chesterfield stood minus shoes or socks, with what remnants of clothing he had on him in perfect rags, and showing an old wrinkled face that was not tinted by aught else than God's sun. But we understood this show of bowing and scraping was not without some definite purpose, so we gave our friend some coppers, to receive in turn a profound bow, and a hearty "grazie."

We found all the people with these gallant ways and good-heartedness. They were always glad to see us, but especially glad to see my cousin, whose fair, golden hair the dark Italians admired very much. The monks, who usually acted as our guides through the churches and monasteries, were true followers of St. Francis, because we would leave them, wondering which we took most pleasure in, the reminiscences of the saint, or the bright, pleasant manners of his followers. When we went to Saint Damian's, where there are many souvenirs of Saint Clare, our guide, a young monk, whose ready smile at once betrayed his nationality, told us almost in whispers about the treasures we were in the midst of and took down from its glass case the little bell Saint Clare had used to call her nuns with, and exclaimed, as he rang it: "Ah, how sweet, how sweet! What a happy little sound!" And when we stood in the choir, and saw the rude wooden seats built into the walls, the kindly face beamed. "Here is where Saint Clare sang her praises to God! See how poor and mean are the seats! So poor and humble for one so rich and noble!"

The monastery of Saint Damian's lies down below Assisi, at the end of a steep road that curves down the side of the hill between an olive orchard and an oat field, gorgeous in spring with brilliant poppies. One afternoon, after a heavy rain storm, we made our way down the hill, with a whole troop of small boys following us. They all seemed to be about the same age, but their costumes were so varied and strange, that from a rear view, it was difficult to make out how old or how young they were. One youngster was completely swallowed up in a pair of old trousers that he had not grown up to yet, and another still smaller tot wore a coat that would have covered the whole crowd. One of them, who seemed to be ring-leader, perhaps because he was in possession of a green umbrella twice his size, started on a run when he came near the church, with his six or seven comrades following after. The hill was so steep that we were afraid our friends would end head over heels in the soggy field that lay directly in front of them; but instead, they turned off from the road, and ran pell-mell against the heavy church curtain that served as door. And there they stood, pushing and shoving and wriggling and giggling, each intent on pretending that *he* was the one to whom the signorine were indebted for holding the curtain aside. When there are so many small boys around, it it is wisest to be overjoyed at such courtesy, but to keep one's purse in one's pocket. Nevertheless there is unending perseverance in the small Italian, when he realizes that he is in the presence of one of those "forestieri," who are as rich as the king, ay, as rich as the Holy Father himself.

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The youngster with the green umbrella held a whispered conversation with his friends at the entrance of the church, and then advanced boldly forward—We desired to see the monastery? His royal highness could show us everything there was to be seen, simply follow him!—We were as amused as were the spokesman's small friends, who giggled more than ever at their leader, but we very seriously said no, thanks, we were much obliged, but we had decided to have one of the monks show us around. The youngster was not to be outdone at this, for half an hour later, when we were ready to go home, there on the balcony that enclosed the front pavement of the church, sat our friends calmly munching currant leaves, as they waited for us to appear again. Such perseverance surely needed some reward, and as there were few visitors in Assisi just then, we distributed centesimi right and left, while it was a pleasure indescribable to receive the smiles and hand kissings that were showered upon us.

Naturally, there are many sights of interest in Assisi to attract the visitor: down in the plain lies the Portiuncula, the first home of the Franciscans, now enclosed by the immense church of Our Lady of the Angels, from where one sees, looming up on the hill-side, the monastery and church of San Francesco, where St. Francis lies buried. Right in the town is Santa Chiara, covering the site where St. Francis lived as a boy—one may see the place where he was born, where he gave his first sermon, in Saint George's, and where he was baptized, at San Rufino's. The place is rich in such memories of her saint, but we always found pleasure in watching the peasants. For as we see the lives they live in the little town that seems not to have suffered the change of centuries, we are transplanted back to the days of Saint Francis. The good people have lived for six hundred happy years under the loving guidance of their saint, a saint whom they can really call their own, for he loved them with all the fervor of his heart, and was one of them for so many years. He still loves them, and is still with them, guarding their peaceful homes under the blue Italian sky, from the strife and worry that usually come with time. Assisi rests tranquil, a city blessed among cities, for over the old gate that welcomes the visitor to the town, are inscribed those words of Saint Francis, as they welled forth from his heart the last time his eyes beheld the place of his birth: "Be thou blessed, O city of Assisi, for many souls will be saved in thee and through thee; the Most High will count innumerable servants within the circle of thy walls, and many of thy children will be chosen for eternal glory. Peace be with thee."

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Do not possess gold, nor silver, nor money in your purses:

Nor scrip for your journey, nor two coats, nor shoes, nor a staff: for the workman is worthy of his meat.

And into whatsoever city or town you shall enter, inquire who is worthy: and there abide till you go thence.

THE MISSION OF THE APOSTLES.

And having called His twelve disciples together, He gave them power over unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of diseases, and all manner of infirmities.

And the names of the twelve apostles are these: The first: Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother.

James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, Philip and Bartholomew, Thomas and Matthew the publican, and James the son of Alpheus, and Thaddeus.

Simon the Chananean, and Judas Iscariot who also betrayed Him.

These twelve Jesus sent: commanding them, saying: Go ye not into the way of the Gentiles, and into the cities of the Samaritans enter ye not:

But go ye rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

And going preach, saying: The kingdom of heaven is at hand.

Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils; freely have you received, freely give.

And when you come into the house, salute it, saying: Peace be to this house. And if this house be worthy, your peace shall come upon it: but if it be not worthy, your peace shall return to you. And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words: going forth out of that house or city, shake off the dust from your feet.

Amen I say to you, it shall be more tolerable for the Land of Sodom and Gomorrha in the day of judgment, than for that city.

Behold, I send you as sheep in the midst of wolves. Be ye therefore wise as serpents and simple as doves.

But beware of men. For they will deliver you up in councils and they will scourge you in their synagogues: And you shall be brought before governors and before kings for My sake, for a testimony to them and to the Gentiles. But when they shall deliver you up, take no thought how or what to speak: for it shall be given you in that hour what to speak:

For it is not you that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you.

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EDITORIAL.

LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

The editors of a magazine entitled *Præco Latinus*, published to help its readers to cultivate a knowledge of the Latin language, lately issued 2,000 circulars to Catholic priests and institutions, requesting them to subscribe to the magazine, offering as an inducement the modern Latin version of "The Following of Christ," now running in its pages. But four subscriptions were obtained by this means, and the editors are surprised, and the announcement of their surprise is going the rounds of the press; but imagine the surprise of the clergy, and of all who have tasted the flavor of à Kempis in its original composition, rude, mediæval, or, as some choose to style it, ecclesiastical, though it be. A lover of elegant Latin once *translated* the Vulgate into what he deemed Ciceronian Latin, and managed to have a number of copies published, each of which now rests on some library shelf undisturbed, save when shown to the visitor to gratify curiosity or furnish amusement. Priests know better than the editor of *Præco Latinus* to let well enough alone. The eternal verities told in à Kempis do not suffer, but gain by his quaint, rude, and archaic expression.

MORALITY EVEN IN WAR.

In spite of the transactions of the late conference for the regulation of war held lately under the name of Peace Conference, we must, according to St. Matthew, expect "wars and the rumors of war." Indeed, the clash of arms and the threatening of new hostilities on the part of some of the nations engaged at the conference seem to have determined many of the suggestions and conclusions of its delegates. Since war must be, and since so much trouble is taken, apparently, to moderate its cruelty, and to bring relief to those who suffer bodily harm by it, why not frame some code of laws and penalties to regulate the moral conduct of troops in a condition of things that necessarily favors lawlessness? If we cannot hope to maintain the order and decorum which are possible in times of peace, why not at least maintain the natural law, and impose penalties for theft and rape, and sacrilege? And if it be inconsistent in the civil or military powers to restrain the violence of the passions they have provoked, why not entrust the mission to chaplains who by proper religious influence over the soldiers may at least keep them from acting as devils, if they cannot inspire them in their lawless conditions to act like Christians?

A SIGNIFICANT ADMISSION.

"The Paris Congress of the History of Religions" is the new title for what was originally contemplated as a World's Parliament of Religions, to be held in Paris during the Exposition of 1900. The change of title is significant and shows the wisdom of the Holy See in forbidding Catholics to participate in another such Parliament of Religions as was held in

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Chicago at the time of the World's Fair. Without delegates from the Catholic Church the organizers of the Parliament of Religions for 1900 knew that their enterprise would be a failure; and, accordingly, they concluded to hold a scientific congress of inquiry into the history of all religions instead of a Parliament in which the representatives of all might meet on a common level. The admission that the refusal of Catholics to take part in the proposed Parliament has necessitated its organization as a purely scientific rather than as a religious congress, is a greater testimony to the claims and character of the Church than any other that her most eloquent champions could have hoped to obtain by pleading her cause before the assembly itself.

A HIGH CHURCH PROTEST.

The *Church Defence* is a new monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the High Church party of the Episcopal Church in the United States. Its first number is remarkable for the protests it contains against the action of the Protestant Episcopalian Bishop of New York in admitting Dr. Briggs among the ministers of that church. In the leading article this action of the Bishop is described as a sacrilege committed deliberately in spite of grave protests. In another article the position of the Bishop is compared to that of the Arian Bishops, who were led into their heresy, not because they wanted to be heretics, but because they wanted for the Church the wealth and power of the world. The articles in the first number of this magazine were written apparently with a view to impress the delegates to the Diocesan Convention of their church, which was held in New York City the last week of September. How fruitlessly they were published for this purpose the records of that convention show. How inconsistent the writers are is plain from the fact that, while affecting to be Catholic in principle, they are thoroughly Protestant in their methods, not content with referring their grievances privately and to the proper authority, if such there be in their church, but in true Protestant fashion appealing against authority to the tribunal of public sentiment.

NO CHANGE OF POLICY.

To relieve the anxiety of some of our Western Catholic Weeklies, we beg to say that there is to be no change in the policy, as they choose to term it, of the MESSENGER, except that its editors will always try to do better what they have been charged to do as editors of one of the official organs of an association in which so many millions of Catholics take part, and which succeeds so well in doing what the Holy See has authorized it to do, viz., to make Catholics of every degree more familiar with the doctrines, practices and interests of the Church, to help them to perform more intelligently and fervently the essential duty of a Christian life, and to explain the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Without taking part in the petty contentions in which even some Catholic editors like to indulge, we shall not fail when circumstances require it, to state, without regard to persons, what the Church through the Vicar of Christ lays down as sound Catholic doctrine; and since there can be no devotion without dogma, nor piety without charity, we shall try to expound in our pages the doctrinal principles upon which the practices and special devotion of our Association are based, with all due courtesy and kindness to those who are in error, since they are not so much to blame as the men who mislead them and stir up contention.

THE RIGHTS OF PRIVATE CHARITIES.

In a letter to Mr. Bird Coler, Comptroller of New York City, Rev. Thomas Kinkead, Supervisor of Catholic Charities in New York State and chaplain of the Roman Catholic Home at Peekskill, thus ably defends the payment of public money to charitable institutions:

"When the city contracts for a public work, and the contractor performs it in

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accordance with plans and specifications, he is not said to receive a grant or gift rom the public treasury when his bill is paid. If the city has the right to contract for the care of its poor then the payment for such care, if up to the requirements of the contract, is not a gift. And if the city has the right to contract for any of its public works, why not for the care of its poor? Does it not at times, engage professional men to assist its officials in certain works, and when it pays for the services thus actually rendered in quantity and quality, is it said to bestow gifts and grants for the performance of such work?

Public officials who have had long experience in charitable work have always declared that under existing circumstances, the New York system of providing for the poor by contracting with private institutions, is the best and cheapest system available. The last Constitutional Convention, after a thorough and exhaustive investigation of the whole subject, came to the same conclusion and publicly announced the same verdict, though the majority of its members were, prior to their investigation of the question, utterly opposed to the system.

ERRONEOUS ARGUMENTS.

Most of the arguments against the system are based on figures, and figures without explanation can be made to deceive more than any other species of argument.

For instance, it is stated in one of the reports addressed to you, that the New York Foundling Asylum received $340,000 and its salaries are $177,000. The report does not say, however, that $160,000 of that amount is paid out to poor respectable women who nurse over 1,200 of the foundlings in their own homes, and the money they receive goes chiefly for rent, and is thus handed back directly to the taxpayer. It is said there are abuses in the distribution of the public moneys. Then let them be wiped out.

Out of the twelve or fourteen classes into which private charitable institutions in the State, receiving public money, may be grouped, in only three classes does the amount contributed from public sources exceed the amount from private sources; and while the whole amount of public money contributed to these institutions is a little over $4,000,000, the amount from private sources is about $6,250,000.

The Catholic charities of New York city must be taken as a whole, for they are under the same jurisdiction, and they are supported by the same people. They are the work not merely of the managers of the institutions, but the work of 800,000 Catholics who are interested in their inmates, bound to them by ties of common faith, hope and aim.

SOME STATISTICS.

The following figures for the Greater City are taken from the public records, and for the sake of simplicity only round numbers are given:

CATHOLIC CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS AND THEIR SOURCES OF REVENUE.

	From Private Sources.	From Public Sources.
30 institutions for children (including day nurseries and schools for deaf mutes)	$839,000	$1,675,000
13 hospitals	500,778	59,200
3 reformatories for women	132,200	81,200
4 homes for the aged.	114,700	2,850
4 societies for out-door relief and nursing of sick poor	103,413	2,200
4 homes for girls and women	25,474	1,700
	$1,715,565	$1,822,150

VALUE OF BUILDINGS AND SITES OF CATHOLIC CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS

Institutions for children	$9,084,506
Hospitals	3,364,140
Reformatories for women	548,300
Homes for the aged	747,500
Societies for outdoor relief and nursing of sick poor	233,250
Homes for girls and women	113,465
Total	$14,090,861

Adding, therefore, $563,634, the interest on the money invested in build-

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ings and sites, to the money contributed from private sources, we have $2,279,199 coming annually from private sources and $1,822,150 from all public sources.

CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

The Catholic Church maintains in the city of New York, writes Father Kinkead, 146 free schools, in which over 68,000 children are educated, which, at something less than the actual per capita cost of education in the city, amounts to the sum of $2,040,000. The value of the buildings and sites used for the above schools is $8,000,000.

Adding, therefore, $320,000, the interest on this amount, to the current expenses of the schools, we have $2,360,000 annually contributed for free education.

Thus we have for charities $2,279,199, and for free education $2,360,000—$4,639,199, or a total of over four and a half million dollars from private sources of Catholic benevolence in the city of New York alone, and that is about a half million more than the amount contributed from public sources in the entire State to all the private or semi-private charitable institutions of all denominations.

It is thought necessary to give the above figures because it has been so often repeated that it has come to be almost believed that the Catholic Church does little for its dependents and sends them mainly to prey upon the public treasury."

THE GOLDEN DAWN.

By L. M. Montgomery.

SILENT arises the ebon marge of night
Steals the pale glow, the sheen of coming dawn,
And fainter still and fainter grows the light,
Of saintly morning stars not yet withdrawn.
Dawn-glories born of purest flame divine,
In far blue deeps beyond our blinded eyes,
Drift downward through the shallows crystalline
Athwart the radiance of unfathomed skies,
To bless the cradle of the new-born Day
And banish darkness from its path away.

Each gnawing grief, each maddening memory,
All tears and fears that haunt the halls of night,
All evil things that brood in darkness flee
Before the vanguard of victorious light.
The golden dawn brings with the daystar's birth
The song of hope, the smile of long-sought peace.
In its white glory bathed the waiting earth
Finds from her shadowy thraldom rapt release,
And on the calm-browed morning's altar stair
Nature is kneeling at her matin prayer.

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A long cherished project of building a French Catholic Church in St. Petersburg is about to be realized. The French Ambassador at the court of the Czars, M. de Montebello, has asked and obtained from the municipal council of the Capital permission to build a Catholic temple. Up to the present, the only authorized church in St. Petersburg for Catholic worship was that of St. Catherine, but the extraordinary increase of Catholics, especially of French origin, rendered a larger building necessary.

The deep and just resentment aroused in Russia by the obstinate interference of official Italy in the Czar's project of inviting the Pope to the Peace Conference, explains to some extent the readiness of the Muscovite government to accept the special mission of a Papal envoy to St. Petersburg.

The mission has for object the settlement of several pending questions, and may probably lead to a permanent representation of the Holy See at the Russian Court. These questions concern the interests of Catholic dioceses in Russia proper, rather than those of Poland, and involve points that have remained in an unsatisfactory condition for nearly half a century, such for instance, as the regulation of Seminaries, hierarchical jurisdiction to be exercised in certain parts of the Empire where it has not yet reached, etc. The mind of the Holy See on these matters is already known by the Russian government; but distance and the difficulties inseparable from negotiations carried on through a single Russian representative at the Vatican, have caused delay in coming to definite conclusions, resulting to the great detriment of Catholic interests. Mgr. Tarnassi, the prelate chosen by Leo XIII. for this mission, was present with Mgr. now Cardinal Agliardi, at the coronation ceremonies of Nicholas II. Mgr. Tarnassi, besides being excellently fitted for this delicate task, is moreover a *persona grata* at the Russian court. If, to all this, we add Russia's earnest desire to make amends for the Holy Father's uncivil exclusion by Italy from the Congress at The Hague, it would seem that the mission of Mgr. Tarnassi is providentially destined to meet with success. Indeed there can no longer be any doubt as to the good dispositions of the Russian government. Thus, with regard to the united sees of Luzk and Zitomeritz, with the annexed administration of Kamenik, in the ecclesiastical province of Mohilow, vacant since the death of Mgr. Lubowidzki, the Russian government has proposed, and the Holy See has accepted the arrangement, by which Mgr. Klopotowski, now only auxiliary bishop, is given the charge of both these sees.

Negotiations are also on foot with regard to the see of Poloko, in the ecclesiastical province of Varsovia, practically vacant since Mgr. Symon had to retire to Odessa, on account of a personal interpretation he gave concerning an agreement between Russia and the Holy See. Russia desired this latter incident to retain its personal character, and for this reason has settled definitively the status of Mgr. Symon, by requesting the Holy Father to assign to him a titular see,—which will be done at the next Consistory.

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Since their incorporation into the Russian Empire, the Armenians of the Caucasus have been without a bishop of their own rite and nationality. Such a bishop used to reside formerly at Tiflis, whence he governed his Catholic subjects. Negotiations have been opened to satisfy the Armenian claims and give the Armenian Catholics an autonomous ecclesiastical administration.

On Sunday, September 17, the new Franciscan Monastery and Church of Mount St. Sepulchre, Washington, D. C., were solemnly dedicated with ceremonies of great impressiveness and splendor. Cardinal Gibbons was the officiating prelate, and Very Rev. L. F. Kearney, O. P., the preacher of the day. The arrangements for the occasion were in the charge of the Knights of Columbus. As is well-known, the Franciscans have for centuries been the custodians and protectors of the Holy Places in Jerusalem and its vicinity, and the name Mt. St. Sepulchre is appropriately given to this new foundation, where reproductions of the stable at Bethlehem, the Holy House at Nazareth, and the Sepulchre of our Lord serve to transport in spirit the pious visitor to the scene of the life and passion of our Redeemer.

Rev. Father Sykes, S. J., Prefect Apostolic of the Zambesi Mission, who has spent many years in South Africa, in a sermon delivered on September 17, in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Liverpool, gave the following among other details of the progress made by the Church in that distant land. With the Matabele, during the reign of Lobengula to become a Christian was to render oneself suspect, and therefore the missionary had practically no chance. Now, however, that the hand of blood and iron is no longer over them, the Matabele are beginning to manifest a desire to accept Christianity, although polygamy is and will remain for sometime longer a great stumbling-block. With regard to the Mashonas, being an unwarlike race and little better than subjects to the Matabele, they were in many instances a somewhat degraded race, but later dealings with them, at our native mission of Chishawasha, reveal the gratifying fact that if taken young they can appreciate what Christianity is, that they eagerly desire it, and that—so far as actual experience goes—they can live worthy of it. With regard to our work among the white population in Rhodesia, it is increasing and is likely to increase still more. We have a church in Buluwayo, in which two Masses are said regularly every day, two sermons preached every Sunday, children's Catechism and Benediction given on the Sunday afternoon. We have a church at Salisbury and at Victoria in Mashonaland, and we are now building a church at Gwelo in Matabeleland, and at Umbati on the Portuguese border in Mashonaland. All these churches and the schools attached to them at Buluwayo and Salisbury are for the European Catholics. The conversions among the natives, especially at the missions of Empandeni and Chishawasha are now numbered by the hundreds. Through our schools and farms we are striving to get hold of the rising generation in whom our hopes are chiefly placed. The only priests or members of a religious Order in these parts are the Jesuit Fathers and their lay brothers. The Dominican Nuns were till recently the only Order of religious women, and too much praise cannot be given to their self-sacrificing labors. Five Sisters of Notre Dame have now come to take charge of the schools at Empandeni.

The ecclesiastical court appointed by Archbishop Kain of St. Louis to inquire into the life and virtues of Madame Duchesne, the first Superioress of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, with a view to her beatification, have concluded their labors and their report will be soon forwarded to the Sacred Congregation of Rites for further action.

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A note in the *London Tablet* of September 23 is of special interest in connection with the present position of the Church in Germany. Karl Jentsch, a writer who, a quarter of a century ago, was one of the most violent anti-Catholic leaders in that country, thus gives his impressions of the recent Catholic Congress at Neisse. "Those who took part in it by their mere presence testified to the unanimity of the German Catholics and to the unshaken and unshakable hierarchical structure of the Catholic Church. They know that twenty-five years ago the then mightiest State in the world set itself to destroy the organization of the Catholic Church within its borders, that for this purpose it made unscrupulous use of all the means in its power, and that the attempt failed before the resistance of the Catholic Church." Again, he declares that he had never believed that the advance of science can destroy religion. "I have never doubted that the sanctuary of religion has nothing to fear from the advance of the natural sciences and philosophy." The whole substance of this remarkable paper is summed up in the author's retractation of his former utterances. "In my declaration of April 22, 1870, I wrote: This system (i. e. that of Pius IX. and the Jesuits), officially exalted to the rank of a principle must, on account of its innate falsehood, destroy the organism of the Catholic Church, and that, in view of the circumstances of the times, at no distant date. Well, I was utterly wrong. What I alleged against the Vatican in 1870—that the Pope could release Catholics from their oath of allegiance, was the merest fancy. Twenty years ago I took part in great meetings full of stormy, alcoholic and ideal enthusiasm, in which the cry "Rome must and will fall" found noisy echo. But those enthusiastic champions have shaken the building of the ancient Church no more than little boys are able to shake an ancient cathedral by scratching with their penknives one of the pillars of its massive stone structure."

The Pope, under date of September 8, has written an Encyclical letter to the French bishops and clergy. After testifying his love for the French people and his appreciation of the great work done in past ages and still going on, for the Church and especially the Foreign Missions, he directs his remarks to the care to be exercised in the choice and training of candidates for the priesthood. The clergy are exhorted to be on the lookout for children to whom God would seem to have given a vocation to the priesthood, and to assist them by every means in their power. The Petits Séminaires "are highly commended, and the advice is given that while the programme of the State and the conditions set for university degrees must in some measure be followed in order that priests may qualify as teachers, still it must not be forgotten that special attention must be given to Latin and Greek, the depositaries of the masterpieces of sacred learning which the Church rightly regards as among her most precious treasures."

In the Seminaries proper, great importance is to be attached to the study of a sound philosophy, which will fit the future priests to cope with the errors of the day. The natural and physical sciences must not be neglected, but their study must be with due moderation and not carried on at the sacrifice of time needed for more important branches. In Theology, St. Thomas Aquinas is to be their guide, and in the study of Holy Scripture the seminarians are warned against "certain disturbing tendencies which are seeking to gain admittance into Bible interpretation, and which, if they should obtain, would do away with the inspiration and supernatural character of the Bible itself."

From seminarians and their studies, the Pope turns to those who are already engaged in the work of the ministry, and here his words of advice are golden.

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He knows their zeal; he has had many proofs of it, but they must ever bear in mind that to be profitable and praiseworthy it must be tempered with discretion, must be safeguarded and accompanied by uprightness and purity of life. The Church is rightly styled an army in battle array, and an army's strength and surest hope of victory lie in discipline and in exact and rigorous obedience to all those who are in command. They should fight as one man, in perfect order and submission to the commands of their hierarchical chiefs. They are not to repudiate or reject anything that is good in the progress of the times, but they must ever stand on their guard against the substitution of moral teaching infected with naturalism for the principles of Christian perfection consecrated by the teachings of the Doctors and the practice of the Saints of the Church.

The Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of St. Anthony's School, Nazareth, Kalamazoo Co., Michigan, have undertaken a work for which it would seem no other Catholic institution has yet provided, namely, the care of feeble-minded children. In their prospectus it is stated that there are over 100,000 feeble-minded children in the United States. and of this number less than 8000 are cared for by State institutions. For the present, as the accommodations of the new school are limited, the Sisters will confine their ministration to the girls.

A grand procession took place on the 8th of December last in Santiago, Chili. Every sodality and confraternity in the city turned out to honor our Immaculate Mother in a pilgrimage to the Shrine of our Lady of Lourdes, which eyewitnesses say is an exact imitation of the one in France. The most edifying part was the sodality of the "Sons of Mary," composed of gentlemen of the first families, young and old from eighteen to sixty years, most of them pupils of the Jesuits past or present, walking through the streets with their medals of the Blessed Virgin attached to blue ribbons. It would be necessary to live in Chili to know how they had to trample upon human respect, for anything like piety or religion in men is considered weakmindedness, etc., by those who pride themselves on their more advanced ideas. The greater part of the want of faith is doubtless due to moral cowardice, as shown from the fact that very much has been gained for the cause of religion by the bold stand taken by Don Macano Ossa, and those who sided with him in the affair of the senate, mentioned in a back number of the MESSENGER.

There was one gentleman in the procession on the 8th of December, who owed this grace to his wife's fidelity to principle. She was a pupil of the Sacred Heart in Lima. Signor Viel, the Minister of Chili in Peru, met her for the first time in her father's house. Her charming manners, her sweet face and simple modesty attracted him as well as everyone who met her, but after being introduced he could not obtain a word from her. At last after several visits he one day asked why she would not speak to him. She answered: "How do you wish me to talk to a person whose soul is in mortal sin?" Astonished, he asked what she meant, as he considered himself a very good specimen of humanity, though he did not believe in confession.

She answered: "You say yourself you have not been to confession for years, and how many mortal sins are there in that fact alone?" He was so taken back that he said nothing for the rest of the evening, but the next time she saw him, he had been to Confession and Holy Communion. As he said later, her few words were a revelation to him and took him so by surprise that they made more impression than the most eloquent sermon. He has been ever since a fervent Catholic and a frequent communicant. Being a person in high position, his influence and example must be the cause of much good.

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DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

The work in September.

Twenty-nine new Centres aggregated to the Apostleship of Prayer, an increase of more than 13,000 Associates who engage to practise the 2d Degree, are figures that show what has been done during the past month, and as our Directors know, September is not one of the most active months for the League. October is an active month, and the feast of Blessed Margaret Mary which occurs on October 17 (in churches of the Society of Jesus, October 25), an excellent opportunity for reorganizing the work especially among Promoters. As she was the first great promoter of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, those who follow her example have much to learn from her apostleship, and many Directors make the approach of her feast the occasion of a triduum for their Promoters, and the Promoters deserve it.

The First Friday Exposition.

Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament on the First Friday of the month is becoming more and more common. It is the Bishop of each diocese only who can give permission for this, and naturally he requires that a sufficient number of worshippers will visit a church during the Exposition. With the League well organized, it is not difficult to have adorers present before the altar, some spending one quarter, some one half and some a full hour before our Lord in the Eucharist. In some parishes, the Exposition lasts only from the time of Mass until 10 o'clock in the morning, and again from 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning until the close of the night services; in others it lasts only for a few hours in the morning. In a large parish, there is no reason why the Promoters of the League cannot have adorers present all day long, and the blessings thus obtained for a congregation are incalculable.

For the Holy Souls.

It will not be too soon to announce at the October Councils the custom of inviting Associates to offer as many prayers and good works as possible for the Holy Souls during the month of November. Promoters like to do this, and they should, when they think proper, induce the members of their bands to specify the spiritual offering or alms they are to make for the souls in Purgatory. Some Directors print special lists of these good works, putting on them the things they want their parishioners to do, and we commend the practice. All these offerings should be put together before the altar, on All Souls' Day, and it will be very edifying if Directors or Secretaries send summaries of them to us for publication in the MESSENGER.

Foreign Certificates and Badges.

We have now ready Certificates of Admission and Badges of the Sacred Heart with text in Italian, Spanish, Polish, Bohemian and Slavonic. We have issued them with the approbation of the Moderator General. With his consent, also, the Diplomas of Aggregation are now printed in this country after a design specially prepared for us, and the Local Directors' Diplomas and list of privileges are now printed on the one sheet.

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To Promoters.

To Promoters we cannot recommend too earnestly the suggestions made to Local Directors about obtaining spiritual alms for the souls in purgatory during the month of November. They can also aid Directors who are thinking of having Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on the First Friday. The season for Promoters' Receptions is approaching, and those who are still on probation need to prove they deserve their Crosses and Diplomas. This, however, is not the highest motive we would set before them, since before as well as after receiving their just reward, they need to prove their devotion to Christ our Lord and their zeal for the souls redeemed by Him.

The Apostleship at Home and Abroad.

St. Mary's Centre, Lynn, Mass.—This Centre, although in its infancy, has already given evidence of a development which promises the most gratifying results. At the first regular monthly meeting held on July 7, some thirty Promoters were present, and to their zealous efforts is due a membership of nearly seven hundred and fifty Associates. Since this time there has been a still further increase of both Promoters and Associates, an increase, it is to be noted, not only in number but in practical, active devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Antioch, California.—"We are gradually gaining in strength, and soon it will be my happy duty to report that this Centre is in a most flourishing condition. The Promoters evince considerable energy in procuring new Associates. At the regular monthly meeting held in September seven Promoters received their Crosses and Diplomas. The total membership, according to latest reports, is 220, showing an increase of 40 during the past month."

An Appreciative Messenger Reader.—"For two years the Messenger has been coming to me every month, and with true appreciation I thank you for the gift. I have not yet received the August number, and I suppose it must have been stopped or gone astray in the mail. I hope some day to be able to pay you for the back numbers. I cannot begin to tell you how much I have missed the August copy. I feel as if a dear friend had left me in my isolation. I am far, far away from a church and Catholic friends, am in fact the only Catholic in my family or neighborhood. I haven't seen a priest for over a year, and have no idea when I shall see one. So you may imagine my loneliness and how very welcome is all Catholic reading. I am too poor to subscribe for the Messenger. I can't leave home to get a situation as I have an old invalid mother who is scarcely able to dress herself; we are not able to hire a servant so I do all the work of the house. The Messenger you have sent me I send in turn to the prisoners in the ———City jail, as the magazines are too good to put aside. So I just pass them on to those poor 'Shut ins,' although they are hardly more lonely or shut in than myself, for they have a priest to attend to their souls' wants and the Blessed Sacrament, blessings which I am denied. I beg the good prayers of you, Reverend Fathers, and all readers of the Messenger, for me and mine, particularly the conversion of my Protestant relatives, and for the eternal repose of a dear brother's soul."

Sayre, Pa.—"Please forward us some more supplies. I have returns from 33 Bands, but need a margin for recruits. I am trying to make a 400 of my Associates, but there must be no limit. I had a surprise given me last First Friday when I found 25 at the Communion rail. On Saturday there were over 60, and to-day, the 15th of August, I had

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22. This is all voluntary, but the people are just hungry. At any rate, we are doing our best, all obstacles notwithstanding."

BELIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS.—"It is some months since I have had the pleasure of communicating and letting you know how the devotion to the Sacred Heart has been progressing amongst us. There has been, I am glad to say, a sensible increase in devotion to the Sacred Heart, especially since the consecration in June, according to the desire of our Holy Father. This has been most marked among the young. Our communions of the First Fridays are much more numerous, and children, especially the boys of the College, are going many of them to Communion every week or oftener. The children are also better behaved, though there is not yet quite the improvement I should expect; but the more frequent reception of the Sacraments will surely tell in time. Please send 300 certificates of admission. I am just now starting for a sick call thirty miles from here; it will take me probably six or seven hours to reach the place by boat. I hope I shall find the sick man alive."

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, BURLINGTON, VT.—"From the enclosed Calendar of the exercises for Commencement Week you will notice the prominence given to the Apostleship of Study. On Sunday evening, the Decorations and Diplomas were distributed. An appropriate sermon on the work of the Apostleship was followed by Papal Benediction and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. All the pupils of former years who had received the highest decorations were invited to be present at this ceremony, and we have found this an excellent means of renewing their fervor and of recalling to their minds their consecration to the Sacred Heart. The High Mass on Thursday was sung for those who have received the Papal colors. At this Mass all went to Holy Communion, and wore their decorations. The inauguration ceremony will take place on the first Sunday of October, when a sermon on the obligations of the candidates will be preached. The Communion is made in common on First Fridays, and the Holy Hour from eight to nine the preceding evening. Since devotion to the Sacred Heart has begun to take root among our pupils, the teachers have noticed a great change, not only in regard of piety, but in a marked degree in the acquisition of more studious habits. In gratitude we must acknowledge that much of the success of the good work is due to the zeal and kindness of our Rev. Rector and Rev. Chaplain, who willingly give their aid by hearing confessions, preaching, giving Benediction, etc., whenever called upon."

OBITUARY.

Mary Dougherty, St. Paul's Centre, New York City; Rev. J. A. Dooley, St. Lawrence Centre, Weehawken, N. J.; Mrs. C. Callaghan, St. Mary's Centre, Elizabeth, N. J.; Mary Huntington, St. Regis' House, New York City; Rev. J. D. Cummane, St. Mary's Centre, Portage, Wis.; Helen Quinn, St. Mary's Centre, Canandaigua, N. Y.

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IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 6,445,940.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (1. Thes., v. 18.)

Special Thanksgivings. — RANGOON, BURMA, INDIA.—"On Sunday, June 18, my youngest child had such a serious attack of high fever that I had to call in a physician. He had grave doubts of the child's recovery. I prayed to the Sacred Heart and put a Sacred Heart Badge and Medal around the child's neck, promising, moreover, publication in the MESSENGER. Thanks to our dear Lord, the favor asked was granted immediately."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"I desire to express my sincere thanks, through the MESSENGER, to the Sacred Heart, for the success of a serious operation. On the 8th of June, I was not expected to live, but on the 9th, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, I began to improve and am now able to attend to my daily duties. I owe my recovery to the Masses and prayers said for me on that beautiful feast-day."

CHICAGO, ILL.—"Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for release from an unjust claim. In June, '99, a firm whose goods I had undertaken to introduce into another city, endeavored to collect for goods returned to them in accordance with previous agreement, of which agreement, however, I had no written evidence. Their claim was placed in the hands of a lawyer for suit, and in August following I placed my petition in the League Intention Box with a promise of publication in the MESSENGER. The lawyer took the usual steps to enforce payment, without, however, actually bringing suit, and finally ceased to annoy me. Since then I have come into possession of evidence which proves my contention of the existence of an agreement. The amount involved was considerable, and on acount of my financial status at the time, payment of the claim would have caused me grave inconvenience."

NEW YORK CITY.—"Just a year ago I was taken suddenly ill with a severe hemorrhage, caused, as per statement of physician, by a general run down, which weakened me to such an extent that it brought on a rupture of the bronchial tube. I was confined to my bed for four weeks unable to take any solid food and barely able to talk; after I did get out doors again, I was in such a weakened condition that in one week I was again taken down, this time with an attack of pleurisy which I contracted from a slight cold and which later on developed into pneumonia. Altogether I was unable to go to business for nine weeks and my wife, parents and friends seemed to think that I had surely developed a case of hasty consumption, as medical treatment seemed to be of no avail in checking my frequent hemorrhages. I had about come to the conclusion that I would never recover, when my physician advised me to pray to the Blessed Margaret Mary asking her to intercede in my behalf to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the restoration of health. Having himself received numerous blessings through this mode of prayer, he said he was confident that I would receive more benefit than from all the science that could be brought to bear on my case. I immediately started to follow his instructions and I must say that I have received more than I ever expected, inasmuch as I am now not only back to my former condition but I believe I am better than I was before I began to run down. When I left my sick bed I

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weighed 149 pounds and at the present time I am up to 168 pounds."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a young man who while apparently on his deathbed, consented to have a priest called. He was baptized when a baby, but was brought up without any religion. His mother was a Catholic, but his father and all the boy's friends were nominally Protestants. They did not however object to the presence of the priest. More than that, although they had formerly shown themselves very bigoted, they now seemed to enter into the happiness of their friend in the hours which intervened before his death."

VAN WERT, OHIO.—"Thanks are returned for the conversion of a man who had been away from the sacraments for forty-seven years. He had for a long time attended Protestant services and been twice married outside the Church. He has now gone to confession several times and last Sunday he received Holy Communion. He had been many times recommended to the prayers of our Centre. We also return thanks for the cure of a lady suffering from a complication of diseases. Neither physician nor friends had any hopes of her recovery. The lady herself, who is very devout to the Sacred Heart, sent in a petition for her restoration to health. Holy Communion was brought her in her home on four or five consecutive first Fridays, till on the first Friday of May we had the happiness of seeing her again at the altar rail. She is now able to go to church regularly, and she gratefully attributes her cure to the Sacred Heart."

PRINCE FREDERICK, MD. — "Two months ago a poor woman (a tenant on our place) was taken very ill with a complication of diseases, which caused her intense suffering, and made her an awful object to behold. The doctor said that there was absolutely no question of her continuing to live. I then took the case in hand, and promised the Sacred Heart that I would make public acknowledgment if she were cured. She is now on her feet again, and able to attend to her household duties."

TRAIL, B. C.—"It is through the MESSENGER that I desire to return thanks for a blessing received through prayer.

"My babe, little Mary Angeline, was taken sick very suddenly, when but one week old. A lady member of the Catholic Church baptized her, while another placed the Badge of the Sacred Heart under her head. As I bowed over the little form of my darling, I prayed God to spare the life of my child. But if it was God's will to take her 'home,' I asked that the little life might linger until I would be able to care for her with my own hands.

"My prayer was answered. She lived to be nearly four weeks old before God sent His messenger and the little soul was wafted home. Should you not be willing to devote any space to the writings of a Protestant, you will kindly return my letter. I have written this that others may know that God is ever willing to help those who are willing to trust in Him, and ask His guidance and His love."

"A poor woman, time and time again, was cruelly treated at home. She obtained a picture of the Sacred Heart and promised publication if the cruel treatment should cease. Months have now gone by without any recurrence of it."

"A Promoter desires to return thanks for the return of a friend to the faith. She married a Protestant, and for several years attended her husband's church. Month after month her conversion was among the intentions recommended to the prayers of the members of the League of the Sacred Heart. Masses, prayers, and novenas had also been offered for the same intention. Thank God, she has now returned to her faith, and is very happy."

FORT SMITH, ARK.—"Twenty-five years

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ago this Spring, our family, consisting of mother, four daughters and one son, were, by the grace of God, received into the Catholic Church. Father alone was left behind. Of course we have never ceased to pray for his conversion, and last year I made the Nine First Fridays and other devotions for him, and in March our League Centre offered the Novena of Grace to St. Francis Xavier for Protestant members of our Catholic families. Father then consented to wear the Badge and to repeat often the ejaculation, 'Thy Kingdom Come.' The novena was just about ending when he told me that he was willing to be baptized. He was instructed and given baptism conditionally, and on the 18th of March his Profession of Faith. June 10 was marked by his First Communion. He is seventy-five years, but so hale and hearty that we hope that he may live sometime yet to experience the consolation of the true religion."

Spiritual Favors.—The happy death of a brother who for twenty years had neglected his religious duties; the first communion of one who up to his twentieth year had not received this sacrament; the conversion of a husband; the reconciliation of two former friends; the grace of a religious vocation for two persons; the reformation of one addicted to intemperance.

Temporal Favors.—Relief during an attack of heart trouble; employment for nine; return to school; success of a surgical operation; restoration of a wife to health; recovery of an old lady from a severe fall; improvement in health and consequent ability to resume former position; success of two in a teachers' examination; release from financial straits; satisfactory settlement of a business affair; release from an unfavorable contract; means to give my son a college education; a short prolongation of life for one who was dying; unexpected return to health; successful removal of two dangerous tumors; successful examinations for ten persons; means to meet a note shortly before it fell due; help in a severe attack of nervousness; preservation from a threatened serious illness; a husband's recovery from typhoid fever; recovery of a child from scarlet fever without any after bad effects; satisfactory settlement of a family difficulty; recovery from very severe illness through the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes; safety during a severe storm; relief from a toothache; recovery from serious brain trouble; retention of a father of a family in a good position; restoration to health of a family all whose members were stricken down with malarial fever; the coming home of a husband after ten years' absence; complete cure of a religious of an acute attack of appendicitis; rapid recovery from what was judged to be a fracture of the skull; the saving of property on which mortgage was about to be foreclosed.

Rescue of a person in imminent danger of drowning; speedy and just settlement of an estate; the birth of a child; a recovery from cholera infantum; safety in a terrible thunder and lightning storm; extraordinary success in an examination; speedy cure of a sprained ankle; successful recovery from the effects of an operation; improvement in health; a successful school commencement; a narrow escape from being run over by a trolley car; convalescence from fever; disappearance of serious nervous disorder; successful examinations for nine persons; restoration to a position lost for five years through calumny; the finding of two gold rings after prayers to the Sacred Heart and St. Antony; the raising of enough money to pay pressing debts; escape from death and serious injury in a runaway accident; recovery of children from measles; employment for three persons.

Favors Ascribed to the Application of the Badge or Promoter's Cross.—Recovery of a child dangerously ill; convalescence from an attack of typhoid fever aggravated by heart trouble.

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THE·READER·

The Church, or What Do Anglicans Mean by the Church? By John B. Bagshawe, D. D., Cloth, pages 242. Price 2s. 6d. Catholic Truth Society, London.

Whatever may be said of other difficulties operating as hindrances to the acceptance of the truth by our separated brethren, ignorance is certainly fast losing its erstwhile formidable proportions. In the light of books like this from the pen of Canon Bagshawe error has small ground left to stand upon and ignorance becomes the lamest sort of excuse. Religious blindness is rapidly reverting to the exclusive ownership of men who can, but will not see; of men who from one motive or another bind their eyes with rags. Many of to-day's so-called searchers for the truth emit a loud cry and with the sun at its height carry lanterns in their hands through the market-places. Honestly, we can pity the father of a family who for a wife's sake and for his children's sakes hesitates, with even a certain amount of violence to conscience, to take a step which is bound in the nature of things to work temporal harm to these objects of his heart's affections, and, levelling at one fell blow his opportunities and social aspirations, sends him out into the world a pauper in his own esteem.

Such a father is at least humane and, though a coward, crawls behind no lie to conceal his weakness and want of moral stamina.

But to know the truth and still refuse to embrace it, alleging all the while excuses that cannot in one's own mind hold water, is beneath our pity. Conduct of this sort has no redeeming element fit to commend it to men. It is eminently unmanful, dishonest, its own worst punishment.

We have no quarrel with the flocks,
That hireling shepherds lull to sleep;
And God has coals enough to heap
On teachers, who are stumbling-blocks.

Canon Bagshawe, with the instinct of a true controversialist, takes hold of his task at the right end and from start to finish strengthens the Catholic position with all the cogency of relentless logic. His opponents, the Anglicans, are agreed that the true Church of Christ is a reality somewhere on the earth, and, after a careful study of his arguments, they must further agree that it exists nowhere outside of the Catholic Church, in communion with the Holy See.

He has capable adversaries to deal with, men who have already labored a certain distance along the way to the light, men superior to the prejudices and mistakes of out-and-out Protestants. They are as thoroughly well acquainted as himself with the suicidal nature of private judgment and self-interpretation. With him they are aware that, without some such divinely-appointed guide as a Church, man, already proved by the experience of ages altogether unequal to the work, must decide for himself in the supremest questions of belief and morality. They see with all the clearness vouchsafed himself, how unfailingly no-Church Christianity is doomed to sink to the low level of an uncertain system of morality, wherein wrong shares the throne with right, and crime is on an equal footing with virtue. To minds of this superior stamp, to wills already relieved of mountains of prejudice, he puts this simple

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query: "What is the Church?" and straightway proceeds to show that, whereas the Anglican party has no adequate answer for the question, Catholicity can abundantly satisfy honest enquirers for the truth. The Church, to fulfil its purpose, must be a corporate body with organs fitted for its especial sphere of activity, and a centre of authority for its principle of life. It must, as a consequence, be an organization limited, from a very necessity of its nature, by well-defined marks, and easily discernible from other corporate bodies. It can, therefore, be no such heterogeneous collection as the army of the baptized, the rank and file of the believers in the Creed, going each his own way in pursuit of salvation, holding contradictory opinions in matters of vital importance, without a leader he is bound to follow, without a guide to whose instructions he must give ear. The theory of independent dioceses is sheer nonsense, an utter absurdity in the light of Church history. Nestorius was a bishop and, on the strength of this theory, his diocese could have, without abandoning the true Church, embraced all his wild and heretical imaginings about the person of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Church must likewise be a witness to mankind of revelation, God's message to men; she must forever stand ready for cross-examination, and be able, with the consistency of truth, to put honest doubt to rest. A long procession of heresies, condemned at their first appearance, proclaims the Catholic Church's fidelity to this sacred trust.

As the author graphically puts it, the Catholic Church is always in the witness-box and her consistency has won for her the rather welcome reproach of "iron uniformity." The whole history of the Anglican Church is a motley collection of inconsistencies. High Churchmen swear by the Book of Common Prayer, and fervently wish that the Articles had never been penned. Low Churchmen cling to the Articles, and view the Book of Common Prayer with distrust and suspicion. Inconsistency is a mark of the Church of England, and honest minds are waking up to the shame of the thing. The whole institution is only another proof of how lamentably men must fail when they undertake to build what God alone can build, His one true Church. When pigmies essay the giant works of Omnipotence they ought to know what they have to expect. An infallible teaching authority, proof against mistakes and vested with prerogatives to compel unqualified obedience, must be the core of whatever system of religion bids for men's respect, and outside of the Catholic Church such an authority is unknown. The Reader deems it a pleasure and an honor to commend this book of Canon Bagshawe to sincere thinkers, and assures them that a careful perusal of its pages will well repay their pains.

* * *

External Religion—Its Use and Abuse. By George Tyrrell, S. J. Cloth, pages 160. Price $1.00. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. This set of eight lectures delivered by the author as instructions to the Catholic undergraduates at Oxford on the Sundays in Lent Term, 1899, forms a complete and admirable essay on a phase of Catholic spirit open to gross misinterpretation among outsiders. Catholic devotedness to ceremonies and other external functions is freed in it from all reproach of mere formalism, a system of religion altogether intent on what is outward with little or no concern for what inner emotions have a bearing on heart-service. Delivered as these lectures were to students of a famous university, they manifest at times a depth of thought beyond the reach of average intelligences and are scattered here and there with phrases and periods so involved as to call for a second reading and studied reflection.

The seventh lecture reads like a ringing call to arms in the interests of the Apostleship of Prayer, and Associates of the League can on this account appreciate

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it all the more thoroughly. Most authors and writers agree to reckon the Church's perpetuity a consummate miracle in the moral order. Father Tyrrell on page 127 sees fit to deny it the name. "Nor does the Church ever forget," he says, "that her promised perpetuity is the result, not of a miracle or a series of miracles, but a Divine assistance and special providence, using the workings of natural laws." However, on the page preceding he plainly surrounds the phenomenon with all the needed details of a miracle when he says, "God has promised by some special providence to save the Church from the ordinary and universal law of social growth and decay." In conclusion, the Reader heartily commends this little volume to the attention of friend and foe alike. It abounds with suggestions sure to open wide the eyes of the Church's enemies, and to band together her sons in the cause of good, a consummation never more thoroughly needed than in this age of trusts and combinations.

* * *

The Man Who Dared. By John P. Ritter. A historical romance of the time of Robespierre. Illustrated by George Elmer Browne. Cloth: pages 284. Price $1.25. George W. Dillingham Company, New York. The writer of this interesting story is an occasional and able contributor to the pages of the MESSENGER and deserves recognition at the hands of Catholics. Apart however from this consideration, the tale itself, as a piece of wholesome fiction founded on fact, deserves more praise and publicity than it gets. Robespierre, the villain in the plot, enjoys a long period of success and good fortune to afterwards die at the block. Louise Vauban and Jean Louvet, a disguised royalist, are heroine and hero; and the pluck they display, the hair-breadth escapes they encounter, are worthy the mind of a master-novelist. A barber, a jailer, a blacksmith and a man-about-town employed by Louvet as agents, lend an air of comedy to the story, and are just a little less prominent than the principal characters. The dinner at Barrere's, the ruse used to stir up hostility against Robespierre, are episodes still fresh in The Reader's memory. In a word, from cover to cover the book abounds with thrilling and amusing incidents and the interest is admirably sustained throughout. A healthy tone pervades its every page and blows across the waste of to-day's barren and noisome fiction like a harbinger of better and sunnier times.

* * *

Songs of the Settlement and Other Poems. By Thomas O'Hagan. Cloth: Pages 70. Price 75 cents. William Briggs, Toronto. Most of the pieces have a local interest entirely lost on strangers. Barring occasional blemishes many of them would make delightful and stirring songs. The man's faith and patriotism shine out conspicuously. Irregularities on the score of metre now and then interfere with smooth reading. The writer has a decided and reprehensible fondness for the combination, "great strong." The Reader professes a preference for the lines inscribed to Sir John Thompson under the title "Tears of the Maple." They breathe the genuine spirit of elegy and are destined to live, not in Canada alone, but wherever in the wide world honesty of purpose and attachment to truth have a home.

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RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, Sept. 1 to 30, 1899.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Da
Cheyenne	Lander, Wyo	Church of the Immac. Conception	Sept. 13
Cleveland	Hudson, O	St. Mary's Church	Sept. 30
Columbus	Wellston, O	Sts. Peter and Paul's "	Sept. 6
Davenport	Georgetown, Ia	St. Patrick's "	Sept. 11
Detroit	Grosse Pointe, Mich	St. Paul's "	Sept. 30
Fort Wayne	East Chicago, Ind	St. Mary's "	Sept. 20
Grand Rapids	Cheboygan, Mich	St. Lawrence's "	Sept. 6
" "	Mullet Lake, Mich	Sacred Heart "	Sept. 6
Harrisburg	Bloomsburg, Pa	St. Columba's "	Sept. 9
"	Columbia, Pa	St. Peter's "	Sept. 28
Hartford	Bridgeport Conn	St. Anthony's "	Sept. 13
Kansas City, Mo	N. Springfield, Mo	Sacred Heart "	Sept. 11
" "	Warrensburg, Mo	Sacred Heart "	Sept. 6
La Crosse	Plum City, Wis	St. John Baptist's "	Sept. 15
" "	Sparta, Wis	St. Patrick's "	Sept. 22
New York	New York, N. Y	St. Joseph's "	Sept. 9
" "	Port Jervis, N. Y	Sacred Heart "	Sept. 15
Philadelphia	St. Clair, Pa	St. Boniface's "	Sept. 8
* "	Tacony, Phila., Pa	St. Vincent's "	Sept. 21
Providence	Natick, R. I	St. Joseph's "	Sept. 27
St. Cloud	Brown's Valley, Minn		Sept. 30
St. Joseph	Carrollton, Mo	St. Mary's "	Sept. 13
" "	St. Joseph, Mo	St. Patrick's Boys' School	Sept. 22
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo	St. Agnes' Church	Sept. 27
*St. Paul	Hastings, Minn	St. Boniface's "	Sept. 11
San Antonio	Menardsville, Tex		Sept. 30
Scranton	Honesdale, Pa	St. John's "	Sept. 13
"	Matamoras, Pa	St. Joseph's "	Sept. 8
Springfield	Holyoke, Mass	St. Ann's Convent	Sept. 22
Trenton	Junction, N. J	St. Ann's Church	Sept. 22
"	Oxford Furnace, N. J	St. Rose of Lima's "	Sept. 15

Aggregations, 31; churches, 29; convent, 1; school, 1. *German-speaking Centres.

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of September, 1899, from the 1st to the 30th (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Alton	Illiopolis, Ill	Visitation Church	13
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md	St. Joseph's Retreat	2
"	Waldorf "	St. Peter's Church	3
Brooklyn	College Point, N. Y	St. Fidelis' "	2
Brownsville	Refugio, Texas	Our Lady of Refuge "	6
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, Ohio	Immaculate Conception "	24
"	Kenton, O	" " "	3
Cleveland	Wellington, O	St. Patrick's "	3
Detroit	New Baltimore, Mich.	St. Mary's "	4
Dubuque	Dubuque, Iowa	St. Raphael's Cathedral	17
Indianapolis	Indianapolis, Ind	Good Shepherd Convent	3
Milwaukee	Cedarburg, Wis	St. Francis Borgia Church	10
"	Racine, Wis	St. Rose's "	6
Mobile	Pensacola, Fla	St. Michael's "	2
New York	Liberty, N. Y	St. Peter's "	25
"	Rhinecliff, N. Y	St. Joseph's "	3
"	White Plains, N. Y	St. John the Evangelist's "	4
Philadelphia	Phœnixville, Pa	St. Mary's "	57
"	Villa Maria, Pa	Immaculate Heart Convent	6
Pittsburg	Butler, Pa	St. Paul's Church	5
"	Hollidaysburg, Pa	St. Mary's "	12
"	Newcastle, Pa	St. Mary's "	84
"	Pittsburg, Pa	Little Sisters of the Poor Convent	4
"	Pittsburg, Pa	St. Michael's Church	2
St. Joseph	Chillicothe, Mo	St. Columban's "	4
St. Louis	St. Charles, Mo	St Charles' "	2
"	St. Louis, Mo	Holy Rosary "	2
"	Troy, Mo	Sacred Heart "	3
San Francisco	San Francisco, Cal	Sacred Heart Academy	4
"	San Francisco, Cal	Sts Peter and Paul Church	14
"	San Jose, Cal	St. Joseph's Church	2

Total Number of Receptions, 31. Total Number of Diplomas issued, 331.

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CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, NOVEMBER, 1899.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **Christian Education in the Family.**

1	*W.*	**All Saints.**—A.I., A.C.	Honoring the saints.	6,445,940 for thanksgivings
2	*Th.*	All Souls.—St. Victorinus, Bp.M. (303)—H.H., A.C.	Prayer for the dead.	973,031 for those in affliction
3	*F.*	**First Friday.**—St. Winefrid, V.M. (1050).—1st D., A.C.	Modesty.	854,924 for the sick, infirm.
4	*S.*	St. Charles Borromeo, Bp.C. (1584).	Reform of life.	1,056,382 for dead associates.
5	**S.**	**24th after Pentecost.**—SS. Zachary and Elizabeth.	Fidelity.	23,489 for Local Centres.
6	*M.*	St. Leonard, Hermit, C. (575).	Comforting afflicted.	27,671 for Directors.
7	*T.*	St. Willibrod, Bp.C. (738).	Cheerfulness.	951,345 for Promoters.
8	*W.*	Octave of All Saints.—Four Brothers Crowned, MM. (304).	Concord.	1,385,838 for the departed.
9	*Th.*	Dedication of the Lateran Basilica (324).—St. Theodore, M. (304).—H.H.	Respect for churches.	123,536 for perseverance.
10	*F.*	St. Andrew Avellino, C. (Theatine, 1606).	Regularity.	1,115,548 for the young.
11	*S.*	St. Martin, Bp.C. (400).—Pr.	Almsgiving.	942,686 for 1st Communions.
12	**S.**	**25th after Pentecost.**—Patronage B.V.M.	Filial piety.	950,146 for parents.
13	*M.*	St. Didacus, C. (1463).	Spirit of prayer.	866,232 for families.
14	*T.*	St. Stanislas Kostka, C. (S.J., 1580).	Generosity.	936,113 for reconciliations.
15	*W.*	St. Gertrude, V.Ab. (O.S.B., 1301).	Amiability.	2,101,221 for work, means.
16	*Th.*	St. Josaphat, Bp.M. (1623).—H.H.	Love of labor.	167,456 for the clergy.
17	*F.*	St. Gregory, Wonder-Worker, Bp.C.(270).	Faith.	150,943 for religious.
18	*S.*	Dedication of the Basilicas of SS. Peter and Paul (Rome, 1626).	Divine praise.	25,388 seminarists, novices.
19	**S.**	**26th after Pentecost.**—St. Elizabeth, W.Q. (Hungary, 1234).—C.R.,—Pr.	Kindness.	137,805 for vocations.
20	*M.*	St. Felix de Valois, C.F. (Trinitarians, 1212).	Self-control.	221,321 for parishes.
21	*T.*	Presentation, B.V.M.	Devotedness.	922,578 for schools.
22	*W.*	St. Cecilia, V.M. (230).	Gentleness.	121,581 for superiors.
23	*Th.*	St. Clement I., P.M. (100).—St. Felicitas, M. (150).—H.H.	Courage.	139,680 missions, retreats.
24	*F.*	St. John of the Cross, C. (O.C., 1591).	Union with God.	124,475 for societies, works.
25	*S.*	St. Catharine, V.M. (310).	Candor.	8,275,570 for conversions.
26	**S.**	**27th after Pentecost.**—St. Sylvester, Ab.C. (1267).	Guard of sense.	2,560,400 for sinners.
27	*M.*	St. James Intercisus, M. (421).	Contentment.	147,532 for the intemperate.
28	*T.*	St. Rufus, M. (about 304).	Peace of soul.	9,170,319 for spiritual favors
29	*W.*	Vigil.—St. Saturninus, Bp. (650).	Diligence.	8,143,723 for temporal favors
30	*Th.*	St. Andrew, Ap. (62).—H.H., A.I.	Zeal.	5,226,618 for special, various

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship*. (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.—*Holy Hour*); A. I., B. I.—*Apostolic, Bridgettine Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Acts of Charity	40,289,371	11.	Masses heard	232,686
2.	Beads	1,009,750	12.	Mortifications	1,645,979
3.	Way of the Cross	99,184	13.	Works of Mercy	2,505,533
4.	Holy Communions	56,193	14.	Works of Zeal	188,835
5.	Spiritual Communions	905,185	15.	Prayers	8,646,023
6.	Examens of Conscience	416,403	16.	Kindly Conversation	1,693,950
7.	Hours of Labor	607,419	17.	Sufferings, Afflictions	256,091
8.	Hours of Silence	1,198,332	18.	Self-conquest	695,429
9.	Pious Reading	1,660,228	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	254,097
10.	Masses read	12,764	20.	Various Good Works	2,948,071
		Total, 65,270,553.			

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXIV. DECEMBER, 1899. NO. 12.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FOUNDRESS.

MADAME CORNELIA CONNELLY, OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

By M. M. Halvey.

FOR some of her "historic nuns" America must needs make grateful acknowledgment to the older countries that spared and speeded them for the succor of her young necessities. Others there are to whom she can point with all the pride of indisputable possession, and of these last a name stands uniquely forth upon the records of our own times, as that of one apparently chosen to repay in sort the good offices of apostolic ages and replant on soil, once hallowed by the living presence of an Augustine and a Becket, that glorious bloom of consecrate virginity, which flourishes only beneath the guardian care of its tender Mother Church.

The story of this missionary daughter of Columbia, her mission's fulfilment on stranger soil and its later development in her own country, is really the history of the religious order known as the Congregation of the Holy Child Jesus, which, singularly enough, is generally alluded to as being of distinctively English origin. The interest evoked by the tale is undoubtedly international. Rome and England furnish settings for the early scenes. Following step by step this revered Mother Foundress and her devoted band of Sisters, we tread in spirit but historic ground, where the twilight of bygone centuries seems to linger.

Coincidences that sound, in the telling, little short of miraculous, realities possessing all the requirements of romance, abound through the narrative, narrowed as it is by the reticence of a humility which shrinks consistently from repetition and comment. This consistent reticence can be best understood from the simple statement that the present is the first permitted attempt at anything approaching a detailed account of the great work, to the initiation of which Madame Cornelia Connelly more than fifty years ago resolved to devote the marvellous spiritual and mental gifts wherewith she was so surpassingly endowed.

To those familiar with the annals of

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Philadelphia, the city of her birth, during the conservative years of the opening century, the family name borne by the future religious is sufficient guarantee that as Miss Cornelia Peacock she undoubtedly shared all the advantages of cultured association and educational opportunity in which the Quaker City was even then peculiarly rich.

These were days when, whatever a woman's social standing or individual charm, the public made but slight acquaintance with personal details and so, of this brilliant daughter of one of Philadelphia's best families, almost the first recorded fact is that of her marriage with a clergyman of her own church—the Protestant Episcopal.

The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Pennsylvania, described as one duly consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Soon afterwards, occurred the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Connelly to the rectorship of the Episcopal Church of Natchez, Miss. Here, during four succeeding years of residence, the name of Madame Connelly became the synonym for untiring charity. The poor and afflicted of every creed, whom her loving ministrations could reach, rose up to call her blessed; and surely none could surmise, during those years of well-ordered devotion to duty, the inner strife and struggle of that elect soul whose innate aspirations for perfect light and truth were as yet unsatisfied.



MADAME CORNELIA CONNELLY.
Foundress and First General Superior.

Without any promptings, or mutual discussions, Mr. Connelly came to share his wife's distracting doubts regarding the creed they professed and in October, 1835, the records of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Natchez show that its rector, with no preliminary intimation of such intention, announced himself disposed to join the "Roman Catholic communion, but desirous of considering points of controversy between the two churches with such aids and assistance as could be best procured at Rome."

From Natchez, then, the intending converts came to New Orleans to embark for their momentous journey; but Madame Connelly at this stage, decided against further delaying her answer to the Divine call, which bore for her no uncertain sound; and there on her native soil she formally abjured the Protestant faith, proceeding immediately afterwards to Rome, where they arrived in the December of 1835, and where Mr. Connelly was later baptized.

The period of sojourn there and in Louisiana, where they resided on their return, possesses apparently no bearing on the subject in hand—the story of the American foundress of a religious order destined for international prominence,—yet we cannot doubt that the varied experiences and associations of those nomadic years, helped materially, if insensibly, to inspire that governing code, which to-day is unrivalled in its adapta-

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bility to the different conditions existing in the countries of the Order's foundation and later development.

Of the foundress herself, it has been said by those who enjoyed her acquaintance, that "cosmopolitan" seemed the word most descriptive of her many talents and accomplishments, when the artiste and linguist, admired of the world of letters—the hostess and conversationalist, desired of society—were merged in the gentle individuality of a "Mother Foundress" whose rule was love and whose watchword was humility.

It was in 1845 that Madame Connelly, who had been for some time a resident of the Convent of the Sacred Heart "Trinità Dei Monti" at Rome, finally resolved to devote her life to religion, Mr. Connelly having previously entered the novitiate of a religious house as a preparatory step towards the ecclesiastical state. In an interview with His Holiness Pope Pius IX., therefore, she broached her desire to join the Carmelite Sisters, only to meet with unexpected opposition and to hear from the lips of the venerated Pontiff the command, that to weaker faith than hers should have seemed impossible of fulfilment. He it was who designated her sphere of labor and apportioned the task therein, neither in consonance with her expressed desire and inclination.

That she should found an educational Order because the need for such existed, which she, as the Lord's destined instrument must supply—that the foundation should be laid, not in the land of her birth, where a devoted and beloved sister had long before become a member of such a community—nor in the beautiful country of her adoption—but in far-away Protestant England, a field where the laborers were few (only two enclosed Orders being then existent there) and the prospect of yield exceedingly meagre.



CONVENT OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS, ST. LEONARD-ON-SEA.

REREDOS AND ALTAR OF THE CHURCH.

"From England let your efforts reach America," was yet another amplification of the Papal command; or rather, was it not a prophecy meant to cheer her, who without further gainsay bent bravely to

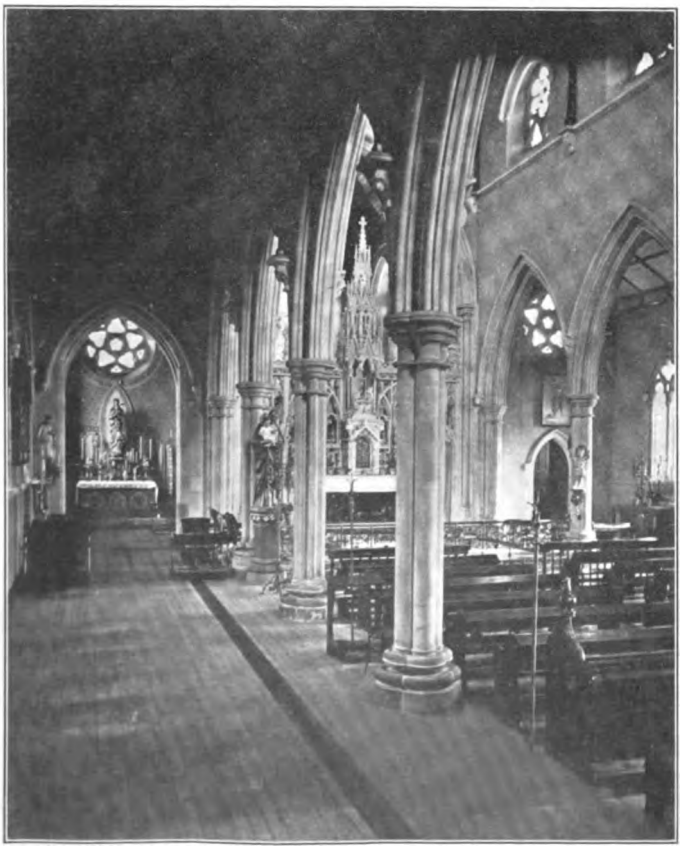
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the allotted burden, in the same spirit that the fishers of old, hearing the Master's voice, cast their nets upon the unpromising waters of the Galilean lake? The summer of 1846 saw Madame Connelly arrive in England with one companion, almost their sole earthly posession the rules of the new congregation named "of the Holy Child Jesus," and duly sanctioned by the authorities of Rome.

Cardinal — then Bishop — Wiseman, who had met her during her stay at the Trinità Dei Monti and been impressed, as were all, by her saintly characteristics, assisted in the installation of the embryo community at Derby, where alone a chance for immediate settlement existed, although under most discouraging conditions. Here, the duty which offered was the charge of the parish school and with this, the Sisters, now numbering three, occupied themselves, while awaiting some more favorable opportunity to commence on a larger scale, their mission of education.

Cardinal Wiseman ever bore their necessities and desires in mind and through his good offices, the struggling sisterhood at Derby was brought to the knowledge of Father John Jones, a noted clerical convert, who had just erected at St. Leonard's on the sea, on property given him as a personal gift by Lady Stanley, a fine building well adapted for conventual purposes. The beautiful watering place was not then the favored resort it has since become, although its possibilities were apparent.

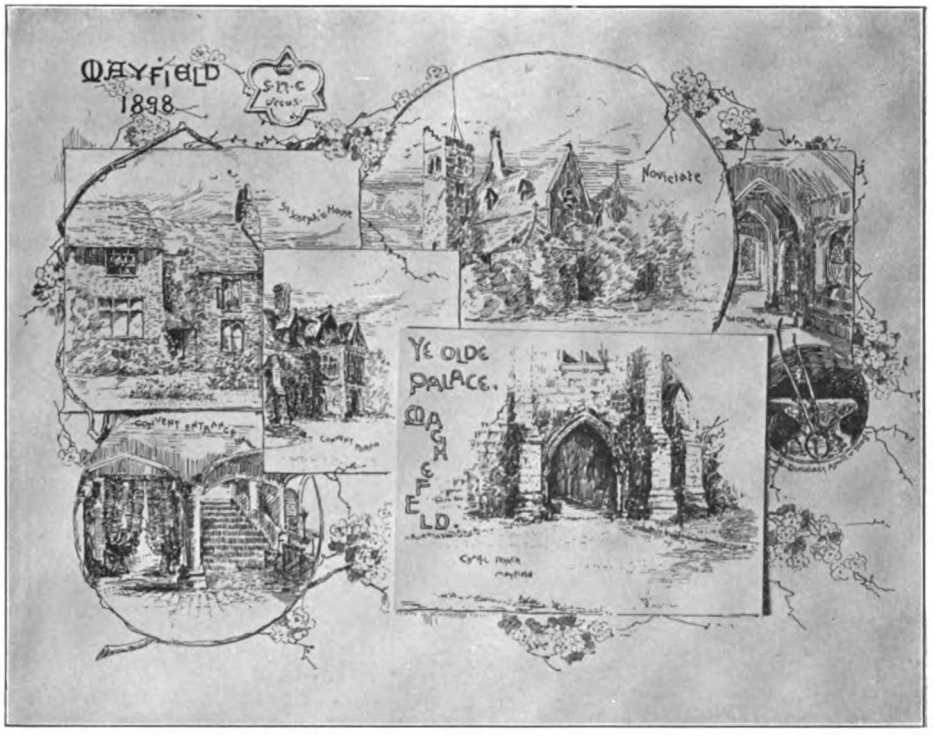
Many questioned the wisdom of building on such a scale in what they were pleased to term a wilderness of sand, and to those Father Jones had, before now, replied with the prophetic assertion that *his* wilderness should yet "blossom as a rose."



CONVENT OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS, ST. LEONARD-ON-SEA. INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.

St. Leonard's of to-day, the St. Leonard's of fashionable fame, is practically one town with historic Hastings. Together they own an unrivalled sea-front more than three miles in length, with sunny promenades that attract alike the seekers for health and pleasure. On the Hastings hill stands the storied castle of William the Norman Conqueror, marking the spot of his debarkation; on

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VIEWS OF THE MAYFIELD CONVENT, 1898.

St. Leonard's opposite height is that structure, which once bade fair to become known as Father Jones' Folly, now the largest and most aristocratic boarding school in England.

Hither the children of noble and gentle, of jurist and litterateur, throng, seeking as their elders, the vivifying influences of sun and breeze, their precious draughts from that fountain of pure knowledge of which the Sisters of the Holy Child have been custodians here, since the December day in 1848, when the sainted Foundress and her community of twenty-four entered the spacious convent at the invitation of its reverend owner.

After Father Jones' death the building became their property in accordance with the provisions of his last will, but amongst the traditions of the Sisterhood, —if facts so recent may be called traditions—is the record of months of uncertainty, when despite the testator's death-bed assurance of his intentions in their behalf, and his lawyer's corroborative assertions, the strange disappearance of the will itself, made it seem probable that the Sisters, failing to substantiate their claims, should go forth from their haven of peace, once more homeless.

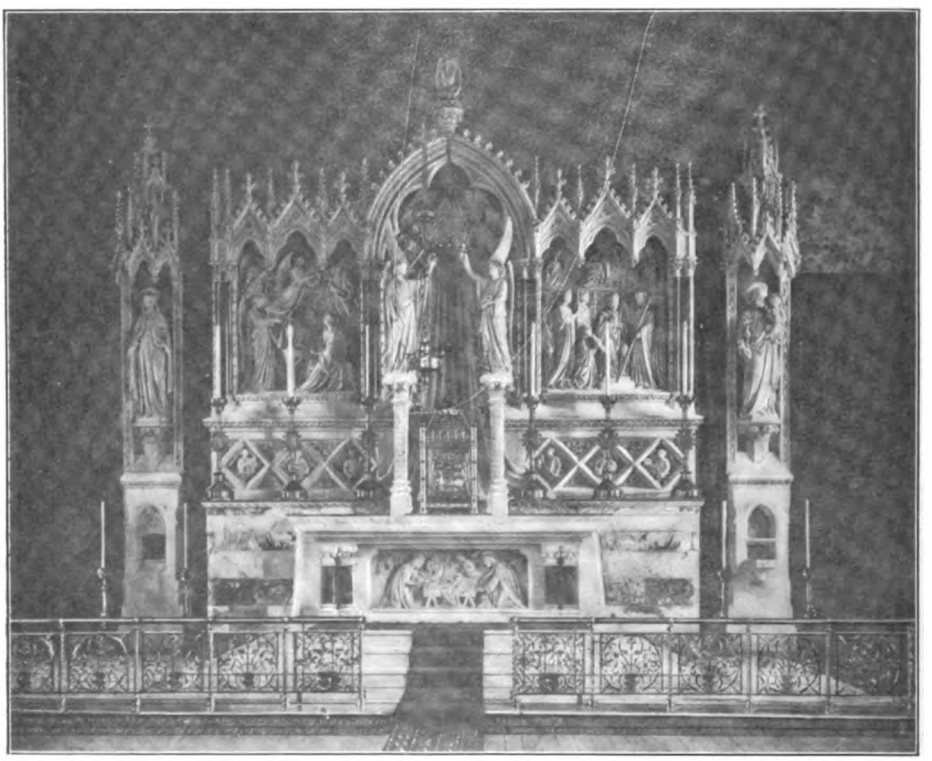
Through this new trial the beautiful serenity of Madame Connelly's faith was strongly apparent. Never once did she waver or grow doubtful and when, near the close of the term allowed them for search and settlement, the missing document was found within the pages of a book, that had been at hand through all the weary seeking, and could not have been overlooked, many believed the reappearance a visible answer to her prayerful trust.

Establishment was now assured, development quickly followed, and in the line foreshadowed by that Papal prediction, "From England let your order reach America." Fitly too, a benefactress of

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American birth became the chosen instrument of Divine Providence in the accomplishment of His vicar's design. The Duchess of Leeds, who had become interested in the Order and an enthusiastic admirer of its excellences, offered for occupation in her own land, a property at Towanda, Penn., which she had herself inherited from her grandfather—of glorious revolutionary fame—Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

Following the gift of the Towanda property, she purchased, for presentation to the Order, the storied palace of Mayfield in that "sweetest village of Sussex," situated about nineteen miles from London. With the reputation of Sussex for natural beauty, tourist and student are alike familiar; its "great Weald and South Downs" are features unsurpassable in their diverse loveliness, which accounts for that other characteristic alluded to by Horace Walpole, when he called Sussex "the holy land of Gothic Abbeys," for the old-time monks possessed a keen perception of the beautiful, always apparent in their selection of sites.

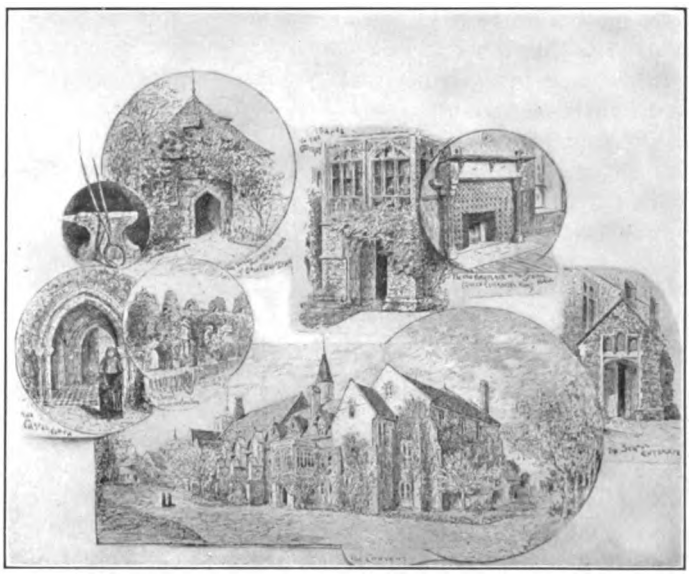


THE MAYFIELD CHAPEL.

Henceforth throughout this narrative, associations and coincidences, historic and international, become interwoven to such a fascinating extent that there is constant temptation to digress. Here one pauses to recall the experiences of the beautiful Catons when as "the American Graces," they took by storm the critical court of the "first gentleman of Europe."

Louisa, the youngest of the far-famed trio, who, by her marriage with the Duke

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VIEWS OF THE MAYFIELD PALACE, NOW THE CONVENT, ST. DUNSTAN.

Of Mayfield Durant Cooper wrote — "this is the land of Sussex wonders and miracles,"—and almost in line with such, might be counted the wonderful transformation there effected by the Sisterhood upon taking possession. To appreciate this properly, it must be remembered that St. Leonard's and Mayfield, welcome gifts as they were, came without income for their maintenance, other than that derived from the educational labors of the community.

A ruin, roofless and picturesque, was Mayfield Palace as purchased by the American Duchess in 1863, before the restorative genius of Pugin accomplished the feat of adapting its magnificent proportions to modern needs. Nothing of the rare perfection of outline, which caused it to rank as England's noblest model of Gothic architecture, was sacrificed. The great outer arches, famed as the finest specimens in the kingdom, and the massive staircase of stone leading from the ground floor remain; the Gothic windows have been refilled with storied glass, and in the spacious parlor, with panelling of oak that dates from the thirteenth century, the mantel of the wide fireplace still shows the figures 1375 with the legend, "Ye olde palace of Mayfield."

Beneath the magnificent trees of the winding avenue Queen Elizabeth rode in the pomp of royal progress when she chose to honor with her presence Mayfield's owner, Sir Thomas Gresham, who was her mother's relation, and further appreciated by the thrifty queen as founder of London's Royal Exchange. The room which is now the community room was, during this visit, the queen's private apartment, and a window, now belonging to the novitiate, commanded a view of her capricious Majesty as she sat amidst her courtier throng in what is to-day the Sisters' chapel, then the magnificent banqueting hall of the palace.

Catholic interest, however, centres around the earlier period when Mayfield (Magafelda) was the favorite residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, its owners from the time of St. Dunstan until that of Cranmer, who surrendered by royal command "the manor and park and good lands" of his see to Henry VIII.

St. Dunstan founded the parish church of Mayfield previous to 988. "Restless, reckless, inflexible Archbishop Dunstan," one old chronicler calls him, and avers that, finding the orientation of his church building defective, he placed his shoulder to the corner and left it due east and west. Mayfield Palace is rich in legend and

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relic of his occupancy. Here are the altar-bread irons which were once his, the archiepiscopal throne and the historic anvil—for Dunstan was a skilled artificer in metals as well as a poet, artist and monk—a vestment chest of oak curiously carven and a beautiful cross, which was found concealed in the spot where now stands the high altar, are also accredited to his period.

From St. Dunstan's well drinking water is supplied to the convent, and while conducting the repairs necessary to this arrangement, the workmen discovered in its subterranean depths, a platform supporting five tiny cells, from which passages led, that are believed to have connected at one time with the church, probably affording safe retreat during the troubled period of penal persecution.

American tourists, bewildered, as they may well be, by the riches of antiquity here displayed, will nevertheless find their attention attracted to the beautiful modern window of four lights, which was a gift to the Mother House from the American Sisters and is, in the choice of figures there pictured, commemorative of the American Mission. St. Francis Xavier and St. Walburga were chosen, as being the patron saints of the first Mother Superior who assumed charge in this country—Mother Xavier, and her successor Mother Walburga, who still holds it.

Modern Mayfield can be best judged from the accompanying illustrations. Its new school buildings connected with the cloister-palace by two bridges, called the Bridge of Praise and St. Mary's Bridge, and many other additions and improvements have been erected since 1864, when, all privileges and indulgences having been transferred thither, Mayfield assumed first rank as the Mother House of the Congregation of the Holy Child Jesus.

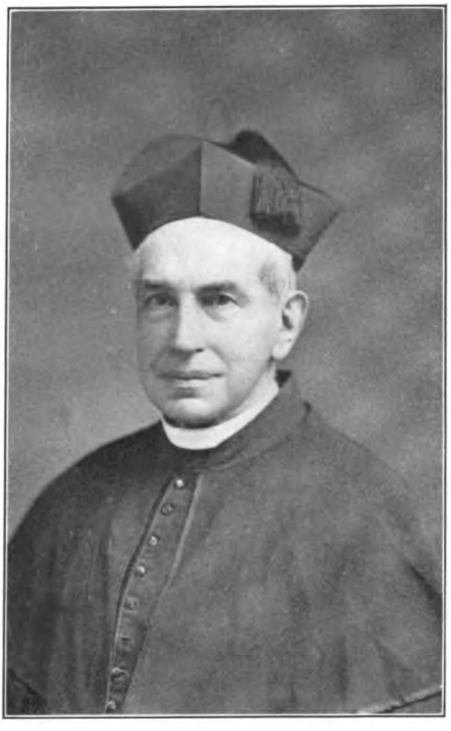
Two years had then elapsed since Mother Xavier, with five companions, reached Philadelphia en route for Towanda and remained for a short time guests of the Sisters of St. Joseph. His Grace Archbishop Wood suggested the abandonment of the Towanda project, proposing settlement in Philadelphia instead, and his persuasions were seconded by Father Carter, the beloved Vicar General, whose unfailing judgment quickly recognized the desirability of the new educational Order. On consideration, however, it was resolved to carry out the original intention of the Mother General; and accordingly, on October 19, the Sisters went upon their pioneer way, guided by the agent who had long held charge for the Duchess of the Bradford County property, with which she was herself totally unfamilar. It was well, indeed, that the little band, meagre as was their material equipment, were rich-



THE CONVENT AT SHARON HILL, OLD AND NEW.

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ly endowed with the courage and fortitude born of faith, else their early experiences might easily have proven fatal to that cherished hope of the absent foundress — establishment on American soil.



REV. C. J. H. CARTER, DIED SEPT., 1879, VICAR-GENERAL OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Towanda property consisted of a dwelling and five-acre lot, just outside the town of Towanda, once the national burying place of the Nanticoke Indians —on the right bank of the Susquehanna river, and the centre of a thickly populated region. This possible advantage was in the early sixties offset by the troubled state of the country, which interfered with all commercial and agricultural interests.

The Sisters' log house was two-storied —the upper floor, however, being elevated but twelve shallow steps from the ground, and so sadly dilapidated, that a few days after arrival, one of the community, while attending to some domestic detail in the gloomy little cellar, was startled by a sudden noise, which proved on investigation to have been caused by the cracking of the main prop of the structure. It had been known for some time as the "haunted house," owing to the suicide of a former tenant there; but the Sisters agreed after a very few days' residence, that sounds attributed to ghostly visitants were of the same nature as that which had warned them of their unsafe position.

Some repairs were effected with difficulty, one of the workmen confiding at the close, that each morning during their progress, he and his companions feared to find the building fallen and its inmates buried beneath the debris.

Then, hampered as they were by the scarcity of actual necessaries, the Sisters started a house-to-house visitation, irrespective of creed or nationality, in search of pupils, two of the more adventurous crossing the Susquehanna on a raft, to find the home of a Catholic family they had heard mentioned, and returning, gladdened by the promise of an addition to their flock.

By Christmas forty pupils had been secured, twelve of whom were boarders, and charge also assumed of the parochial school which was then held in a deserted carpenter's shop — another reminder of Nazareth, its toils and humiliations, which must have been welcomed there by those devoted lovers of Nazareth's Holy Child, seeking daily to follow in His childhood's ways of obedience, simplicity and detachment.

"O, but we were rich in youth and health and happiness," commented one of the brave band recently, when recalling such incidents as enforced fasts, caused now by the depredations of a petty thief who found little difficulty in carrying away the entire contents of the larder, and again by the failure of some expected payment in sort, which was the usual recompense for tuition. "Our only anxiety was for Mother Xavier, who never

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shared our robustness and could not, for all her efforts, relish the diet of Indian meal nor the varied decoctions of parched rye and bread crumbs, we had learned to substitute for tea and coffee."

Father Carter visited them within six months of their departure from Philadelphia and understood even then, as their enthusiasm could not, the insurmountable difficulties of the situation and the necessity for more favorable environment.

vinced, accepted as a preparatory step to its occupation, the offer of the Assumption Convent in Father Carter's own parish.

Here the first Academy of the Holy Child in Philadelphia was in operation, when formal possession of the new novitiate was given the Order, on Our Lady of Mount Carmel's day, July 16, 1864, in commemoration of which event the Sisters' annual retreat, there conducted, still closes on this Feast.



ST. LEONARD'S HOUSE, WEST PHILADELPHIA.

The project of securing the latter became foremost with him, whose charity and zeal moved mountains of obstacle, and the desired opportunity offered in 1863, when, using in great part his own private means, he effected the purchase of a desirable property at Sharon Hill near Darby, Penn. This situation was deemed ideally suitable for the establishment of a Novitiate and Academy, and the little colony of Towanda, so con-

Sharon Hill is a settlement in Delaware County seven miles south of Philadelphia, and would now be described by one familiar with its location as situated on the line of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore R. R., which line has accorded to Sharon Academy such substantial recognition of its importance, as a station on the grounds where four trains stop daily. But it was very different in the experimental days

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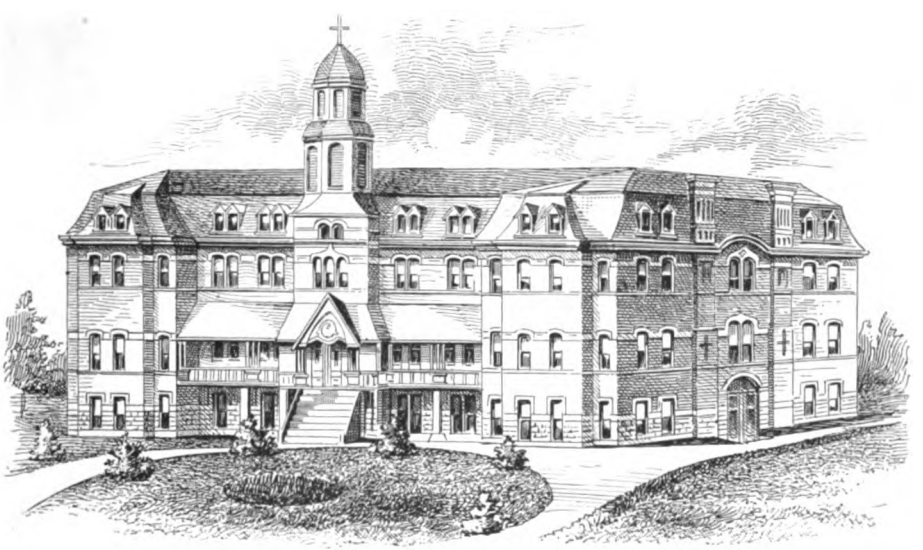


THE CONVENT OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS,
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

when Mother Xavier and the courageous few, sent from the convent home beyond seas, as doves from the ark of refuge, essayed this second journey in quest of an abiding place.

From Philadelphia, cars then ran along intervals of four or five hours to Darby, a village known from the days of Penn as a stronghold of the Society of Friends. Its name, a corruption or rather a phonetic spelling of the English city from which its original settlers came, sounds reminiscent of the earliest home of the Holy Child Congregation.

Between Darby and Sharon no public mode of transit existed and no dwelling stood, with the solitary exception of the tool house; so that the situation was one of peculiar isolation, more especially for a Catholic Sisterhood. Catholic settlers



CONVENT OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS, CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

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were as yet comparatively few in Delaware County, although in a neighboring township to Darby, the first Mission in the State had been established by the Jesuit Fathers, at the residence of the Wilcox family, about 1730 or a little earlier.

In histories of the state and county more space is given to the immediate property, destined later for such unusual tenure as that of a religious community, than is bestowed on the quiet settlement itself; for the future Mother House enjoyed popularity for many years as the building could at least boast stability, for, though more than a century has passed since its erection, the shutters and interior woodwork—even the substantial doorknobs— have not needed to be replaced. It was low-ceilinged, however, after the fashion of its day, and the first change found necessary on the Sisters' occupation was the substitution of a French roof for the old.

Now that portion of the spacious academy, which was once locally famous as Mr. Jackson's School, looks dwarfed and unimportant in comparison with the



APPROACH TO THE CONVENT, SHARON HILL.

"Sharon Boarding School for Young Ladies."

It was established about 1835, by John Jackson, a prominent minister of the Society of Friends, who, with his wife, described also as being possessed of many accomplishments, resolved to devote their talents to the advancement of the higher education for women. Sharon School is mentioned in Delaware annals as "provided with every convenience," even an observatory (still intact) being included amongst its equipments. The new extensions necessitated by the growth of the institution. The latest and most striking addition is the beautiful chapel, whose turrets lift gracefully above the great trees that cluster as sturdy guardians of a retirement, dear to those whose desire it is to pursue their chosen way of helpfulness and self-denial "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

They have seen the lonely ways of their early sojourn grow populous, stately mansions and roomy cottage homes have risen around them and a flourishing parish

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church attended by a resident pastor is proof positive of the rapidity with which Catholics have come to appreciate Sharon's attractions and advantages—chief amongst them being the educational facilities afforded by the Academy of the Holy Child.

On the roll of its graduates—guarded from publicity by a conservatism, inflexible as gentle—names are inscribed, that rank amongst the country's best. Even difference of creed is overleaped in the desire to follow a curriculum, identical with that whose proven superiority secured for the Congregation in England the unique distinction of initiating and conducting the far-famed London house at Cavendish Square. This institution is exclusively for the higher, or as it is there called "secondary" education, (in contradistinction to "elementary"). It was first opened by Sisters of the Congregation who had themselves obtained diplomas from Bedford College, and is utilized for the training of members of their own and all other teaching Orders, as well as high grade secular students, desirous of following a syllabus which enables graduates to take the Oxford examination. This undertaking is particularly favored by His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, who, like his illustrious predecessors Cardinals Manning and Wiseman, takes a prideful interest in the educational successes of the Holy Child community.

Amongst the treasured memories of Sharon is that of the visitation of the revered Mother Foundress and first General Superior, who, even as early as 1867, recognized that sufficient progress had been made to assure the future of her "home mission."

Soon, besides Sharon Hill and the Spring Garden Street Academy for day scholars, St. Leonard's in West Philadelphia was being conducted on the same lines as the latter; and the Sisters, whose numbers had rapidly augmented, were in charge of many parochial schools.



THE CONVENT OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS, SHARON, PA.

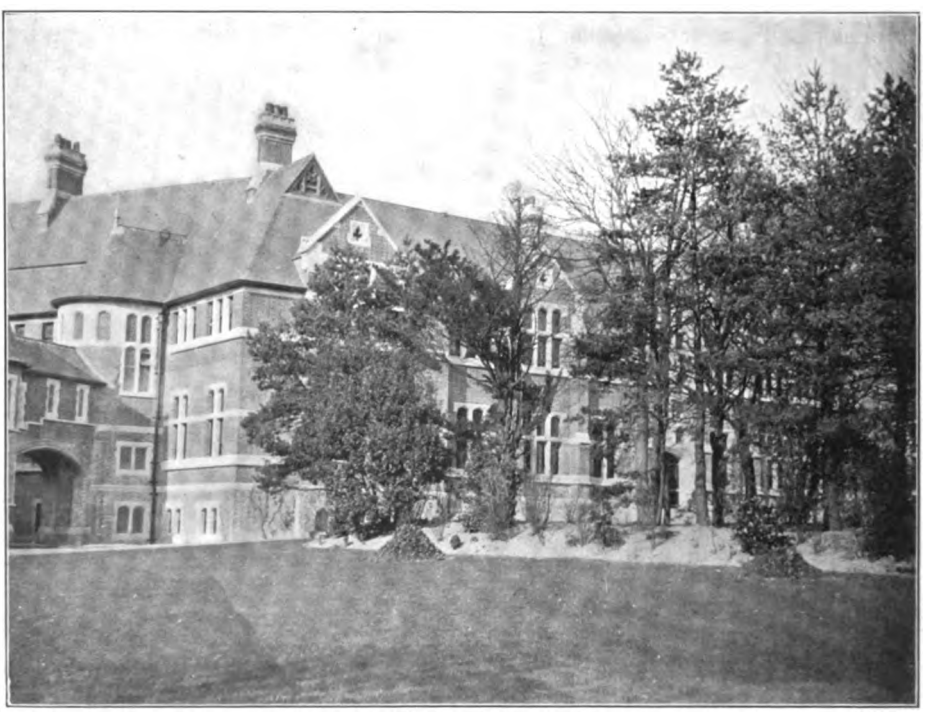
Referring to their connection with these, a dignitary of the Church recently remarked as a fact deserving notice, that the Holy Child Congregation never made a distinction, in the selection of their teachers, between academy and parochial school. If any difference is perceptible, it is that those most gifted in the art of imparting knowledge are spared to the work of the free school, for which

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assuredly the gratitude of many is due.

From the doors which Father Carter's generous appreciation threw wide to Mother Xavier and her companions, others such as they have since gone forth on the self-same mission of love and enlightenment.

In June, 1883, the now well-known house at Lincoln, Nebraska, opened with a community of eight Sisters and the mother in charge.



THE CONVENT SCHOOL, SHARON HILL.

The building, which had been erected to serve as a dormitory for the State University and found unsuitable, was, with the grounds adjoining, purchased and donated by Mr. John Fitzgerald, one of Nebraska's prominent citizens, who shared Bishop O'Connor's anxiety for the furtherance of Catholic education. Lincoln Academy now boasts about ninety day scholars and forty boarders, and was last year affiliated to the State University, so that its graduates are henceforth eligible to enter that institution without further examination.

When we remember that Catholicity is young in this section and that much prejudice still exists, which can be overcome only by proven efficiency, the value of this official State approval is evident. The kindness shown by the University authorities in the matter of giving information and suggestion regarding school work and the fact of their loaning a room for private laboratory work to the academy pupils, is not only pleasant reading, but positive proof as well of the status attained by the Sisterhood.

September, 1886, witnessed the departure from Sharon of Mother Antonia and two Sisters to take possession at Waseca, Minnesota, of a home which then consisted of one wing of the contemplated structure, and that in an unfinished condition.

Almost a repetition of the Towanda days were the early experiences of

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Waseca, notwithstanding the kindly efforts of pastor and parishioners on behalf of the Sisters. There were all the drawbacks of pioneer life to be combated during that first winter—doors wrenched open by the fierce winds, furnaces that refused to fulfil their allotted functions, water pipes that froze and burst in the bitter frosts, and many another discomfort for the little community which had been augmented by three later arrivals.

Father Christie, now Archbishop Christie, was indefatigable in their behalf; and the outcome of those arduous years is best told in the following extract referring to present conditions:

"The work now is most encouraging, the children have well repaid the Sisters, and the kindness of pastor and people cannot be surpassed. This year, 1899, seven will graduate from the Academy, and there is a large day school as well."

Cheyenne, Wyoming, is another foundation with a record equally interesting; and, perhaps, that which should most appeal to readers as being distinctively American, is the story of the Indian mission of Avoca, for seven years the charge of the Holy Child Sisters. It, however, belongs more properly to the records of Indian Missions and being now conducted by another Sisterhood, is beyond the scope of this article, which has already outrun its limits. This, too, when nothing approaching a full account of the work has been attempted of England; but the earliest foundations are alluded to, as they alone were connected with the American mission. Yet, without mentioning the numerous parish schools, there are three great English Academies besides St. Leonard's and Mayfield, conducted by the Sisterhood at Mark Cross near Tunbridge Wells, at Preston in Lancashire (where no less than five parish schools are also in charge), and the convent of Blackpool dating from 1858, which is the centre of the Oxford examinations in the north, as Cavendish Square House is for the London district.

The French home of the Order usually referred to as the Paris House, although two miles from Paris, owns too the charm of storied environment, for its grounds are part of the demesne of Neuilly where stood that Chateau de Neuilly that was once the beloved retreat of Louis Philippe, *le bon bourgeois*, and his saintly queen, Marie Amalie.

On many diverse fields has fallen that good seed to the planting of which a daughter of America devoted the golden years of her maturity. None has been richer in yield and promise than her own country, where now the Congregation of the Holy Child numbers two hundred members.

With them, though twenty years have passed since the Master willed that her labors cease, the memory of the Mother Foundress remains as a living presence. From the lips of some, who earliest responded to her call, novice and student hear the tale of those earthly days made perfect in toil and trial—of the outward signs of that pure soul whose inner clearness of vision recognized the religious possibilities of a life modelled upon the humility and simplicity of the little child, becoming herself like unto one in attributes whose possession leads to the kingdom of heaven.

Many who shared with her the burden and heat of the toilful days, share now with her the rest everlasting—Mother Xavier, whose name must always be associated with Towanda's effort and Sharon's success—Mother Antonia, to whom Waseca owes the same tribute of love and remembrance and others, whose names forgotten of men are remembered by their Father in heaven.

In a quiet nook of the Sharon grounds stands a simple commemorative shaft, beneath which rest the mortal remains of the energetic Vicar General, of whom it was said when he passed to his eternal reward, "In him all the Sisters of Philadelphia lose their best friend." A pathetic recollection of Sharon Hill is that of the day when the grateful com-

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munity with all the ceremonial of the Faith whose followers mourn not as those without hope, received at their convent gate the funeral cortege of their benefactor and followed through those winding walks, bordered then with autumn bloom, to the spot of Father Carter's own selection.

"Though he aided all," says his recent biographer in the Records of American Catholic Historical Society, "yet his favorite children were the Sisters of the Holy Child and at their convent he was buried on September 19, 1879," which year saw also the passing away of the venerated foundress at Mayfield.

To deaths like theirs, the beautiful finis of beautiful lives, are the inspired lines of our poet Pontiff, indeed, applicable :

"And when at length your happy course is run
And to you, faithful ones, Death shows himself,
All beaming and with visage mild and kind,
Our Lord shall give you His supremest gift ;
From your drear exile He shall lead you then
To the celestial shore and bid you there
Be ever blessed with the light divine."



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THE CONVENT BELL.

By the late Sara Trainer Smith.

BEYOND the field, the convent walls
Rise warm against the wintry sky,
And, high and clear, the convent calls
On every breeze go echoing by.
In gray of dawn, at break of day,
When the fair earth smiles to the sun,
As wear the hours of time away,
Upward they lead the patient nun.

Three times each day, the Angelus
Is told upon the waiting air,
With measured stroke and reverent pause,
Insistent on that praiseful prayer.
Then hurried peal or lagging beat,
Mark out for task or prayer or rest,
The narrow path those willing feet,
Unquestioning, tread at Love's behest.

Night darkens down, and all is still;
Fainter the sound of warning bell,
As though, as nature works God's will,
Eve softens still its gentlest swell.
The lights die out; the shining pane
Reflects the moon's pale, passing ray:
Sleep, blessed sleep, till night shall wane,
Has come to close the nun's long day.

Ah, Sisters, heaven bless your bell!
And pray, kind souls, for those who hear!
Ye do not know what it may tell
Across the fields, to quickened ear.
Angels, with messages of life,
Link hands with yours that sway the rope,
And, all unseen, in holy strife,
Bear far and wide some thought, some hope.

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BLANDINE OF BETHARRAM.

By J. M. Cave.

(*Continued.*)

THE RESCUE.

A LITTLE drama, short and sharp, had been enacted, while Margaret and the child were on their knees returning thanks for that providential rescue. Hardly had Blandine's flying feet borne her out of sight, when rescuer and captor stood face to face. They looked into each other's eyes an instant. The eyes of the old man, calm and mild; the eyes of the thwarted desperado fiercely flaming. One look at the cords at their feet, and the villain hissed: "You cut them!" "You have one crime less on your soul." The reply was a pistol shot. The priest's hand at that same instant formed the sign of the Cross in the air, between him and his adversary. Another shot, and again the aged hand formed the sacred sign, slowly, solemnly. A third shot, and no other weapon of defence, no cry, no effort, no appeal for succor. "In the Name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." The words were comprehended in that symbol before which fly the powers of hell. They had no power against it now. "Hell and damnation!" The smoking pistol was flung aside, and with the spring of a tiger the villain was upon the helpless priest. But hardly had he touched him, before he could do him the least harm, he was himself helpless and handcuffed, surrounded by agents of the law, who had to do with one they had long been desirous of laying their hands upon.

"Some mother, perhaps a good woman, too, may be mourning for his misdeeds this very hour," was the Abbé's thought, as he descended to the chapel to say his Mass. When he issued from the church, he found Nan waiting for him.

"O Abbé," she cried; "if I only could, how I would like to be your servant. Come to my poor lodging, for we must keep a lodging when we reach Paris. Come! I will mend your clothes and keep them dry. O Abbé, if I only knew how to thank you, and—how to be good!"

"God sees the heart, my child. You have only to speak to Him."

"That villain tried to shoot you. I heard the shots. I would have been there before you, to stand between him and you, but they held me back."

"God was between us," said the priest, "and I have work yet to do, since He has spared me. You said something about papers that interest the child. Have you obtained them?"

"Yes, here they are, Abbé. Poor Rand thought he had secured them. He was mistaken. Those he took and gave over to that wretch are papers of no value. I put them in the good envelopes to deceive him. It was most fortunate for him, poor fellow! O Abbé, how good you have been to us! God will surely reward you! Here, Abbé, these papers will tell you that a reward of a thousand rubles in silver, is offered for information concerning the child's mother. And as much more for the child herself if brought safely to her relatives."

"How came you by these, my child?"

"Honestly, Abbé, honestly. Do you not trust poor Nan?

"When I had to fly to save Rand, the last time, I had to pass near the old home of the Vallinski family. I saw some of the faithful old people, and I told them of the death of their young

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lady, and how she had left a child. This had happened after I left France, the deaths of both father and mother. The only one, who can claim the child now, is her god-mother. The god-mother of her mother, you must understand, Abbé, for that relationship in Russian law gives certain rights. Well, to be brief, for I see how tired you are, I will only say the old nurse sent my words to her mistress. Her heart was roused; she began to inquire. She decided to offer a reward privately. She did so. The papers were sent to France,—one copy reached me. I tried to see Madame de Vallinski as soon as ever I had found Rand, and got him to break off with his low companions, who were just like himself, not thieves, not bad in any way, only just idle, convivial, always wanting a good time, as they call it, as soon as they saved a few rubles. But the delay had been long and Madame had left Saratow. But from letters I had from a friend in Paris, I knew I could find the child, and I wrote her word to that effect. As I told you last night, Abbé, we hoped to get the double reward. To take the child, whose mother I loved, and by whom I was beloved too, as you may remember, good Abbé, to her god-mother. The money would have helped us to settle down and live quietly, if Rand would only have consented. He promised to. But that smooth-tongued villain got his confidence. He made him believe that the little girl should be taken away quickly and in secret, or the police would claim all the reward. Abbé, you know me. If I wanted the money it was for a good purpose, and I would give it, every kopeck, to save the child, even in spite of Rand. But here, take the documents. Do what you can. I am tied here till I can get Rand away with me. He has such a notion of honor, he will want to sit down by the prison door till that fine gentleman is let free, for he believes him the Lord-Mayor of London at least, in importance."

"Try to get him away. I had much ado to keep him from being detained as witness, if not as actual accomplice."

Nan shook her head. "The greater the danger, the blinder will he be to all reason. I must make him think that the charge will be dropped, and the other freed, before I can get him to go. Where are you to be found in Paris, Abbé?"

"Always with the good old curate of St——. Ask him, he will tell you. If I am in this world, he will have my address. And now, my child, trust in God, think of eternity, think of those you saw die. I pray for you for their sakes; you were full of charity to them. God will, I humbly trust, reward you for that good work, by the gift of faith. Thank Him for the mercies of this day. He will hear and bless you!"

"I may well do that," cried Nan, flinging herself down before the church door, and pressing her tired head to its cold iron doors. "Oh, God! bless that good priest! thanks to him we are not shut within prison walls to-day. Oh God, bless him, and teach Nan to do right. Amen!"

She arose and looked after the old man. He was wending his way along the river bank in the direction of the English Villa. "Thanks to that good old croquemort, all may yet be well," she said to herself, "and now to find Rand."

THE OLD CROQUEMORT.

"The old Croquemort!" Does not the name sound blasphemous? And yet it is the appellation by which is designated the humble priest whose habitual function it is to follow in the wake of funeral processions. The more priests, the more genteel the interment. The long line of snowy surplices, the tall candles, the venerable heads, for the croquemorts are all aged or in feeble health, or they would not be, day after day, in that humble employment, make an imposing and even a touching sight. Few scrutinize the hem of soutane,

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or the foot gear. Through dust and mud and snow and rain these are worn day after day, and several times each day, and in far-apart districts of both city and country, often and often. Oh the muddy boots, the ragged, faded, hemless soutane, the poor bare head, the blue chapped hands, of the tired old croquemort!

Do not despise him, reader. He is the humble and willing servant of God. His function is high and holy. He has the power to pray over, and absolve the soul whose earthly tenement he is now tramping wearily after. He has the power to bless that grave, and the power and the good-will to pray for the departed, when, perhaps the soul has been forgotten by its nearest and dearest. I have known such croquemorts.

And the gentle, brave and holy old Abbé Laland, was called by irreverent tongues by this name, "the old croquemort." Nan Clough called him so, out of pure affection and admiration. She knew the meaning of the term on other lips, well enough. On hers it meant one glory more around that old grey head, just as a fond mother means "darling" "treasure," when she cries to her best beloved little one, "rascal!" "polisson!"

Before the old croquemort reached the English Villa he bethought himself that he was on a business that might take hours to accomplish. He was fasting, and very weak, for he had walked from Lourdes to Betharram, seven miles, at least. So he turned aside and halted before one of a long row of sheds, beside whose doors stood promise of refreshment in the shape of bread and milk. Before each door was a little round table, on each table a bowl, spoon and "pistolet," or little loaf. He broke the bread into the milk, which they quickly brought him. He had been performing prodigies on his spiritual strength alone. He was not in the least conscious of them, but weakness made itself felt. His labors of the last twelve hours had left his face unruffled.

No one, looking upon him, would have thought it possible that he had accomplished such things at all. Battling with the police of Lourdes to save weak Rand, walking to Betharram, because the trains were few and far between, and he thought it wiser too, to go as a pilgrim afoot. Climbing the Calvary by secret paths, lying in ambush till the moment of rescue permitted him to rise near the very spot where he had divined the attempt would be made to carry off the child. The risking his life counted for nothing. He was ready, but when all was over, and he had to bend his old joints to descend the hill of Calvary, it was a trial indeed. He had hard work to make his genuflexions during Mass, so stiff had his limbs become. But the frugal repast restored him a little.

He is no ordinary Abbé, this aged man, sitting before the poor shed, with the smell of the cows and the manure heap coming between him and the breath of the river. Far from it, and because he has some way to go with us yet, some words to speak in the interest of little Blandine of Betharram, we may as well say something of him here.

When asked who had saved her, Blandine had promptly answered, "St. Joseph." St. Joseph's face must, therefore, have been beautiful, calm, mild, pensive, and yet strong enough to inspire confidence. The little Jesus must often have read those features, and always found in them all that childhood expects, for St. Joseph was created for Jesus. So, the Abbé Laland; for Blandine found in his face what she was accustomed to find in the face of St. Joseph, and the Abbé Laland's head was encircled by an aureole of snowy hair, soft, wavy and abundant, that fell over the collar of his rusty soutane like ripples of liquid silver. In his large blue eyes was a reflection of the blue of the sky. His skin was white and looked soft as that of a child. His fine features were an immense contrast to his chopped and knotted hands. As to his feet, if the footgear was any indication

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of the feet, they must have been extraordinary, to say the least. And yet the Abbé was by no means tall, rather below than above the medium height. Those immense boots must have been a load to lift, let alone to wear, yet none less clumsy would the Abbé consent to have. He had no right to wear that rabat with its edges piped with white, the distinctive badge of the secular clergy. He should be rather invested in the gown of one of the great religious Orders, for he had once worn such with honor and served that Order well, even while very young. This is how it was.

Jacques Laland had been left without kith or kin, a bright lad, a protegé of every one in his parish, yet claimed by no one in particular, till a good old farmer and his wife took him to themselves, resolving to give him an education. Jacques' thirst for learning was great, and the desire to be a priest had been born in him. The farmer and his wife had a son of their own who wanted to be a soldier, and would be a soldier in spite of his parents and in spite of fate itself. So they had to let him go. They said: "Let us take Jacques, the acolyte. The curate says he would do it himself if he had not two of his own nephews to provide for. Make him what he wants to be, a priest; and he will protect the girl." They meant their only daughter, a wilful, spoiled child. So they labored and saved, both the farmer and his wife, putting their savings in the lad's schooling first, then the seminary, then the priest's outfit. O, but it did cost a mint of money! But they would not accept other help, though they might have had it, for Jacques was a very brilliant lad. They thought: "If he gets anything from others he will be nothing to us, but if *we* labor for him he will always be a brother to her." And this the youth promised over and over again, when he came, year after year, proudly displaying his prizes that they cared less for than for his fidelity to them, which shone out brighter and brighter as the years rolled on. But there came a day when he yielded to his desire under the best and most trusted advice and entered the Order he loved. They let him go with despair in their hearts. They said: "We have labored in vain. He will be sent far away. She will be alone. He will forget. If we die, who will look after her?" The soldier did not so much as write a letter to tell whether he was alive or dead; but the young priest wrote continually, and urged his benefactors to greater faith in God. He hoped Hortense would have a vocation for a religious life yet. If not, that she would marry some good man. But the pretty, giddy girl had no vocation, and the farmers' sons were too boorish for her tastes. She knew she would have the farm all her own some day, and foolishly thought that the value of it in ready money would allow her to follow her desires and live according to her liking. The priest was a true priest, wholly given to God and his duties. To forget the sacrifice that had been made for him was not in his nature. As years rolled on he reproached himself for the pain he had caused his good protectors. It was a struggle, indeed, this love of his Order and his sense of obligation. When sorrow came to the inmates of the old home, and when the farmer wrote the first words of reproach he had ever heard from him, upbraiding him as the cause of their misfortune, the priest's heart was well nigh broken. "I am dying," wrote the old man. "My son is a deserter, my daughter I have disowned. Her mother has been in her grave these many weeks. No hand to help, no heart to feel. If you can forgive yourself, do so. As for me, I am ready to curse the hour in which I was born, and so die."

It seemed to Father Laland that there was but one thing to do, to fly to the desolate father, to comfort his last days, to save his soul. But he did it without the consent of his superiors.

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"It was a flagrant act of disobedience and worse," he said, when telling his bishop the cause that brought him a beggar to his door. "I am to blame."

The bishop's eyes were full of tears when he heard the whole story. "You have certainly done wrong, my son," he said. "You should have represented matters more fully to your superiors, and obtained their consent. But I shall intercede, and since the work you have undertaken may engage you some time, live for a while in one of my parishes, until you are either released from your vows, or return again to your monastery."

"The work I have to do may keep me wandering for years, perhaps." Here followed a lengthy account of his engagement so far as he could make it known to the bishop, after which he begged: "Have I your approval and blessing in doing it?"

"Yes, both the one and the other. And when it is done, come back to me. If it be in my power, you shall be placed here. Meanwhile, go labor in God's vineyard. Here are the letters that will bear testimony to your good standing wherever you go."

The priest kissed the hand that blessed him and went forth. To-day he is an old croquemort, nothing more. But what of that? He has had the consolation of strengthening his benefactor's shaking faith; of preparing him for a peaceful death; of blessing his grave and offering the Holy Sacrifice daily for his soul. He has the joy of having brought back to God the wandering daughter and the lawless son, and he deems the years of labor that earned for him this joy well spent. Although he is "only an old croquemort," his debt is diminished by so much.

It was while seeking the lost girl that he came upon Nan Clough. It was Nan who told the old man's story to whosoever would hear it, for she had it in full from the woman he had saved. So no wonder the derisive title means a crown of glory to Nan, for the Abbé is one of God's heroes in her eyes, though poor Nan never was of the Household of Faith, and had never learned anything about any religion in particular. She had seen the death of poor Hortense; it had enlightened her as to the divine charity of the Abbé's religion. If ever she learned any, she often declared, it would be that very one and none other. She has been putting in practice such things as she learned beside the bed of the repentant girl: To judge not. To be good to the bad. To be better to a sinner than to a saint. To respect ragged soutanes. Nan takes these for *new commandments*, because they were new to her when she was already a grown up girl. In her way, she prays much like any of the Abbé's spiritual children. Her chief prayer is that the look of hunger she sees in the old croquemort's mild eyes may yet be satisfied. It is a look that was born in them the day his long labor ended for the family of his benefactors. That look of watching and waiting for something. The reader guesses what it is. Nan need not tell us that. It is the desire to die *within the gates* of a house of his Order. He is humble, he does not say *within the walls*, he says *within the gates*, and he does not even speak of that great brotherhood by name or call it *his Order*, except in his dear old heart. It brings a smile to his lips and a new light to his eyes, when Nan cries, as she does whenever she sees him: "Cheer up, old croquemort! you will die, not only within the gates, but within the walls of the mother-house, and be laid in the little graveyard with your brothers." And he half believes poor Nan's prophecy through force of wishing, though it is founded only on the wishes of a grateful heart. What then! He who reads the secrets of all hearts, may take pleasure in granting this very one, improbable as it now seems to him and to us.

There he goes on his way to the villa. All questions will be answered at the

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convent, they tell him. It is but a step, so the old man turns cheerfully to the well-known entrance. He is more accustomed to convents than to villas, and is not sorry that his business can be transacted in the former rather than at the latter. But not to-day can the Abbé be received by the Superior, for she has just driven away. Look! in that direction! Did he not see the convent carriage pass as he came up the road? No, the Abbé had not seen it. But he sees a little wagon now being driven furiously along the same road. The dust follows it in clouds. He thinks of Rand and Nan, and fancies the brother is impatient and wreaking his impatience on the dumb animal. Nan is not there, though she is in sore need of his prayers at that same moment. It is Rand driving away alone.

When Margaret and Blandine issued from the Church of Betharram that eventful morning, they met Sister Noella hastening towards them, alarm and agitation in her voice. The story of the attempted abduction had reached her at the convent; she saw by Margaret's look, that something very serious had passed, as well as by Blandine's pallor. Only when they reached the villa could explanation be given.

"St. Joseph saved her," was all Blandine knew, and "he said he was a priest, and told her not to be frightened."

"The child is right," said Sister Noella, "I believe I know the very priest whose description tallies with what she tells us; he might easily be taken for St. Joseph, or the Curé d'Ars. A saint indeed, is the old Abbé Laland, and if he is at Betharram, I can readily believe he would have acted just as did the stranger. I have not seen the Abbé since the epidemic, at that time he was tireless among the fever stricken poor."

"Should you see him," said Margaret, "you will, I know, find a way to thank him. I owe him a great debt."

"It is my debt, as well," said Sister Noella, "and I am only too glad to be able to combine these two debts with the others we owe the good servant of God, and seek a way to do him real service."

And Margaret and Blandine, with a little band of Grey Nuns are now on the iron way, speeding towards Moulins, their first halting place on the road to Paray-le-Monial, while the Abbé is again at the convent gate. This time he is ushered quickly into the presence of the Sister Superior, who meets him with outstretched hands.

"Abbé, my Sisters and myself have been seeking you for many a day, for many a month. Why did you vanish from our midst so suddenly? Why did you ever leave us? Had you no faith in my word, that you should be as one of our own?"

"I had to be about my Master's work, good Sister."

"I believe that, Abbé. And your coming now, is evidently His work too. Know you not that you have laid me and mine, my own family, in the world, I mean now, under the very greatest obligations, too great indeed ever to be adequately acknowledged? The child you saved yesterday has become one of us. It remains for you to make known to my sister, who has just started for England, in what way she can discharge her part of this debt. I, for my part, shall choose my own way, and you shall not gainsay me, or elude me this time, be assured."

"You owe me nothing, Sister," said the old man, "neither you, nor any one. It is of the child I came to speak. Is she here?"

"She is on her way to England. Her future is secure." The Abbé shook his head as he drew forth the packet confided to him by Nan Clough.

"The tenor of these papers," he said, "which are all legally signed, and issued by consular authority, is, that the little girl be delivered to the Russian authorities. There is a reward set down for the person making her whereabouts known,

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and a further reward for placing her in the hands of the representative of her guardian. She is claimed as a ward of the crown, and an Orthodox subject."

The Abbé pronounced the word Orthodox in a significant manner. Sister Noella understood it. "She is a Catholic, her father was born a Catholic, her mother died in the faith," she said.

"Did she publicly abjure Schism, and was it with the permission of the Holy Synod?"

"These questions are very important, Abbé, and I fear we cannot answer them in the affirmative. How came you by these papers?"

"The woman who placed the documents in my hands tells me that there can be no appeal. The child will have to be yielded up, since her mother did not, so far as we know, renounce her allegiance to her country and sovereign, when she married a foreigner. Neither did she obtain permission to change her faith."

"And who is this woman?"

"A reliable woman, I believe, although she has had an apparently selfish motive in keeping back the knowledge she possesses. She was on the way to claim the child herself, by fair means, and to take her herself to those who claim her, thereby securing the double reward."

"How was it she tried to abduct her, in that case?"

"It was not her fault; on the contrary, she it was who saved her from the hands of a well-known criminal, to whom the brother, a weak-minded fellow, innocently confided their hopes of success in securing a large sum of money within a short time. Credulity on the one hand, and duplicity on the other, have been powerless, however, against the little creature. Perhaps you are not aware that I knew her parents, and have therefore some interest in her welfare."

"You forget, Abbé, I was with you, beside her dying mother."

"True! true! I did forget, Sister. Yes, that was a sad time. Does the child fulfil the promise of her baby days? I remember her mother's hopes for her, her faith in her infantine promise. She trained her from the first moment she was capable of taking notice, it seems, to love God and His Blessed Mother. She confided her to your care, Sister, if I remember rightly."

"Yes, Abbé, and I took her the same day that the poor lady closed her eyes to this world. She has been as my own ever since, winning, without effort, her way into all hearts; really a predestined creature, it seems to us all. We have wondered that no relative came to seek her, the child of such parents could not be an ordinary child; and yet, had it not been for the convent, she would now have been, alas, God only knows under what roof. Over and over again we came near losing her by the admiration she excited in visitors, who would have gladly adopted her. Finally I had to seclude her, almost, for she involuntarily attracted too much attention."

"And are you still content with her, after five or six years of intercourse?"

"Content, Abbé? Would that I could convey to you a faint idea of the progress she has made in all that has to do with her religion, her studies, her intercourse with her young companions."

"She is well founded in her catechism?"

"Of that there can be no doubt."

"That is well, in case she is removed hence to her mother's land."

"I cannot anticipate anything so dreadful. My family will never consent to part with her. They will resist this arbitrary law in the interest of her soul. She was given to my sister by the local authorities here."

"That is not binding. They supposed her to be without legal guardians. We can only make this a subject of prayer. If the reward for her discovery be made public before she leaves France, she cannot be detained. Once in Eng-

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land, it might be different. I cannot tell. Is there any way of communicating with those who have charge of her?"

Sister Noella reflected a little while.

"Yes, I think so. I will send a message to my brother, who will at once return to France and meet the travellers at their chief halting place. This is all I see my way clear to do at present. To our travellers it is useless to make known the danger. The child is in the company of some of our good nuns, and the lady who has become a real mother to the dear little one, and is loved as such. But she is, alas, not capable of acting efficiently in the matter. I ask your prayers for her, Abbé; she is afflicted with total loss of sight."

"A great privation," said the priest, "but one that must needs keep the soul near God. I promise to pray for your intentions, Sister. Now, should this woman, of whom we have been speaking, come across your path, pray favor her, if you can. I have seen her under trying circumstances, and believe her to be worthy of the utmost confidence. She is the victim of a weak and foolish brother, whom a sense of loyalty alone keeps her from abandoning. If he abandon her here, or deprive her of their mutual means of support, she may be even in distress. Succor Nan Clough if you can, good Sister."

"I will not fail, Abbé. Were she even unworthy, recommended by you, she should find a friend here, come when she may."

THE JOURNEY.

While the Abbé Laland and Sister Noella are exchanging confidences, we will follow the travellers. Blandine has rallied from the shock of that memorable morning. It is fortunate that this sudden and complete change should remove her from the spot, till the impression left on her mind by the eyes of her cruel assailant shall be totally obliterated. She still continues to clasp Margaret's hand convulsively, to nestle close up to her, and to start in her sleep whenever memory or dream brings back the terrible experience of that last bright morning on Calvary. The hand-clasp and the involuntarily shrinking, as from unseen danger, tell Margaret what is passing through the child's mind, and she tries her best to turn her thoughts to the beautiful country through which they are passing, and with skill and tact keeps up her sweet confidence in that ever present protection that has already marked her as Mary's own child. Thus interested and sustained, Blandine is becoming at every hour more and more her natural self, bright, animated, self-forgetful. The good grey nuns still mark the pallor of the sweet young face, and cannot but admire the efforts the child is making to return the loving care lavished upon her, by letting nothing of the beautiful landscape be lost for the dear blind mamma. The weather is most beautiful, and what pen shall describe the ever changing beauty of the flower-decked fields they behold on every side? More beautiful than Betharram, one cannot say, but there is always a difference in aspect, a new glory in the sunrise or sunset, other lights and shadows and floating clouds, other fields of varied green, other stone walls half hidden by trailing vines and scarlet and yellow blossoms. "Blue fields, now, mamma!" cries Blandine, "O, the forget-me-nots! White fields, all daisies! Green and yellow fields all beautiful, fresh grass and primroses, and more daisies and buttercups and poppies. O mamma! mamma! miles of them, mountains of them," and the little one would have so willingly reached out her arms and filled them with the abundant blossoms that she might kiss and hug them, for their beauty, and because they were God's flowers. "O God's dear flowers!" Margaret heard her whisper to herself, over and over again. "O God's dear flowers, how I love you!"

So innocent, so happy, so loving and beloved is our dear little Blandine of Betharram as she stands there, her face

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pressed to the carriage window, one hand in Margaret's own, the other making signals to the fairest of the blossoms that deck the lovely fields. "This one so blue, that so white. This one for you mamma, that one for Sister Superior, that other for Father St. Etienne."

Poor Margaret feels the loss of sight very keenly now, though she will not say so. The more keenly she feels it, the more does she turn her heart to that point on which her heart is set, the Omega of her journey, the resting place where all her burdens will be laid down. Laid down every one there, and on that spot taken up once more, gladly and gratefully, whatever they may be.

At many halting places they stopped to kneel at altars old as the hills almost, but nowhere made long stay until they reached Moulins, and there, in the chapel of the Visitation, where St. Jane de Chantal knelt, and where she helped to sanctify so many lives, they began their preparation for that other sanctuary that has no peer outside Jerusalem. In this convent of hallowed memories whose walls witnessed the coming and going of kings and queens, dukes and duchesses, that witnessed the laying down of almost the highest earthly grandeur when Sister Henrietta of Orsini, Duchess of Montmorency, exchanged her grand ducal robe for the habit of a Visitandine, they passed some holy, beautiful hours. It was to them what it has been to thousands of others, an ante-room to Paray-le-Monial, the threshold one delights to pass, before kneeling in the presence of the Sacred Heart and the Altar, before which Margaret Mary was so supremely blessed.

Margaret, who knows something of the voluntary humiliations not only accepted, but sought for by some of the greatest among the great ones of this world, asks herself what she can do to fit herself to kneel there. How humble herself? Henrietta of Montmorency, the niece of Queen Marie de Medici, swept this very courtyard and gathered up the sweepings in hands that had been the envy of the ladies of the queen's court, and what can she do more? Nothing!

She must just go on with sore heart, self-accusing and penitent spirit, till she comes to Him. "Oh, if only I had never sinned, never forgotten or abandoned Him, with what feelings of joy would I now kneel before that altar! O to kneel there, as will kneel these dear grey nuns, some of them so simple, so unlettered; all of them so humble and so pure! What they have to lay at the feet of the Sacred Heart of Jesus are the only treasures earth holds for Him, or that His children can give Him: Obedience, poverty, chastity, all these three in one word mean love—love of God, love of the Creator, love of the Redeemer, love of the Holy Spirit. And again these three in one word mean love of the Sacred Heart, for does not the Heart of Jesus contain all things?

And she is nearing the sanctuary of that Heart, and she has nothing to lay upon the altar steps. Not one of the twelve fruits of the Holy Spirit has she so much as thought of cultivating in the garden of her soul for His sake. The gifts that can alone bring forth these fruits, and which for fifteen years had been hers, she treated as things of no account for other fifteen years, till she became like the barren fig-tree. While the good nuns are calmly dozing,—they having brought oil in their lamps,—Margaret is thinking thoughts like these: What can each one of these lay down before the altars of the Sacred Heart as the record of the twice or thrice seven years in which they have been laboring for Him?

She shuddered at the contrast of their offerings in comparison with her own.

"Mamma is not sleeping?"

"No, dear! Does Blandine want something?"

"My little book, mamma, my note-book. You have it in your pocket. I would like to write that St. Joseph saved

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me on Wednesday. It was Wednesday, was it not, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear child, so indeed it was."

While Blandine is pencilling her little memorandum, Margaret says to herself, even she, this innocent baby, has something to offer to the Divine Heart, love, piety, patience, fidelity, unselfishness. Poor Margaret can see only *what she has not.* She is not yet alive to the proofs of the love of that heart for her.

"Blandine!"

"Mamma?"

"What offering are you going to give to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, when we reach Paray?"

Blandine reflected as she was in the habit of doing, even before replying to simple questions.

"I did not think about that, mamma. I do not know, I have nothing to give God. Have I, mamma? I have nothing but you, dear mamma Margaret, and I cannot give you!" And she nestled close up to Margaret's heart, and rested her head on her breast, repeating, "*I cannot give you, can I?*" Margaret really feels sensible of the love of God at this moment. This proof of His tenderness is so sweet, so passing human tenderness, so soul satisfying, that she clasped His gift, this innocent child that has indeed been His gift to her, to guide her steps, with yearning fondness to her heart, saying, "O my darling! what could your blind mamma Margaret do without her Blandine!" And a cry of heart gratitude ascended to heaven for this great blessing, for this visible guardian angel, the Lord had sent her to guide her to Himself.

It was a bright October night when the train steamed into the little station of Paray-le-Monial. The Sanctuary was closed at that hour. Nevertheless, neither Margaret nor the Grey Sisters could content themselves without kneeling before its doors, ere taking rest. Blandine begged to go with them, protesting that she was not in the least tired.

So, by the clear light of a lovely October moon, they knelt close to the tall iron grating that shut in the holy ground, the holy ground of the thrice blessed promises; the Garden of the Vision, the Sacred Altar; and, indeed, they could have knelt there till daylight, so near they felt to the Sacred Presence, had it not been for the little girl. Margaret did violence to her heart in rising from her knees, and giving the signal for their return to the convent, where they had taken apartments.

Before drawing the white curtains of the bed around the wakeful, animated, eager child who declared she could not sleep still she had said, "good morning" to the Sacred Heart, within those gates, she drew from its hiding place a leathern case and placed it before Blandine, telling her she might open it.

"O mamma, how beautiful! How wonderful! just like the rays of the sun, so brilliant, and so many colors!" The child's voice was enough to convey to Margaret the sentiments inspired by the jewels she had placed before her, though she could not see the glow in her eyes, the look of delight in her face.

"Let me hold them, mamma! Let me look a long time at them. I *must* touch them, they are so sweet," and the enraptured child kept on repeating, "O! O! O! how beautiful!" till the listener began to fear she had committed a crime by arousing in that pure heart, a new sense, a sense of covetousness or love of earthly baubles, perhaps.

"If they were yours, what would you do with them, dear?" The child was calm in an instant. "Mine," she repeated slowly, "Mine!" Necklace, earrings, bracelets, rings. She examined them, counted them, then sighed a long sigh. "No, mamma, I do not wish them to be mine! They are too few!"

"Too few!" what was the child thinking of? O for the power to read her face, to learn the thoughts of her heart at that instant. "Too few, why so, Blandine?" Blandine took Margaret's hand,

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and placing one finger on the necklace of pure gems "This for our Lady of Betharram ; and this," she made her touch the bracelets, "for our Lady of Lourdes,—these, O, no ! they are too few, but they are not mine, mamma, you will wear them in England."

"And if I give them to you ? If I do not wish to wear them ?" The answer was slow in coming. "I would have to ask our Lady, dear mamma, I will ask her to-morrow. Come, let us go to sleep! You look so tired!" Already satisfied with the sight of the blazing jewels, she turned from them with indifference. Margaret's heart would have intoned a deep thanksgiving could she but have seen that look. When asked for her decision the following day after Mass, the child answered, "Mamma, let us lay them on the altar of the Sacred Heart. Our Lady is there with Jesus. Perhaps there will be enough for two crowns, what do *you* think, mamma ?"

WITHIN THE RED SANCTUARY.

The portals are wide open, the day of days has dawned for Margaret. She is near the altar her heart has yearned for, every step is a supplication as she approaches it, her right hand held fast by her little guide, and on her left hand a Grey Nun, who guides their movements. She is utterly unconscious of all around her, as soon as she finds herself kneeling before that Tabernacle. *She is within the Sanctuary of the Sacred Heart*, is the thought that excludes all others. She is conscious of the eyes that look upon her from that Altar. Let us not intrude upon her, as she bows her head upon the sanctuary railing and lays herself, a holocaust, before the Heart of her Divine Master,

We know that He has heard her prayers, that He has made her meek and humble as a little child, we see her motto in her acts. "Reparation," is what we read now in all her undertakings, in all her intentions, and if *we* see this, how much more clearly, nay how perfectly, does the living Heart of Jesus see and read that penitent heart, in its every thought and impulse. O yes! she is now before the altar of propitiation, she may expect everything from that source, but she is too humble to ask for aught save pardon. With that will come the unasked blessing, it may be.

In the ardor of her love and gratitude, Margaret *thinks she sees* the glowing red sanctuary. They have guided her hands till they rest reverently upon the casket wherein lies enshrined the body of Blessed Margaret Mary. She has been led within the Sanctuary itself, her temples have rested against the altar table, and the precious reliquary. She fancies she sees the gleam of the lamps, the glitter of the shining golden ornaments, the white of the altar drapery. She feels, almost, as if she were in the vestibule of heaven, with the door of mercy thrown wide open, and a flood of love pouring upon her from the Heart of the Lamb, as poured the effulgence of heaven's rays, before the vision revealed itself to the ravished eyes of the Nun of Paray. Margaret is absorbed wholly in the atmosphere of incense and prayer. The Novena for her is going on, she hears the invocations; but her soul is listening to other voices, her senses are lifted above the earth; they rest, without any effort of her will, on the gracious figure of the Heart of love. She sees *that*, though her eyelids are closed. She sees it, because it draws her supernaturally. Her desire is to be forever, like the Blessed Nun of Paray, at her Lord's feet. To be there, seems to her like a dream, too bright and beautiful to be realized, and yet *it is nothing, but what is.* And nine days of this supernatural life, nine whole days within the Sanctuary of the Sacred Heart at Paray-le-Monial! For *those who believe*, who know, because the Church has blessed with her sanction the marvellous truth; who feel, because they love the Heart of Jesus, to be nine days before that Altar must be, and must produce something extraordinary. Each

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day it seemed to Margaret that the red lamps flamed for her alone. She had stood beneath each one of the costly ex-votos, had been told the intentions of the donor, and yet she felt as if the bright flame burned for her alone. She had learned from Blandine and the devoted Grey Sisters, all there was to tell of the interior of that Convent Chapel, and the chapels within its arches. She had knelt with her own little group and prayed with them there, and yet she was not asking anything. Her sole desire was to give love for love, to repair. She forgot her blindness. She was *not* blind there. She saw the best there was to see. She saw the Sacred Heart. She saw, she knew that she saw (but she kept it secret, lest the vision should vanish), the great painting behind the Altar. She even saw the outlines of the Altar itself, and the lattice on the Epistle side, where knelt the sisters in religion of Blessed Margaret Mary, and where she knew they were praying for her. What they were asking, she never thought of. And she saw, moreover, the aspect of the whole interior of the chancel, the casket, and the figure within its crystal walls. All these things she told herself she saw, as she made her slow progress, each day, and many times a day from the wide portal towards the altar. The Novena was like a dream to her. Others had prayed for her, pleaded hard for her, no doubt, while she kept faithful to her fixed idea. "Only forgive me, only accept me, and do with me as Thou wilt, dear Lord." That the Heart that had paid so great a price for her, accepted her there, she feels no longer a single doubt.

Every one had been so good, so thoughtful. She had been given up, as it were, to herself. Seeing her so deeply absorbed the Grey Sisters had taken upon themselves every care, and left her to her thoughts, her meditations. She hardly gave herself time to take from their hands the only food she would accept during those nine days—a morsel of bread, a draught of milk, from time to time. They marvelled how she kept up. But she was conscious of no physical weakness and "the peace that passeth knowledge" began to make itself felt, when she once began to realize that she was accepted by and acceptable to the Heart of Jesus. At Betharram, God pardoned and received her. At Paray, He took her into His Heart. When on the ninth day of the novena, Margaret knelt to receive the Sacrament of the Love of Jesus, to take Him into her heart there, her joy was too great, her heart fairly overflowed, and she sank down unconscious. Awaking from that swoon, which had been unobserved save by Blandine, on whose shoulder her head had rested, Margaret opened her eyes; it seemed to her as if she had slept and was now awake. She had closed her eyes in a delirium of gratitude for all the mercies vouchsafed her in this temple of the Sacred Heart, and opened them *to behold what she most loved.* And surely not now in vision! Not now with the eyes of *her heart alone*, but with her human eyes, the eyes so long closed to outward things.

After a time she asks Blandine to accompany her to the door. Blandine obeys. There Margaret kneels once more for a little time, then rising, makes her way slowly back, with eyes intently fixed upon the altar. She is not dreaming! It is not fancy! She sees the altar, the Lamb upon the tabernacle door. She sees the open book on the gospel side, and the priest standing beside it. She kneels beside the casket. Its tracery of gold and its enamelling, she can plainly see as well as the angels at the four corners. No, she is not dreaming! The Heart of Jesus has been good to her. The blind eyes, as well as the blind heart, can see Him in the vision that the blessed nun saw Him in, and who can look upon that picture and not cry "Heart of Jesus, be Thou my love!"

Margaret kneels there, heart and spirit restful, grateful, silent with awe at the

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mercy that has fallen on her. She is aroused by Blandine: "Mamma, the Sisters are waiting for us."

"Make a thanksgiving, dear; God has heard your prayers."

Blandine looks into the face bending over her. With faltering voice she whispers: "Does mamma see Blandine with her eyes?" When Margaret kisses her and whispers "Yes, my darling," she has to hold her as she held her on the heights of Betharram, for joy has overcome that sensitive heart. The nuns come forward and Margaret asks them to lead the little one to the door, that she may breathe the fresh air. But Blandine has recovered herself a little, and will not release the hand she clings to. "I will wait for mamma, if I may." So Margaret rises and they all go forward, as has been their custom, during the novena, stopping three times between the chancel and the door, to turn and salute the Divine Prisoner.

When the last genuflexion has been made, and they reach the door, Blandine utters a cry. She sees a familiar face. She swiftly comprehends the shock that must now follow. Margaret had turned for the third time, with the others; she arose after they had arisen from their knees, she is a step behind them, all save Blandine, whose cry and suddenly accentuated hand-clasp startle her—

"Mamma, do not look!"

Too late, Margaret has looked. She sees a face she has seen only in dreams these fifteen years, and yet she recognizes it.

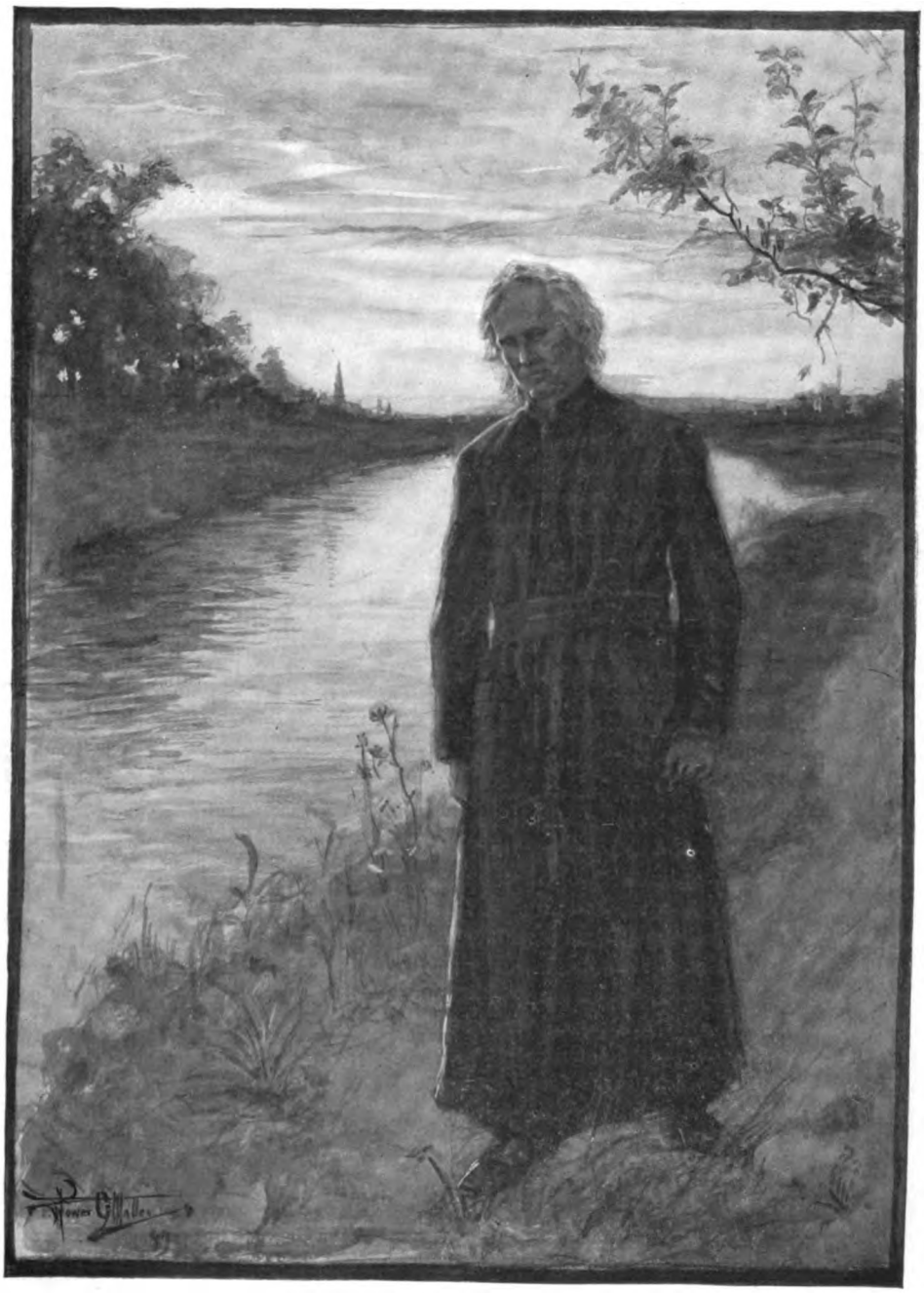
"Antony!" "Margaret!"

Let us leave them there, kneeling before the Altar of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Let us join the groups giving thanks within and without the cloister, Magnificat, Gloria, and resounding Credo, in glad tones of sweetest harmony, swelling the grateful strains now mounting heavenward from the Red Sanctuary. Only with the help of the holy angels can hearts thus blessed return fitting thanks to Him who is worthy to receive "all honor, glory and power."

Struggle no more, Margaret. Strive no more. One Deo Gratias, and turn homeward, loving and grateful, silent and happy. By and by you may have to exchange the crown of joy, for a thorny crown. If so, strive to do it with the memory of His pain in your heart. Thus only can your gratitude find fitting expression. Thus only can you give love for love, to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, your Saviour.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE ABBÉ LALAND.

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THE ROOMS OF ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA AT THE GESÙ, ROME.

By P. J. C.

A DISTINGUISHED pilgrim to the Eternal City in the spring of the present year, 1899, remarked on leaving: "After St. Peter's and the Tomb of the Apostles, nothing in Rome has impressed me more than the rooms of St. Ignatius."

Other pilgrims have spoken of a mysterious influence that seized them as they entered the rooms, a feeling of awe, and almost of fear to tread such holy ground, consecrated by the prayers, the visions, the nightly vigils, the austerities of the great Saint who lived and died there. He seems to have left the spell of his presence in these poor narrow cells, as though he were still there waiting to receive and hear all who come to ask his protection and intercession. Here he wrote the Constitutions of the Society, replete with such wisdow and foresight, that throughout three centuries and more they have never required the least change. Here he planned his mighty works for the glory of God, and marshalled the powerful forces he had called into being for the defense of the Church, and the hurling back of the threatening hordes of heresy and infidelity. Here he wrestled in the still hours of the night with the spirits of darkness, who in their impotent rage scourged him, and even tried to strangle him. (Ribad., p. 386.)

The pavement is the same on which he walked ; the doors are the very ones through which he passed; the little window is still there through which he could see the Church of Our Lady della Strada; the balcony, too, where he used to sit and gaze at the starlit sky, meditating on the glory beyond it. A corner of the first room is marked by an inscription as the spot where he knelt in prayer and was favored with ecstatic visions of the Blessed Trinity. There are many interesting relics, too, notably one in thè form of a statue of the Saint clothed in the identical vestments in which he used to say Mass. Even the slippers and biretta are said to have belonged to him in life.

So many holy memories account for the frequent visits to these rooms of St. Francis de Sales, St. Charles Borromeo and others, whose prayers and presence have imparted fresh glory and fragrance to a sanctuary already so sacred.

It is hoped that the following brief sketch of the rooms and their contents will be found interesting and conducive to devotion both to pilgrims who visit Rome and to those who have no such opportunity.

I.

Entrance to the Rooms of St. Ignatius.

In 1873 all the houses of the Society of Jesus in Rome were seized by the Italian government, the Fathers turned adrift, the Church of the Gesù handed over to the secular clergy and the residence of the Gesù converted into a barracks and office for the State archives. The rooms of St. Ignatius were allowed to remain as chapels at the representation of the Cardinal Vicar. Formerly the entrance to them was through the sacristy and the residence of the Gesù, only men being admitted. In 1873 the Italian government made the present entrance, opening a small door in the *Via di Ara Coeli*.

On the stair (1) may be noticed a painted crucifix richly indulgenced by

(1) A in plan.

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Pope Pius IX. (June 13, 1851), and a small painting of our Lady indulgenced by Pope Pius VII. (Dec. 19, 1803).

VESTIBULE. (1) TREASURY OF RELICS.

At the head of the stair is a small irregular vestibule, with a large press containing relics, chiefly of Saints of the Society of Jesus. Among them may be noted the chasuble of Blessed Andrew Bobola, Martyr, the chasuble of Blessed Peter Canisius, Apostle of Germany, the vest of St. Francis Borgia, the coat of St. Benedict Joseph Labre, etc.

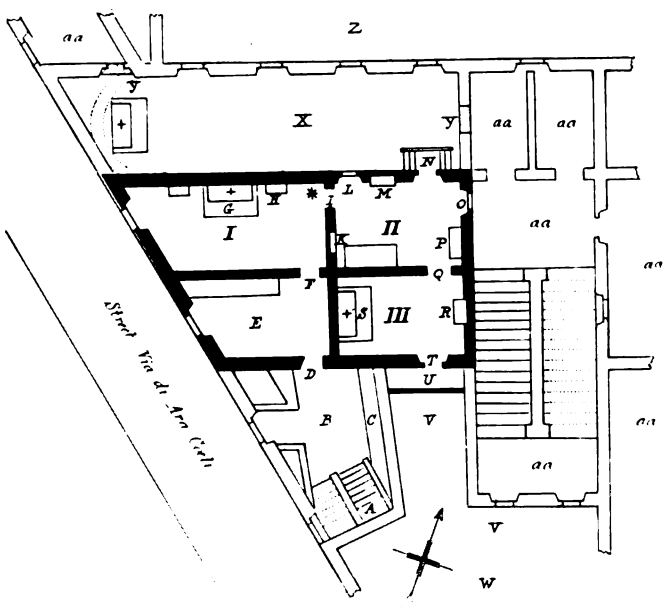
315.) It is very light, being made of bark, and elaborately decorated.

The painting of St. Ignatius in armor is copied from one at Loyola, Spain, but has no particular authority as a portrait.

The door (1) leading to the rooms of the Saint was made after his time; the wall, where the door now is, seems to have then fronted a garden. (De Buck, p. 60.)

(1) *Inscription over the door.*

The following inscription over the door is mentioned by the Bollandists



Plan of the Rooms of St Ignatius at the Gesu Rome

The latter relic is interesting, the coat having been given in alms to the Saint a little before his death by one of the Fathers of the Gesù. One of the last Holy Communions of the Saint was in the Church of the Gesù. (De Buck, "Le Gesù de Rome," p. 62.)

Hanging on the wall is the Japanese umbrella held over St. Francis Xavier on occasion of his remarkable state visit to Civan, the King of Boungo (Coleridge. "Letters of St. Francis Xav." II. p.

(1731). Till 1873 it stood over the entrance door communicating with the corridor. (N in plan.)

S. Ignatius hic obiit:

S. Philippus Nerius huc ad S. Ign. ventitabat:

S. Franciscus Borgia hic decessit:

S. Carolus Borr. hic 2m Sacrum fecit:

SS. Aloysius et Stanislaus hic se Societati tradidere:

S. Franciscus Salesius hic orabat sæpe.

(1) B in plan.

(1) D in plan.

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That is:

"Here

"St. Ignatius died (31 July, 1556);

"St. Philip Neri frequently visited St. Ignatius;

"St. Francis Borgia died (1 Oct., 1572);

"St. Charles Borromeo said his second Mass (Aug., 1563);

"SS. Aloysius and Stanislaus gave themselves to the Society (1585-1567);

"St. Francis de Sales frequently resorted to pray." (1602-3)

(2) *Popes who have visited these rooms.*

1. Benedict XIII. here said Mass on March 19, 1727, and granted the indulgence mentioned below.

2. Gregory XVI. visited these rooms on August 10, 1839, after celebrating Mass in the Church of the Gesù and exposing there the miraculous picture of our Lady by St. Luke, carried in procession from St. Mary Major to obtain the cessation of the cholera.

3. Pius IX. visited them on February 20, 1860.

The visits made by other Popes are not recorded.

(3) *Indulgences and privileges granted by the Popes.*

1. Pope Innocent XI., on April 9, 1681, granted a plenary indulgence to priests celebrating Mass and to the faithful communicating in these rooms on the feasts of the Circumcision, St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis Borgia, the Assumption and Immaculate Conception of our Lady.

2. Pope Benedict XIII., on March 19, 1727, granted a perpetual indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines to priests celebrating Mass and to the faithful communicating in these rooms.

3. Pope Pius IX., on February 6, 1862, gave perpetual leave to priests to say a votive Mass of St. Ignatius in these rooms on all days except doubles of the first and second class, certain vigils, ferias and privileged octaves.

4. Pope Pius IX. declared the altar in the room where St. Ignatius died "Privileged."

(4) *Impressions on entering the rooms.*

On crossing the threshold the devout Catholic is almost overpowered by the thought that within these poor, narrow, dimly-lighted rooms lived and died the great Saint who was called by God to stem the advancing tide of heresy, to kindle the light of faith in heathen lands, to plan and carry out a work of gigantic power for the defence and spread of the Church throughout the world. It was here that he knelt in prayer while above and around him streamed the light of heaven. It was here that he conversed with gentle St. Philip, with St. Francis Borgia and other heroic servants of God. It was here that he received the letters of St. Francis Xavier, and read the following tender words addressed to him by that great Apostle of the Indies:

"And now, O Father of my soul, whom I venerate with all my heart, I humbly pray you on my knees, for so it is that I write this letter, as if I had you here present before me, never to cease to implore God for me in your holy sacrifices and prayers, that as long as my life lasts, He may give me the grace clearly to know and fully to carry out His own most holy will."

(Written at Cochin, Jan. 14, 1549.)

The doors of the rooms, the window shutters, the brick floor, the low wooden ceiling are the same as in St. Ignatius' time. The few slight changes, such as the opening of a new doorway between rooms I and II (I in plan), the raising of a portion of the ceiling just above the altars, as a precaution against fire, the covering the bare walls with red damask, and the addition of a little gold beading here and there, were made after the rooms were converted into chapels, 1602.

II.

The Room of the Saint's Lay-Brother Attendant.

Now used as a Sacristy. (E in plan.)

This is the first room entered. Here lived Brother John Paul Berilli, the

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Saint's attendant, who witnessed many of the marvels related of him. (Ribadeneira, p. 386.) Occasionally during the night he heard groans and sounds as of violent blows issuing from the Saint's room. Greatly alarmed, he at first went to the room, but was forbidden to return. The fathers of the house believed that the Saint was attacked in the darkness by evil spirits, but they did not dare to ask, and St. Ignatius said nothing.

when calling his companion, Brother John Paul."

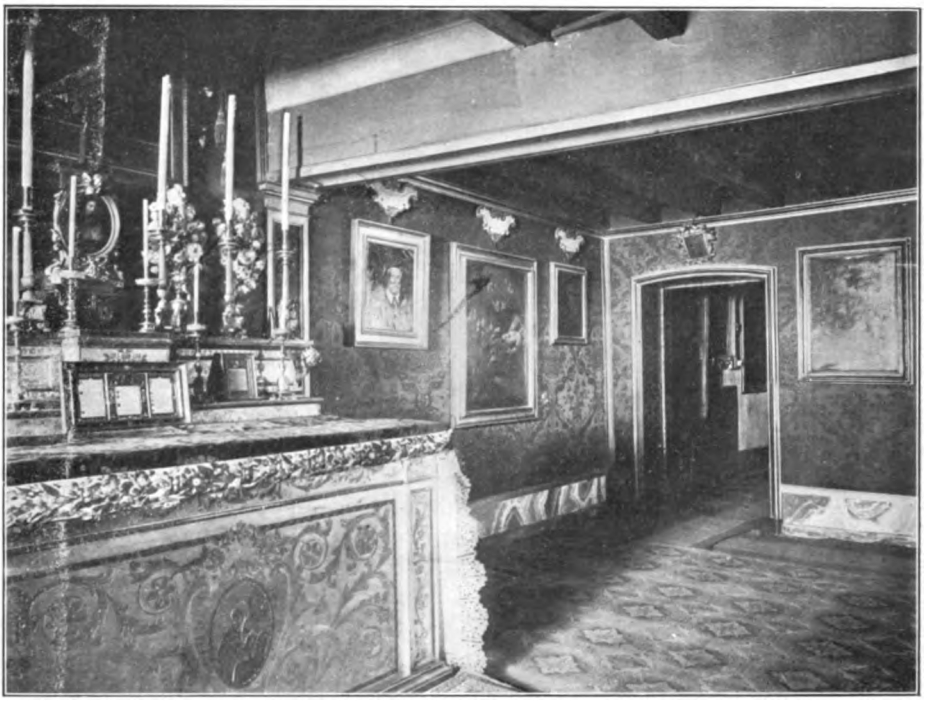
III.

First Room of the Saint.

His Chief Room and Oratory.

(No. I in plan.)

The room is irregular in shape, with but one window and a very low ceiling. The measurements are: length 6 metres,



THE FIRST ROOM OF ST. IGNATIUS (NOT IN PLAN).
Near the doorway is the spot on which he died.

There is little to remark about this room. On the walls are some framed records of indulgences, privileges, papal visits, etc.

The door(1) connecting this room with St. Ignatius', is protected by wire netting and bands of metal against the penknives of indiscreet pilgrims. An old inscription on the door may be seen through the wire netting, to the effect that "*St. Ignatius used to open this door*

(1) F in plan.

10c.; width 3½ metres; height 2½ metres.

(1) The Mural Inscriptions.

The inscriptions on the walls preserve the traditions concerning the room, and record the chief events that make this one of the most remarkable sanctuaries in Rome. They are very old, and are quoted, in part, by the Bollandists (Acta Sanct. 31 Jul. n. 107). To save space we omit the Italian and give only the English translation.

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Beginning with the south wall, immediately to the left of the entrance, the inscriptions are as follows :

(1) "Here (in this room) St. Stanislaus (Kostka) was admitted into the Society by St. Francis Borgia: (Sept. 1567): and St. Aloysius Gonzaga was admitted into the Society by Father Claudius Aquaviva, the fifth General of the Society." (25 Nov. 1585.)

(2) "Here St. Francis de Sales frequently retired to pray."

(3) "In this spot St. Ignatius used to kneel in prayer."

Note. On the Saint's wonderful gift of prayer, see Acta Sanctor., 31 Jul. § 60.

(4) "Here the three Divine Persons frequently appeared to St. Ignatius, while offering the Holy Sacrifice."

Note. On St. Ignatius' devotion to the Blessed Trinity, see Acta Sanct. §. 61.

On his visions of the Blessed Trinity and supernatural lights during the Holy Sacrifice, see Acta Sanct. 31 Jul. p. 528. § 61 n. 622 seq. also p. 654. n.n. 99. 100.

(5) "Here at this altar St. Charles Borromeo said his second Mass." Acta Sanct. 31. Jul. n. 107.

(6) On the picture of Our Lady above the altar:

"Before this ancient picture of Our Lady St. Ignatius used to pray and say Mass." Acta Sanct. n. 107.

Note. The picture was solemnly crowned by the chapter of the Vatican on March 19, 1676.

(7) "In these rooms St. Ignatius was often visited by St. Philip Neri."

Note. On St. Philip's request to be admitted into the Society, see Lancisius, Opusc. XVII., c. 3.

On St. Philip's seeing St. Ignatius' countenance dazzling with light, see Lancisius. Opusc. XVIII., c. 20. Also Acta Sanct. 31 Jul. § 88. p. 385.

(8) "On this spot died St. Ignatius of Loyola, Founder of the Society of Jesus, on July 31, 1556, aged 65."

Note. On the circumstances of his holy death, see Acta Sanct. 31 Jul. § 51. p. 511.

(9) "On this same spot died St. Francis Borgia, third General of the Society, on Oct. 1st, 1572, aged 62."

(10) On the little picture over the doorway, "This devout and ancient picture was hanging in the room of St. Ignatius at the time of his death."

(2) OTHER REMARKABLE EVENTS IN THIS ROOM.

(1) Here St. Ignatius gave his instructions to Fathers Lainez and Salmeron, when called as Papal Theologians to the Council of Trent in 1546. (Mariani, Vita di S. Ignazio. p. 377.)

(2) Here Blessed Peter Faber, his first companion, was received by St. Ignatius with tears of joy in July, 1546; but Blessed Peter, prostrated by fever, died a few days later in an adjoining room, aged 39, assisted in his last hours by St. Ignatius. (Ribadeneira p. 187.) (1)

(3) St. Ignatius here welcomed St. Francis Borgia, the Duke of Gandia, on his first visit to Rome in 1550, having first gone to meet him at the door of the house, and tried in vain to prevent him from throwing himself at his feet and kissing his hand. In this room St. Francis spent long hours with St. Ignatius, opening to him the inmost recesses of his heart. (Clarke, Life of St. Francis Borgia, pp. 147–149.)

(4) St. Ignatius here conferred with Blessed Peter Canisius on the apostolic works to be undertaken in Germany (1549).

(5) Here St. Ignatius' countenance was frequently seen by St. Philip Neri shining with light. (Acta Sanctor. § 88 p. 585.)

(6) Here St. Ignatius received the wonderful letters of St. Francis Xavier from India, which he read to St. Philip, and the latter requested to be allowed to read to the Fathers and Brothers of the Oratory.

(1) He had a wonderful devotion to the Holy Angels, and in the lessons of his office (8 Aug.) it is said, that at the moment of death his soul was seen ascending heavenward, escorted by angels.

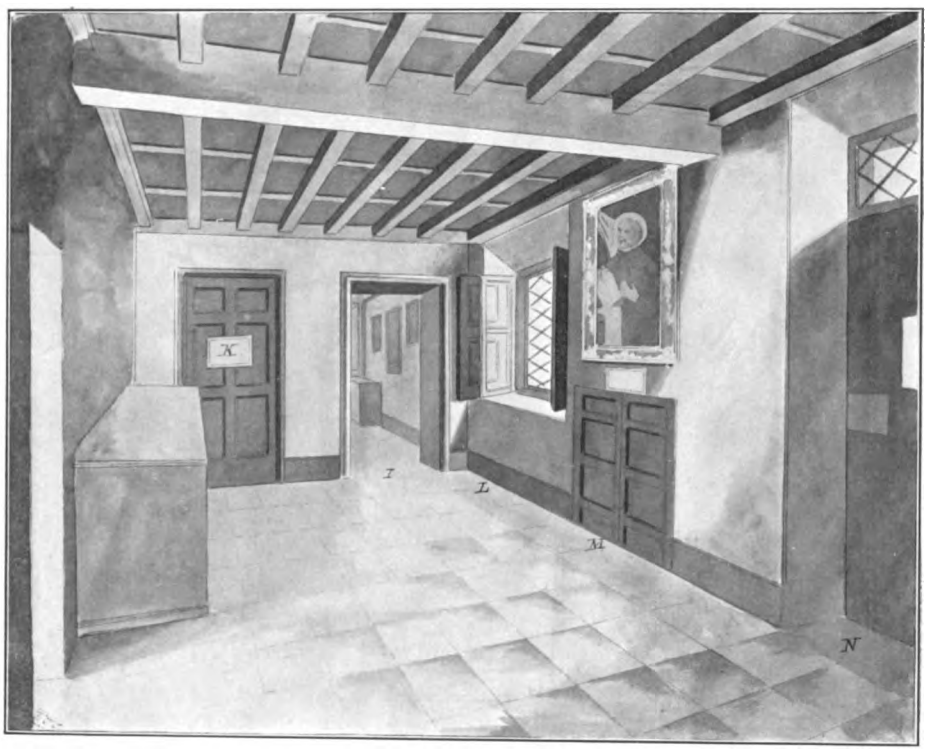
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(7) The first General Congregation of the Society was held in this room in 1558, two years after the death of St. Ignatius, when Father James Lainez, who had been acting as Vicar General, was elected the second General of the Society. The Congregation consisted of twenty Professed Fathers delegated from every Province of the Society.

the room, but these were taken away, when the Society was driven from the Gesù in 1873.

(5) Doorway near the spot where St. Ignatius and St. Francis Borgia died. (I in plan.)

This was made for convenience, probably about 1602, when the rooms were converted into chapels. The real door between this room and the next may be



THE SECOND ROOM OF ST. IGNATIUS.
(The letters correspond to those in the plan.)

(3) OBJECTS PRESERVED IN THE ROOM SINCE ST. IGNATIUS' TIME.

(1) The picture of our Lady and Child above the altar.

(2) The little picture of the crucifixion over the doorway.

(3) The two presses or cupboards near the altar are said to have been used by St. Ignatius.

(4) AUTOGRAPHS OF SAINTS.

Formerly the framed autographs of many great Saints used to hang around

seen in the latter room to the right on entering. (K in plan.)

IV.

SECOND ROOM OF THE SAINT. THE ANTICAMERA OR PARLOR.

(No. II in plan.)

This used to be the first room visited before 1873. It is about 5½ metres long by 3¼ wide.

(1) INSCRIPTIONS.

The translation only is here given.

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(1) On the window shutters. (L in plan.)

"From this window, the shutters of which are still the same (as in his time), St. Ignatius could see the garden of the original house" (of Our Lady della Strada).

The adjoining corridor, made about 1623, has darkened this room.

(2) Over the fireplace, now changed into a cupboard. (M in plan.)

"In this fireplace, with these same doors which St. Ignatius used to open and close, and where a fire used to be kindled, the Saint by an act of generous detachment from his relatives, burnt some letters they sent him without even opening them." (Ribadeneira, p. 336.)

(3) On the door opening from the corridor. (N in plan.)

"This very door St. Ignatius opened and closed on entering or leaving his apartment."

This door suffered greatly from the penknives of pilgrims in the year of the Vatican Council, and has had to be protected.

(4) On the disused door. (K in plan.)

The inscription is similar to the preceding one.

(2) OTHER OBJECTS OF INTEREST.

(1) The portrait of the Saint over the fireplace is said to be of value.

(2) Casts of the features of St. Francis Borgia and Venerable Father Joseph Pignatelli, taken immediately after death.

(3) Press with a collection of articles that belonged to Venerable Cardinal Bellarmine, including his biretta, mitre, chalice, rosary, missal, instruments of mortification, etc. (P in plan.)

V.

THIRD ROOM OF THE SAINT. HIS STUDY WHERE HE WROTE THE CONSTITUTIONS.

(No. III in plan.)

(1) INSCRIPTIONS.

(1) On the entrance door. (Q in plan.)

The inscription is similar to that on the doors mentioned above. (F. K. N. in plan.)

(2) On the walls (the following four inscriptions are quoted by the Bollandists). N. 107.

(*a*) "The dwelling and sleeping apartment of St. Ignatius, where also Father James Lainez, second General of the Society, died in the odor of sanctity on January 19, 1565."

(*b*) "Here at the hour of prayer the Holy Ghost descended on the head of St. Ignatius in the form of a flame."

(*c*) "Here St. Ignatius, while writing the Constitutions, saw the Mother of God give signs of approval."

(*d*) "In this room St. Ignatius received from the Most Blessed Trinity extraordinary lights concerning the Institute."

(3) On the window shutters. (T in plan.)

"The door by which St. Ignatius went to the adjoining balcony." (U in plan.)

(2) OTHER OBJECTS OF INTEREST.

(1) The balcony overlooking a garden, and in those days with unimpeded view of the sky (1) where St. Ignatius used to sit and gaze at the starlit heaven and exclaim:

"Oh! how vile this world seems when I look up to heaven!"

(2) Statue of the Saint in a large glass case made by his lay brother attendant, just after his death. (R in plan.) It is clothed in the identical vestments in which the Saint used to say Mass and in which he was buried. (*Mariani Vita di S. Ignazio, l. iv., c. 12, n. 8, p. 434. Acta Sanctorum, 31 Jul., n. 107.*)

(3) Ancient Greek painting of our Lady and Child, presented by Don Baldassare, Lord of Loyola, nephew of St. Ignatius, on April 2, 1664.

(4) Small painting of our Lady and Child on the altar, richly indulgenced

(1) The large arch overhanging the gallery was built about 1620.

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by Pope Pius VII. on September 10, 1821, and presented by Her Royal Highness, Maria Teresa of Savoy, Duchess of Lucca, wife of the Infante of Spain, on April 3, 1824.

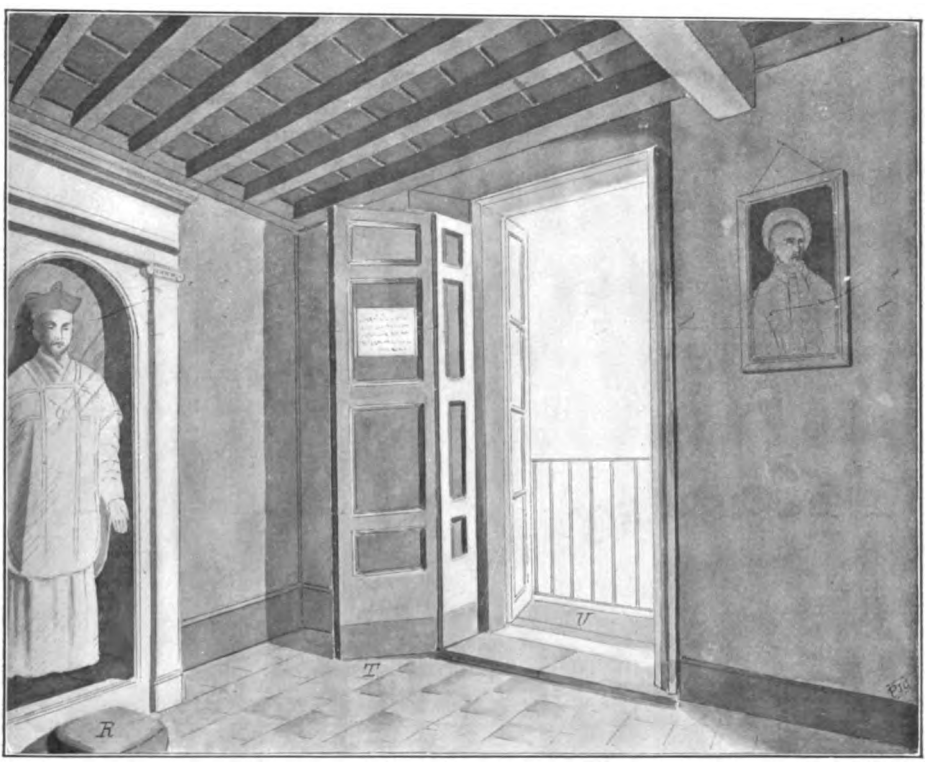
VI.

THE CORRIDOR AND FORMER(1) ENTRANCE. (X in plan.)

The corridor was made about 1623, the pavement. The exuberance of the artist's imagination has led him to overcrowd the space with detail.

From the windows may be seen the cortile and garden of the Gesù, now left in a forlorn, neglected state. (Z in plan.)

Right opposite, under the sun dial, are the windows of the rooms of the Generals of the Society.



THE THIRD ROOM OF ST. IGNATIUS, IN WHICH HE WROTE THE CONSTITUTIONS.

when the residence of the Gesù was built. The frescoes are by the Jesuit lay brother, Pozzi, architect, painter and master of perspective, whose masterpiece is the ceiling of the Church of S. Ignazio They are interesting as feats of perspective, the uncouth figures of angels seeming light and airy and the crooked arches and brackets appearing erect, graceful and wonderfully real when seen from the points marked on

VII.

GENERALS OF THE SOCIETY WHO HAVE LIVED IN THESE ROOMS.

(1) ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA, 1544 TO 1556.

The Church, in the lessons of his office, says that this great Saint is thought to have been raised up by God as a bulwark of the Church against Luther and the other heretics of the reformation.

St. Francis Xavier, out of reverence to him, wrote his letters to him kneeling.

(1) *i. e.* before 1863.

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St. Philip Neri's love and veneration for St. Ignatius are well known. In the office of St. Ignatius it is mentioned that St. Philip saw his countenance shining with a celestial light.

St. Francis Borgia, out of affection for St. Ignatius, still living, would say his first Mass in the Castle of Loyola, near the room where Ignatius was born, and on the threshold he prostrated himself and kissed the ground.

St. Charles Borromeo made his retreat before Ordination in the Gesù, and said his second Mass in St. Ignatius' room.

St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, in a remarkable vision on December 26, 1599 (related by the Bollandists), learned that God takes wonderful complacency in the soul of Ignatius.

Ven. Louis of Granada, O. P., said he never tired of reading the life of Ignatius written by F. Ribadeneira.

Blessed John d'Avila, one of the greatest lights of the Church of Spain, said he was but a humble follower of Ignatius, and wished to copy his spirit.

Pope Paul III. considered Ignatius as raised up by God to repair the evils of the Church in that calamitous period.

Pope Julius III. revered him as a man of consummate virtue and never refused him any request.

Pope Paul IV. would never suffer Ignatius to address him on his knees, or with head uncovered.

Pope Marcellus II. regarded him a man of eminent wisdom and sanctity.

John III., King of Portugal, said Ignatius had opened the gates of Paradise to so many nations, that he would fain see in his hands the Keys of the Church.

The Emperor Ferdinand I. would never treat of any matter in Rome without first consulting Ignatius.

Cardinal della Cueva, on hearing of his death, said the Church had lost one of her ablest sons.

Cardinal Baronius, the illustrious son of St. Philip Neri, first paid public homage to St. Ignatius, prostrating himself before the people on his tomb, kissing it several times, and then placing Ignatius' portrait there for public veneration.

These few instances may serve to show the love, veneration and admiration St. Ignatius inspired, in those not belonging to the Order he founded.

The Saint died in 1556, was beatified in 1609, and canonized in 1622.

NOTE. The opinion that Cardinals, Archbishps, Bishops to whom the saint was personally known, expressed of his sanctity, as also the opinions of other eminent persons may be read in Acta Sanct. 31 Jul. §§ 55, 102, 103, 104.

(2) FATHER JAMES LAINEZ, 1558 TO 1565.

He was one of St. Ignatius' first companions, so much esteemed by him that he is reported to have said that to no one did the Society owe more than to Father Lainez.

He was a man of extraordinary talent, and of singular innocence and sanctity. Sent by Pope Paul IV. with Cardinal d'Este into France, he refuted utterly and silenced Beza and Peter Martyr, the champions of the Reformers at the public assembly at Poissy.

Appointed Theologian of the Holy See by three Popes at the Council of Trent, he astonished the Fathers of the Council by his amazing powers of memory and intellect, and by his eloquence that carried everything before it. They spoke of him as the prince of theologians and the mouthpiece of the Holy Ghost.

Cardinal Bellarmine called him the wonder of the world, and Foscarari, Bishop of Modena, said he considered himself fortunate to have lived in an age when he could see and hear Fathers Lainez and Salmeron. (1)

He died in the third of these rooms (No. III in plan) in the odor of sanctity on January 19, 1565.

(1) Father Lainez was 34 years old and Father Salmeron 30 years old when the Pope sent them as his Theologians to the Council of Trent.

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The story of his last illness and death is very touching. Towards the close of December, 1564, he became seriously ill. On the feast of the Circumcision, January 1, 1565, he dined with his brethren in the refectory for the last time.

On the feast of the Epiphany, January 6, 1565, by an almost incredible effort he was able to get through Mass. On leaving the Sacristy he met St. Francis Borgia, whom he dearly loved, and said to him: "Help me back to my room, dear Father Francis. I shall never stand at God's altar again." On January 19 he rendered up his pure soul to God, with St. Francis at his side.

(3) ST. FRANCIS BORGIA, 1565 TO 1572.

He was the fourth Duke of Gandia, and third General of the Society. His admiration of St. Ignatius and the first Fathers of the Society knew no bounds, and he envied all who were appointed to render them the lowest and most menial services. It is said that his every prayer was an ecstasy, and that in his daily Mass, tears of divine love rained from his eyes. When elected General, the only privilege he attached to the office was, that no one had authority to restrict his penances. St. Teresa and St. Pius V., Pope, had the greatest esteem for him. This Pope gave a striking proof of his affection on a remarkable occasion. After his coronation in St. Peter's, and his enthronement in St. John Lateran, the procession was returning with great pomp and splendor to the Vatican and had to pass by the house of the Jesuit Fathers. To the surprise of all his suite, the Pope ordered a pause to be made before the house, and alighting from his sedile, went to the door of the house and clasped St. Francis in his arms, conversing with him for about a quarter of an hour.

St. Francis Borgia in these rooms admitted the angelic St. Stanislaus Kostka into the Society in 1567.



STATUE OF ST. IGNATIUS.
(In Room No. 116 of plan.) Clothed with the identical vestments in which he used to say Mass.

(4) FATHER EVERARD MERCURIAN, 1573—1580.

Those who knew him say that in him they saw a living reflection of the virtues of St. Ignatius.

(5) FATHER CLAUDIUS AQUAVIVA, 1581—1615.

He was the son of the Duke of Atri, and a prelate at the Pontifical Court, but abandoned all worldly prospects to enter the Society. He was elected General of the Society at an early age and governed it with marvellous prudence and ability for the space of thirty-four years.

He admitted St. Aloysius Gonzaga into the Society in these rooms in 1585.

In 1602 the rooms of St. Ignatius were by him converted into chapels.

VIII.

Other Holy Memories.

To the many precious records given above may be added the following:

(1) St. John Berchmans, a scholastic of the Society, arrived in Rome on De-

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cember 31, 1618, and was received with great affection by the General, Father Mutius Vitelleschi, who bade him spend New Year's day, 1619, with the Fathers at the Gesù. On that occasion the young Saint visited these rooms for the first time, and probably spent a considerable time here in prayer. On January 2, he joined the Scholastics in the Roman College.

(2) Blessed Ignatius Azevedo, who, with thirty-nine companions, suffered martyrdom at sea on July 15, 1570, here received St. Francis Borgia's parting blessing and embrace on leaving Rome. St. Francis gave him as a present from the Pope, St. Pius V., a copy of the Madonna of St. Luke, venerated at St. Mary Major, and this picture the martyr clasped tightly to his breast while the Calvinists transfixed him with their pikes and flung him into the sea. That same day (July 15, 1570) St. Teresa, kneeling in her cell at Avila, saw Blessed Ignatius and his thirty-nine companions ascend to heaven crowned with light and holding palms of victory.

(3) In this same room Blessed Rodolf Aquaviva, the martyr (nephew of Father Claudius Aquaviva), after a long struggle with the Duke, his father, who opposed his vocation to the Society, was finally admitted into it by St. Francis Borgia with the leave of Pope St. Pius V. on April 2, 1568.

(4) Here Blessed Edmund Campion, martyr, came to take leave of Father General Everard Mercurian, on setting out with Father Parsons for the English mission in 1580.

It is very probable, too, that Blessed Thomas Cotton, martyr, and Venerable Robert Southwell, martyr, were here admitted into the Society by Father General.

Such are some of the holy memories attaching to these rooms. The fragrance of the prayers of the Saints still lingers here; the protection, almost the presence of St. Ignatius, is here sensibly felt; and who shall tell the countless graces that have descended on chosen souls, as they here knelt in prayer, asking the Saint's intercession.

PRAYER OF THE CHURCH ON THE FEAST OF ST. IGNATIUS, JULY 31.

O God, who for the spread of the greater glory of Thy Name, hast through Blessed Ignatius strengthened Thy Church with new auxiliaries, grant that we, by his help and example, fighting here on earth may deserve to be crowned with him in heaven. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

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THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND SAINTS OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.
VISION OF FATHER M. GUTTIEREZ. (Gagliardi.)

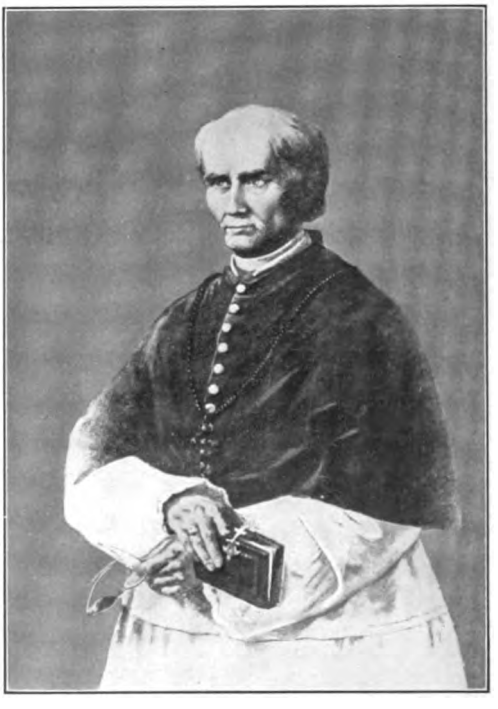
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MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL.

Pioneer Sister of Mercy in California.

(*Continued.*)

SAN FRANCISCO was then in its raw beginnings. Its present Archbishop, Dr. Riordan, told Mother Baptist that, when he made his first Communion, there was but one Catholic church in Chicago where there were at the time that he spoke sixty-four churches. The progress of San Francisco was probably still more rapid in some respects, if not in the matter of churches: for Mother Baptist, reporting Archbishop Riordan's observation in a letter, remarks that San Francisco had not then half as many churches as Chicago, even including the convent-chapels. But when she first drove to St. Patrick's on Market Street, there were only two other churches in the place, St. Francis' in Vallejo Street and an old adobe church in the Mission Dolores, then a suburb, now absorbed into the city. The Cathedral was opened, though still unfinished, some weeks after the arrival of the Sisters.



THE LATE MOST REV. JOSEPH ALEMANY, O. P.

But surely this religious accommodation was wonderfully ample when we are reminded that the town of San Francisco could hardly be said to be at that time ten years old. The name indeed of San Francisco de los Dolores had been given to the territory in 1776 by the Franciscan Fathers who succeeded the Jesuit Missionaries after the suppression of the Society; but the hamlet itself was called Yerba Buena, till about the year 1846, when a man-of-war took possession of it for the United States. Before 1848 San Francisco, as it had begun to be called, had only three hundred inhabitants; but in that year the gold mines were discovered, and the population increased suddenly month by month to 2,000 and 20,000. The figures given for the year 1850 are 34,000; for 1860, 56,800; for 1870, 149,470; for 1880, 233,900; and in 1885, 275,000. Later figures are not at hand; and we need only add that in the Presidential election of 1884 10,000 of the 12,800 who had once been British subjects were Irish—which is an indication of the strength of the Irish element in the population. Evidently by that time there was a fine field for the labors of Irish Sisters of Mercy.

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Things were in a crude state when they began their mission. Fifty years later, writing in April, 1896, Mother Baptist mentions that fresh eggs (then twenty cents a dozen) were three dollars a dozen when they had first to buy them. A grimmer trait of those primitive times is the statement that we have seen in a San Francisco newspaper that between the years 1849 and 1856 a thousand homicides were committed in the little city, and out of these there were only seven convictions.

Dr. Alemany and his priests received the Sisters most kindly. "From the first," wrote Mother Baptist, "we felt that we had a saint to deal with in the Archbishop." He appointed December 12, as his first day to celebrate Mass for them, and they wondered how he had fixed on the anniversary of the foundation of their Order, which was a feast of the first class for them; but they found that this date was also the greatest of the Mexican feasts of the Blessed Virgin under the title of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

January 2, 1855, they established themselves in a small house in Vallejo Street, near the county hospital.

By degrees Mother Baptist quietly and prudently undertook the various works that were most pressingly needed, especially the nursing of the sick and the education of the young. The rapidly rising town was then very unhealthy, and cholera (introduced by a ship *Uncle Sam*, September 5, 1855) wrought dreadful havoc amongst the inhabitants. Mother Baptist used with great effect her recent experience of that terrible plague in Ireland. She and her Sisters went fearlessly into the overcrowded hospital, and their heroic charity at once secured for them the love and respect of the people. One of their newspapers, *The Daily News*, wrote as follows :



THE CHAPEL IN ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL.

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THE LATE REV. HUGH GALLAGHER.

"We visited yesterday the patients in the hospital; a more horrible and ghastly sight we have seldom witnessed. In the midst of this scene of sorrow, pain, anguish and danger, were ministering angels who disregarded everything to aid their distressed fellow-creatures. The Sisters of Mercy, rightly named, whose convent is opposite the hospital, as soon as they learned the state of things, hurried to offer their services. They did not stop to inquire whether the poor sufferers were Protestants or Catholics, Americans or foreigners, but with the noblest devotion applied themselves to their relief. One sister might be seen bathing the limbs of a sufferer, another chafing the extremities, a third applying the remedies, while others with pitying faces were calming the fears of those supposed to be dying. The idea of danger never seems to have occurred to these noble women; they heeded nothing of the kind. If the lives of any of the unfortunates be saved, they will owe their preservation to those noble ladies."

The dreadful epidemic not only opened the doors of the hospital to the Sisters, but installed them there officially. On fixed conditions they assumed the entire control of the institution, October 24, 1855. Of course there were many outbursts of bigotry, met by the most favorable reports from the Protestant physicians and all who were qualified to judge, but, when the sick of the County Hospital were transferred in July, 1857, to North Beach, the municipal authorities did not invite the holy and devoted nurses to accompany them. The Sisters rented the vacated premises from the city, changing the name "State Union and County Hospital" into "St. Mary's Hospital." Their work prospered, and they were obliged to seek a larger house, which was found at the meeting of First Street and Bryant Street.(1) Here St. Mary's Hospital has gradually grown in extent and in the completeness of its equipment until to-day it stands a noble monument of the courageous and persevering zeal and energy of its foundress.

Father Slattery of Marysville, who preached an eloquent sermon at the laying of the foundation stone of St. Mary's, died of typhoid fever a month after, under the care of the Sisters in the old hospital. It was Father King who chiefly collected

(1) The curt American way of giving this address on envelopes suggested the following quatrain to one of Mother Baptist's correspondents:

The best of all possible matches, they say,
Are those manufactured by Bryant and May.
And of possible Convents by no means the worst,
Is the Convent located on Bryant and First.



THE LATE REV. FATHER MARASCHI, S.J.

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the funds for building the hospital. Indeed all the priests helped the Sisters most generously, and very few of the letters home, especially in the early years, failed to express Mother Baptist's gratitude to her reverend benefactors. Naturally her Jesuit brother was duly informed of the goodness of his religious brethren. "God bless the Jesuits" is a phrase that frequently occurs in her letters. Some of these had been fellow-travellers on that memorable journey from the Empire City to the Golden Gate, which ended on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1854. The Fathers of the Society seemed to have been at first absorbed in the work of education. They soon established their college at Santa Clara, which has since developed so nobly. Yet can the author of "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy" be quite accurate in stating that not for some months but "for the first few years there was only one Jesuit in the city, Father Maraschi?" "Nevertheless," she adds, "they (her Californian Sisters) never missed a Retreat, and their Retreats have always been conducted by Jesuits." Many years afterwards, as late as July, 1896, writing to her sister in Newry, Mother Baptist remarks apropos of certain sudden deaths: "Those two Jesuits(1) in *The Irish Monthly* went unexpectedly. I think the one who went calmly to the Rector and asked to be anointed as he felt death at hand had a most enviable end. What a sweet faith and conformity of will he manifested. Our first Jesuit friend here, good Father Maraschi, now very old, is almost blind, but manages to do a great deal."

The truest friend, however, to the Sisters was to the last their first friend, the first California priest they had seen, the ambassador from the New World who had invited them to "fresh fields and pastures new," though even Father Hugh Gallagher was rivalled by his reverend brother, Joseph, in quiet devotion to their interests. Very fitly Father Hugh was chosen to preach at the funeral of the Sister who, out of this little band of holy emigrants, was the first to emigrate to the newest world of all. One is almost surprised to find that the oldest of the community was the first to die, for death seldom follows a chronological order, and mourners have often complained, like a bereaved parent in one of Gerald Griffin's ballads,

"That death a backward course should hold—
Should smite the young and spare the old."

Mother de Sales Reddan was the aunt of Mother Francis Bridgeman of Kinsale, to whom, as to other nieces and nephews, she had taken the place of their mother. She had founded the Good Shepherd convent in Limerick, which has now done glorious work for souls for more than fifty years. As soon as she had placed this and her other works of charity on a permanent basis, Dr. Ryan, the Bishop of Limerick, allowed her to depart, and she placed herself under her niece at Kinsale, the most docile and humble of novices. Her zeal and spirit of perfect detachment prompted her, as we have seen, to make further sacrifices and to go from World's End (1) to the ends of the earth at what seemed to her youthful companions quite a venerable age, for she was more than twice as old as her Mother Superior in San Francisco. She caught a fatal cold in July, 1857, while travelling by steamer with Mother Baptist to establish their first branch at Sacramento city. Her youthful Super-

(1) Evidently Father Denis Murphy, who died May 18, 1896, and Father Carton, who died on the fifteenth of the preceding month, both in the manner here described. May they rest in peace!

(1) This is the name given to a cluster of fishermen's cottages on the shore near Kinsale; at least it was so called in August, 1854, when the writer climbed up Stony Steps to bid good-bye forever to the subject of the present sketch.

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ior wrote of her thus, not when her loss was recent, but many years later:

"I never met any one more forgetful of self or more zealous for souls. I have seen her with clasped hands, and tears coursing down her cheeks, praying for some poor hardened sinner. She felt we had a grand field for our labors in this country, and her gratitude for being assigned to such a mission was unbounded. I never could tell you what she was or describe the impression she made on all with whom she came in contact. She is remembered and spoken of still, after the lapse of so many years, and you know how short her career in California was—not quite three years. I did not mind so much the feeling manifested at the time of her death. It was so sudden that it created a sensation by that circumstance alone. Besides, she was the first religious that died in San Francisco, or even in California. But I do really feel astonished when some circumstance causes her to be mentioned, and I see how vivid is the remembrance of her words and actions. Even Archbishop Alemany, who seemed a regular stoic in his way, more than once alluded to her with real feeling."

Long before its time the curious circumstance may be noted that, as Father Hugh Gallagher preached at the obsequies of Mother de Sales, the first Sister of Mercy buried in Californian soil, so Father Hugh Gallagher preached at the obsequies of Mother Baptist herself more than forty years later. But in the latter case it was a Jesuit nephew and namesake of the good old man who had died long before.

(*To be continued.*)



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MARY'S COUNSEL.

By J. Reader.

To him that knocketh it shall be opened.

IT had been a hard year altogether, troubles had come, "not in single spies, but in battalions." First the long frost, and then the strike, and then the fever, which was the worst of all.

Typhoid, that scourge of the poor, had gone forth as a lion ravening and hunted down its victims in the crowded courts and alleys of the city, with remorseless fury. In the poorest quarters, where rents were lowest and food scarcest, it ran its evil course unchecked; for, although sanitary reformers came with tardy steps upon the scene of the trouble, and at length tracked the evil beast to his lair, a filthy polluted stream ran stealthily through the district; he was not to be stopped by talk and indignant letters to the papers, and stronger measures were adopted only when it was too late. Too late for the widows, too late for the orphans, too late for the mothers who wept for their children, and would not be comforted because they were not.

There is always the sword of Herod amongst the innocent, riches and power keeping its own at any price; foul air and polluted streams, what are they? Are they not the very signs and tokens of flourishing manufacture and thriving commerce? The poor suffer, perhaps, but are there not fine hospitals for them to be ill and die in? We cannot stop our factories just for the sake of giving them fresh air and pure water; they must not make themselves a menace to the kingdom of the rich.

"Blessed are the meek," said Jesus Christ; and it is not often that the poor protest, even in their hearts. When the fever knocked at Mrs. Fleming's door, she only said, "It is the will of God;" and at once set to work to nurse her daughter back to health. She was a poor widow, but God had blessed her, as she herself was wont to say, with two good daughters, and with their earnings she kept a modest home together; her own industry and thrift making the slender income enough for all things needful for the well being of the three. But the wage of one is not as the wage of two, and milk and broth for an invalid are not to be had for nothing. They prayed and trusted, and looked for better days, and the one worker of the family went off cheerfully morning after morning with nothing but a little dry bread and a drink of tea to support her through the long hours of labor; and if the evening meal was only a repetition of the morning one, she did not complain, she had only to look round amongst her neighbors to find many as badly off as herself. It was the elder of the two girls who had fever, Agnes, aged twenty; the younger one, Mary, had just turned eighteen, and she was a fine blooming girl, of a hopeful, cheery disposition.

The weeks dragged on, and still the girl lay wasted and listless, almost lacking the energy to begin to get well. Who does not know the tardy and weary convalescence of typhoid? But the doctor said she was over the worst, and that she would get well with care.

"We must have patience, mother," said Mary, "she'll take a turn one day and mend up right fast, see if she doesn't."

"But it is hard on you, Mary, and Oh my dear, you *do* look white. I'm fair frightened for you."

"Oh, I'm all right, I'm very strong."

"So was Agnes, and look at her now," sobbed the poor woman.

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"Don't you fret, mother, think what a blessing it is that I have good work and good wages."

The girl spoke cheerfully, but although she would hardly confess it to herself, she was feeling very far from well. She kept up as long as possible, but one day she came home from work before her time, and her mother put her to bed beside her sister, another victim to the cruel fever.

Then came a time of great sorrow and of deep distress. One by one the household treasures disappeared, leaving blank spaces in the little home; the Sunday clothes and the little personal belongings of the family went to provide a little money for rent and fire and food.

Now and then a neighbor brought a little offering of food, but the wolf at Mrs. Fleming's door was the hungriest and leanest of his kind, and he would not go away for such a scanty dole.

"I can't work miracles," said the doctor one day, "I can't cure my patients in the face of starvation. Your daughter is as ill as she possibly can be, and without the necessary nourishment I do not see how she can pull through. This girl," he said, pointing to Agnes, "is almost as bad, and dying of sheer weakness."

"Neither can I work miracles, doctor," said Mrs. Fleming; "you see how I have lived so far;" she reached down an old cracked teapot from the mantel piece and showed it to him, full of pawn tickets. "You have been very kind, sir, and so has Father Grey; but without a penny coming in all these weeks, what can I do more than I have done?" "Well, it's a bad job," said the doctor, "however, we must hope for the best. I will see if I can get someone to send you a little soup."

When he was gone Mrs. Fleming put her head on the table and cried bitterly. Agnes, who was downstairs and sitting, white and listless, by the fire, wept quietly; it was quite true what the doctor had said, she could not get strong again unless she could get some strengthening food.

"Mother," called Mary from her bed, which was close by the top of the short stair leading from the kitchen; she heard all that was said below. "Mother!"

"Yes, love;" Mrs. Fleming raised her head.

"You and Agnes come up, and let us talk a bit."

"It is cold up there for Agnes, dear."

"I'm coming, Mary," said Agnes. "Come mother, we may not be so long together, let us sit with Mary a bit."

They sat down each side of the poor bed, and cried with breaking hearts. There was a badge of the Sacred Heart pinned on Mary's breast and a picture of the Sacred Heart hanging over the bed.

"Did the doctor say I was dying, mother?" asked Mary. She fingered the badge on her breast with nervous, twitching fingers.

"We're both dying, love," said her sister in a despairing voice, "and it's the best thing, for we'll never work again. God will be good to mother when we're gone; we won't live to be a burden on her."

"Oh, my girls! my good girls!" cried the poor mother. "That I should live to see this day!" "We'll meet in heaven, mother," said Agnes. "Oh, mother, think how happy you will be when your two girls come to meet you in heaven; no more work, nor hunger, nor cold, nor any troubles; and God will wipe away every tear."

Mrs. Fleming threw herself on her knees by the bed and buried her face in the clothes.

Mary put down her hand and gently stroked her hair.

"Poor mother, poor mother," she whispered softly. "What did the doctor say I had besides the fever, Agnes?"

"Pneumonia; a lot of them have had it with the typhoid."

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"It's a bad pain, and O, this weary thirst!"

Her mother rose and gave her a drink of lemon water.

"So there is no hope for us any more," she said when she had drunk. "I have a prayer in my prayer book that I used to say for Holy Communion, 'Lord I shall never lose my hope,' but I can't say that now; we have prayed and prayed, mother, haven't we?"

"Yes, Mary, but it has seemed all in vain; we know it has not been in vain; but we have nothing to hope for now, that I can see, and may my time be short when you are taken from me."

"Jesus, Mary, Joseph," said Mary, and her eyes closed wearily.

"We shall be doing wrong if we lose hope," said Agnes.

"Faith, Hope and Charity, we are bound to have; let us say the Rosary, mother, and trust in God to the last." They said the Rosary softly together, while Mary appeared to sleep, their tears flowing afresh every time they looked at her poor wasted face and dry, cracked lips. Presently she opened her eyes with a smile.

"I was thinking, mother," she said, "if we were only in Nazareth now."

"In Nazareth, child?"

"Yes, and we could go and knock at the door of the Holy House, and Mary or Joseph would open the door, and we could say, 'We are very poor and in great trouble, will you please help us, Mary and Joseph? You have Jesus with you, and with Him are all things, please help us poor people.' We shouldn't have to knock twice, should we?"

Mrs. Fleming laid her hand on the girl's forehead; she was a little light-headed again, that was a bad sign.

"Knock and it shall be opened unto you; why don't you knock, mother?"

"Where shall I knock, Mary?"

"In the church of course, mother. They are all there, Jesus is there, and Mary and Joseph must be there too; go, mother, go and ask them to help us; tell them Agnes and I want to get better. We're only young yet; go at once, mother."

"My dear, I have been again and again; I have left you as much as I dared."

"But go now, mother, quick! Agnes will stop with me; they are all there, mother, make haste and ask; they will help us, mother, I know they will."

"You better go, mother," said Agnes sadly, "it will trouble her if you don't, and we can only pray now." Mrs. Fleming put on her shawl and took her way to the church with a heavy heart; at least she could pray for strength to bear her trials. Poor dear Mary! pretty light-hearted Mary; she had never been poor as long as she had had her.

The church was always open—and this afternoon it appeared to be empty, which was rather unusual. The wintry sunshine was pouring through the western window the golden light of the sunset, and it filled the church as with a glory. A long band of golden light lay upon the altar of the Sacred Heart, and thither the poor woman instinctively turned her steps, because the Heart of Jesus had been ever the special object of her devotion. She knelt down; what was it she had to do? Knock at the door at Nazareth and say, "Mary and Joseph will you please help us, we are poor and in great trouble." It was too heart-breaking; she could not pray, she sat down on the altar steps and gave herself up to an agony of grief, hiding her face in her shawl.

On the other side of the church a gentleman had been walking round the Lady chapel, in a leisurely way, admiring the frescoes; he noticed a poor woman walk up the aisle, and presently when he turned he again saw her at the altar of the Sacred Heart, for she was kneeling in the stream of the sunlight and he could not fail to notice her. While he looked she sank down into an attitude of hopeless misery and his attention was at once riveted. He hesi-

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tated a moment and then crossed over to her. She was sobbing unrestrainedly and he felt very sorry for her. "You seem to be in great trouble," he said, "can I do anything for you?" She did not speak.

"What is the matter?" he said again. She tried to speak but her sobs choked her. He looked at her compassionately; she seemed very poor. He had been very poor himself once, he reflected. He put his hand in his pocket. There were not many ills that money could not cure, or at least alleviate.

"Take this," he said, offering her a sovereign, but she did not attempt to take it; so he put it in her lap, and went and knelt down near to say a prayer before leaving the church. Presently Mrs. Fleming rose, and the sovereign slipped from her lap and rolled along the aisle; she knelt a little longer by the altar and then turned to leave the church. The stranger picked up the coin and followed her out, overtaking her at the door.

"You have dropped this," he said, offering her the coin.

"It is not mine, sir."

"Yes it is, I gave it to you; I put it in your lap."

"I did not notice, sir; thank you very much, I am greatly obliged to you."

"You seem in great trouble."

"I am indeed, sir," she answered, beginning to weep, "I came here to pray for help, but I could only cry."

"Our tears are very availing prayers. Tell me what is the matter."

She told him briefly.

"I will go in and see your priest," he said, "and send you some help by him. I am only passing through the town, and I leave to-morrow. What is your name?"

"Fleming is my name, sir, Mary Fleming."

"Well that is strange," said he, as he put the address in his note book. "I am just going on to Leeds to look for a Mary Fleming."

"Leeds, sir? That is my native place; but it's a common name enough is Fleming; they called me MacLaughlin before I was married," she added absently.

But the stranger started.

"Good Lord!" he said, "then it is you, Mary! Here's a miracle and no mistake."

"You're never John MacLaughlin?"

"Of course I am; don't you know your brother when you see him? Give us a kiss, my girl. I've come home all the way from America to find you."

"Then God has heard my prayers! I thought you must be dead, as I hadn't heard of you all these years; I wrote and wrote to you."

"Put that sovereign in the poor box and take me home with you. Your troubles are over, Mary, as far as money goes, for I'm a rich man now, and I've no one belonging to me except you and the girls; come, cheer up now; no more tears."

"They're happy tears, lad," she answered, as they walked along. "Only this day I said to the girls, all hope is gone from us, and here you were close at hand, coming to help us! Tell me why you never wrote to me."

"I did write to you at the old address, but I never had a reply; but I was moving about from place to place for some years, so your letters may have missed me."

"We left Leeds ten years ago, as my husband was offered a good post here, in Liverpool; he's dead these five years, God rest his soul, and I wrote and told you and asked for a little help, but none ever came, and it has been a hard struggle."

"And it has been a hard struggle for me, too. Many a time I have been hard put to for a meal, but luck came at last! and we've kept our religion, Mary, you and I, and God has not forsaken us."

"Come in, John, and it's welcome home you are this day. It's a poor place"—she looked around apologetically—"I had some of the old things

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that were mother's, the tall clock and the old chest of drawers with the brass handles, but I had to let them go when the girls took bad."

"We'll have them all back——"

"Hush!" said Agnes, tip-toeing down the stairs, "Mary is sleeping so nicely, I believe she's got the turn, mother."

"Yes, love, and more than she's got the turn; here's your Uncle John from foreign parts, come home to seek us; now God forgive us for ever doubting His goodness."

"But we didn't," said Agnes stoutly.

"No, my lass," said her uncle embracing her, "I'm sure you did not. Come, make up a good fire now, your mother and I are going out shopping, and we'll have everything this night that money can buy, or my name isn't John MacLaughlin—come lass!"

When Mary opened her eyes a few hours later, the first thing she noticed was a big beautiful fire, burning cheerfully in the hitherto empty grate; then her surprised look fell on a table standing by her bedside, laden with good things—jelly, and grapes, and other unheard of luxuries.

"Mother," she called feebly. In a moment her mother was beside her, bending over her, her face glowing with happiness. "You went mother? They were there?" she asked weakly.

"Yes, yes, darling, bless your innocent soul! And we have all we want now, and you will be well again directly. Have a drink of this."

"That's a grand drink, mother," she said, "so fresh and cool. Who's that man?" she went on, pointing to her uncle, who had come up after her mother.

"Your uncle, dear, come home from America."

"And just in time, it seems," said John MacLaughlin, bending over Mary.

"It is 'just in time,' you never said a truer word in your life, John," said Mrs. Fleming, and Mary smiled. "God's time is always in time," she said gently.

THE LEGENDARY LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

By John P. Ritter.

(Concluded.)

MY concluding paper will be devoted to a brief review of several of those Catholic mediæval legends which have furnished themes for the noblest productions of nineteenth century music, literature and art. Indeed the productions of modern painters, poets and composers, whether Protestant or skeptic, are so deeply imbued with the Catholicity which pervaded these ancient legends, that in the majority of instances they serve an admirable purpose in bringing the sublime truths and moral beauties of the ancient faith to the attention of those outside the Church of Christ.

In reviving the wondrously beautiful legend of the Sangreal, for example, and giving it a charm and interest for modern readers, Tennyson has performed an inestimable service of this kind. His "Idyls of the King," which many critics consider his greatest work, is simply a modern rendering in verse of a very old Christianized myth, so old in fact that its origin can only be surmised. The first to adapt it to Christian purposes was a British hermit, who wrote a Latin romance on the subject. Helinandus, who lived in the thirteenth century, says of him:

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"At this time (A.D. 720) in Britain a marvellous vision was shown by an angel to a certain hermit. It was of the basin or paropsis in which the Saviour supped with His disciples, concerning which the history was written by the same hermit, which is called Gradal." The same author says further: "In French they give the name gradal, or graal, to a large, rather deep vessel in which rich meats with their gravy are served to the wealthy." The history of the Holy Grail, as written by the British hermit, is no longer in existence, but it seems to have been preserved in a modified form in the "Titurel and Parcival" of Wolfram von Eschenbach and in the "Perceval" of Chrétien de Troyes, which was commenced by Chrétien at the request of Philip of Alsace, Count of Flanders, and finished by Manessier toward the close of the twelfth century. "La Mort d'Arthure," the legend of King Arthur, Merlin and the knights of the Round Table, written by Sir Thomas Malory at a later period, was probably compiled from these ancient romances.

It was from Sir Thomas Malory's version of the legend that Tennyson is said to have drawn his inspiration. As condensed from the works of several of these old authors by Mr. S. Baring Gould, the story is as follows:

"When Christ was transfixed by the spear, there flowed from His side blood and water. Joseph of Arimathea collected the blood in the vessel from which the Saviour had eaten the last supper. The enraged Jews cast Joseph into prison and left him to die of hunger. But for forty-two years he lay in the dungeon nourished and invigorated by the sacred vessel which was in his possession. Titus released Joseph from prison, and received baptism at his hands. Then Joseph started with the vessel and the blood, or the Sangreal, for Britain. Before he died, he confided the sacred treasure to his nephew.

"But according to another version of the legend, the Grail was preserved in heaven, till there should appear on earth a race of heroes, worthy to become its guardians. The chief of this line was an Asiatic prince, named Perillus, who came to Gaul, where his descendants allied themselves with the family of a Breton prince. Titurel, who sprang from this heroic lineage, was the one chosen of God to found the worship of the Sangreal among the Gauls. Angels brought the vessel to him, and instructed him in its mysteries. He erected, on the model of the temple at Jerusalem, a magnificent temple to the Grail. He organized a band of guardians of the vessel, and elaborated the ceremonial of its worship. The Grail, we are told, was visible to only the baptized, and only partially if they were tainted by sin. To the pure in heart alone was it perfectly visible.

"Every Good Friday a white dove descended from heaven, bearing a white oblation which it laid before the Grail. The holy vessel gave oracles, expressed miraculously in characters which appeared on the surface of the bowl, and then vanished. Spiritual blessings attended on the vision and custody of the sacred vessel; the guardians, and those who were privileged to behold it, were conscious of a mysterious internal joy, a foretaste of that of heaven. The material blessings are easier to be described. The Grail stood in the place of all food, it supplied its worshippers with the meats they most desired and the drinks most to their taste; it maintained them in perpetual youth. The day on which the Grail had been seen, its guardians were incapable of being wounded or suffering any hurt. If they fought for eight days after the vision, they were susceptible of wounds, but not of death.

"Everything in the construction of the temple was full of mystery. It was erected on Montsalvatsch, of precious stones, gold and aloe-wood. In form it was circular; there were three principal entrances. The knights who watched

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the Grail were patterns of virtue. All sensual love, even within the limits of marriage, were strictly forbidden. A single thought of passion would obscure the eye and conceal the mystic vessel. The chief of this order of knights was entitled king. As his office was hereditary, he was permitted to marry.

"When the faith or the right was in jeopardy, a bell rang in the chapel of the Grail, and a knight was bound to go forth sword in hand to the defence. Wherever he was, should a question be asked him of his condition or office in the temple, he was to refuse to answer, and at once to return to Montsalvatsch.

"Titurel reigned four hundred years, and he, to all appearances, seemed of the age of forty. He was succeeded in his office by his son Frimutelle, who transgressed, by loving a damsel, Floramie by name. Consequently he lost the grace of the Holy Grail, and fell in joust, engaged in to give pleasure and do honor to his mistress.

"He was succeeded by his son Amfortas, who fell into grievous sin, and was given over by the Grail to be wounded by a lance. Then it was announced that he should not be healed of his wound till one came, pure and young, to Montsalvatsch who would see the mysteries of the sacred vessel, and ask their signification."

Many weary years passed by, and still the King lay wounded in his palace. The brotherhood of the Grail was dissolved, and the existence of the temple and its mystic rites were almost forgotten. In the fulness of time, Sir Galahad, a pure young knight, arrived at the court of King Arthur and went forth with other heroes of the Round Table in quest of the Holy Grail. Now let us turn for a moment to Tennyson's description of the irreproachable king, and the patterns of Christian Chivalry who constituted his order of Knights.

"A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King.
* * * * * *
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds."

Not long after the youthful Galahad had been dubbed knight by King Arthur, he and his companions were seated at the Round Table, in the absence of their King, when—

"All at once, as there we sat, we heard
A cracking and a riving of the roofs,
And rending, and a blast, and overhead
Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry,
And in the blast there smote along the hall
A beam of light seven times more clear than day,
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,
All over cover'd with a luminous cloud,
And none might see who bare it, and it passed.
But every knight beheld his fellow's face,
As in a glory, and all the knights arose,
And staring each at other like dumb men
Stood, till I found a voice and swore a vow."

In this beautiful passage, Tennyson makes Sir Percivale the narrator. The gallant knight had heard and witnessed the sounds and blinding light that accompanied the appearance of the Holy Grail, but the sacred vessel itself had escaped his vision. Indeed none but the pure-minded Sir Galahad beheld the mystic vessel through the luminous

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cloud which enveloped it, and, because they had not seen the Grail, many of the knights vowed with Sir Percivale that they would go forth and ride "a twelve month and a day in quest of it," and Galahad made the same vow, saying:

"I saw the Holy Grail and heard a cry,
O Galahad. and O Galahad, follow me!"

After the knights had separated to pursue their quest, Sir Galahad, Sir Percivale and Sir Bors met in the forest, and rode together to the castle of Amfortas. There they supped, and after supper beheld a great light in which were four angels bearing up an ancient man in bishop's vestments. And they set him down before a table of silver on which appeared the Sangreal. This aged prelate was none other than Joseph of Arimathea. While they were gazing upon this wondrous vision, other angels appeared bearing candles, and a spear from which fell drops of blood. These drops were collected by an angel in a box. Then Joseph began celebrating the sacred mysteries, and, at the consecration, our Blessed Lord appeared and said,

"Galahad, sonne, wotest thou what I hold between my hands?"

"Nay," replied the maiden knight, "but if yee tell mee."

'This is," He said, "the holy dish wherein I eate the lambe on Sher-Thursday, and now hast thou seene that thou desirest most to see, but yet hast thou not seene it so openly as thou shalt see it in the Citie of Sarras, in the spirituall place. Therefore, thou must goe hence, and beare with thee this holy vessell, for this night it shall depart from the realme of Logris, that it shall never be seene more heere."

So Galahad, after having anointed the wounded king with the blood which dropped from the spear, and made him whole, departed with his friends, Sir Bors and Sir Percivale, to the mystic city of Sarras, where he was made king.

Although Tennyson has departed in several particulars from the legend as here recorded, his entire poem is replete with the pure Catholic spirit of the originals from which his inspiration was drawn. The mediæval romances on the Sangreal were undoubtedly prompted by one of the Beatitudes contained in our Saviour's Sermon on the Mount—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." And, as if to emphasize this moral, the modern poet has celebrated the pure-hearted Sir Galahad in a beautiful ballad, instinct with Catholic thought and feeling. I have not sufficient space at my disposal to give it entire.

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
* * * * *
"I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine;
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

"When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims;
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean;
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.
* * * * *
"A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,

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This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
  Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

"The clouds are broken in the sky,
  And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ harmony
  Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
  Wings flutter, voices hover clear;
'O just and faithful knight of God!
  Ride on! the prize is near.'
So pass I hostel, hall and grange;
  By bridge and ford, by park and pale;
All-arm'd I ride whate'er betide,
  Until I find the Holy Grail."

Since Tennyson awakened popular interest in the legend of the Sangreal many modern painters, especially in England, have devoted their talents to representing various incidents and characters in his epic in pictorial art. But as this phase of the subject would lead me into too lengthy a discussion, I will avoid it altogether, and proceed at once to the consideration of a very charming legend, which is intimately associated with the one just reviewed.

Lohengrin, the Knight of the Swan, belonged to the virtuous brotherhood who guarded the temple on Montsalvatsch in which the Holy Grail was deposited. While he was performing this pious duty, events were happening in the outside world which were destined to involve him in a wondrous adventure. The Duke of Limburg and Brabant died leaving an only daughter, Else or Elsam, to succeed him. On his deathbed he committed her to the care of Frederick von Telramund, a brave knight, who had overcome a dragon in Sweden.

After the Duke's death, Frederick claimed the hand of Else, on the plea that it had been promised him; but, when she refused him, he appealed to the Emperor, Henry the Fowler, asking permission to assert his right in the lists against any champion Else might select. This request seeming reasonable, the Emperor acceded to it, and the unhappy maiden looked in vain for a knight who would fight in her cause against a hero of such redoubted prowess as Frederick von Telramund.

Then, far away, in the sacred temple of the Grail, at Montsalvatsch, tolled the bell, untouched by human hands—a signal that the right was in jeopardy, and that help was needed. Lohengrin was the knight selected to go forth to the rescue; but whither he did not know. He was in the act of mounting his charger, when a snow-white swan appeared on the river drawing a little shallop behind it. No sooner did the knight behold this wonder, than he exclaimed.

"Take back the horse to its stable. I will go with the bird whither it shall lead me!"

Trusting himself to God, he bounded into the shallop without provisions to sustain him on his mysterious voyage; but, after he had been five days on the water, the swan caught a fish, and divided it with the knight. Meanwhile the day, appointed by the Emperor for the ordeal that was to settle the fate of Else, drew near, and she abandoned herself to despair, as no champion could be persuaded to enlist in her cause. On the day of the tournament, the field of combat was crowded with spectators. The Emperor sat at his pavilion, surrounded by his courtiers and the ladies of his court, anxiously awaiting the opening of the lists.

At last the hour arrived. The distracted Else was about to be delivered over to Frederick von Telramund, when suddenly there appeared upon the river which bordered the field of tourney a feathery shallop drawn by a snow-white swan. And, behold! in the little vessel lay an unknown knight asleep upon his shield. The swan guided the shallop to the bank, the knight awoke, and, leaping lightly ashore, made his way to the Emperor's pavilion. Then the mysterious bird swam away with the little vessel.

When the knight, who was no other than Lohengrin, heard the story of the

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Duchess Else, he immediately volunteered to champion her cause. In the combat that followed, the knight of the Holy Grail slew Frederick, and Else surrendered herself and her duchy to his keeping. But the unknown hero would only accept her hand on the condition that she should not ask his race. For some years they lived happily together. Then it happened that he overthrew the Duke of Cleves in a tournament, and broke his arm, whereat the Duchess of Cleves exclaimed:

"This Lohengrin may be a strong man and a Christian, but who knows whence he has sprung?"

These haughty words reached the ears of the Duchess of Brabant and wounded her worldly pride. In the stillness of the night Lohengrin heard her sobbing and tenderly asked the reason. This happened on the next night and the next. On the third night, when Lohengrin inquired the cause of her sorrow, regardless of the condition he had imposed upon her previous to their marriage, she cried out impulsively:

"Oh! my beloved husband, be not angry, but I must know whence you have sprung."

Then Lohengrin remembered his vow as a knight of the Grail—that, wherever he was, should a question be asked him of his condition or office in the temple, he was to return at once to Montsalvatsch without deigning to answer. It appears, however, in his legend, that he kept but a part of his vow, for it is related that he told Else that his father was the great Sir Percivale, and that God had sent him to redress her wrongs from the temple of the Holy Grail. When he had finished he called his children to him and embraced them tenderly, saying:

"Here are my horn and my sword; keep them carefully, and here, my dear wife, is the ring my mother gave me; never part with it."

On the following day at sunrise the swan reappeared on the river, drawing the little shallop in its wake. Lohengrin reëntered the boat and departed, never to return. Such is the story of the Knight of the Swan as related in the great romance, "Titurel and Parcival," of Wolfram von Eschenbach. It belongs to the romances of chivalry, written for the amusement of the nobility, with the evident purpose of inspiring them with lofty ideas of true Christian knighthood and the folly of worldly pride. Its origin can be traced back to a very old heathen myth, which the Catholic romancers of the Middle Ages laid hold of and converted to pious uses.

It was in honor of the Swan Knight that Frederick II. of Brandenburg instituted the Order of the Swan in 1440. In 1453 the Duke of Cleves held a tournament at Lille, "*au nom du Chevalier du Cygne, serviteur des dames.*" The swan was a heraldic device on the escutcheon of the Cleves family until, in the days of Anne of Cleves, it passed to the tavern signboards. Godfrey de Bouillon and his descendants for a long time prided themselves on having sprung from the loins of the Swan Knight.

According to Mr. H. A. Guerber—the author of "Myths of Northern Lands" and other antiquarian works—it was in 1829, when the great German composer, Richard Wagner, was only sixteen years of age, that he first became acquainted with the "Titurel and Parcival" of Von Eschenbach, from which he was to draw in after years the inspiration for his greatest operas. Struck by the dramatic possibilities of the romance, he kept it in his mind until, in 1841, he embodied one of its episodes in the opera of "Tannhauser."

"During a summer vacation at Teplitz, in Bohemia, in 1844," writes Mr. Guerber, "Wagner wrote the first sketch of the opera of Lohengrin. The poem was written at Dresden, in 1845, but the score was finished only in 1848. The opera was first performed at Wiemer, in 1850, under the leadership of Lizt, who was greatly interested in it, and deter-

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mined to make it a success. . . . From the memorable night of its first performance dates the success of the Wagner movement in Germany. During the next nine years this opera was given in fourteen different cities, and Wagner, who was then a political exile, is said to have sadly remarked, 'I shall soon be the only German who has not heard Lohengrin.' It was in 1861, eleven years after its first performance, that he finally heard it for the first time in Vienna."

Three years later, Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Wagner's music, succeeded to the Bavarian throne. One of the first acts of his reign was to invite the composer to dwell at his court and to assure him a yearly pension. Indeed, so infatuated was the young king with the story of Lohengrin, that he not only had his residence decorated with paintings and statues representing different episodes of the opera, but used also to sail about his lake, dressed in the Swan Knight's costume, in a boat drawn by ingeniously contrived mechanical swans. Wagner's great opera "Parsifal," as its title implies, was also based upon Von Eschenbach's version of the Sangreal legend. He designated it as "A solemn work destined to hallow the stage," but, although he always spoke of it as a religious opera, intended to be the song of songs of divine love, he was too much wanting in reverence and devotion to succeed in accomplishing this purpose.

"What constitutes Goethe's glory," writes the French historian and critic, Taine, "is that in the nineteenth century he could produce an epic poem—I mean a poem in which genuine gods act and speak. This appeared impossible in the nineteenth century, since the special work of our age is the refined consideration of creative ideas, and the suppression of the poetic characters by which other ages have never failed to represent them."

The epic poem referred to in this passage is the "Faust" which M. Taine describes elsewhere as "the greatest poem of the age." In his enthusiasm for the poem, however, the critical Frenchman seems to forget that Goethe's fine epic was not altogether an original creation. Instead of rejecting legend, the poet adopted it, and chose a mediæval story for his theme. Nor was it a wild tale without foundation that Goethe revived in his great drama, but the narrative of a Christian penitent whom the Church honors on the fourth of February, every year.

A few years before the Persian invasion, in 538, runs the pious chronicle, there lived in the town of Adana, in Cilicia, a priest named Theophilus, treasurer and archdeacon. He lived in strict observance of all his religious duties, was famous for his liberality to the poor, his sympathy with the afflicted, his eloquence in the pulpit, his private devotion and severe asceticism. On the decease of the bishop, by popular acclamation he was summoned to the episcopal care of the diocese, but his deep humility urged him to refuse the office, even when it was pressed upon him by the metropolitan. Seldom has a *nolo episcopari* been carried out to such an emphatic refusal as was given by Theophilus. A stranger was raised to the vacant seat, and the treasurer resumed the course of life he had pursued for so many years, with credit to himself and advantage to others, content in his own mind at having refused the office, which might have aroused his pride, and which certainly would have diminished his opportunities of self-sacrifice. Virtue invariably arouses the spirit of detraction, and Theophilus, by his refusal of the bishopric, was thrust into public notice and attracted public attention. The consequence was that the evil minded and envious originated slanders, which, circulating widely, produced a revulsion of feeling toward Theophilus, and from being generally reported, were accepted as

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substantially true. These stories reaching the ears of the new bishop, he sent for the archdeacon, and without properly investigating the charges, concluded that he was guilty and deprived him of his offices.

One would have supposed that the humility which had required the holy man to refuse a mitre, would have rendered him callous to the voice of slander, and have sustained him under deprivation. But the trial was too great for his virtue. He brooded over the accusations raised against him, and the wrongs inflicted upon him, till the whole object of his labor was the clearing of his character. He sought every available means of unmasking the calumnies of his maligners, and exposing the falsity of the charges raised against him. But he found himself unable to effect his object, for one man is powerless against a multitude, and slander is a hydra which, when maimed in one head, produces others in the place of that struck off. Baffled, despairing, and without a friend to sustain his cause, the poor clerk sought redress in a manner which a month ago would have filled him with horror. He visited a necromancer, who led him at midnight to a place where four cross-roads met, and there conjured up Satan, who promised reinstatement in all his offices to the unfortunate Theophilus, and what he valued more, a complete clearing of his character. The priest, to obtain these boons, signed away his soul with a pen dipped in his own blood, and abjured for ever Jesus Christ and His spotless Mother.

On the morrow, the Bishop discovering his error, how we know not, sent for Theophilus, and acknowledged publicly that he had been misled by false reports, the utter valuelessness of which he was ready frankly to acknowledge. He asked pardon of the priest, for having unjustly deprived him of his office. The populace enthusiastically reversed their late opinion of the treasurer, and greeted him as a saint and confessor. For some days all went well, and, in the excitement of a return to his former occupations, the compact he had made was forgotten. But after a while, as reason and religion resumed their sway, the conscience of Theophilus gave him no rest. He paced his room at night, in an agony of terror. His face lost its color; his brow was seamed with wrinkles; an unutterable horror gleamed from his deep-set eyes. Hour by hour he prayed, but found no relief. At length he resolved on a solemn fast of forty days. This he accomplished, praying nightly in the Church of the Panhagia till the grey of morning stole in at the little windows of the dome and obscured the lamps. On the fortieth night, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him, and sadly rebuked him for his sin. He implored her pardon and all-prevailing intercession, and this she promised him. The following night she reappeared and assured him that Christ had, at her prayer, forgiven him. With a cry of joy he awoke; and on his breast lay the deed which had made over his soul to Satan, obtained from the evil one by the mercy of the sacred Mother of God.

The next day was Sunday. He rose, spent some time in acts of thanksgiving, and then went to church where the divine liturgy was being celebrated. After the reading of the gospel, he flung himself at the Bishop's feet, and requested permission to make his confession in public. Then he related the circumstances of his fall, and showed the compact signed with his blood to the assembled multitude. Having finished his confession, he prostrated himself before the Bishop and asked for absolution. The deed was torn and burned before the people, he was reconciled and received the Blessed Sacrament, after which he returned to his house in a fever, and died at the expiration of three days.

The original account of this famous compact with the devil—which the German poet made the *motif* of his drama—was written down in Greek by Eutychia-

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nus, a disciple of Theophilus, who declares that he relates what he had seen with his own eyes, and heard from the mouth of Theophilus himself. That the story rests upon a foundation of truth is almost certain, for it bears on the face of it many tokens of authenticity. It has been repeated in chronicles, romances, poems and miracle plays, in every century since Eutychianus wrote his account and, during the Middle Ages, was immensely popular with the masses. Whether the devout archdeacon's compact with Satan is to be regarded in a literal sense, or as a religious allegory, I will leave for minds more competent than mine to decide, contenting myself with making a few brief observations on Goethe's adaptation of the story.

Theophilus was an archdeacon, and undoubtedly a man of learning. That he was profoundly versed in the forbidden art of magic is attested by his midnight visit to the necromancer, who conjured up Satan to his assistance. Faust also is represented as a scholar, learned in the law of forbidden mysteries. Being himself a necromancer he conjures up the devil, in the person of Mephistopheles. Both Theophilus and Faust sell their souls to the Evil One for certain worldly considerations. Both repent having signed the contract. So far, therefore, Goethe has adhered closely to the ancient story. It is only in the details and mechanical effects of his drama that he departs from it. Yet in these particulars, his irreverence for sacred things is so conspicuous that his poem cannot be numbered among those which serve to bring the sublime truths and moral beauties of the ancient faith to the notice of the modern world. Gounod's beautiful opera on the same theme is too well known to demand comment, and I shall refrain from mentioning the works of other modern composers on the subject. Nor shall I attempt to treat of this primitive story as represented in its modernized version, Faust, by the artists of the nineteenth century; but will call the reader's attention to a sweet old German legend which Longfellow has endued with the charm of graceful verse.

"One morning, all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forests older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the monk Felix."

And as he pondered over the pages of the sacred volume, his eyes rested upon the following passage: "A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." For a moment he doubted the possibility of God's written word, and, with downcast eyes went further into the forest meditating, and muttering to himself at intervals, "I believe, O Lord, but alas! I do not understand."

"And lo! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing,
So, sweet, and clear, and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp-strings
ringing.
And the monk Felix closed his book,
And long, long,
With rapturous look,
He listened to the song,
And hardly breathed or stirred."

Suddenly he was aroused from his ecstasy by the ringing of the convent bell for the noonday service, and he retraced his pathway homeward in great haste, so that he might reach the convent chapel in time. On taking his place among his brethren, however, he was struck dumb with amazement; for

"New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
New voices chanted in the choir;
Yet the place was the same place,
The same dusky walls
Of cold gray stone,

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The same cloisters and belfry and spire."

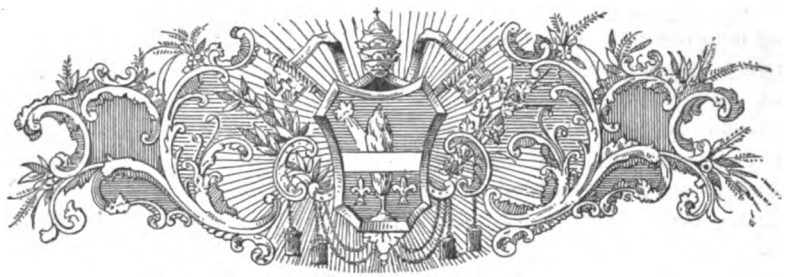
When the service was over, Brother Felix inquired the reason of the change, and what had become of his former companions. At first the Friars did not understand him ; but when he stated that he was a member of their Order, who had gone forth only that morning to read and meditate in the forest, they cried in one voice that they had never beheld his face before. Brother Felix persisting in his assertions, the monastery roll was brought forth wherein were the names of all who had ever belonged to that house of prayer, and therein it was found—

"That on a certain day and date,
One thousand years before,
Had gone forth from the convent gate
The monk Felix, and never more
Had entered that sacred door.
He had been counted among the dead.
And they knew at last,
That, such had been the power
Of that celestial and immortal song,
A thousand years had passed,
And had not seemed so long
As a single hour."

That Longfellow has reinvested this charming legend with new beauty is due, I believe, to the spirit of deep reverence with which he usually approached religious subjects. Although born and reared in New England, in an atmosphere wholly prejudicial to Catholic truth, he was the most Catholic of modern poets. He not only showed a marked preference for purely Catholic subjects, but treated them with deep reverence and in a devout Catholic spirit. Indeed, no modern poet or writer has done more to present the truths and beauties of the ancient faith to the notice of non-Catholics than this sweetest of American singers. Before concluding this interesting subject, let me define the origin of the word "legend," in order that there may be no grounds for criticism on my use of it in my title, or in the body of the foregoing articles.

The legend was originally a book used in the old Catholic churches, containing the passages from Scripture to be read at divine services. At a later period the lives of the saints and martyrs came to be called legends because chapters were read out of them at matins and in the refectories of religious houses. Thus De Voragine's *Legenda Aurea* was so entitled because it was the first collection of the lives of the saints that had appeared up to that time. It was exceedingly popular throughout Europe until the Church discredited many of the marvels it contained. It must not be supposed, however, that all miracles related of the saints and martyrs are to be considered as pious parables or allegories. Miracles are as possible to-day as they were when Christ lived upon earth, and those which our Holy Mother Church accepts as true should command our unquestioning faith. As regards those religious romances which were produced during the Dark and Middle Ages, I have this much to say: If a grander literature can be found than that comprised in these venerable Christianized myths, why have not the great poets of this enlightened century revived it in their works? But truth, moral beauty, heroism, chastity and other Christian virtues which these old legends typify are eternal in their nature, and will reappear in the literature and art of every generation until time shall be no more.

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Humility.

General Intention for December, 1899.

Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

THE mention of humility sounds like a discordant note in the harmony of praise with which the world is everywhere celebrating its achievements and progress as the century draws to a close. The word finds no place on our lecture platforms, in the newspapers, or in the public utterances and messages of men of civil prominence or station. The virtue itself is despised and blamed for hindering human advancement: it surely seems a hopeless task to plead for it in an age which is termed so boastfully an aggressive age. If the world is filled with pride, all the more necessary is humility, and if it seem useless to recommend it, then all the more need of prayer that men and nations may be lowered in their pride, and appreciate the advantages and motives which should keep them humble.

No virtue is more plainly, strongly or frequently recommended to us in Holy Scripture than humility, and yet for no virtue has the human heart such a dislike and abhorrence. It is the virtue which Christ specially commends in Himself for our imitation. "Learn of me for I am meek and humble of heart,"(1) and it is the one to which St. Paul was inspired to attribute Christ's exaltation and our redemption: "He humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death, even unto the death of the cross. For which cause God hath also exalted him and hath given him a name which is above every other name." (2) It is a title to God's favor: "the humble and contrite heart thou wilt never despise;" (3)—the most effective aid to prayer: "the prayer of him that humbleth himself shall penetrate the clouds;"(4)—the safeguard of wisdom: "for where humility is, there also is wisdom;" (5)—a condition of salvation, and a sure way to glory: "Unless you be converted and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, he is the greater in the kingdom of heaven;" (6)—and the rule is often repeated: "He who humbleth himself shall be exalted;"(7)—"humility goeth before glory." (8)

Still men dislike and abhor humility. Besides being naturally distasteful and difficult to attain, it is but too often misconceived or put before them in a false light, or described in terms which sound to them so extravagant, that they turn

(1) Matthew 11, 29.

(2) Philippians 2, 8, 9; (3) Psalm 50, 19; (4) Eccli. 3, 4, 4; (5) Proverbs 11, 2; (6) Matthew 18, 4; (7) St. Luke 14, 11; (8) Proverbs 15, 33.

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aside and listen to the promptings of pride, which, alas, is so plausibly commended in our present day literature, as to make men forget or overlook the judgments pronounced on it in scripture.

Thus, humility is too often recommended and practised as a virtue which is chiefly exterior. This is why some imagine that it requires a bowed head, or a furtive glance, a drooping carriage, timid utterance, slow gait and other such graceless habits. Now, though true humility shows itself in looks and words and actions, it belongs properly in the mind and heart. Indeed, nothing can be more easily affected, nor more deceitful than the external manners of this virtue. "There is one that humbleth himself wickedly, and his exterior is full of deceit." (1) This is simply hypocrisy, which an honest man must despise.

Again, humility is often described in such a way as to create the impression that it is more a virtue of necessity than of one's free choice and cultivation. By dwelling too much on the need and benefit of temptations, afflictions and humiliations, the notion is formed that humility is forced on one from without, whereas it is only by our own internal study of the motives we have for humility within ourselves that we can prepare to profit from humiliations and other trials coming upon us from without.

Not less deplorable is the opinion that some come to form, that humility makes one too retiring, inactive, timid, and even little-minded or grovelling, as if it were inconsistent to say, as in the *Magnificat*, that God "hath regarded the humility of his handmaid," and, in the next breath, glory in the fact that "He that is mighty hath done great things unto me."

Finally, the terms used to describe humility, or rather some of its practices, sound so strange and exaggerated at least for those who are not accustomed to them, as to mislead some into an extreme and indiscreet observance of this virtue, and repel others from what they consider its extravagances. Thus, to speak of self-abasement or self-contempt to those who are not familiar with the first motives of humility, may result in impressing some souls with an exaggerated sense of their unworthiness, and others with a hatred for the virtue that strikes so suddenly at the root of their self-esteem and exaltation.

We have thought it worth while to mention some of the erroneous notions that prevail about the virtue of humility, because we can realize better our need to pray for this virtue when we consider how much men are deceived about a matter that is so simple in itself, and so fundamental in the life of the soul.

First of all humility is a virtue, and according to the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, the foundation of all the virtues. As such it is a habit, or abiding quality of the soul disposing it to certain actions for its own welfare and perfection. By it the soul is prevented from being carried to things above its capacities; its impulses are checked from tending inordinately to great things. For this the soul must know its capacities and its deficiencies, and it must restrain every faculty from seeking to attain what is above its powers, repressing exaggerated views of its own gifts and excellence, and denying every desire or appetite for things that surpass its nature. Humility, therefore, is the virtue which enlightens our minds to know what we are and whence we have all that we possess, and disposes the will to be content with what we may reasonably hope to attain. It does not conceal from us one good trait, or exaggerate a single defect; it does not obscure or minimize any perfection or excellence that we may legitimately aim at, indeed, humility is often tersely defined as truth, because it represents all so fully and clearly, and disposes us to keep in our place, in our true relations with God as the one from whom we hold and hope to receive all that is good for

(1) Eccli. 19-23.

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us, and with our fellow beings, in whom it helps us to recognize, respect and venerate the gifts of God just as in ourselves.

The chief act of humility, is therefore, submission to Almighty God as the Author and Lord of all things. It disposes us to reverence Him in all things, and to obey His law and prize it above all that we possess. St. Ignatius suggests a way of knowing in what measure we humble ourselves thus "under the mighty hand of God," to use St. Peter's phrase. Beginning with the disposition to die, or forfeit anything in this life rather than offend God by grievous sin, he puts next the disposition to die or forfeit everything rather than to offend God venially, and finally sets before us the disposition to die or suffer any pain or disgrace rather than give way deliberately to the slightest imperfection. Nothing can help us better than these considerations of the saint, to appreciate how closely humility is connected with divine love and how necessary it is to keep us united with God in charity. It is in this way that humility is said to be the mother and safeguard and foundation of all the virtues, even of the greatest of all, which is charity.

As humility regulates our submission to Almighty God, so also it regulates our relations with our fellow-men. As it makes us recognize and reverence in ourselves, every gift or excellence we have from God's bounty, so it makes us see and reverence the same in others as gifts from Him. It makes us respect their authority, influence, station, character, learning, opinions, in a word everything in them which we would respect in ourselves, and furthermore it makes us show our respect outwardly. It does not conceal from us their faults or shortcomings any more than it blinds us to our own, but it makes us suspend for them as uncertain the judgment we must pass as certain for ourselves, since God keeps us from knowing the secrets of every conscience but our own. True Christian humility begets in us a trust in the motives of others such as we love to conciliate for our own; whilst it saves us from indulging in any vain conceit or delusion about the perfectibility of human nature, it also saves us from the error of those who look upon human nature as universally depraved; like charity, it is not suspicious, and it envieth not; it makes us too much concerned with our own failings to permit us to study, much less magnify, the failings of other men.

It requires no serious labor, but only ordinary good will, to estimate our good qualities and our deficiencies in their true light. We are dust, and we are destined to return to dust. We know but little, and of that we are so uncertain; we are inconstant and prone to evil, soon tired of doing good, and ever adding sin to sin, living from day to day in satisfying our curiosity, feeding our minds with trifles, and experiencing in our bodies a multitude of miseries which should humble us if we were but consistent enough to recognize our lowliness. All this should at least keep us from judging the defects of others, and make us appreciate the terms by which holy souls have expressed the abject condition of our nature. Nothing short of grace can enable us to do this, and, in truth, the humility of which we are speaking is a supernatural virtue, which was unknown or unnoticed, even in the category of Aristotle, until Christ came to teach the world that no virtue is possible without it, and that the glory we hope for, whether in this world or in the next, is in proportion to our humility.

There are many reasons why we should pray earnestly for humility as we approach the close of this century. The whole world seems busy with the task of self laudation. A spirit of pride infects the moral atmosphere, the nations are boasting of their strength, the sects glory more in the wealth and station than in the piety of their members, the controllers of capital and of commerce are lost

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in admiration of their own enterprises, the social world feeds on the pride of life, science writes its panegyrics before it is quite sure of its own achievements. Man takes credit for everything, and proudly declares that there is no limit to human perfection. God is ignored. His Church is despised and even His revealed word, to which so much reverence was formerly shown, is now subjected to a form of criticism in which human reason is the supreme criterion. Religion which would still inspire the multitudes with respect for God and sacred things is ruthlessly excluded from our schools to make way for superficial study of numberless branches, which fills young minds with conceit, and for doctrines inculcating an abnormal sense of human independence which fills the young minds with arrogance. What is so badly begun in the schools is continued in the newspaper and lecture room, with the result that men and women are confirmed in the delusion that they know everything worth knowing, and that they are entitled to pass judgment on the most serious questions and difficult problems without regard to the opinions of the past or to the authority of learned men of our time. The spirit of pride affects every one of us, without divine grace and constant self exertion it is impossible to dwell in an age and among people infected by it without becoming infected by it ourselves. Too often we show our pride in the human achievements of Catholics under the pretext that they glorify and recommend our religion; too many of our Catholic parents pay tribute to the pride of the world by sending their children to so-called select, but godless schools, in the vain hope of obtaining for them a chance of social advantages in later life; not unfrequently we read editorials in our newspapers edited by Catholics urging Catholics to become more prominent in official and social life, under the pretext that so much can be done for religion by such prominence, as if these were the only means of exercising a salutary influence on our fellow beings, or, again, as if Catholics had not already attained to prominence in civil and social life, if they would but use it for the Church. In one word, to realize the danger we are in of giving way to pride and of gradually coming to neglect the virtue of humility, we may recall that until our Holy Father sent us his letter *Testem benevolentiæ*, at the beginning of this year, we were growing familiar with appeals to give preference to the *active* virtues so-called, as being more suited to our age than the *passive*, among which would be classed humility.

Whether we consider the intensity or extent of the actions of this virtue we cannot look upon it either as in any way passive in its nature, or as tending to make us passive or inactive. The vice of pride to which the virtue of humility is opposed is the most difficult of all vices to overcome, and it requires most intense and constant efforts of humility to eradicate it entirely. The extent to which this virtue must be exercised is clear from the fact that no virtue can be exercised or cultivated without it. It is needed to make the mind submissive in an act of divine faith; to keep the will from presuming on divine mercy and to help us endure anything rather than break God's law and lose His love. It is needed also for the moral virtues, since justice is impossible without a virtue which values all things at their proper worth, and prudence cannot be exercised, a disposition to subordinate the lower to the higher, as for temperance, humility is the noblest part of it, and really disposes the soul to the moderation which this virtue cultivates. Finally, humility is essential for an act of fortitude. Never can we succeed in a difficult task, or overcome obstacles in our way, unless we know exactly our strength and our weakness, and the resources to which we can confidently look for support. Without such knowledge, we are rash and

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presumptuous, and cannot cope with the difficulty which is usually attendant on doing good or resisting evil. Far from making us inactive or weak, humility facilitates the exercise of every virtue, and disposes us to do great things for God, by filling us with contempt for human praise, the motive which most of all makes men mean and little-minded.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Why? Because the humble heart is entirely submissive to God's law, absolutely resigned to His will. Because: "the kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but justice, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." (1) Because the humble man is high in God's favor: "He hath regard to the prayer of the humble: and he hath not despised their petition. Because "the prayer of him that humbleth himself shall penetrate the clouds; and till it come nigh he will not be comforted, and he will not depart till the most High behold," so simple, strong and confident is the assurance with which he feels already in this life that God deigns to recognize him for his own, since he looks upon himself as nothing but upon God as his all.

(1) Romans 14, 17.

THE STORY OF KATHERINE.

By M. C. Hughes.

FATHER MERCER sat in his little library, the closely penned pages spread out before him on the broad, oak writing-table. Evidently the letter was of more than passing interest; he read it deliberately, word for word, utterly regardless of the fact that the remainder of an unusually heavy mail—for the quiet presbytery—lay unopened at his hand. Careful study of the matter only deepened the perplexed frown, seldom seen disfiguring his placid face, and, with a sigh, he folded the sheets into their creases, replacing them in the envelope. As he did so the bell rang noisily:

"A telegram for you, Father. I asked the messenger to wait lest an answer might be required."

The housekeeper handed over the bit of yellow paper with tremulous fingers. To her nothing less serious than sudden illness or death could be presaged by announcement in such a solemn form. She awaited its perusal, breathlessly.

"There is no answer, Sarah. Have you signed for it?"

"O, yes!—and there's no answer," murmured Sarah, to herself. "I wonder what can be the matter. I'll be here three years next Christmas and this is only the second telegram that's come in all that time. The other told the death of Father Mercer's sister. I hope it's no bad news he's been getting, poor man; he has trials enough, as it is," and, at frequent intervals during the long stormy day, the good hearted woman reiterated her words, marvelling what could possible have been the reason of that wired message. Her curiosity was not destined to be gratified, however; when the next few days brought forth no unusual event, the occurence passed into forgetfulness with her.

To the zealous priest, letter and telegram proved the cause of much anxious thought and fervent prayer. During the course of the afternoon, to the accompaniment of the storm-king's wild melodies, he wrote:

MY DEAR CHILD:

That telegram of yours, "Please return letter mailed by me yesterday, unopened," came only after I had read

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and reread that same letter and, I must candidly say, I am glad it was so. The mere fact that in the face of a strong temptation your first thought should be to seek counsel here, shows me that you are still true to the instincts of early life, although you acknowledge that you have grown careless in the fulfilment of your religious duties.

You know, your own conscience tells you, what my advice is in this matter. There must be no compromise. Do not take time to consider; give your answer, now. What will the few additional comforts you will be able to provide for mother avail, if to purchase them you barter your immortal soul? Believe me, once this affair is settled, she will be reasonable enough to admire you for the courage of your convictions and, who knows, your steadfastness may win for her the pearl beyond all price,—the gift of faith!

From the tenor of your letter I feel sure that, however strong the influence brought to bear, you will remain faithful to the church of your baptism, that nothing,—human love, riches, worldly ambition,—can cause you to forget the promise made, in my presence, to your dying father, to live and die an earnest Catholic.

I hope to receive an assurance by letter within a few days that all is well with you, or better still, take a short vacation and come down to let me hear the story of victory from your own lips. Remember, my dear child, you may ever rely on the fatherly interest and affection of

Yours in Christ,

DAVID R. MERCER.

"That letter from Katherine Carroll is another powerful argument against mixed marriages. Her father's faith was strong, apparently his wife's difference—or want—of belief exerted no deteriorating influence on him. Yet here is his daughter, not a weak character by any means, devoutly and practically Catholic during his lifetime, quickly grown so lukewarm that she can calmly consider the advisability of marriage with a man who refuses to let a priest perform the ceremony! If it was not for the confirmation class meeting to-morrow and the next day I would certainly go to the city, in spite of stiff, rheumatic joints and give Katherine the good, plain talking to she so sadly needs. Under the circumstances it is impossible, however; I must leave her in the hands of God. If she spurns His grace there is a sad future in store for her," and Father Mercer buttoned on his great coat, facing the fierce storm in order to feel sure that his missive reached the post-office in safety.

A few days later the Catholic community at Camden was shocked by a bit of scandalous gossip. Katherine Carroll had been married, out of the Church, to a wealthy Bostonian. It seemed hard to believe that one of Father Mercer's spiritual children could so far forget herself and yet it must be true; there was the notice copied from the *Transcript* by the *Daily Budget* which never failed to serve up such bits of news concerning former residents, as the editor could glean. By the unusual gravity of the pastor's face at sodality and choir meeting the young people concluded that the information had come to his ears. The letter containing it read thus:

DEAR FATHER:

When I sent the telegram I had already reached a decision,—that was why I hoped to receive my letter back, unread. I know you will be pained—shocked beyond words—to hear I cannot forego the earthly happiness offered me; love, enjoyment, and weath prove too strong a combination to resist. There is nothing of the martyr in my make-up. From childhood I held a firm conviction that if my lot were cast in ages of persecution I would have been a recreant.

Don't think too hard of me, dear Father; it is only the remembrance of your never failing kindness that gives me the courage to write to you thus. I could

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not let you hear of the marriage, distasteful as it is to you, from outside sources. I suppose I am really no longer entitled to subscribe myself as formerly

Your grateful child,
KATHERINE CARROLL.

* * * * *

"Good morning, Father Mercer, can't I give you a lift?" Dr. Turner reined in his pretty mare and drew aside the carriage robe.

"Your offer is very acceptable, Frank. Walking in this mud is pretty tiresome for an old man like me, but I can't complain while I have strength enough left for it. I've been to 'shanty town' looking up some of my truant Sunday school children."

"It's altogether too great a distance for you, Father; as your physician, I forbid it. When you have such trips to make, hereafter, I insist upon lending you my horse. Just let me know, if possible, a few hours ahead, and I can arrange nicely so that it will not inconvenience me in the least. I quite enjoy putting you under obedience, since it is what you have enjoined on me since childhood."

"Well, I surely should not refuse such an agreeable penance, my boy; the compact is sealed."

"Of course you have heard the gossip of the town about my cousin Katherine's marriage?" Father Mercer nodded and the doctor continued: "I am sadly disappointed in Kate, she gave promise of developing into a thoroughly noble, Catholic woman. There was no doubt in my mind but that her sweet disposition and her unswerving loyalty to the faith would eventually bring Aunt Rose into the fold. I can't understand her taking such a step."

"Neither can I, Frank, but temptation is powerful and 'judge not, lest you be judged.'"

"I suppose I have no right to constitute myself her judge, but I have thought of the matter so incessantly that I must talk it out with somebody — and you are the only safety-valve I know. Of course, Kate must have loved the man, she isn't mercenary enough to marry solely for advantages. Her ambition favored the suit, for she has had her heart set on sending John to Harvard, and her teacher's salary, with the slender income from the property here, couldn't support the household and do that. Aunt Rose has pretty expensive tastes, too; after all, it must have been hard for Katherine to resist the temptation. I hear that the mortgage on the old homestead has already been taken up by Mathews and that the old lady is coming back here to live. I can almost hear her saying, in answer to inquiring friends: 'Yes, my daughter is very happily married to a most excellent young man. After a few years abroad they will occupy his ancestral home in Brookline and entertain largely.'"

Father Mercer laughed, in spite of himself, at Dr. Turner's clever mimicry of Mrs. Carroll's airy manner. "And I suppose you will be expected to hold yourself in readiness to help your aunt dispense lavish hospitality when her various clubs visit Camden?"

"No, I am afraid a poor country doctor, like myself, will not be in requisition, any more; but I can tell you one thing, Father, John and I have always been firm friends. For my uncle's sake, as well as the boy's own, I am going to stand by him through thick and thin; I will leave nothing undone to keep him true to the old faith. When a child, I could not appreciate mother's sorrow over her brother's marriage. I do now, and I thank God that she did not live to see this sad result in his daughter's abandonment of her religion.

"It has done me a world of good to have this out with you, Father; yes, the very first time that John comes down we will go over to see you. Don't forget your promise about the carriage. Goodbye."

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II.

CAMBRIDGE, June –, 189–.

DEAR FRANK:

The excitement of this great commencement week is really over. Your absence from the festivities was a big disappointment; the *mater* must have been snubbing you unmercifully, of late, since you go so far as to visit her sins on my innocent head. Be prepared for the worst! I broke the news to her as gently as I knew how, to-day, but there was a terrible scene. Of course, she partly blames you and accuses you of being at the bottom of the plot, as, somehow or other, she learned that through you I made the acquaintance of the Jesuits.

Financially, she has nothing of which to complain; those Western investments, apparently worthless at the time of father's death, now yield a snug income. The money that Mathews insisted on advancing to prevent the foreclosure of some overdue mortgages, has been returned with interest, long ago, so that mother is really in most comfortable circumstances.

As I am expected at Frederick Sunday, there will not be time for even a flying trip to Camden. Tell Father Mercer I will write him from the novitiate. I do not know how to thank you, old fellow, for your wonderful goodness to me, particularly during the last few years — you can't hush me on paper, I must have my say. If it had not been for your brotherly interest and encouragement, I, too, might have drifted away from Peter's bark. You have a claim on my heart that will grow stronger with the years.

Pray that my dear, unbelieving mother may see the light and embrace it — I can only hope that Katherine's slumbering conscience may be awakened before 'tis too late — and for

Yours affectionately,

JOHN CARROLL.

"What a bitterly disappointed woman Aunt Rose must be," thought Dr. Turner, "though the world shall never know it. If John had been of a less firm character her unwisely lavish affection would have ruined him. Well, life is full of surprises, and his decision is one of them. With a mother totally devoid of religious belief, an elder sister who resolutely turns her back on God to worship Mammon, here is a lad, not only remaining faithful to his Church, but finding his greatest happiness in giving up all for Christ. He attributes some of his steadfastness to me. Lord! I owe a hundred times more to his example. How he did rave over the boy-martyr when he first read Fabiola; I don't think Pancratius himself could have been a whit more brave and lovable than he!"

During the three years that followed her son's entrance into the Jesuit novitiate, Mrs. Carroll divided the time between her own and her daughter's home. She was restless and unhappy; John's departure had left a dull ache in her proud heart though she gave no outward sign of mental suffering. While she clung to the rash vow made in his presence, that her pen should never trace a line to him, she eagerly watched for the letters which came regularly from Frederick and, in secret, shed many hot tears over them.

For the first time since her marriage, Mrs. Mathews had come to spend a month at the scene of her girlhood. The old house, freshened and beautified, seemed so homelike that Katherine at first anticipated an enjoyable visit; but associations sometimes wield an uncontrollable power over mortals. The deep-toned bell that announced the Angelus at morn, at noon and at night, and called the people to Mass those balmy spring mornings, echoed in her soul. She was angry with herself for heeding it but, strive as she would, the first stroke conjured up a picture, so vivid that she involuntarily closed her eyes to shut it out from her vision. Two light-hearted,

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devout school-girls hastening to May devotions, laden with lilacs and syringas for Mary's shrine. Marion had been in her grave four long years and she, the companion of prayer, of study and play, —her state, according to Father Mercer's estimation, was a thousand times worse than death.

From such obtrusive and unwelcome thoughts Katherine turned feverishly to amuse her handsome boy, whose fourth birthday was in glad anticipation. This little king ruled benignly over the household, to each member of which his slightest wish assumed the form of a command. His mother forgot everything but the present when Bertie's rosy, laughing face was near her; her love could be described as nothing short of idolatry.

"Mother, I feel that I must go through the form, at least, of calling on Mrs. Joyce while I am here. They tell me that she is seldom able to leave the house now; probably she does not care for visitors. We will inquire for her, at all events, and the drive will do you good; you are looking pale to-day."

Mrs. Carroll acquiesced; leaving baby in enjoyment of his afternoon sleep they paid their call. The invalid was too ill to receive them, much as she regretted the fact; after her beloved dead, no maiden had been as dear to her as that daughter's inseparable companion. With a promise to repeat the visit under more favorable circumstances, the ladies returned home in hopes of finding the young heir awake and ready to continue the drive with them.

"Yon need not alight, Katherine; I will get nurse to bring baby down, at once, if he has finished his nap."

Mrs. Carroll leisurely ascended the broad steps and entered the doorway. A few moments later a child's shrill scream rang through the quiet street. Katharine's heart stood still, what had happened to her baby? Throwing the reins over the horse's back she rushed into the house and upstairs to what had once been her own nursery. The muslin drapery of the crib was in flames and her mother knelt on the floor with the child, wrapped in a heavy rug, moaning piteously in her arms. Katharine tore down the flimsy curtains and stamped out the fire; her hands were badly blistered, but she scarcely felt the pain. Taking Bertie from the old lady's arms she laid him on his little bed, then helped her mother into a chair by the open window. Two of the maids were quickly dispatched for the nearest physicians.

"Get Dr. Thatcher and Dr. Turner, both, if you can, but don't come back without one," and Katherine, with rare presence of mind, directed the frightened nurse girl what to do for Mrs. Carroll, who had fallen into a deep swoon, while she attended the baby.

The elder doctor was away on vacation. Dr. Turner answered the bell in person and, seizing his accident case rushed breathlessly to the saddened home. Katherine raised her head as he entered and mechanically returned his salutation. Mrs. Carroll's bluish white face first arrested his attention. He caused her to be taken to her chamber and did all that was possible to make her comfortable. The attendant explained matters by stating that, in the momentary absence of his nurse, Bertie, had got possession of the match-safe. When his grandmother entered the room he was enveloped in flames; she had fainted away as soon as her daughter took the little fellow out of her arms.

His face became very grave when he ascertained the extent of the child's injuries. Mrs. Mathews watched his expression eagerly and her mother heart divined the result of the examination. While he dressed the cruel burns she strove to hush baby's moans, her eyes wild with tearless anguish.

"Has your little one been baptized, Katherine?"

Baptized? As the full significance of the question dawned upon her she

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turned her face imploringly towards the doctor:

"No, but you're not going to let him die. Save him, O Frank, for God's sake, save him! He hasn't been baptized!"

Frank did not ask permission, he simply took a glass of water from the stand and, with deliberation in every movement, reverently administered the sacrament of regeneration. His action spoke more plainly than words. What could be said to comfort that despairing mother in such an hour? It would be a mercy if she should lose her senses for a brief space, but no! when the little life had cried itself out she still kept lonely vigil by the tiny form.

"Katherine, your mother is asking for you; she needs you." The young woman looked into her husband's face with unseeing eyes. "Needs me? No one needs me, now. The curse of my apostasy fell upon my child, he has been sacrificed! For this I sold my birthright, O God!" and she laughed a wild, hysterical laugh that echoed weirdly through the silent house. In vain did they try to reason with her; she could not be induced to leave the crib.

In the adjoining room, Dr. Turner talked with Stephen Mathews. "Aunt Rose is delirious, probably would not recognize Katherine if she stood beside her. There is not the slightest hope of recovery, this shock must prove fatal. I have seen the symptoms of heart trouble for a long time; in fact, warned Katherine of it years ago. I endeavored to induce her, then, to consult a specialist but I never heard whether she followed my advice. See, she is wholly unconscious, now."

At dawn, as Frank knelt at the bedside, his fingers on her pulse, Mrs. Carroll opened her eyes. Her tremulous lips parted and he bent his head to catch the faint whisper: "Ask—John—to—for—give—me,—pray."

* * * * *

All through the long, hot summer and the beautiful, cool autumn days, Katherine Mathews remained shut up in her girlhood's home. She refused herself to visitors, not excepting Frank Turner, to whom she owed, at least, gratitude for the priceless grace of her child's salvation. Her husband was kindness itself and bore with her moods as a tender mother might have done. Her grief was speechless, tearless, and they wondered how such prolonged agony would end.

In October Mr. Mathews was forced to make a business trip through the West. He urged his wife to accompany him, for Dr. Turner had warned him against leaving her alone; but she decidedly refused. This important transaction had been postponed for months for her sake, it positively must be attended to, at once, so, with a heavy heart, he said good-by.

One stormy afternoon, a few days after his departure, Katherine felt a wild longing to get out of the house. With trembling fingers she fastened on her hat and veil and started off in the gathering darkness. Unconsciously—or did an angel guide her steps?—she took the direction of the parish church. When she found herself before it an irresistible impulse compelled her to enter. The familiar interior, illumined only by the crimson flame of the sanctuary lamp, touched the depths of her soul and, for the first time in long months, tears came to the relief of her over-burdened heart.

After that, she occasionally stole out, heavily veiled, in the twilight and spent a half hour in the semi-darkness of the old church. At first she said no prayers, then she resurrected the little, brown rosary that dated from First Communion and murmured a decade or two. She was careful to time her visit so that there would be little likelihood of observation.

Late one afternoon there were a few more worshippers than usual scattered in the pews and Katherine, for a moment, wondered at the reason; the fact that it was the eve of First Friday had

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slipped her memory. As she knelt with her face buried in her hands what a crowd of emotions surged through her mind! The silent cry of her heart was that of the publican, "O God, be merciful to me a sinner!" If she could but summon up the courage to cast herself at the feet of Him whose Heart she knew was ever ready to forgive.

"Are you waiting for confession?"

Father Mercer's kind voice interrupted her meditations; it grew more kindly still as, recognizing her, he laid his fatherly hand on her shoulder.

"Why, Katherine, my child, is it you? Come, our Lord is longing to give you His pardon and peace."

And she obeyed.

* * * * *

When she reached home nearly two hours later her husband was there before her. He secretly rejoiced at the changed expression of her face and, though curious to know what had wrought such a transformation, refrained from any inquiries. After dinner as they sat by the library grate and he smoked a fragrant Havana, to whose aroma his wife had a partiality, her questions encouraged him to recount the incidents of his trip.

"The most enjoyable part of it all, Katherine, was the stop-over at Washington. John and I had a whole day together, and we intend to be very brotherly in the future. He introduced me to the President at Georgetown but we really did not need to go through that formality. His father and mine were room-mates at Harvard and though I hadn't heard of the son in years, I recognized him at once."

Katharine looked at him in amazement. Could it be possible that her Papist-hating husband was describing the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with a priest? Surely our Lord was smoothing the way for her. She rose from her place and knelt beside him.

"Stephen, I am back in the fold. Father Mercer heard my confession this afternoon. Can you learn to tolerate a Catholic wife?"

He raised her tenderly in his arms: "You have much to forgive, Katherine. I deeply regret the narrow bigotry which demanded the sacrifice of your religious principles. Let us forget the past and begin life anew."

SPECIAL.

The premium for MESSENGER subscribers for 1900 is by far the most beautiful we have offered. It is a finely executed photogravure of the best portrait of his Holiness Leo XIII. The artist, Mrs. Cecily de Wentworth, who has kindly permitted us to copy her excellent painting of the Pope, had exceptional advantages for studying her subject, and she has succeeded above all other painters in representing the majestic figure of the Supreme Pontiff in the act which is most characteristic of his office, extending his hand to bless an audience. No other portrait reproduces so happily the countenance of the venerable Pope, as all the other fail to express the repose with which he controls his intense energy, and the radiance which softens the sharp outline of his features. The portrait is full length, and the photogravure, 9x12, is on the best plate paper, measuring 12x16, so as to be suitable for framing. We consider it a great privilege to be enabled to offer our subscribers this precious premium now that the advanced age of the Pope and the coming jubilee of the Catholic world, in which he will be the central figure, attach so much interest to his august person.

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FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

After these things, Jesus went over the sea of Galilee, which is that of Tiberias:

And a great multitude followed Him, because they saw the miracles which He did on them that were diseased.

Jesus therefore went up into a mountain: and there He sat with His disciples.

Now the Pasch, the festival day of the Jews, was near at hand.

When Jesus therefore had lifted up His eyes, and seen that a very great multitude cometh to Him, He said to Philip: Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?

And this He said to try him; for He Himself knew what He would do.

Philip answered Him: Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one may take a little.

One of His disciples, Andrew, the brother of Simon Peter, saith to Him:

There is a boy here that hath five barley loaves, and two fishes: but what are these among so many?

Then Jesus said: Make the men sit down. Now there was much grass in the place. The men therefore sat down, in number about five thousand.

And Jesus took the loaves, and when He had given thanks, He distributed to them that were sat down; in like manner also of the fishes as much as they would.

And when they were filled, He said to His disciples: Gather up the fragments that remain, lest they be lost.

They gathered up therefore, and filled twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley loaves, which remained over and above to them that had eaten.

Now those men, when they had seen what a miracle Jesus had done, said: This is of a truth the prophet that is to come into the world.

Jesus therefore, when He knew that they would come to take Him by force and make Him king, fled again into the mountains Himself alone.—*St. John, vi., 1-15.*

I am the bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the desert and are dead.

This is the bread which cometh down from heaven: that if any man eat of it he may not die.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven.

If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever, and the bread that I will give is my flesh for the life of the world.—*Ibid., 48-52.*

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EDITORIAL.

THE POPE'S INTERPRETERS.

Why should so many men busy themselves interpreting the mind of the Pope? Were he to wrap himself in mystery or keep his counsel in silence, or express his thoughts in vague phrases, we might thank these self-appointed Papal mind-readers for their pains, even though they obscure more than they elucidate. Leo XIII. lives in the sight of all the world, he lets pass no opportunity of writing and speaking his mind on all that concerns him as Vicar of Christ, and his language is clear as crystal. Still we must constantly hear from unnamed correspondents what he is going to say, what he was going to say, or what he had already said in one way, but prudently said later in another way. When finally he speaks and says something unpredicted, we must wait on our would-be interpreters to know what he means. Of course they are always careful to read into his letters the particular hobby they are riding, which is just now "Christian Democracy," as we discover in one of the late letters of Inaominato. A year ago it was "Americanism," but the name had a national bias to it and aroused animosity in other nations. "Democracy" is cosmopolitan and should appeal to all, at least to the crowd, which is so easily fooled by names.

SOME SILLY QUESTIONS.

Why has not Leo XIII. said one word for Dreyfus? Why has he not suppressed *La Croix*? Why has he not lectured the French hierarchy? Why has he not suppressed the Jesuits? Why does he mind his own business? If the Father of Christendom should take the editors of the *Times* and *Spectator* and other Dreyfus organs at their word, and begin to judge and pass sentence in every matter they choose to put before the public; if he should promote every appeal made by accused citizens in the courts of every Christian Nation, or plead for pardon for all whom the newspapers would choose to represent as unjustly condemned; if he should pronounce on the merits of the war now waging in South Africa, as the *Tablet* says, how quickly the press would make the distinction between religious and civil matters, and remind him that he was going beyond his sphere! During his long reign he has written volumes of letters for every nation in Christendom, and he has not failed to lay down the principles which would save every man even from unjust accusation, and keep every judge from pronouncing an unjust sentence. The *Times* and *Spectator* and the rest, might have read lessons from these to their hearts' content; but then, the letters contain other things which concern bigger interests than those of any individual, and contain so much truth that the newspapers would find them unpalatable reading.

TO REPRESS BIGAMY.

Though there is still to be at least a year of grace for divorced Episcopalians during which they may marry unchal-

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lenged, it seems that their clergy will at last be shamed into some legislation against permitting remarriage to divorced couples, and that they will even attempt to bring about some uniform civil legislation against wholesale divorce, if not against the remarriage of the guilty party in cases in which adultery is the reason for the divorce. Some of the Baptist ministers in their annual convention in Waterbury, Connecticut, recommended similar legislation, and the Presbyterians are beginning to admit the need of it likewise. What a glorious reparation it will be! The sect which had its origin in a most shameful divorce, royal though it was, at length begins to recognize its evils, and to see in them a reason for checking it, though it will not see or admit the clear condemnation in Scripture of remarriage after divorce. The party innocent of adultery may still be permitted to marry, *i. e.*, in plain words be licensed to commit adultery, but the innocence must be clearly established. Is there not some danger of casuistry in this? Regulations will have to be made for examining into the right of a divorced person applying for remarriage, and someone will have to judge about this right, perhaps a *defensor vinculi matrimonialis*. This will require learning, and time, and labor, and, no doubt, a fee. The permission granted will be something in the nature of a dispensation. And then we shall hear how the church authorities make Christian marriages difficult and expensive, as Catholic priests were falsely said to have done in Porto Rico and the Philippines. No matter, the one thing needed from the Anglican communion is this admission, that divorce, as at present admitted, is an evil and that remarriage of either party whether guilty of adultery or not, was always wrong. This will well nigh complete its self-condemnation. The most respectable portion of that sect has admitted that it has not proper Apostolical Succession; it has sought recognition for its priesthood, and met with a refusal; it has come to realize lately that it has never had the Real Presence of Christ, since the days when its founders profaned His altars and Holy Sacrifice; and now at length, it admits that divorce, the shameful crime to which it owes its origin, is an evil. In England some Episcopalians have been bold enough to decline to sanction bigamous marriages, as they call the marriage of divorced persons. How tainted the Protestant mind has become generally in its notions of matrimony, and of the virtue of chastity, whether for married or for unmarried persons, may be judged from the view of a writer in the *Independent* for October 12, page 2772, that to keep divorced people from remarriage is to keep them from the safest moral state!

DEALING IN FUTURES.

But a month ago a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, H. D. Sedgwick, Jr., forecasting the future of religion in this country, expressed a belief that the Roman Catholic Church would soon bring under her sway in this country every class of men but "men of scientific knowledge; men of independent character who are resolute to manage their own affairs, a class which is on the wane; and third, the negroes, with whom the Church has not been successful." He arrives at this conclusion, although the Church in his mind is the Church as some have misconceived and misrepresented it, precisely with a view to winning over men of scientific knowledge and of independent character so-called. How little we can put by such forecasts we may judge from the fact that in *The Spectator* for October 14, there is an article predicting the future of the Church of England, according to which it is to be the guiding Church of the English-speaking race. To this race belongs, in the view of this prophet, the material progress of the world; at the end of the next two hundred years only the English-speaking people and the Slavs will count, and the Slavs, of course,

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will be infinitely less important than the Anglo-Saxon. Whether the Anglo-Saxon shall endure or wither, depends on how the Englishmen apply a line of Wordsworth, by "making his moral being his prime care," and this, somehow, depends on the Church of England. So much for our religious futures.

A PRUDENT SKEPTICISM.

It takes a long time to discover, and longer still to prove the truth: it will take an eternity to make some people believe it. When falsehoods flash over the wires and startle us in our morning newspaper, we prudently reserve our judgment and begin to investigate the matter. The lie is already twenty-four hours ahead even should we use the wires to ascertain the truth. The trouble is that telegrams and cablegrams are expensive, it is not always possible to communicate with one who knows the truth, and even when this can be done, it is well nigh impossible to convey to him not only the false statement, but its plausible presentation and the impression it has produced. So we must fall back on the post-office, and give our correspondents time to hunt down the error, and then we are twenty-four days, instead of hours, behind, and lies upon lies have been printed meanwhile without contradiction. It has taken a year and a half to convince the majority of our fellow citizens that the monks and friars in the Philippines were not all wrong, and some are still skeptical in the matter. We have been hearing about the desecration of our churches there the past six months, and it will take some months still to give convincing testimony that some of the accusations made are true. The truth comes slowly, but never too late. If one refutation after another of these false charges would only make all men prudently skeptical of what they read in their daily newspaper, the editors would find their falsehoods less remunerative, and either withhold them entirely or sift from them what may be true.

A CATHOLIC PRESS BUREAU.

Sometimes it is a Catholic party, sometimes a National Catholic newspaper that our contemporaries advocate. The party is not needed, though a union of Catholic votes is often desirable for many reasons. In purely civil or political questions Catholics, like every other religious body of citizens, have ample choice of party without forming one of their own; in measures affecting Catholic interests, they will naturally unite against the man or policy opposed to them. The National Catholic newspaper might serve a good purpose, but it might as easily serve a sinister one. The local Catholic weeklies are not so bad, and many of them are improving every year. What they need is a common bureau of Catholic news—a Catholic Associated Press, the *Northwestern Chronicle* suggests—though the proper men and money to manage such an enterprise would be difficult to get. Meanwhile, a Catholic Editors' Association might meet our most urgent needs, if organized with no other purpose than that of helping one another to contradict erroneous or false statements about our religion and about Catholics generally, so that no Press falsehood about Catholic matters in any part of the United States could last longer than a week, without being denied in most of our Catholic newspapers.

ONE WAY OF ADVERTISING.

Are some of our Catholic editors quite sure that they are not lending their newspapers to a shrewd scheme of advertising when they publish the letters sent them by the business managers of certain secular magazines regretting that they had inserted in their publications advertisements of an anti-Catholic book? We have received several of these letters and we have read them since in many of our Catholic newspapers and periodicals. We have tried in some instances to make sure about the character of the writers of some of these letters, and of others who have begged us to raise an out-

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cry against the book and its advertisers, but without success, and we have good reasons to suspect that most of them are written merely with the purpose of imposing the book on the attention of Catholic readers. At any rate the book in question deserves no notice, as it will not be read by Catholics and it will have no more effect on its non-Catholic readers than similar productions which appear from time to time in our magazines and Sunday newspapers.

ATHLETICS FOR ADVERTISING.

In his address delivered at his inauguration as President of Yale University, Dr. Hadley paid his respects to the system of regarding athletic achievement as a sort of advertisement for one's own prowess, saying he mourned whenever he saw a Yale student who regards athletics as a sort of competitive means for putting the University ahead of some rival. He deprecated the sentiment that led some to advocate athletics as a means of attracting a number of students, saying he did not know nor care to know whether athletic victories attracted students or not, since the man who allows himself to dwell on such a question, if he is not tempted to violate the ethics of amateur sport, is at any rate playing with temptation in a dangerous and reprehensible way.

JESUIT JUDGES IN DREYFUS CASE.

A certain New York sheet, published in the interest of a prominent branch of the Protestant establishment, arraigns Pope Leo XIII. for complicity in the Dreyfus case. It bases its charge on the deep silence accorded the case by our Holy Father in his late Encyclical to the clergy of France. This is an improvement introduced into modern criticism by writers whose sole inspiration is bigotry, whose torch of truth is error. Hitherto scholars confined their attack to an enemy's statements. Now they feel free to invade the sacred precincts of a man's heart and read accusations into what he thinks. Pope Leo is vastly more concerned about the education of his clergy than he is about what opinion they shall hold in a civil case of law. He prefers to remain at home and let the army and the people of France mind their own business. The article in question sneeringly refers to Pope Leo as the alleged vicar of Christ, and that is the thorn in the heart of Protestantism. It likewise describes this venerable old man who has already won the admiration and the respect of the entire world, as counselling the clergy of France, "to keep clear of complicity, that is, of being found out, in plots against the existing government." Mere external morality is not a mark of the true Church.

Under date ot October 14 the *Weekly Register*, of London, has this paragraph:

"Now that the conflicting emotions aroused by the Dreyfus case have had time to partially subside, it may be well to cast a look over the field of struggle, for the purpose of removing any misconceptions, which, in the heat and fury of the conflict, may have been unconsciously introduced. As Lord Halifax, in his address to the English Church Union, very pertinently remarked, the Dreyfus trial has been utilized, in defiance of all justice, to attack the whole Catholic body. Among those against whom the most violent execrations have been levelled, the Jesuits have perhaps come in for more than their usual large share of abuse. Our own attitude has always been to limit our attack to an expression of entire disapproval of the French Clerical press, which we have persistently stigmatized as unchristian. To this opinion we unhesitatingly and unreservedly adhere. But when the recent trial was taken advantage of by the secular press to persuade the public that the anti-Dreyfus manifestations in France were the outcome of a Jesuit plot, and that Jesuit pupils dominated the counsels of the French army, we felt it only right to institute inquiries into the subject, the results of

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which we are only just able to give our readers.

"The French officers who, as judges or witnesses, took part in the Rennes court-martial, numbered sixty-one. Of the nine officers forming the *Conseil de Guerre* (seven judges, the *Commissaire du Gouvernement* and a *rapporteur*) only one, Commandant de Bréon, was educated at a Jesuit school. It has been commonly stated in the French press, of all shades of opinion, that this officer was one of the two who voted for an acquittal; what is certain is that he has the reputation of being an earnest and practical Catholic. Including Colonel du Paty du Clam there were fifty-two military witnesses. Seven of these, according to the result of our investigations, are old Jesuit pupils, and of these seven, three appeared as witnesses for the defence. The best known name among the Jesuit pupils is that of General de Boisdeffre, who was at a Lycée for eight years, and at a Jesuit school for only two. Of all the really prominent figures in the case, e. g., Generals Mercier, Billot, Zurlinden, Roget, Gonse, Chanoine, Commandants Cuignet and Rollin, Colonels Picquart and du Paty du Clam, and Captain Lebrun Renault, not one was educated at a Jesuit school. We are pleased to be able to make these facts public, more especially as there is greater likelihood of their being impartially considered now that the storm of passionate partisanship has moderated. They conclusively prove that the enemies of Catholicism must look elsewhere than to the French Jesuits for the controlling irritant in the anti-Semitic crusade."

Apropos of the same subject, S. D. in a letter from Paris to the New York *Evening Post* of October 7, writes thus humorously and sensibly withal: "M. Yves Guyot wishes the punishment of generals, whom he considers, for unexplained reasons, to be docile pupils of the Jesuits; and the Jesuits, as everybody knows, are responsible for the failure of the potato crop.

"The most curious part of this impending Republican campaign is that the Jesuits proper have had little or nothing to do with the whole affair. Pére du Lac himself, as everyone who has the least acquaintance with his history is fully aware, is merely a name or figurehead for the party purposes of the Radicals. As director of a scientific preparatory school, he undoubtedly had many of the younger officers of the army and navy pass through his hands, but it is hard to see how a mere head-master, during two years of the student's life, could gain the preternatural influence which the superstitious Clemenceau and Guyot ascribe to him. A superior, properly so called, of his brother Jesuits he has never been. When Boulangism culminated, he was in charge of the college which the French Jesuits founded at Canterbury, in England, after Jules Ferry had interfered with their work in France. During the heat of the Dreyfus agitation, when he was supposed to be in hourly communication with the anti-Semite leaders, he was peacefully occupying his place in London, along with Senator Berenger, as delegate to the International Congress on the White Slave Trade. For an elderly man, he should have occupation enough without meddling in politics, which no sensible man believes he has done. His name, like that of his Order, simply serves as a watchword to the party which, as Jules Ferry is said to have boasted, will stop only when it has dechristianized France. Freedom-loving foreigners should at least learn to distrust the attacks of French partisans who show themselves willing to use political power held by manipulation of universal suffrage, to force their own religious ideas on their unwilling countrymen."

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A recent letter from Cardinal Vannutelli to the Superior-General of the Friars Minor influenced Father Andrew, O. F. M., to write the London *Tablet* under date of October 14, as follows: "I beg to be allowed to explain the full significance of the Cardinal's late letter. It may not have been apparent to many of your readers. On November 20, of last year, the Holy Father addressed a letter to the Most Rev. Father Aloysius Lauer, Minister-General of the Order of Friars Minor, in which with that depth of thought, lucidity and happiness of expression we all know so well, His Holiness dealt with the twofold subject of 'Study and Preaching.' You, sir, were kind enough to devote a leader to the topic, based on the Papal Letter. I quote your own words. 'Ever a special object of his affectionate solicitude, the Order is now made aware of the high hopes placed in its future work for the welfare of mankind by the instructions now laid down for the guidance of the Friars by the Pope himself.' Among these instructions was one to which undue, and, as it has been proved, ungrounded importance was attached. His Holiness, in his customary devotion to the genius of St. Thomas Aquinas, paid a passing tribute to the Angelic Doctor. But so forcibly did he seem to set forth the claims of St. Thomas that a certain impression was made, and a rumor was bruited abroad to the effect that his theology to the exclusion of all theologians of the Franciscan School, was to form for the future the staple of our teaching. This view gained ground and in due course was heard of in the Vatican. Now, however, comes the official denial of any such intention's ever having been entertained by His Holiness. He positively asserts that nothing was further removed from his mind than to revoke No. 245 of our new General Constitution inculcating loyal devotion to the theology of the old Franciscan School. Moreover he refers to a letter he graciously sent to a former Minister-General, translation of which I append."

This letter is dated December 13, 1885, and contains among others these words of praise for St. Bonaventure. "How great an affection existed between St. Thomas and the Seraphic Doctor, what a similarity in holiness and in teaching, is well known to all. Wherefore, without doubt, Catholics, and especially those youths who are growing up to be the hope of the Church, who devote themselves to the study of Philosophy and Theology according to the teaching of Aquinas, will derive the greatest benefit from reading the works of St. Bonaventure; and from the writings of both, as from two well-furnished arsenals, take weapons with which they may strive valiantly to overcome their enemies in that desperate war stirred up against the Church and against human society itself."

At the annual meeting of the Archbishops of the United States held at the University in Washington on October 12, it was unanimously agreed that the hierarchy of this country should stand by the Christian Brothers in their efforts to have Latin and Greek retained in the curricula of their schools in this country.

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Some time ago the Archbishops authorized Bishop Byrne of Nashville to go to Rome and speak for them in behalf of the Christian Brothers and they signed a petition to the Pope, asking that he reverse the decision of Brother Gabriel-Marie, head of the Order. At this year's meeting the Archbishops made the plea of the Brothers the basis of another appeal to the Pope. Archbishop Riordan, being about to leave for Rome, was commissioned the special representative of the American hierarchy to bear the message to the Pope. It was also resolved to request Brother Gabriel-Marie to restore to their posts of duty in the United States the Brothers deposed from their positions at the heads of colleges. Another important matter discussed was the advisability of continuing the Catholic Indian Schools.

After hearing both sides, the Board agreed to continue the work for another year, even if the Church bore the entire burden of the schools.

In an able circular letter dated October 15, the Most Rev. Archbishop sounds a notable warning on this subject of paramount importance. After remarking that it is a subject that troubles his conscience as a pastor of souls, he comments on the custom notably growing amongst our people, especially those more favored with the world's goods, of estranging their children from Catholic education and thus unconsciously preparing for themselves and their descendants great spiritual dangers and difficulties in the future. "The fact is only too fully demonstrated by daily experience. Most commonly the reason of the fact is the desire to ascend the social scale, to mingle in fashionable circles, to surround one's children with companions deemed desirable for after life. Admitting for a moment that the custom under consideration facilitates admission to fashionable society,—is such society so immaculate, so far superior to one's former surroundings as to counterbalance the precious advantages guaranteed to us by the knowledge and practice of our faith? A very high authority asks, 'What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Does not experience teach how often parents have had bitter cause to regret their desire to ascend in the social scale, or have their children mount the social ladder, at the expense of the gift of faith?" Then the Archbishop proceeds to pay a high tribute to Catholic teachers and puts his finger on the true reason of whatever inferiority attaches to Catholic schools and colleges. "On the other hand no one will dispute the devotedness of our religious teachers in our schools, academies, convents and colleges. If there be lack of anything, the defect is to be attributed to the want of opportunity, arising from a crippled exchequer. Not want of knowledge, nor good will, but poverty alone prevents the equipping of our homes of learning with such further appliances as would enable them not merely to equal other institutions, but far surpass them. Catholic parents who send their children to institutions, in which their religious training is dwarfed and impeded, are themselves directly responsible for perpetuating the drawbacks, which they allege as the motive for abandoning our convents and colleges. The life-blood of our Sisters and Brothers, of our priests and professors, is given to the holy cause of education. They deserve encouragement."

The third annual convention of the Eucharistic League was held in Philadelphia during the week beginning October 15. On Tuesday evening the opening service was held in the Cathedral, Bishop Horstmann, of Cleveland, officiating. This service was followed by a meeting of Diocesan Directors.

On Wednesday morning the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Martinelli, celebrated Pontifical High Mass. An eloquent sermon was preached by Archbishop Ryan. At the business session, held in

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the afternoon, papers were read bearing upon the purpose of the League. The services of the day closed at 7.30 P.M., with an "hour of adoration," conducted by the Rev. F. P. Siegfried, of Overbrook Seminary. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given by Archbishop Kain, of St. Louis. The convention closed on Monday in St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, where Pontifical Mass of Requiem was sung by Bishop Prendergast. Papers were read by several of the clergy on devotion to the Holy Eucharist, and at night, after a procession through the Seminary grounds, Archbishop Corrigan closed the convention with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. About twelve prelates and two hundred priests, representing the various religious orders and secular clergy from all parts of the country, were present at the different exercises.

Recent disturbances in the Transvaal hold the attention of the world. So many statements, false and true, are bandied about concerning the status of Catholicity in this little republic, that these few items, gleaned from official documents of the Church, may prove of interest and advantage to our readers. The country of the Transvaal is a Prefecture Apostolic with Very Rev. Aloysius Schoch, O.M.I., for Prefect Apostolic. He resides in Johannesburg. The Prefecture was established March 15, 1886, and made separate from the Vicariate of Natal. Its limits are identical with those of the South African Republic; the river Limopo on the north; on the south the rivers Vaal, Buffalo, Yongola; the Portuguese possessions on the east, and on the west the desert of Kalahari. The climate near the banks of the Limopo is hot and unhealthy; in the rest of the country it is temperate and healthy enough. The government is a republic, with a president and two elective assemblies. Only Protestants are eligible for the presidency and for the two assemblies. In 1896, it began to be lawful for Catholics to hold certain other official positions. Protestant schools alone receive State aid. Catholics are debarred by law from teaching in the government schools. These restrictions are remnants of the old laws which had sway in Holland during times of persecution. The large body of these laws was in 1850 incorporated in the code of the republic by its first founders. At the present writing all enactments against Catholics, except the above-mentioned, are repealed. In all the cities English is the language used in business transactions. Resident Boers in the country use the language of Holland. Dutch is the official language of the government. The natives speak Sitwana and Sizulu. The Catholics in 1898 were 6,200. There were 170,000 European residents and 649,000 natives. TheCatholic churches numbered five; the chapels, eight. The outlying missions attended were four larger and five smaller ones. The missionaries employed were 15. Twelve elementary schools were in operation, four for boys, with 720 pupils; eight for girls, with an attendance of 820. There was one high school for boys and three for girls. In a college for boys students were prepared for the University examinations. The high schools provided for 130 boys and 320 girls. An orphanage and an asylum took care of 160 children and 19 old people. A hospital in Johannesburg was managed by Sisters of the Holy Family. The religious were, all told, 123, denominated as follows:

Men: Oblates of Mary Immaculate, 14; Trappists, 3; Little Brothers of Mary, 11. Women: Sisters of Loretto, 17; Sisters of the Holy Family, 39; Sisters of Nazareth, 11; Sisters of St. Dominic, 22; Sisters of St. Ursula, 6.

In the MESSENGER for July, 1898, there appeared a short account of the Association of the Perpetual Light of Expiation and Supplication in honor of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. Impressed by its worthy object and the large increase

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in the number of its priest and lay members, His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis, petitioned His Holiness, Leo XIII., to raise the association to the rank of an archconfraternity. The answer to this petition is contained in the subjoined decree, issued by the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith.

"In as much as some years ago, R. P. D. John Joseph Kain, Archbishop of St. Louis, in the United States of North America, erected a society in the monastery of the Nuns of the Visitation, B. M. V., in a place of the city of St. Louis, which is commonly called Cabanne Place, under the title of Association of the Perpetual Light of Expiation and Supplication, in honor of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the increase of devotion to Him, and to propitiate the divine justice; now, therefore, that this society may be more and more extended, he begs that the same may be adorned with the title of Archconfraternity. Wherefore His Holiness, our Lord, Leo XIII., Pope (the undersigned Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith having brought the matter forward), in an audience on the 1st day of August, 1899, deigned to erect and institute the said society, already canonically erected in the Archdiocese of St. Louis, into an Archconfraternity with all and single rights, privileges, honors, preeminences, and indults usually granted. And to the officials and sodalists of the same Archconfraternity, both present and future, he granted forever that with the express consent of the Archbishop of St. Louis, then ruling, they may aggregate to the same Archconfraternity any societies of the same title within the confines of the ecclesiastical province of St. Louis, provided the Constitution '*Quæcumque*' of Clement XIII., Pope, and the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, of the 8th day of January, 1881, be observed; and that they may freely and licitly communicate to them all and every indulgence, granted by the Apostolic See to the Archconfraternity itself, and to others communicable.

"His Holiness commanded that this present decree should forthwith be issued.

"Given at Rome from the Hall of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, the 4th day of August, 1899.

"M. CARDINAL LEDÓCHOWSKI,
Prefect.

"ALOYSIUS NECCIA, Secretary."

A second rescript in response to Archbishop Kain's petition grants the following indulgences to members of the newly erected Archconfraternity.

1. A plenary indulgence on the feasts of the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph and Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque to members who celebrate Mass on these days or come to Holy Communion.

2. A plenary indulgence, on the usual conditions, for all the members on the feasts of the Annunciation and Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

3. A plenary indulgence on the usual conditions, for the Promoters on the feasts of the Sacred Heart, Corpus Christi, St. Joseph, the Annunciation and Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Notice.

The December issues of the MESSENGER and *Supplement* were destroyed by fire on the morning of November 9. Of the *League Leaflets* only 12,000 sets, which had already been mailed, reached their destination at the appointed time. We have been doing our best against great difficulties to supply Directors with Leaflets for their Promoters' Meetings, and to send the MESSENGER to each subscriber before the end of this month. If we should not succeed in every case, we beg of all, Directors and subscribers, to be patient, and we shall leave nothing undone to have our next issues ready, as usual, in good time.

We take this opportunity to thank our many friends for their kind expressions of sympathy, and our Directors for the hearty manner in which they indorse our proposal for improving the *League Leaflets*.—THE EDITOR.

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DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

The most important thing for the consideration of our Local Directors this month is the proposal contained in the following letter, a copy of which, enclosing a sample of the leaflets in a new form, has been addressed to all of them with the request for a prompt reply:

The enclosed book of leaflets is a sample of an improvement which we propose to make in this publication, should a sufficient number of our Local Directors approve of it.

In this new form each leaflet will be four pages instead of two, and contain, in addition to the usual mystery and calendar pages, one for a brief explanation of the General Intention, the chief observance of the League, and one for its two most popular observances, a short illustrated life of a patron saint and a virtue for practice.

In this way the complete set of three books, or thirty leaflets, will give brief sketches of thirty saints or feast days for each month, and they will be so arranged that Promoters can distribute them without cutting the book as formerly.

As the General Intention, the saint's life, and the virtue afford opportunities of explaining and illustrating every variety of Catholic interest, doctrine and practice, the leaflets would thus serve as excellent Catholic tracts, and the advantage of distributing 1,500,000 of them every month is obvious.

The improvement thus proposed is so desirable that several Local Directors have requested us to make it, but we have hesitated before doing so, since, besides requiring additional labor from us, it will increase the expense of the leaflets to double their present cost, i.e.:

Each book of 10 four-page leaflets, issued monthly, will be 20c. for the year.

Each set, of 3 books of 10 four-page leaflets, issued monthly, will be 60c. a year.

In other words, to supply each Associate with one of the proposed four-page leaflets for the entire year will cost two cents instead of one cent, the cost of the present two-page leaflet.

Desirable and advantageous as this improvement will be, we shall not attempt it without putting this increased expense clearly before all our Directors, knowing that it may be difficult for some of them to meet it, though we are confident, if the matter is properly explained to Promoters and Associates, they will fully appreciate its advantages and be glad to bear the additional expense.

Begging the favor of a prompt reply on the enclosed postal, or permission to interpret silence as consent to the plan, in case your answer should not reach us before November 30, when we prepare the next (January) issue of leaflets, we take this occasion to thank you for your interest in our common work, and to ask a continued remembrance in your prayers. Yours respectfully,

J. WYNNE, S.J.

The contents of the MESSENGER for the year 1899, arranged in an alphabetical index, will be distributed with copies of the January number of 1900. It will not be bound in with that number, so that it may be used to complete the volume for this year. A glance at the list of subjects and authors in this index will serve to show the character of the MESSENGER better than any other means at our command.

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The Certificates of Admission and Badges, printed in Italian, Spanish, Polish, Bohemian and Slovak, are now ready, and Directors who have in their congregations members speaking any of these languages will do well to select a few Promoters specially from their number, so as to introduce to them the practices of the League. Soon we shall try to provide leaflets in the same tongues.

In our advertising pages will be found the announcement of a new publication, a little book of 50 pages, called "The League Explained," consisting of extracts from the "Handbook" and the "League Devotions" and intended for Associates. It will be bound in cloth and sold for 5 cents, with a reduction for Directors who may wish to distribute a number of copies.

In the same pages the Almanac and Calendar for 1900 is announced for December 1. Among other useful things the new Almanac will contain a list of Patron Saints and the trades, diseases and other objects of their patronage. A list of virtues and practices, with definitions and suggestions for each has also been compiled with great care as a glossary for the monthly Calendar. The Almanac commemorates the Consecration of the world to the Sacred Heart of Jesus made during the year now closing. The price is the same as last year, ten cents per copy; by mail, twelve cents, with reduction of twenty-five per cent. per hundred copies.

The Apostleship of Prayer was founded on the feast of St. Francis Xavier, and under his special patronage. Although the Novena of Grace in honor of the Saint is usually made prior to March 12, the anniversary of his canonization, many Directors choose the day of his feast, December 3, for a day of special League observance, and prepare for it by a triduum or novena of renewal for the Promotors and Associates. Leaflets with prayers for the devotions of this triduum or feast may be had at our office, for 40 cents per 100.

To Promoters.

Promoters will be delighted with the proposal contained in the League Leaflets for December. In the new form, as proposed, samples of which have been sent to the Local Directors, the General Intention will be explained every month, the Patron Saint's life will be narrated briefly and illustrated, and a virtue or practice will be recommended to each Associate. Promoters can see at once how such an additional page in the Leaflets will enable them not only to get new members, but also to work amongst them with more efficiency and fruit.

For the accommodation of Promoters, we have also published with the League Leaflets for December some blanks for subscription to the Messenger, *Supplement* and Almanac and Calendar for 1900. These can be distributed among the Associates, many of whom rarely hear of these publications. Some who are already subscribers may use them in renewing their subscriptions, if they cannot induce others to subscribe for them. Notice that a subscription sent us now will not expire before December, 1900, thus securing the new subscriber the Messenger for thirteen months.

At this time of the year Promoters can render us a valuable service by reminding subscribers to the Messenger or *Supplement* that they should respond as promptly as possible to the notices sent them about renewing their subscriptions. So many subscriptions expire with the last number of the year, that unless we receive a reply to our request for renewal, we cannot send the January number. Even if subscribers do not find it convenient to send us their subscriptions immediately, they should send us word expressing their intention to continue on our lists, so that they may receive the January issue.

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APOSTLESHIP AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION CENTRE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—"Kindly send me twenty more sets of leaflets. I am happy to state that our work is advancing very satisfactorily. With this recent addition I think we shall have about 2,500 Associates enrolled. Our Holy Hour devotion is gaining rapidly in popularity. His Grace the Archbishop has granted us permission to have the Blessed Sacrament exposed during it, and it is really edifying to see the large and pious congregation that are in attendance."

MT. ST. MARY'S SEMINARY, CINCINNATI, OHIO —"Our Centre has just celebrated the second anniversary of its establishment, and there is now not a member of the community who is not an Associate of the Apostleship. The Very Rev. President of the Seminary acts as Local Director. Appreciating the great amount of good that is to be effected through devotion to the Sacred Heart, we have arranged that in the future all our young priests shall receive the Cross and Diploma of a Promoter before entering upon the active work of the ministry."

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION CENTRE, BOSTON, MASS.—"Our last Promoters' meeting was well attended. Fr. Pardow, S.J., who was here for a few days giving a retreat, addressed the Promoters. We have about thirty-five women Promoters-in-charge, and some six or seven men. There were 1,000 communions on the First Friday of October, and during the Forty Hour's devotion at the beginning of the following week, as many as six hundred Associates took turns in spending an hour in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament."

CATHEDRAL CENTRE, NEW YORK CITY.—Death should not sever the union of prayer and zeal existing between the Associates of our Apostleship. It is with this thought in mind that the Cathedral Centre has issued a very neat four-page leaflet giving in chronological order the name and date of death of their Promoters. At the head of this column is the request, "Of your charity you are asked to remember, when making out your intention slip monthly, the following deceased Promoters of our Centre," and on the page opposite, the still more definite request that Associates offer at least once for the departed person named on the first page of the leaflet, Assistance at Holy Mass, Holy Communion, the Rosary, the Way of the Cross and the De Profundis. The fourth page contains a handsome picture of the Crucifixion with our Lady kneeling at the foot of the Cross and the prayer, "Look down upon me, good and gentle Jesus," etc., to whose recitation under the usual conditions a plenary indulgence is attached. Around the edge of the page is the promise which must prove of such consolation to a good Promoter at the hour of death and to her bereaved friends and relatives: "Those who shall promote this devotion shall have their names written in my heart, never to be blotted out." Both conception and execution of this "In Memoriam" leaflet are excellent, and we should be glad to see other Centres adopt this means of ensuring a prayerful remembrance for their deceased Promoters and Associates.

JAMAICA, B. W. I.—It was the writer's good fortune to spend a portion of the past winter on the beautiful Island of Jamaica—the healthiest, best governed, and certainly one of the most beautiful of the Antilles; and it was both his privilege and happiness to form the acquaintance of many of the resident clergy, all Jesuits. Their headquarters are at Kingston, where, in addition to the large Church of the Holy Trinity, the Fathers conduct an excellent boys' school—St. George's College—and have established foundations of both the Franciscan Sisters and the Sisters of Mercy, and through the medium of a most creditable monthly

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periodical—*Catholic Opinion*, edited by the Rev. William F. Gregory, S.J.—the great truths of religion are ably presented side by side with the current questions of the day. There are also many chapels situated in various parts of the Island, which are visited periodically, and two industrial schools and an orphanage.

The Bishop of the Island—the Right Rev. Charles Gordon, D.D.—is likewise a Jesuit, and a Scotchman of rare personal and intellectual gifts, though his assistant staff is largely American.

The total estimated population in March, 1895, was 683,739, of which only about 15,000 were white, 122,000 colored, and 488,000 black. It is safe to say, therefore, that fully 90 per cent. of the Catholic population is colored—brown or black. It was a very edifying sight to see the great church at Kingston, accommodating about 2000 persons, filled on successive Sundays with a most orderly and reverential congregation. This was emphasized at the First Friday Mass, the congregation turned out *en masse*, and the communion rail, accommodating at least fifty people, being approached in ranks five deep.

The existence of a Jesuit mission is synonymous with the establishment of the League of the Sacred Heart.

The "League" here was evidently strong, and its insignia were prominently displayed by the members and communicants, the Promoters carrying the well-known badge, framed in glass and metal, on a cord of black and gold around the shoulders, while the members wore it suspended to a red ribbon. The large number of men approaching Holy Communion was especially noticeable, and when such devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is shown by the adults, surely the rising generation must reap the reward that Almighty God has promised to the good example of parents.

From this will spring the happiness and dignity of the family and the triumph and dissemination of the Catholic Faith!—*Abridged from the Annals of the Tabernacle Society.*

Mission of Maduras, India.—The Rev. Father Boutelant, S.J, in a paper read before the Eucharistic Congress held at Paris, gives the following among other interesting and edifying details of progress made by devotion to the Holy Eucharist and the Sacred Heart in this distant field of labor. After recalling the fact that the first Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. Canoz, summed up his advice to the missionaries entering upon their work, in the one sentence—Devotion to the Sacred Heart and frequent communion, Father Boutelant thus continues: "This order was understood, and to-day Maduras which in 1844 embraced with its immense vicariate only some few thousand Catholics, now numbers 100,000 members of the Church. It is true that within these sixty years 170 missionaries have fallen in the breach, but the voice of their blood, united to the voice of the blood shed by the Divine Lamb, has touched the heart of the heavenly Father. Reductions have been founded, villages which recall the happiest periods of the Church existence; orphanages, hospitals, colleges have been established, and the great College of St. Joseph at Trichinopoly alone counts two thousand pupils. In this college, nearly all the Jesuit professors are Frenchmen, and yet they are obliged to teach in English, to follow an English programme of studies and to adopt English methods of instruction. They have furthermore to struggle against the rivalry of other institutions directed by Oxford graduates, against the periodical visitation of the cholera which carries off the teachers even more than the pupils, against an enervating climate, and yet with all these drawbacks and difficulties the College of Trichonopoly has by its success in the examinations obtained the first place among all the colleges of the Madras Presidency. Are we to attribute this success to the energy and devotedness of the missionaries?

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Evidently not. The effect is out of all proportion to the cause. All this life comes from the heart, and the heart of the mission is the Holy Eucharist. From the day on which the Holy Eucharist and the Sacred Heart began to hold the chief place in the work of the mission, the outpouring of Catholic life everywhere manifested itself. . . . . The devotion of our Indians towards the Blessed Sacrament is especially displayed in two practices, that of the *Nocturnal Adoration* each week during the night from Thursday to Friday, and the *nine First Friday Communions*.

"At the Cathedral of Trichonopoly and one other large church in the city the men are divided into bands, each band taking its turn in the adoration, which is terminated Friday morning by a general communion at which the number of communicants is always between six and eight hundred, and this, be it remarked, out of a Catholic population of some four or five thousand. This pious custom has spread from the episcopal to all the other large towns, and it is easy to trace the transformation it has wrought.

"With regard to the Nine First Friday Communions, some of our missionaries have adopted it as their chief agency for good, and not unfrequently has it been known to effect a radical change for the better, or at least a marked improvement in the villages where this devotion is practised. Sinners whose consciences were weighted down with faults and bad habits when they approached the tribunal of penance for the first of these communions, when they made the ninth, had become masters of their evil inclinations, a mastery which they maintained the rest of their lives. The missionaries take special pleasure in inducing the children to adopt the practice of the Nine Fridays, and such is their unshaken faith in the promise of the Divine Heart in this regard, that when a child has made these nine monthly communions, they consider him as effectually secured against the power of hell, and his final perseverance in doing good is henceforth in their eyes a settled matter."

Father Boutelant's report of the hold that devotion to the Sacred Heart has on the natives of the Maduras Mission, is confirmed by a recent letter of Mgr. Barthe, the present Bishop of Trichinopoly, to the editor of the French *Messenger:* "Dear Rev. Father, I thank you most earnestly for the copies of the *Messenger* you have sent us. They are distributed each month in different parts of the Mission and are productive of much good. Their reading keeps up the love of the missionaries for the Sacred Heart, and their zeal to make more and more widespread this devotion among their Christians. In respect to this devotion, I may add that our missionaries have everywhere obtained the most consoling results. But the practice most cherished by our flocks is that of the First Friday Communion. We often meet Christians who come several leagues to take part in it. In the principal Centres of the Mission the First Friday Communions are as numerous as on the big feast days. Besides, this devotion seems to carry along with it graces that are in some sense irresistible. From time to time the missionaries meet some of those Christians who aim at nothing higher than their Easter Communion. Point out to them this or that feast on which to go to Communion, and there are always obstacles in the way. But when you ask them to communicate on the first Friday of the month out of love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus, all difficulties disappear. They joyfully consent and are faithful to their promise. You know that the bubonic pest makes great ravage near our mission. So this year, on occasion of my Lenten Pastoral, I pointed out to the Christians as an excellent means of preservation the practice of affixing a picture of the Sacred Heart to each of their houses. Thanks to the kindness of a benefactor of the Misssion, we have distributed nearly forty thousand of these pictures,

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rinted on cloth with an inscription in Tamoul, and the cry is still for more. In June we shall have a solemn consecration of each and all our villages to the Sacred Heart."

OBITUARY.

Rt. Rev. Louis de Goesbriand, D.D., Bishop of Burlington, Vt.; Rev. Joseph Laurençot, S.J., Vice-Postulator of the Cause of the Ven. Claude de la Colombière; Ella Streeter, Cathedral Centre, Erie, Pa.; Mary Woodward, St. Mary's Centre, Annapolis, Md.; Thomas Meagher, Newton, Mass.; Maria Booth, St. Edward's Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.; Janie Hurley, St. Patrick's Centre, Mobile, Ala.; John Mullen, St. Patrick's Centre, O'Neill, Neb.; Carrie Meehan, St. Joseph's, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Madame Garvey, R.S.H., Elmhurst, R. I.; Sister M. of St. Vincent Ritter, Cincinnati, O. *May their souls and the souls of all our departed Promoters and Associates, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.*

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 1,211,423.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (1. Thes., v. 18.)

Special Thanksgivings. — CHICAGO, ILL.—"Several months ago a young lady was taken ill with what proved to be quick consumption, and although a baptized Catholic, she never practised her religion. She was, in fact, an atheist, at least she pretended to believe in nothing. For the sake of social life she attended the Congregational Church. The Catholic Church she only held up to ridicule, making little of priest and devotions. However, her mother, a good practical Catholic, asked the prayers of the League for the daughter's conversion. As the end drew near the mother felt that her prayers were of no avail, and she accepted this terrible cross with resignation. The young lady would not allow any one to speak to her of her future destiny, she would make no preparation for eternity.

"Still she lingered, but no change was perceptible, in fact, the case did seem quite hopeless. But thank God, the prayers of the Associates were heard, and one day, the young lady asked her mother to place the scapulars on her. The mother hastened to comply, and only a few days later she asked to see the Rev. Father H———. He instructed her, and she received all the consolations of the Church, making her first and last Communion on her death-bed. She sank very rapidly after this, and she died full of trust and hope for a happy union with the God whom she had so long denied. Surely the League ought to offer thanksgiving for such a singular favor."

NEW YORK CITY.—"Sincere thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the disappearance of an abscess which had caused me intense suffering, and for a time even seemed to threaten my life. My sole recourse was to the Sacred Heart and after various practices of devotion in its honor, and the promise of publication in the MESSENGER, this great favor was obtained."

BUFFALO, N. Y.—"I have just recovered from a dangerous attack of pneumonia. Though at the worst I was prepared and willing enough to die if such was God's holy will, yet I longed to live for the sake of my children. Having explained my feelings to my confessor, he advised me to begin a novena to the Sacred Heart and to honor Him by publishing the grace obtained. I joyfully

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complied with the advice, and at once a change for the better took place. I hope you will publish this expression of my gratitude and by so doing encourage others to confide in the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

ST. ALPHONSUS' CENTRE, ST. LOUIS, MO.—One of our Promoters requested a gentleman to join the League and take up the first degree of membership. He promised and gave his word to make the Morning Offering faithfully. Three month later he fell sick; when first asked to see a priest, he seemed unwilling; said would rather wait till he'd be up and about; later, of his own accord, requested to see a priest, made a very consoling confession, and in a few days died an edifying death, with the priest at his side to speed his soul to eternity. It was over fifty years since he had received the sacraments.

NEW YORK CITY.—"It will please you, I am sure, to hear that Mr. L—— has returned again to his faith, and died thoroughly repentant. Since his confession, which he made on August 8, he was a source of edification to us all, so humble, patient and child-like that I was ashamed of myself that one who had so long strayed from the right path should prove himself so bright an example to others. Of course it was at first a hard struggle for him, and from the day he said he would go to confession till a week later when he carried his good resolution into effect, the devil gave him a hard fight. Once reconciled to God, his only desire was to die, and although with heroic generosity he offered to endure willingly a longer agony, the end came peacefully and without pain. Please find space for this in the MESSENGER, and further note as a fruit of this good example that Mr. L.——'s brother, a negligent Catholic, has promised to resume the practice of his religious duties."

Spiritual Favors.—The conversion and happy death of a Catholic who had been away from the Sacraments for nearly thirty years; the return of a married couple to the practice of their religion; the conversion of two non-Catholics; the reconciliation of husband and wife; return to the Church of one who had neglected his religious duties for ten years, the grace being obtained through a Novena of First Friday Communions made by four of his friends; change of conduct on the part of a father who had shown great and uncalled for harshness towards one of his children; a reconciliation between two friends who had become estranged; peace of mind; the removal of obstacles to correspondence with a religious vocation.

Temporal Favors.—Successful operation for the removal of an eye; employment for one; restoration to health of a young mother; the renting of a house; relief from palpitation of the heart and severe pains in the side; the cure of a religious in bad health; success in teaching a class; recovery of health without recourse to an operation, which at first had been deemed imperative by physicians; the receipt of money to meet a debt; great improvement in eyesight; successful examination; a position as school-teacher; the restoration of two persons to health; unexpected sale of property and solution of business difficulties; recovery from an attack of pneumonia, aggravated by heart disease; exemption from military service of a brother whose presence was needed at home; convalescence after a severe hemorrhage; recovery of an Indian child who was dangerously ill; relief from toothache and headache through the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary; gaining of an important law suit; a favor obtained for a school.

Favors ascribed to the application of the Badge or Promoter's Cross.—Instantaneous recovery from pain in the chest; relief in an attack of heart failure; the disappearance of an abscess; restoration of a child's health; recovery of a young man who had been bed-ridden for over a year on account of spinal trouble.

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THE·READER·

Patrology. Schmid. This volume must prove an invaluable aid to students of theology and others interested in the writings of the Fathers. The main body of the book is taken up with short notices of these writers of the early Church, judiciously arranged catalogues of their works, and complete references to the various editions in which they appear. Enough erudition concerning patristic criticism is spread on the forward pages to guide the beginner in his readings, and the array of topics presented for perusal in this vast library of wholesome and true literature is a standing temptation to take down Migne from the shelf, and make or renew acquaintance with these intellectual giants, moulded after God's own fashion. Familiarity with this manual of patrology must have for effect a longing desire to cultivate closer relations with the Fathers, and with this point secured, a long stride has been taken in the field of wisdom. May the good work prosper!

* * *

The Catechism Explained. A Practical Manual for the use of the Preacher, the Catechist, the Teacher and the Family. From the original of Rev. Francis Spirago. Edited by Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S.J. Cloth, pages 720. Price $2.50. Benziger Brothers. New York.

This volume from the pen of an eminent professor is of a kind with recent manuals, but so vastly its superior that comparison is simply out of the question. Only a man as laborious and as deeply versed in theology as the author could attempt a work of the sort. To set before his readers the feast he spreads he calls abundantly on resources acquired by long experience in the chair and by years of careful and close study. He is decidedly up to date and touches vexed questions of living interest in our own times. Difficulties are approached as fearlessly as they are summarily and clearly solved. No teacher of Catechism, blessed with the means to purchase it, ought to be long without this treasury of information and piety. Priests can derive from it untold profit in the way of burnishing up old knowledge. We can find no fault with its general make-up, none with its statements. The order of treatment is wonderfully logical, simple, and conducive at the same time to both study and pleasure. The language throughout is bare of ornament, but thoroughly well chosen for the character of the book. Anecdotes are plentiful and history is generously and fairly quoted in defense of the truth.

* * *

Monona. An Episode of the Summer School. By M. A. Navarette. Cloth. Pages 156. Price 25 cents. D. H. McBride & Co., Akron, Ohio. This truly interesting and instructive story was written, we are informed, by a Dominican Sister. Mixed marriages point the moral of the tale and incidentally pilgrimages are commended. The lessons conveyed are healthy and well worth the serious study of young men and young women. Interest never lags and many beautiful touches of human nature at its best are introduced.

* * *

The Land I Love Best. By Katherine Tynan. Cloth, Pages, 191. Price 1s. Catholic Truth Society, London.

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A collection of short stories meant for a tribute to Ireland and the Irish. Some of the pieces are of a superior quality and in the writer's best strain. Others again are of an indifferent type and unworthy of a place in the series. In "A Daughter of Erin" the humor is excellent and catchy sayings abound. The boy, however, in the story is, if we may be allowed the expression, too old a boy for his age. "A Penitent" is full of character-description and of a weirdness attractive in the extreme. Fondness for children and the beauties of home life are invested with peculiar charms in "Joanna." Love before and after marriage is discussed in the same story and matches for money are very becomingly reprobated. "The Scapegoat" is a too unlovely picture of a girl ill-treated by rich relatives. For pathos and genuine Irish kindness "The Returned Emigrant" is perhaps the best number in the set. "The Monk's Garden" is a long array of colors, flowers and vegetables with little to commend it. The language, barring a few exceptions, is unusually exact and choice. On page 84, "whom you say is of the old stock," is hardly grammatical.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM B. HERDER,
St, Louis.

"General History of the Christian Era, Vol. III." By A. Guggenberger, S.J., Professor of History at Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth. Pages, 432. Prices, $1.50.

"Short Catechism of Church History." By Rev J. B. Oechtering. Cloth. Pages, 127. Price, 30 cents. Wholesale price, 20 cents. Introduction price, 15 cents.

FROM BENZIGER BROTHERS,
New York.

"The Tragedy of Calvary." By the Abbé Henry Bolo. Cloth. Pages, 287. Price, $1.25.

FROM DIGBY, LONG & CO,
London.

"The Curé of St. Philippe." By Francis W. Grey. Cloth. Pages, 313.

FROM CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

"Love Stronger Than Death." By Josephine Marie. Cloth. Pages, 61,

FROM H. L. KILNER & CO.,
Philadelphia.

"At the Foot of the Mountain." By Emily R. Logue. Cloth. Pages, 46.

FROM MARLIER, CALLAHAN & CO.
Boston.

"The Friars in the Philippines." By Rev. Ambrose Coleman, O. P., Cloth. Pages, 152. Price, cloth, 50 cents. Paper, 25 cents.

FROM POLLEUNIS & CEUTERICK.
Louvaine.

'Are Catholics Reasonable in Their Belief?" By M. P. Seter. Paper. Pages, 177.

FROM WILLIAM PARTIFR.
Manila.

'Handbook of the Philippine Islands." Translated from Rev. F. X. Baranera S. J. With Historical Sketch by Alexander Laist. Cloth. Pages, 152.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
London, England.

The Real Presence, a Pastoral Letter. By the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport. Pages 24. 32mo. Paper, 1d.

Reasons for Being a Catholic. By G. H. Pages 30. 32mo. Paper, 1d.

Ritual. A Pastoral Letter. By the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport. Pages 22. 32mo. Paper, 1d.

The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. 30. A Lifelong Battle. By the Rev. G. Bampfield, B.A. Pages 32. 16mo. Paper, 1d.

Monsieur Olier. By the Rev. James Bellord. Pages 32. 16mo. Paper, 1d.

The Public Spirit of the Catholic Laity. An address delivered at the Catholic Reunion of Birmingham, by the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B, Bishop of Newport. Pages 16. 16mo. Paper, 1d.

The Analogy Between the Mysteries of Nature and of Grace. By Cardinal Newman. Pages 20, 16mo. Paper, 1d.

Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case. By the Rev. Langton G. Vere. No. 1. Pages 32. 16mo. Paper, 1d.

Christian Argument. By J. Herbert Williams, M.A. Pages 111. 8vo. Cloth, 1s.

Protestant Belief. By J. Herbert Williams, M.A. Pages 96. 8vo. Cloth, 1s.

TIPOGRAFIA GIA "VERA ROMA,"
Rome, Italy.

I Venerabili Servi di Dio, Canonico Marco Stefano Crisino, P. P. Stefano Pongràcz e Melchior Groder. By Nicola Angelini d. C. d. G. Pages, 142. 8vo. Paper.

IMPRENTA DE HENRICH Y COMPAÑIA,
Barcelona, Spain.

La Soberañia de España en Filipinas. By P. Francisco Foradada, S.J. Pages, 294. 16mo. Paper.

IMPRENTA LITOGRAFIA PARTIER,
Manila, Philippine Islands.

Tradiciones Filipinas. By Juan y José Toral. Pages, 233. 8vo. Cloth.

THE MEANY PRINTING CO.,
New York.

History of St. Bernard's Parish, New York. From May 1868 to May 1898. Pages, 49. 8vo. Paper.

POTTER & PUTNAM CO.,
New York.

The Student's Standard Speller. A Drill Book in Orthography and Dictation. By R. P. Maxwell. Pages, 158. 8vo. Cloth.

THE SECRETARY.

Annual Report of St. Joseph's Asylum. In the City of New York. For the year 1898. Pages, 39. 8vo Paper.

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RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, October 1 to 31, 1899.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Albany	Albany, N. Y.	St. Joseph's Indust. School	Oct. 3
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md	City Hospital	Oct. 7
Brownsville	Encinal, Texas	Sacred Heart of Mary . . . Church	Oct. 25
Buffalo	Olean, N. Y.	St. John's "	Oct. 18
Chicago	Bourbonnais Grove, Ill.	Maternity B. V. M "	Oct. 18
"	Brighton Park, Ill.	St. Joseph's "	Oct. 18
"	Tampico, Ill.	St. Mary's "	Oct. 25
*Cincinnati	Cincinnati, Ohio	Good Samaritan Hospital "	Oct. 31
Cleveland	Berea, O	St. Adalbert's "	Oct. 17
Detroit	Jackson, Mich	St. Mary Star of Sea "	Oct. 31
Dubuque	Kingsley, Ia	St. Michael's "	Oct 17
"	Pocahontas, Ia	Sts. Peter and Paul's "	Oct. 17
Fort Wayne	Kokomo, Ind.	St. Patrick's "	Oct. 6
Grand Rapids	Muskegon, Mich	St. Joseph's "	Oct. 18
Hartford	Windsor Locks, Conn	St. Mary's "	Oct. 17
Helena	Lewistown, Mont	St. Leo's "	Aug. 23
"	Walkerville, Mont	St. Lawrence's "	Sept. 4
*Little Rock	Bois Valley, Neb	Sts. Peter and Paul's "	Oct. 13
Milwaukee	St. Francis, Wis	St. Francis . . . Seminary	Oct. 25
Mobile	Huntsville, Ala	Visitation . . . Church	Oct. 3
Newark	Passaic, N. J	St. Joseph's "	Oct. 31
New Orleans	New Orleans, La	St. Mary's . . . Orphan Asylum	Oct. 6
New York	Nassau, N. P., Bahamas	Sacred Heart . . . Chapel	Oct. 28
St. Louis	Clayton, Mo	St. Joseph's . . . Church	Oct. 18
Sacramento	Chico, Cal	—— "	Oct. 12
San Francisco	Mission San Jose, Cal	St. Joseph's "	Sept. 24
"	Niles, Cal.	Corpus Christi "	Sept. 24
"	Pleasanton, Cal.	S'. Augustine's "	Sept. 24
"	San Francisco, Cal	Our Lady of Victory "	Oct. 6
Scranton	St. Joseph, Pa	St. Joseph's "	Oct. 17
"	Wilkesbarre, Pa	St. Mary's "	Oct. 7
Sioux Falls	Bryant, S. Dak	St Mary's "	Oct. 17
"	De Smet, S. Dak	St. Thomas' "	Oct. 31
Springfield	Southboro, Mass	St. Ann's "	Oct. —

Aggregations, 34; churches, 28; institutions, 5; chapel, 1. *German-speaking Centres.

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of October, 1899, from the 1st to the 31st (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Alton	Illiopolis, Ill	Visitation . . . Church	2
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, Ohio	St. Francis Xavier's "	1
"	" "	St. Lawrence's "	7
"	Marion, "	St. Mary's "	2
"	Norwood, "	Holy Innocents' . . . Chapel	8
"	Springfield, "	St. Raphael's . . . Church	12
Cleveland	Kelly Island, "	St. Michael's "	8
"	Toledo, "	Sacred Heart . . . Convent	1
"	Villa Maria, Pa.	St. Mary's "	2
"	Wellington, O	St. Patrick's . . . Church	1
Denver	Harman, Colo	St. John the Evangelist's "	10
Dubuque	Mapleton, Iowa	St. Mary's "	5
Erie	Fryburg, Pa	St. Michael's "	4
Green Bay	Holland, Wis	St. Francis' "	3
La Crosse	Ashland, "	St. Agnes' "	29
"	Bayfield, "	Holy Family "	3
Manchester	Keene, N. H.	Sisters of Mercy . . . Convent	1
Milwaukee	Columbus, Wis	St. Jerome's . . . Church	1
"	Platteville, "	St. Mary's "	15
Nesqually	Vancouver, Wash	St. James' . . . Cathedral	2
Newark	Elizabeth, N. J	Sacred Heart . . . Church	4
"	Hackensack, N. J	Holy Trinity "	4
New York	New York, N. Y	Epiphany "	11
"	" "	St. Ignatius Loyola "	1
"	" "	St. Martin of Tours "	17
"	Peekskill, "	Assumption "	1
Philadelphia	West Chester, Pa	Immaculate Heart . . . Convent	1
Pittsburg	Pittsburg, Pa	St. Michael's . . . Church	2
Providence	Warren, R. I	St. Mary's "	12
Richmond	Portsmouth, Va	St. Paul's "	20
St. Augustine	Jacksonville, Fla	Immaculate Conception "	1
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Agnes' "	17
"	" "	St. Teresa's "	11
Springfield	Northampton, Mass.	St. Mary's "	22
Syracuse	Oswego, N. Y	St. Peter's "	10
Wheeling	Wheeling, W. Va	St. Alphonsus' "	4

Total Number of Receptions, 36. Total Number of Diplomas issued, 255.

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CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, DECEMBER, 1899

THE MORNING OFFERING

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **humility**.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS	VIRTUES	
1	*F.*	**First Friday.** — BB. Edmund Campion and Comp., MM. (1581)—1st D., A.C.	Obedience	1,211,423 for thanksgivings
2	*S.*	St. Bibiana, V.M. (363).	Sympathy	175,371 for those in affliction
3	**S.**	**1st of Advent—St. Francis Xavier,** C. (S. J., 1552).	Cheerfulness	124,882 for the sick, infirm
4	*M.*	St. Peter Chrysologus, Bp.C.D. (450)—St. Barbara,	Sorrow for sin	131,908 for dead associates
5	*T.*	St. Sabas, Ab.C. (531) [V.M. (about 235)	Thought of Judgment	17,629 for Local Centres
6	*W.*	St. Nicholas, Bp.C. (324)	Geniality	96,337 for Directors
7	*Th.*	Vigil.—St. Ambrose, Bp.C.D. (397)—H.H.	Steadfastness	70,587 for Promoters
8	*F.*	**Immaculate Conception.** — (Of Precept)	Purity	252,438 for the departed
9	*S.*	St. Leocadia, V.M. (304) [—1st D., A.I., A.C.	Consoling sorrowful	282,109 for perseverance
10	**S.**	**2d of Advent.** — St. Melchiades, P.C. (314)	Charity	191,235 for the young
11	*M.*	St. Damasus, P.C. (384)	Diligence	62,835 for 1st Communions
12	*T.*	Our Lady of Guadalupe (Mexico, 1531)	Fervor	127,341 for parents
13	*W.*	St. Lucy, V.M. (363).—Pr.	Temperance	119,869 for families
14	*Th.*	St. Spiridion, Bp.C. (347).—H.H.	Industry	55,042 for reconciliations
15	*F.*	Octave of Immaculate Conception.—St. Christina, V.	Love of home	141,959 for work means
16	*S.*	St. Eusebius, Bp.M. (370) [(200)	Dread of sin	203,688 for the clergy
17	**S.**	**3d of Advent** — St. Lazarus, Bp.C. (Raised to life by Christ).—C.R.	Thought of death	540,623 for religious
18	*M.*	Expectation B.V.M.	Good resolves	32,651 for seminarists, novices
19	*T.*	St. Nemesion, M. (253)	Fear of God	54,410 for vocations
20	*W.*	Ember Day.—St. Eugene, P.M. (362)	Contrition	258,133 for parishes
21	*Th.*	St. Thomas, Ap.—H.H., A.I.	Firm faith	30,189 for schools
22	*F.*	Ember Day.—St. Flavian, M. (362)	Penance	342,569 for superiors
23	*S.*	Ember Day.—St. Victoria, V.M. (253)	Recollection	46,635 for missions, retreats
24	**S.**	**4th of Advent.** — Vigil.—Christmas Eve.—SS. Irmine and Adele, VV. (740)	Adoration	42,939 for societies, works
25	*M.*	**Nativity of our Lord.**—Of Precept.—St. Anastasia,	Holy joy	249,402 for conversions
26	*T.*	St. Stephen, 1st Martyr (35). [V.M. (304).—A.I., A.C.	Zeal	149,659 for sinners
27	*W.*	St. John, Ap. (101).— Pr., A.I., A.C.	Love of Christ	89,288 for the intemperate
28	*Th.*	Holy Innocents.—H.H.	Innocence	397,625 for spiritual favors
29	*F.*	St. Thomas à Becket, Bp.M. (1170)	Constancy	536,611 for temporal favors
30	*S.*	St. Sabinus, M. (301)	Forgiveness	234,807 for special, various
31	**S.**	**Within Octave of Nativity.**—St. Sylvester, I.P., C. (335)	Gratitude	For MESSENGER readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship.* (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C.R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.—*Holy Hour*); A.I., B.I.—*Apostolic, Bridgettine Indulgence*; A.S.—*Apostleship of Study.*

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League

		No. Times			No. Times
1.	Acts of Charity	25,069,447	11.	Masses Heard	255,013
2.	Beads	1,119,736	12.	Mortifications	1,032,115
3.	Way of the Cross	66,829	13.	Works of Mercy	20,947,654
4.	Holy Communion	229,794	14.	Works of Zeal	16,839,304
5.	Spiritual Communion	5,103,002	15.	Prayers	859,600
6.	Examen of Conscience	451,058	16.	Kindly Conversation	1,987,481
7.	Hours of Labor	2,276,820	17.	Suffering, Afflictions	394,107
8.	Hours of Silence	364,158	18.	Self-conquest	2,517,537
9.	Pious Reading	187,601	19.	Visit to B. Sacrament	353,054
10.	Masses Read	13,784	20.	Various Good Works	7,212,951

Total, 87,321,181

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, MESSENGER, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

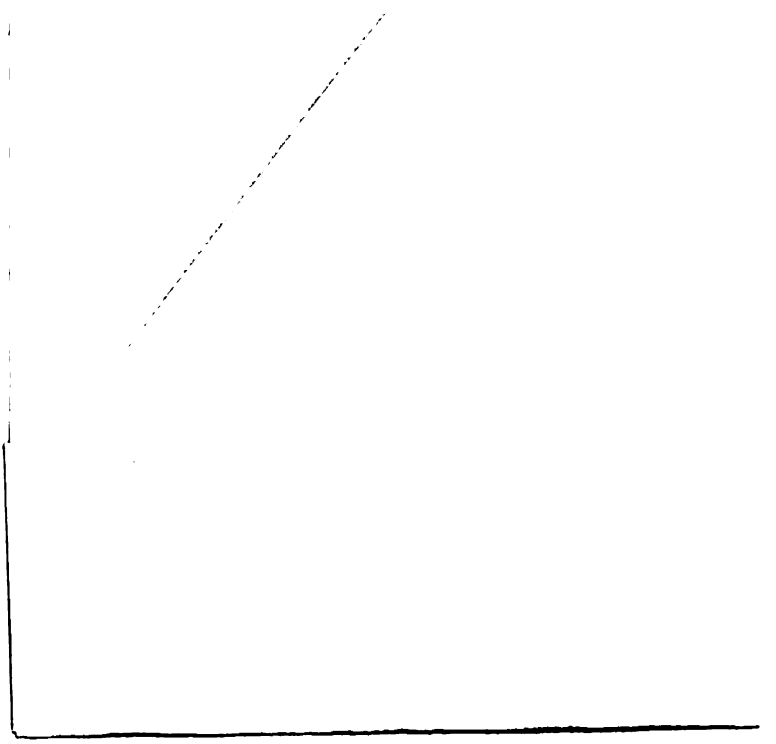
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